

MAURICE P. KELLY

3

POLICE ACADEMY LIBRARY
255 East 20th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10003

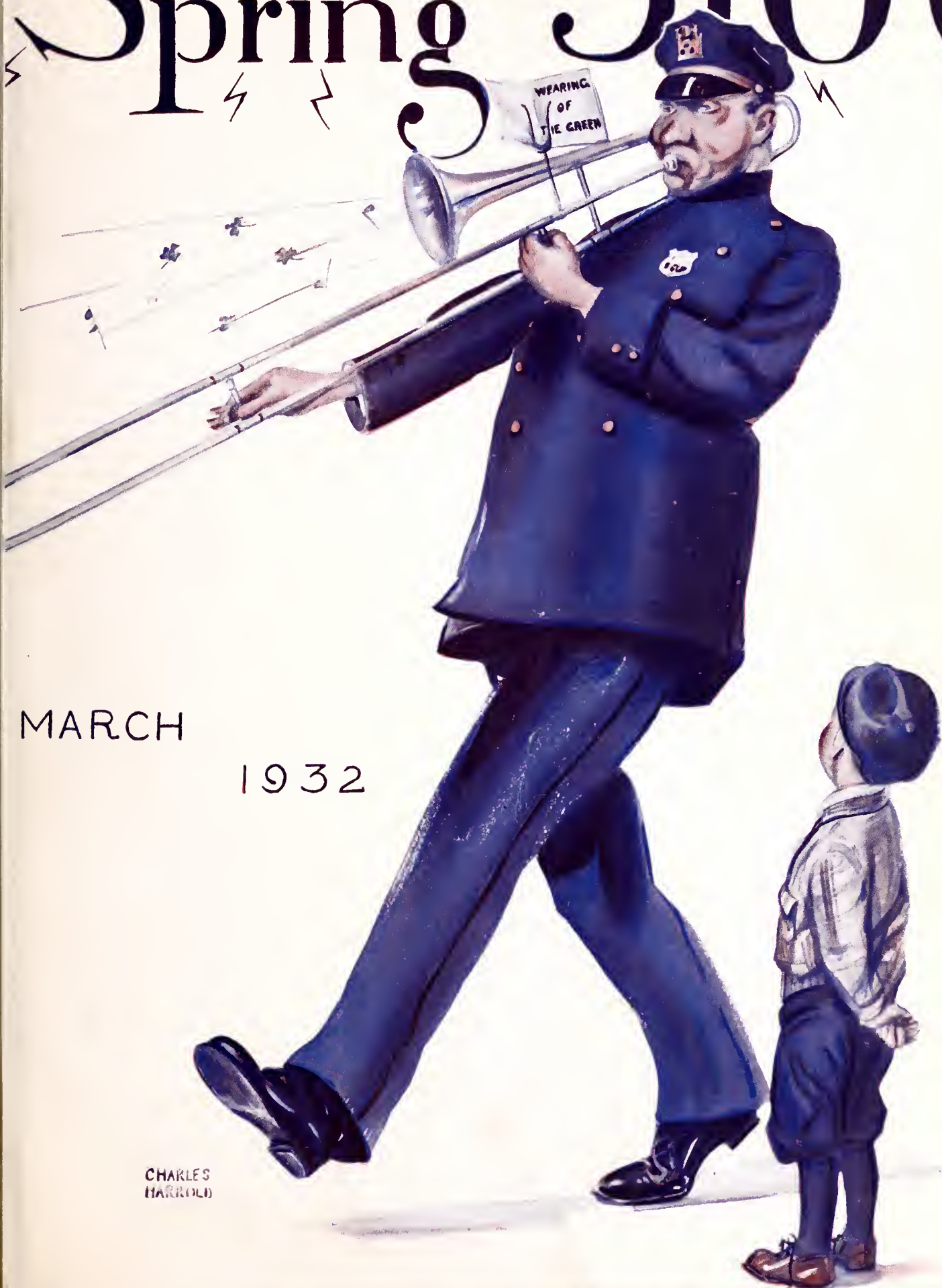
POLICE ACADEMY LIBRARY
235 East 20th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10003



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/spring310003newy>

Spring 3100



MARCH

1932

CHARLES
HARROLD

Spring 3100

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

VOLUME 3

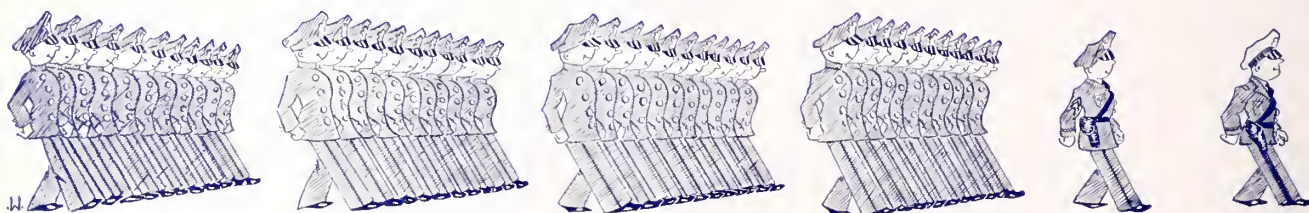
MARCH, 1932

NO. 1

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorial Page, or What Have You?



By Special Permission of the Copyright Owners



WELL, fellow members of our club, here we start on the first lap of our third year, and aren't we proud and happy? Yes, and famous, too, if anyone should drive up in an emergency truck and ask you. Just for fear no one will do so, we hasten to add that Mr. Thomas McMorro in the Saturday Evening Post of March 19th puts us right on page nine of his story, "Centre Street—The Boy in Blue," to wit, as follows:

Terence Aloysius Kilroy, a rookie patrolman, is walking home from drill when he meets Patrolman Macarney, an old-timer, who says to Terry:

"You know Trigger Joe Choppel? You know him if you've been reading your SPRING 3100; his face is on the back cover."

Terry had been reading his SPRING 3100, as all good policemen do, and he went along with Patrolman Macarney to the ultimate undoing of Trigger Joe Choppel. But we mustn't tell you the story; we only wanted to let you see how widespread was our fame.

Wrenching ourselves abruptly from this pleasant contemplation, we note the Shamrock on our desk, the gift of Park Commissioner Herrick. This brings

us again to a realization of how clever we were in selecting March as our birthday month and we hope you will not find it necessary to consult our issue of a year ago to find that we have already mentioned that fact.

To tell the truth, which we always do reluctantly, while this has been a very busy month, there isn't much about which to editorialize. Furthermore, in our February issue, we used the editorial which we had planned for this month, telling you all about what we hoped to do in the third year of our existence.

Just to make matters worse, winter has to get pernickety and send us some of the coldest weather ever recorded at the local Weather Bureau. This makes it rather difficult to write convincingly about the jolly Springtime and the good old Summertime, but we're going to do so, weather or no. You're right, that was pretty terrible, but still it's no worse than the weather.

Anyway, Sergeant Whitney says our baseball team is going to trim the Fire Department nine this year or else—and there is talk of a precinct baseball league and a tennis tournament and golf matches and what not. Meanwhile the boys are keeping in shape by playing in the SPRING 3100 handball tournaments which have been going on all winter. It gives us great pleasure to congratulate Detective Simond Ambraz of the Brooklyn Homicide Squad and Patrolman Edward McGovern of the 22d Precinct on winning the one-wall doubles championship. We might remark incidentally, as the Commissioner did, that McGovern seems to be a perpetual winner. He won the one-wall singles championship, prior to sharing in the doubles victory.

Now how about a pass for the big league openers next month? Until then, au revoir.

The Manly Art

By SERGEANT WILLIAM F. SPENGLER, *Police Academy*

The author of this article is rated by Mr. Ben Levine, an official of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., as the best all-time heavyweight amateur boxing champion. The writer, boxing as the representative of the United States, defeated the champion of England in 1911, and in 1916 defeated the champions of Norway, Sweden and Denmark. He beat the champion of Belgium in the 1920 Olympic Games at Antwerp, and after defeating the champion of Canada in 1921 retired undefeated.

THE maxims that in time of peace one should prepare for war, and that once in action the best defense is a strong offense, are well known to all of us. The young policeman receives as a part of his preparedness program in the Recruit School of the Police Academy some instruction in boxing. Too often he neglects to continue this splendid form of exercise after his graduation, and then finds himself handicapped when he has to arrest some obstreperous person whose offense is not sufficiently serious to warrant the use of pistol or nightstick.

A policeman who is not skilled in the manly art of self-defense can be compared only to a soldier who goes into battle without any knowledge of how to use his rifle. The general public often mistakenly supposes that a skilled boxer is a pugnacious character who walks around with a chip on his shoulder looking for a fight. The contrary is the truth, for the very knowledge that he can take care of himself in any kind of a physical encounter keeps a man cool and collected in an emergency. A man who does not possess this confidence in his own prowess is apt to get into trouble through fear or nervousness.

Only recently a case came under my personal observation in which a young patrolman demonstrated most conclusively the value of his knowledge of boxing. The recruit, who had just been graduated from our Police Academy, was sent to investigate a complaint that a husband was beating his wife. When the policeman entered the apartment to which he had been sent, he found the husband to be a strongly built six-foot man, and maddened by liquor. As the policeman approached, the husband struck his wife a last defiant blow.

"You big coward, you should be ashamed to strike a woman," said the policeman. "Then I'll strike a man," said the husband, and he swung a powerful right-hand blow at the police officer's jaw. It didn't land, however, for the recruit policeman promptly blocked it with his left forearm and countered with a right hook to the jaw, which put the husband down and completely out.



The scene now shifts to the station house where the husband, a docile prisoner, is giving his pedigree. The young policeman standing by the side of his prisoner is amazed to learn that he has knocked out a prominent light heavyweight professional prize fighter. So there is one practical illustration of the value of being a good boxer as well as a good policeman.

The exercises which I will outline in this article are designed to produce speed of action, that is, the co-ordination of brain and muscle. The late "Kid Griffo," once one of the cleverest little men in the ring, possessed wonderful powers of co-ordination. He would customarily stand on a handkerchief, and keeping his hands at his sides, successfully evade every blow aimed at him, because of the quickness and accuracy of his eyes in judging the distance and direction of the blow and the simple speedy movements of his waist muscles. I, myself, have stood on a newspaper and avoided the simultaneous blows of ten men just by twisting my head and torso.

The following exercises which I have found helpful in my boxing career, are, as I previously stated, designed to increase a man's speed of action. This thought should be constantly borne in mind as one performs them.



The recruit policeman promptly blocked with his left forearm and countered with a right hook to the jaw.

EXERCISE ONE—FOR WAIST DEVELOPMENT

Stand erect and relaxed, resting comfortably on the balls of the feet in a straddle position, with the feet approximately 14 inches apart, arms loosely at sides.

Turn body quickly at the waist to the right, moving the left shoulder forward quickly, allowing the head to move slightly, the arms to dangle loosely at the sides and the heels to rise barely off the floor; then turn quickly at the waist to the left, moving the right shoulder forward, allowing the head to move slightly, the arms to dangle loosely at the sides and the heels to rise barely off the floor. If you stand in front of a mirror you will notice that the shoulders will protect the jaw from a swing or a hook. Continue this exercise, increasing speed, but being careful not to tighten the muscles.

The object of stressing this exercise first, is because it contains the fundamental movements from which ducking, blocking and delivering blows from different angles are developed.

DUCKING

Ducking is the art of quickly drawing the chin in and down towards the shoulders to avoid a knock-out blow. Raise shoulders slightly to protect ears. Judgment of distance is very essential.

When at arm's length duck quickly, bending forward at the waist and in a circular movement.

When at close quarters, duck quickly, bending knees, keeping your eyes on your opponent's shoulders to detect movements.

POSITION OF GUARD

The left forearm raised to a horizontal position, palm down, elbow close to side.

The right hand is brought to a position in front of and about six inches below the chin.

Both hands and arms are held in the above positions without constraint, so they may be moved quickly. The chin is slightly drawn down.

Left foot flat on the floor and pointed toward opponent; the right foot about six inches to the right and about twelve to eighteen inches to the rear of left foot.

1. To block right swing to head: Raise left bicep almost horizontally, forearm vertical, fingers extended upward, palms out.

2. To block left swing to head: Raise right bicep almost horizontally, forearm vertical, fingers extended upward, palms out.

3. To block right hook to head: Left elbow pointed down, forearm vertical about six inches from body, palm out, fingers extended.

4. To block left hook to head: Right elbow pointed down close to side, palm out, fingers extended upward.

5. To cuff straight right to head: Same position as No. 3 except cuff blow at elbow with left palm and thrust towards your right.

6. To cuff straight left to head: Same position as No. 4 except cuff blow at elbow with right palm, and thrust towards your left.

7. To guard against uppercuts: Swing left forearm horizontally across chest and right arm horizontally across stomach.

8. To guard ribs against hooks and swings: Elbows pointed downward, close to sides, forearms vertically, palms out, chin down.

CLINCHING

If possible, allow your antagonist to hold you around neck, thus leaving both your hands free to uppercut to stomach.

If necessary to protect yourself, grasp antagonist's forearm near elbow between your side and biceps.

Also grasp left bicep with right hand and right bicep with left hand and when opponent tries to draw backward to start blow, just press them back.

FOOTWORK EXERCISES

1. Skipping one to six inches to the rear.
2. Skipping one to six inches forward.
3. Skipping one to six inches to the rear and just before skipping forward swing right foot about 18 inches to the right in a sliding motion; then skip forward and repeat this movement five or six times. You will then observe that you have made a complete left turn or circle.

4. Repeat movement of number three with the exception of swinging right foot to the left, and you will have made a complete right turn. The above exercise develops agility and foot, calf and thigh muscles. In boxing it is a defensive movement to ward off a blow or blows and permits the maintenance of proper equilibrium for a counter attack. Do not skip away two or three paces to avoid a blow when one to six inches is sufficient. Do not raise feet off ground when skipping.



There are practically only four knockout blows with each hand—the straight blow, the swing, the hook and the uppercut. The aggressive bully will

naturally lead them. He depends on brute strength. The bully depends upon breaking down a weak defense. The unscientific boxer will waste his energy and soon tire while the scientific boxer will preserve his energy and await the proper opportunity before striking.

Before advancing to the next exercise, it is advisable to practice the above movements, bearing in mind that speed is more essential than strength. Try to visualize an imaginary antagonist punching at you at arm's length, using footwork only for defense. Then visualize your imaginary antagonist in close, using both the guard movements and footwork for defense. This is called shadow boxing and should be done for a considerable time before using boxing gloves.

Be careful to keep the large knuckles, wrist and forearm on one line. Do not bend wrist or it may cause a fracture.

Never lead with a knockout blow. On guard the left hand should be about six inches from the opponent's left.

FEINTING

The object of feinting is to make your opponent think you are going to do something different from what you really intend to do.

1. Start a fake straight left lead for the body. When it is a few inches on its way, causing opponent to drop his guard, change to a left hook to jaw, keeping your right on guard.

2. Look opponent in the eye, then look quickly toward solar plexus, and at the same time bend knees quickly and slightly, causing opponent to drop his guard while you quickly drive straight left to chin, keeping your right on guard.

3. Start a fake straight left lead for jaw. When it is a few inches on its way, causing opponent to raise guard, change to left hook to body, keeping your right on guard.

4. Drop head quickly forward, causing opponent to move guard slightly, and drive straight left through opening, keeping your right on guard.

You will note that you have only used left leads. It is very essential to develop them first, before one may successfully use the right hand. Do not use the same blow too often in succession.

5. Start a fake straight left for body, and as it straightens out lift up opponent's chin and quickly cross your right hook to jaw and the fight will be over.

Never forget that boxing is a splendid exercise for the development of all parts of the body, particularly the arms, legs and back. Don't be a bully, but practice the command of a former Commissioner, the late Theodore Roosevelt, "Fear God and take your own part." Good luck to all police boxers.

Holy Name Society Breakfasts

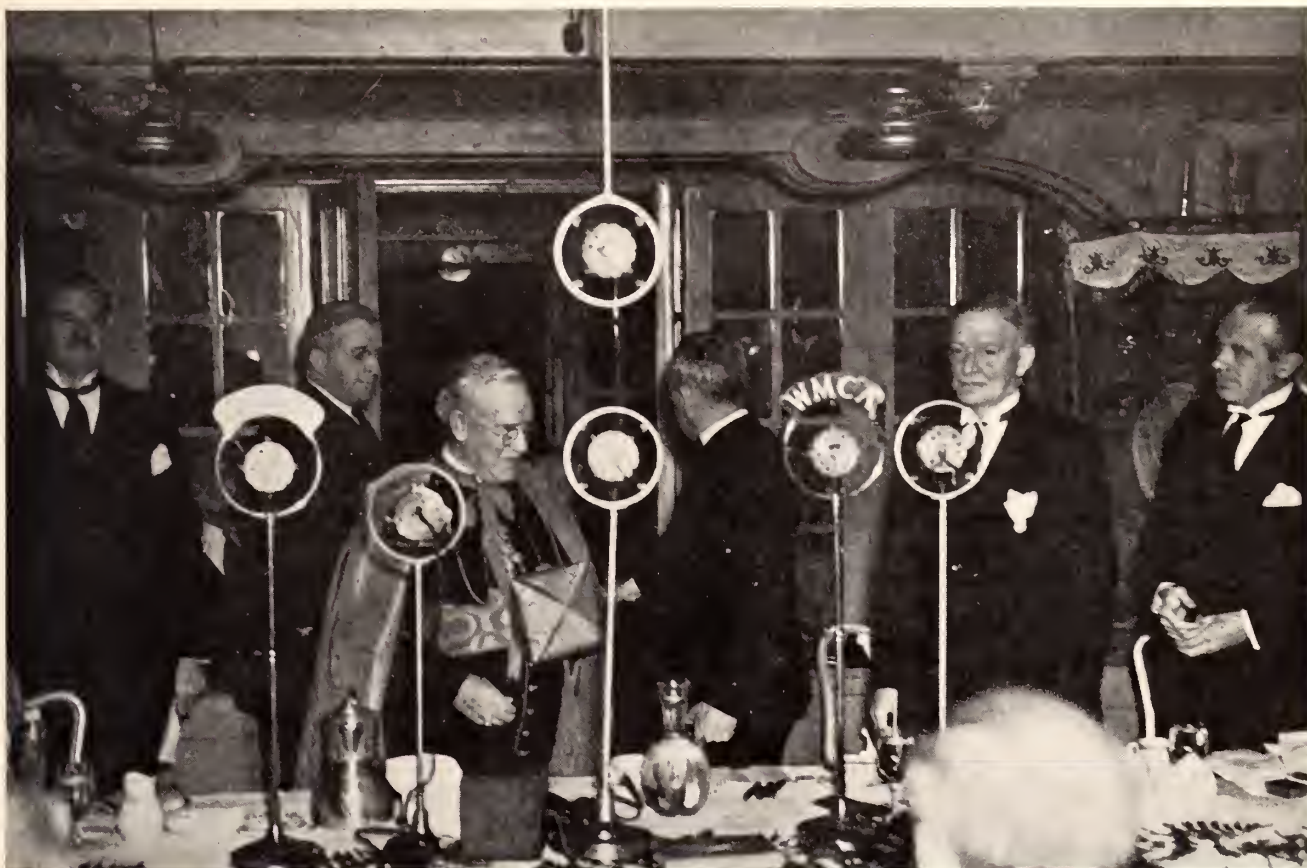


Photo by Acme News Pictures.

Scene on dais, left to right: Mr. George McDonald, Inspector Joseph P. Loonam, His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, the Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, Commissioner Mulrooney, Mr. Gene Buck.

THE annual Communion Breakfast of the Holy Name Society of the Police Department, which was attended by 6,500 members, was held on the morning of April 13th, at the Hotel Astor. The breakfast followed the celebration of mass in Saint Patrick's Cathedral by His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes. The members of the society paraded to the hotel after the services at the cathedral.

The Rev. Father Joseph A. McCaffrey, Catholic Chaplain of the Department, was toastmaster at the after-breakfast exercises, where the speakers included the Cardinal, Mayor Walker, Commissioner Mulrooney, the Rev. Father John White of St. Agnes' Church, the Rev. Father Fulton J. Sheen, and Gene Buck, president of the Authors' and Composers' League and formerly vice-president of the Catholic Actors' Guild.

Arrangements for the breakfast were made by Patrolman Thomas F. Quimm, president of the Holy Name Society; Inspector John J. Seery, Inspector Arthur J. Dodd and Inspector Joseph P. Loonam. They were assisted by Deputy Inspector Jay J. McDonald, Lieutenant Thomas Egan, Lieutenant James Martin, and Lieutenant Walter Miller.

Perhaps before we go on to the weighty part of the breakfast, that is, the speeches, it might be well to say a word about the breakfast itself. Among the items consumed were 3,150 grapefruit, 25,200 eggs, and 37,800 rolls. The police band and glee club aided the diners with appropriate selections, among which were "The Bowery," "The Sidewalks of New York," and "Little Annie Rooney."

The point stressed by a majority of the speakers who were presented by Father McCaffrey was the lack of support furnished to the Police Department by the general public. Cardinal Hayes, whose arrival was heralded with a blast of trumpets, told the men that the scene at the cathedral was one of the most thrilling and impressive that he had ever witnessed. The Cardinal said:

"Reverend Toastmaster, Your Honor, Mr. Commissioner, Distinguished Guests:

"I have been deeply touched by the warm and ardent welcome you have given me here this morning. It goes to my very soul, and I rejoice to be here.



Photo by Acme News Pictures.

The Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, Commissioner Mulrooney and Chief Inspector O'Brien leading the procession from St. Patrick's Cathedral.

"It is my privilege from time to time to meet prominent men in all sections of the United States, and frequently the question is asked of me: 'Do men in New York go to church?' and I always tell them the story of Passion Sunday at the Cathedral, and when I tell them that five or six thousand policemen of the City of New York attend divine services, not merely in a passing way, but that they receive Holy Communion, they throw up their hands and say: 'Thank God, America is safe.'

"And then I tell them that these policemen are simply a part of the great Catholic legion who acknowledge God, who bend the knee, and who are not ashamed to proclaim the fact that they believe in Christ and rejoice to be numbered among His followers.

"My dear men, you thrilled me with joy this morning, you overwhelmed me with consolation by the way you filled every nook and cranny of the Cathedral. It convinced me, if I needed to be convinced, that you are spiritually minded, and the city needs men in your position to be such. What we are suffering from today is not merely a financial depression, but a great human depression. We are being chastened that we may realize there is a God above us. Today you raise up the spiritual and moral standard of our great city.

"If we were to set up a nearby model town composed of the 19,000 men of the Police Department and their families, what kind of a town would we have? How many divorces would there be? How would the number of divorces compare with the number among the leaders of society and of finance?

I am sure that the divorces in the Police Department, irrespective of the faith of its members, would be few and far between. That model town, I am sure, would have clean homes and clean amusements. Some may say: 'You are painting a very glowing picture of the New York police,' but I can say that no one knows them better than I do.

"There are to be found some who have failed in their duty and their loyalty to the Department, but they are cowardly and as yellow as the gold that they make so dishonestly. Their number is few and they cannot take away from you the credit that is yours as a loyal and devoted body of men.

"I saw a picture in the press recently, a picture showing one of you holding off a mob trying to create discord. On the face of the lone policeman was written courage and intelligence. He was master of the situation as he stood there against the mob, and I said to myself: 'Thank God for such men, for such heroes.' Every one of you is a potential hero in the hour of danger. Mr. Commissioner, I was deeply impressed at the last police parade when I saw that mass of men, well disciplined, with such expression on their faces. I said: 'The watchman is keeping order in the city. He is serving notice on the elements of disorder, and we need not fear.' Mr. Commissioner, I congratulate you. On that day I was thrilled beyond expression, for I knew that behind it was a spiritual force, the ideal of God.

"Whenever I return to the city after a short absence, may I confess that I always look out to see where the policeman is. I really do not feel at home until I see one of 'The Finest' so trim, so spic and span, so impressive. I have a real affection for you

as man for man and as a Shepherd for his flock. May God bless you, may He bless the Department and all its works. May I say, Mr. Commissioner, and I speak for not a small portion of the city, that we have great confidence in you, and I regret that the community at large does not support the Police Department as it should. We generally criticize those who are good and find fault with those that we love. It is human nature. The great City of New York at heart loves and admires and appreciates the Police Department and is eternally grateful to it. May God bless each and every one of you, and may that blessing abide with you for ever and ever. Amen."

Mayor Walker said that no criticism of the Department was worth listening to. The Mayor continued:

"Now let me say that this is a very happy occasion and a very inspiring occasion as I stand here before this mass of policemen. I am indeed happy to stand here and talk to those who have foregathered here today. I recognize and I realize that this group gathered here today is a spiritual one. I am also conscious of the fact that we are still guests of WMCA, which brings us not only to this audience but to the countless others outside the hotel, and also brings to all the fact that we have such men as Edward P. Mulrooney, Police Commissioner, Chief Inspector O'Brien, who is beloved by all, as head of the uniformed force, and that great man, John Sullivan at the head of the detective force. May what is going on here today, the showing that you have made percolate through these wires and out into the ether. You men have shown loyalty at all times to public service, and while there has been a Mulrooney and an O'Brien and a Sullivan at the very head of the Police Department of this city there has never been any intolerance or discrimination against any man in the Department irrespective of his race or creed.

"New York City has enjoyed the finest headship in all its history in the Police Department. I have had four different Commissioners, always trying to give to the Police Department a man of character, integrity and intelligence. I believe that I have succeeded in each instance with the four Commissioners that I appointed. When I appointed a Police Commissioner he was to be the Commanding Chief of the Police Department in this city. I did not want a man who had to be told or had to be instructed. If he did not know it all in the beginning he learned it, and unless he did learn it himself he wouldn't be of any use. And never have I done anything that has made me as happy as my appointing Edward P. Mulrooney as Police Commissioner. I am happy to say that here and in his presence, for I know that it will not disillusion or spoil him. He is my ideal of a co-operator. He is the same man who can write that romantic story of a man just turning 21, just entering the Police Department, and by his force of character and industry, and by his intelligence raised himself to his position in the Department, and it was my devotion that I have for the Police Department of this city that he was appointed your Commanding Chief. Follow in his footsteps, lead a clean life, and your ambitions, too, will be fulfilled."

The Police Commissioner spoke of the problems facing the Police Department, which he declared were growing more burdensome every day. The Commissioner said:

"We must give all our efforts to the fight against crime. Crime prevention is a splendid weapon, but society must uphold and stand behind those who protect. That is essential; that is the first line of defense. We know that there will be criticism, no doubt about that. We have to counteract that by our own determination and strength of character. Three hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars have been given from your salaries to charities. You have helped committees, from the Mayor's Committee down to the Salvation Army, and the other day you again decided to give the mothers and children an outing during the summer months.

That is the kind of crime prevention that shows the young boy in the street that he can go to the policeman on the street; that the policeman is his friend. Of course criticism affects the morale of an organization such as ours. And those who criticize us, at times call us stupid. Our detectives are accused of not embracing all that science has put forth in the detection of criminals.

"We have the most up-to-date Department; we have adopted every worth-while and efficient and modern method for the detection of crime and the apprehension of criminals, and those splendid improvements have been obtained by the Department through His Honor, the Mayor, who is always willing to help us in every way, and the Board of Estimate. I want to thank the Mayor, on behalf of the Department, for the co-operation that he has always given to the Department, and I want to thank the Mayor, personally, for the kindness that he has always shown to me in giving his time and splendid advice.

"Now, how are we going to counteract criticism? There is only one way to do it and that is by efficient duty and being human. Last Thanksgiving afternoon a family in The Bronx had a boy 12 years old, their only child, stricken by that dreadful disease, infantile paralysis. The father turned to the police in his hour of grief, as so many others do. He went to the street and spoke to the young man on post, who was just a rookie, only a few months in the service. That young policeman immediately called an ambulance, rushed to the home and wrapped the child in a blanket and rode to the hospital with him; the child lived but an hour. The father wrote a letter about the attention and the kindness that he received from that policeman. He wanted to offer that policeman a token of thanks for the duty that he performed, but the police officer refused to accept it. That is the kind of duty that no criticism can tear down. Let us render that kind of service and let our critics pass by.

"Of all the things that I have heard about the Police Department and myself, and of all the suggestions that I have heard, that one remark that Father Sheen made about members of the Department keeping out of difficulty and escaping criticism, and referring to that well-known announcement over the radio—when a policeman is serving a summons let it be 'Twenty words, no more, no less.'"

The Rev. Father Sheen, of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., said that the press and movies glorified the gangsters but not the heroism of the police. The speeches and the musical program were broadcast by WMCA.

The Unexpected Call

By PATROLMAN CHARLES J. MOHLER, *Emergency Squad 6*

FIRST PRIZE—SHORT STORY CONTEST



Away they went like a shot out of a gun

IT was a dreary, rainy day, and Patrolman O'Brien was on his 32 hours off, cursing at the weather, because he had promised the wife and kids he would take them for a ride in the country.

The car was in front of the door, with plenty of gasoline and oil, ready for the long drive; but O'Brien didn't know what to do.

The radio was going full blast, with a crooner singing "Rain on the Roof."

Being disgusted, O'Brien twisted the dial to another station, and heard some kind of a beauty talk. Then he quickly shut off the radio.

He was wondering whether to go to a movie, or to bed, when his son came in and turned on the short wave radio, which was attached to the regular radio. The short wave set happened to be tuned in on WPEG, which is the main broadcasting station for the Police Department.

Suddenly a voice came from the loud speaker saying: "Code Signal No. 945—Go to 3105 44th Street."

Patrolman O'Brien being attached to the new radio squad, knew what this message meant, and said



to himself: "Holy gee, that's the jewelry store on the corner." He ran to the bureau and got his service revolver, then as he was running out the door, shouted to his wife: "I'll be back in a little while." His wife looked at him and said: "You will break your neck running like that." But O'Brien was already out of the door.

In no time at all he was at the jewelry store, which was only a short distance away from his home, but the bandits had escaped.

The jeweler, although very much excited, recognized O'Brien and began to tell him about his clerk who had been shot. O'Brien, upon questioning the jeweler, obtained the license number and a description of the car, and the information that it had three occupants.

The patrolman ran to his machine, started it, and drove like a wild man in the direction of Northern Boulevard, and then turned towards the Queensborough Bridge, which was a mile away.

While he was driving towards the bridge, he kept on the lookout for a black sedan with three occupants, hoping that he would sight it. In a few seconds he reached the bridge. As he glanced at the cars that passed him at that point, he suddenly thought aloud: "Maybe the bandits turned off towards Queens Boulevard."

O'Brien quickly made a left turn through the heavy traffic, narrowly missing an elevated post; and other motorists had to jam on their brakes to avert a collision. Knowing that a traffic policeman was at the next intersection, the patrolman placed his shield in the windshield of his car and proceeded down the wrong side of the street, blowing his automobile horn to attract the traffic cop's attention.

As he neared the cop, O'Brien slowed down his car and motioned to him to come. The cop, seeing the shield, knew that help was wanted and ran to O'Brien.

After a few hasty questions, away they went like



Come out of that hole or I'll shoot!

a shot out of a gun, in the direction of Queens Boulevard. O'Brien began telling the traffic cop what had happened not less than ten minutes before, and while he was explaining this he saw a black sedan about a block away stopped near a factory.

As the two policemen approached the sedan a man who was lurking in the shadow of the buildings started running, and drawing a revolver, fired several shots at the cop on the running board of O'Brien's car. The bullets crashed through the windshield, narrowly missing the traffic cop's head.

The policeman returned the fire, and the man who had started to shoot went down in a heap. His friends, who were sitting in the car, seeing this, started to drive the black sedan down the street at a terrific pace, firing as they went. In a second the street was in a turmoil, with the women screaming and the pedestrians running for cover.

The policemen started in pursuit, driving down the avenue at breakneck speed, but withheld their fire for fear of injuring some innocent bystander. As the chase continued, they were joined by other policemen, some of whom were attracted by the sound of the shooting, and others answering the radio call.

Suddenly a heavy coal truck came in front of the bandits' car, and in trying to avert a collision they turned too sharply and jumped the curb. The car zigzagged down the sidewalk and crashed into the front of a drug store. The bandits crawled from their wrecked car and disappeared into the cellar of a nearby building.

O'Brien stopped his car and both policemen, with their revolvers drawn, ran into the cellar where the bandits were. The other police cars which had joined the chase, were halted quickly and while

some of the men surrounded the building, others with pistols drawn entered it.

One of the men called an Emergency Squad, and in a few minutes the crew of an emergency truck jumped from the truck before it came to a halt in front of the building where the bandits had hidden. The Emergency Squad men, armed with machine guns, tear gas bombs, and carrying powerful lights, entered the cellar of the building, where they found O'Brien and the traffic cop with one of the bandits.

A police officer among those searching the cellar bent down to pick up a pistol which was lying on a coal pile. Suddenly the coal started to move, and the surprised officer kicked the heap and shouted: "Come out of that coal or I will shoot!" The second bandit then surrendered without a struggle.

The prisoners were brought to the station house, where the jeweler identified them as the ones who shot his clerk and robbed him.

The jeweler then asked O'Brien how he knew of the holdup, and the patrolman said with a smile: "The Police Department of New York is equipped with a radio broadcasting station, and I heard the alarm over my short wave set at home."

His job being finished, O'Brien returned home. There was his wife waiting for him, wondering where he had gone in such a hurry, and what kept him so long. When he explained what had happened, she was very proud of him, and thankful that he had not been hurt.

So instead of cursing the weather, O'Brien later said a prayer of thanksgiving for being kept home, for now he is known as Detective O'Brien.

Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



HERE we are, children, smack into another month rich in historical interest.

Overshadowing all else was the homage we paid on the 17th to the good St. Patrick, patron saint and pride of the Emerald Isle, who, incidentally, was held responsible on the following morning for quite a few headaches, we've been told.

Still, as Captain Charlie Mooney of the 15th always claimed, "*the success of a real Paddy's party can be judged only by the size of the headache.*"

Meaning, we infer, that if you wind up with a pain in the neck instead, your evening has been practically wasted.

Or words to that effect.

Also this month we pay tribute to the memories of three former distinguished Presidents—Jack Tyler, Jimmy Madison and Grover Cleveland.

And while we're on the subject of anniversaries, let's not overlook that of Peter Doelger, a fine citizen who was one of the very first to discover years ago that what this country needed badly was a good five-cent glass of beer.

So he founded what was probably the first brewery to be erected here in New York.

And he sold the golden product at exactly seven cents the pailful.



On the level—that's our idea of a good man.

But let's get away from the subject of breweries pronto. It not only revives refreshing memories, but makes us feel like reaching for a pig's knuckle.

Of still greater importance and equally of international interest is the fact that this month marks also the commencing of Old Man Sunshine's third year in business.

And, like all windbags of his type, he alleges at this writing that his stuff for the coming year will tickle your tonsils like they've never been tickled before.

Don't forget, by the way, that it was our old boss, Grover Whalen, who wished the job on him when he first wished SPRING 3100 on you two years ago.

Grover rightly claimed that no magazine could amount to much without a handy man of Winchelian propensities to liven things up occasionally.

That's why he instructed us to get a line on the likes, dislikes, habits, habitats, failings and idiosyncrasies of the boys coming under our scrutiny.

We cannot nail you all, of course, but we're doing the very best we can. You will at least give us credit for emulating the big-game hunter in our quest for news. By that we mean that the more gold a fellow sports on his manly bosom the more anxious we are to get the lowdown on him.

So be careful how you dot your i's and cross your t's, because if we've missed you *heretofore* we're bound to get you *heretogo*.



This photograph was taken on the lineup platform in Boston Police Headquarters. Standing, left to right: Patrolman Mark E. Madden, Boston P. D.; Patrolmen Louis Wachek, 14th Pct.; William Waters, 15th Pct.; Sergeant John D. Tracy, 42d Pct.; Patrolmen George Freer, 109th Precinct, and August Schalkham, 17th Division.

Front row, left to right: Patrolmen Burton W. Mullins, Max Singer, James L. Devereau, and Sergeant James J. Crowley, of the Boston P. D.

THE Boston Police Department had the opportunity and pleasure of “mugging” a few of our lads recently. Exactly what the New Yorkers did to warrant this treatment we have been unable definitely to learn. There were five in the gang and they were headed by Sergeant Jack Tracy of the 42d Precinct, better known as Jerome Avenue’s most notorious tenor.

Jack claims his mob, representing New York Police Post 1999, Veterans of Foreign Wars, of which he is Commander, was invited by the Boston Police Post to attend the ninth annual banquet and reception of their organization in that city, and let it be told here and now that whenever banquets, receptions, pig roasts or knuckle parties are concerned, Tracy and his gang can always be depended upon to help out.

The famous Eagle Eye Gus accompanied the troupe, but not in his capacity as the world’s most prolific corraler of stray cars. He confined his talents on this trip exclusively to corralling stray cats, the boys say, adding that in this art, too, Gus has very few peers.

Anyhow, our boys claim they were treated right royally by the Boston police from Superintendent Crowley down. They received the keys to the city and the use of Superintendent Crowley’s car in which to explore it.

To quote Commander Tracy’s exact words, “*Those Boston cops sure showed us one heluva good time.*”

“IT is necessary to take into consideration the fact that men are better equipped physically for acts of bravery. A man has his brute strength which he can use to advantage, while a woman is helpless trying to fight with her fists. But in spite of this fact, I have found during these many years that have placed me face to face with the most dangerous criminals, that on the whole a woman shows much more courage than a man.”

The above intriguing statement is from a recent newspaper article attributed to Lieutenant Arthur W. De Voe, a handsome young fellow earning a nice living these days as a fingerprint expert at Headquarters.

But, listen, Arthur, when you turned loose that heroic crack are you positive you were not speaking for yourself alone?

You’d be surprised how much resentment has already been shown by the big, red-blooded he-men of our Department who insist they are every bit as fearless and brave as any blonde or brunette you might mention.

We therefore and herewith take you severely to task, Arthur, knowing, as we do, your own shortcomings where real courage is involved.

For example: When someone with a bit of a head cold strolls into your office and indulges in a little free-and-easy sneezing, do you respond pleasantly with that characteristic “God bless you” invocation? No. You do not. What you do invoke is



a fearful "GOD HELP US" as you reach frantically for your atomizer and start fumigating practically the whole of Headquarters.

And thus we find that our courageous facer of desperate criminals becomes a frantic fleer when asked to face a tiny bacillus or two.

So let this be a lesson to you, Arthur, as a prognosticator of qualities heroic you fit into our scheme of things not at all.

And though you have placed us in a most unfavorable light with our wives and our girl friends, we magnanimously forgive you.

ASIDE TO OUR READERS: As you will notice from Arthur's photo herewith reproduced, his upper lip boasts probably the best behaved hirsutian adornment in the Department. It always maintains a proper perspective, regardless of weather or seasonal conditions.

A lovely and artistic adornment, indeed. Even Grover Whalen's never could compare with it.

IT happened one morning early this month. A strapping bay horse snorting under a heavy load of Irish potatoes and potted shamrocks became discontented at the intersection of Dey and Greenwich Streets and refused to go any further. Within a few minutes traffic became jammed and a goodly audience had collected.

On patrol that morning was Sergeant Jim Kinane, a strapping six-footer, acknowledged one of the handsomest men ever to grace the portals of the 2d Precinct.

Taking in the situation at a glance, Jim approached the horse and whispered something in Gaelic into his ear. Immediately the animal nodded its head, looked at Jim understandingly and started to pull away. The driver, one Tony Squazzo, was not only pleased, but amazed. The crowd dispersed, of course, and traffic again resumed its normal flow.

Imagine Kinane's amazement when Squazzo came to the station house next day and offered to sell him the horse for \$10, explaining he could no longer handle the animal and that he refused to condone its refractory moods further.

Having in mind the parade scheduled for St. Patrick's day, Kinane accepted the proposition and

promptly removed the animal to his spacious stables in Parkville.

They became fast friends, Jim and the horse, and affectionately Jim named him "Ballyhoo Bey," after his ancestral town in Ireland.



Came March 17th and the Big Rain. Next came Saturday and the Big Parade that now is history. And as the admiring thousands watched the various organizations march proudly by, cheering and applauding their favorites unstintingly, none was received more vociferously than Sergeant Jim Kinane, as, perched securely atop of Ballyhoo Bey, he majestically led the Amalgamated Stone Throwers' Association of County Tipperary past the reviewing stand.

It was indeed a great day for Jim, and for Ballyhoo Bey, too, of whom Jim is prouder now than ever before.

They literally covered themselves with glory, and if you feel we are exaggerating on this point we suggest you question any of the 2d Precinct boys stationed along the line of march that day.

OF all the places in the world wherein happy and smiling countenances are most likely not to be found, is the average traffic court.

It's an establishment the everyday citizen hates worse than a copper hates the trial room.

Usually the citizen to whom an invitation has been extended to call and meet the Judge reports with a face longer than an Alderman's speech.

He doesn't smile because there is really very little to smile about—or enthuse over.

The officer doesn't smile because he knows the defendant's thoughts exactly—and how sweetly he fits in them.

The Judge doesn't smile because it would detract from the seriousness in which he holds all traffic transgressions.

While such is the usual setting, these conditions do not prevail in the Washington Heights Traffic Court presided over by Lieutenant Jim McCann, up on West 151st Street, because Jim is blessed with a disposition so sunny that even on rainy days the court room brightens up the moment he puts in an appearance.

Generally he parks himself near the clerk's desk where the saddened violators report after hearing the bad news with their hands digging tragically into their jeans.



Then Jim, with his all-consuming smile, goes into action, and nine times out of ten his cheery repartee has such a soothing effect that the victim leaves with an expression that bespeaks: "Oh, hell, what's a little fine between friends?"

It is even rumored that not so long ago Jim sent a Scotchman home in hysterics after he had enriched the city with a \$25 fine.

He's the type that could bawl you out and still make you feel that you thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.



Rear row, left to right: Patrolmen Owen Gallagher, William Stutt, D. Coleman, E. Drescher.
Front row, left to right: Patrolmen John Roberts, John Apple, Richard Berkley, E. D. Collins, George H. Munn.

HERE'S a photo that was taken in 1882, exactly 50 years ago, and shows the first uniformed baseball team in the Police Department, organized in 1882 by Patrolmen John Apple and George A. Munn at the 10th Precinct, then located on Eldridge Street between Broome and Grand Streets.

The only members of the team now living are John Apple, who retired as a lieutenant twenty years ago, and Owen Gallagher, who also retired about that time.

Retired Lieutenant Apple is the father of Lieuten-

ant John Apple of the 25th Squad. He is hale and hearty today at 75, and claims he can still outthoof his detective-commander son for any distance up to 10 miles.

Frank Munn, the sensational tenor of the National Broadcasting Company, is a son of the late Patrolman George A. Munn, former catcher for the half-century-ago team.

In the summer of 1883 at the old Polo Grounds, 110th Street and 5th Avenue, this team defeated a picked team of the old Brooklyn Police Department by a score of 7 to 4.

Ah! those were the happy days.

"HIS egocentric tendencies could not be arrested. As a result his anti-social propensities grew to full development. Parallel to this man was the atrophy of his social instincts. This development of one and atrophy of the other finally resulted in the deterioration of his personality."

The above is from a recent issue of the New York American, quoting report presented to the Court by the Chief Probationary Officer in the case of Reynolds Forsbrey, sentenced last month to life imprisonment in Sing Sing.

And here's how, according to Patrolman Joe Rear-don of the Brooklyn Headquarters Squad, a couple of mugs from Tent' Avenoo would discuss Forsbrey's predicament:



"Dis bloke wuz a rite guy, see, oney he got a lousy break. An' he stood for de rap just to help out an-udder bent guy who is also a hundred p'cent skate. De law gave him a bum break, see, and he had a punk mout-piece, too. Ya get me, dontcha, Steve?"

ON March 29th, at 7:35 P. M., Dr. Daniel J. Donovan, Chief Surgeon of the Department, will speak over Station WNYC. His subject will be "Keeping the 'Finest' Fit."

Dr. Dan is quite an authority on this particular subject, as is evidenced by the splendid appearance the old boy presents today after thirty-eight years of strenuous service in the Department.

So be sure and tune in that night and get an earful of how to live to be a hundred—or thereabouts, gracefully and with no undue exertion.



THE P.C. ENJOYS SERENADE

DESPITE the fact that leaden skies and torrential rains necessitated the postponement of the St. Patrick's Day parade on March 17th, the day was brightened considerably for Police Commissioner Mulrooney by the appearance in his office of fifty smiling, sprightly lads comprising the Hillside School Band of Troy, N. Y., who were here to participate in the parade.

The boys were on the job early, too, and when the Commissioner arrived in the corridors at Headquarters he was serenaded royally, and today enjoys the proud distinction of being probably the first Police Commissioner ever to march into his office to the stirring strains of "The Wearing of the Green."

The boys were taken in charge for the day by Acting Lieutenant Patrick G. Fitzgibbons, commander of the Glee Club, and Patrolman Joseph P. Moran, president of the P. B. A., who met them upon their arrival from Troy and assigned them to quarters. They were shown through Headquarters and later taken for a tour through the Police Academy where, in the lounge room on the top floor, they staged a concert lasting for more than an hour.

Before being put to bed that night they were taken to a theatre, bringing to an end a day replete with surprises and happiness.

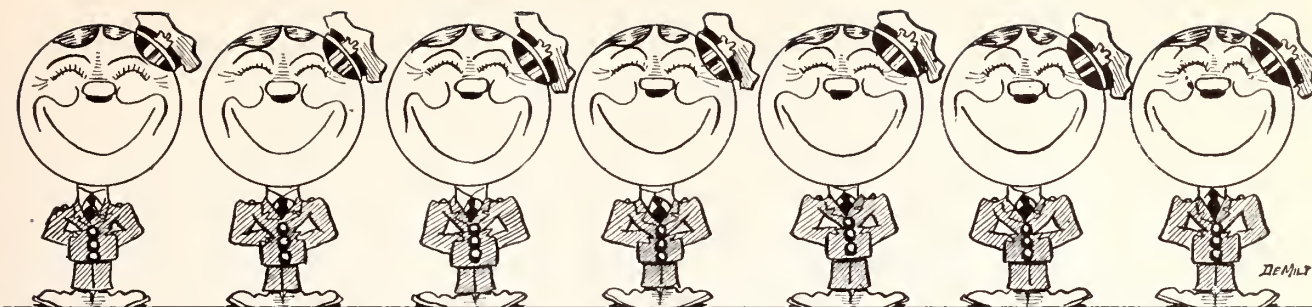
Needless to say, the "Finest" have found in the hearts of those fifty rosy-cheeked youngsters a spot that will be hard to displace. And the boys did splendidly when the parade was held two days later.

LEST WE FORGET

THE last of the four Honor Roll Tablets, bearing the names of members of the Police Department who made the supreme sacrifice in line of duty, located in the main entrance corridor of Police Headquarters, was filled last week with the inscribing of the name of Sergeant Timothy Murphy, who died in action on October 14, 1931. The name of Detective Guido Pessagno, who was shot to death on October 22, 1931, was voted to head the fifth tablet, which will probably flank one of the elevators in the main hallway. The Merit Board anticipates making an announcement shortly as to the location of the two new tablets, the design of which is still under consideration.

The names of five heroes inscribed last week were: Sergeant William H. O'Shaughnessy, 28th Precinct; Detective William H. DeGive, Bureau of Criminal Information; Patrolman Walter J. Webb, 40th Precinct; Patrolman Edwin V. Churchill, Motorcycle Squad No. 2, and Sergeant Timothy Murphy, 8th Precinct.

There are 129 names on the four filled tablets—four lieutenants, five sergeants, 18 detectives and 102 patrolmen, including a number of probationary patrolmen, some of whom were still under instruction in the Police Training School.



The Prize Winners

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.
 Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.
 Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."
 Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

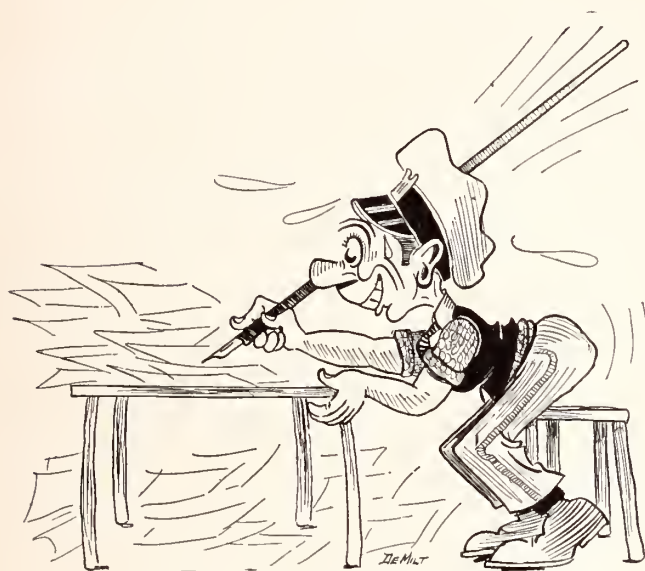
Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than April 8th.

THIS MONTH'S LIMERICK

"Tho it seems beyond human belief,
 They've made Mac a Deputy Chief:
 We now hope and trust,
 That his bubble won't bust,

....."

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Charles J. Mohler,
 Emergency Squad 6

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman David A. Fay,
 14th Precinct

LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize—\$15—Patrolman Christian P. Sold,
 Emergency Squad 15

McSweeney is now an Inspector,
 In charge of a very large sector;
 He makes a swell boss,
 But we're still at a loss,
 "As to who in the hell's his director."

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Thomas J. Tighe,
 Emergency Squad 5

"To find his ambition injector."

3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman Henry Schachne,
 43d Precinct

"How in six months from cop to director."

D. O. A.

By PATROLMAN DAVID A. FAY, 14th Precinct
SECOND PRIZE—SHORT STORY CONTEST



THEY were gone, and I was alone. What was I there for? There seemed to be a conspiracy of silence on that point. The sergeant had told me I was to guard a dead body, but to safeguard it from what? Who was likely to molest it? What did anybody want with a dead body? I had thought that the officer who was making the arrest would make it all clear to me, but he had no time for me. He was thinking only of his own job. "Third floor front; it's all yours, kid," and he and the detectives were gone with the prisoner. She did not seem to understand it any better than I did, poor devil. Vaguely I realized that she had killed a man, but it seemed preposterous that it should be so. She was so helpless and frightened; awed, as I was, by the importance of the police officers about her.

I was alone.

Slowly I made my way through the gloomy hallway and began to ascend the dark stairs. I clenched my teeth grimly. Step by step, I went up deliberately, every muscle tense and strained, every nerve alive to the gruesomeness of my surroundings. Slip-



ping my hand through the slit in my overcoat pocket, I resolutely grasped the handle of my revolver. I was tough enough for anybody in this dump. If they should attack me, they would find me ready for them. I reached the third floor. The door was open. I approached the room hesitantly and uncertainly, but stopped before I had come to the end of the stairway. I paused irresolutely, and gazed down through the darkness into the hall below. Nobody had followed me. Impulsively, blindly, recklessly, I took the three or four steps that were needed to bring me into the death chamber.

My blood chilled. My lips parted themselves spasmodically, and would not close again. My teeth began to chatter. I could not stop them.

"Perhaps it is the cold," I thought, "it is pretty cold here."

God, what a death to die! His breast was bared to expose the rent through which his soul had rushed to its Creator. His dark skin seemed light beside the blackness of that wound. He had fallen in a pool of blood, and blood bespattered the white-washed walls, mingling with splashes of tobacco juice, until one could scarcely tell the one from the other. Rotted teeth showed through his widely opened mouth. His face was still contorted in the agony of death and his glassy eyes stared sightlessly at the ceiling. Huge hands pendant from mighty arms bespoke a power that caused me to wonder what hellish fury had made his woman dare to attack him to his face.

I tore my eyes from the gruesome sight. I glanced at my watch. Nine-thirty. Two and a half hours more in this place. My eyes reverted to the corpse. I gazed at him steadfastly, and fancied I saw him breathe. His breast seemed to move slowly up and down in time with my breathing. I craned my neck to get a closer view. I longed to approach him, but dared not. I jerked my eyes away from the ghastly spectacle, and stepped out into the hall.

I consulted my watch. Nine-thirty-two. How the time dragged. I felt cold. Outside the air had been

crisp and invigorating. Here it was dank and musty. I hunched my shoulders and shivered. I pondered the question of why I had been given this assignment. It seemed a strange task to appoint a rookie on his first tour. I bitterly concluded that it was a prank on the part of the desk officer. Well, I'd show them! I could do the tour here as well as the next one. I looked at my watch. Nine thirty-three. I unbuckled the strap and took it off my wrist. It did not make the time go by faster to be constantly looking at a watch. Better in my pocket, where it wouldn't be so convenient to my gaze. I glanced at my wrist from force of habit.

I took out my book of rules and started to study. Aided and Accident Cases—an unknown human body—ugh. I turned to the section on fires. I began to meditate upon the possibilities of a fire breaking out there. I put the book in my pocket. I pulled out my watch—

I counted the number of steps to the flight. I calculated the number from the street to the landing where I stood; the number from there to the roof. I went back to take another look at the corpse. Gracious God, did he move? I went out into the hall again. I sniffed the air. Somewhere in the building mash was fermenting. I began to reflect upon the nature of the population that inhabited the building. There, I thought, I was an alien. I felt as friendless and alone as though I had been on a foreign shore thousands of miles away, and not in my native city.

Second by second the time passed by and at the end of each eternity of waiting I took out my watch and found that a minute or two had elapsed. I leaped with every sound. How often I looked at my watch! How many times I grasped my revolver! One phenomenon tormented me more than all things else. Again and again the roof door opened with a mighty creak and footsteps pattered on the stairs, but the sounds died in the night and no living creature appeared to account for them.

About ten-thirty I was startled by a step on the stair. I clutched at my revolver, but to my surprise realized that the intrusion was welcome. It was a woman going up to her apartment. She leered at me with an attempt at friendliness, then thrust her head inside the door and peered at the corpse on the floor.

She grinned at me. "So she finally done it," she volunteered. "I knowed she would; I knowed she would, hyah, hyah, hyah." She seemed to find it highly amusing.

She passed on.

The remainder of the night I was alone with my thoughts.

Alone. Except that the unquiet spirit of the murdered wretch had too lately quit its miserable abode to be content in its place of rest. This land of death was alive with its presence. It shrieked when the wind whistled down the winding stairs, and if a breeze soughed through the chimney the ghost rustled in to keep the watch with me.

Alone. Except that the spectre Fear remained to haunt me. Always from the rear he bedeviled me,

and as the night wore on a thousand demons came to aid him in his task.

Alone. But every flicker of the gas light was a shot that missed me; every board that creaked proclaimed a lurking enemy; every footfall shouted that an assassin was come to kill me.

Miracle of miracles! My tour was finished. A lifetime of waiting had passed; and the wonder was not that the time was so long passing, but that it had gone and left no token of the toll it had taken on my soul. I was leaving the scene precisely as I had found it. I felt bewildered—baffled—disintegrated. Some process of nature had been at work, yet I could conjecture no rule by which its results might be measured. I had not shed a garment since I had entered the house; the charred ends of cigarettes scattered about the floor were the only evidences of my stay that I could discover; yet I was aware that I was leaving something behind me. I thought I was forgetting something. No; I was not forgetting. I was remembering; remembering my youth, my innocence. I was yearning, perhaps, for the restoration of that part of it which had been sacrificed this night on the altar of service; apprehensive, it may be, that the time was all too near when youth and sensitivity to suffering, innocence and idealism, enthusiasm and hope would be taken from me bit by bit and replaced by the hardness and indifference which men call courage.

It was twelve-twenty when I was relieved. The cheery greeting of the man on the late tour found no response in my heart. His calm acceptance of his task evoked no need of admiration. Curtly I answered him, and hastened down the blackness of the stairway with death still at my back. Not even when I reached the street and had the clear sky above me did the calmness return. My heart still burned with resentment at the trial that had been imposed upon me, I had an impulse to burst into tears, but of course, I manfully suppressed it. A man twenty-two years old does not weep as would a child. Not if he is a New York cop.

COMMENCING OUR 3rd YEAR WITH

A One-Man Parade - - - -	PTL. CHARLES HARROLD COVER	
Editorial Page, or What Have You? - - - - -		3
The Manly Art		
	SGT. WILLIAM F. SPENGLER, Police Academy	4
Holy Name Society Breakfasts - - - - -		7
The Unexpected Call—1st Prize Short Story		
	PTL. CHARLES J. MOHLER, Emergency Squad 6	10
Reading the Minutes - - - - -	Old Man Sunshine	12
The Prize Winners - - - - -		17
D. O. A.—2nd Prize Short Story		
	PTL. DAVID A. FAY, 14th Precinct	18
Past and Present, a poem		
	CAPTAIN ROBERT A. TIGHE (retired)	20
The Police Academy		
	DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	21
Shomrim Society Holds Memorial Service - - - - -		23
Sports - - - - -	PTL. JOHN LENA	24

Past and Present

By CAPTAIN ROBERT A. TIGHE (Retired)



Captain Robert A. Tighe was appointed a patrolman on March 27, 1878, and retired as a Captain on June 28, 1907. He now lives in Glendale, California, where he basks in the sunshine and reads SPRING 3100. Judging from his poem, he enjoys our magazine.

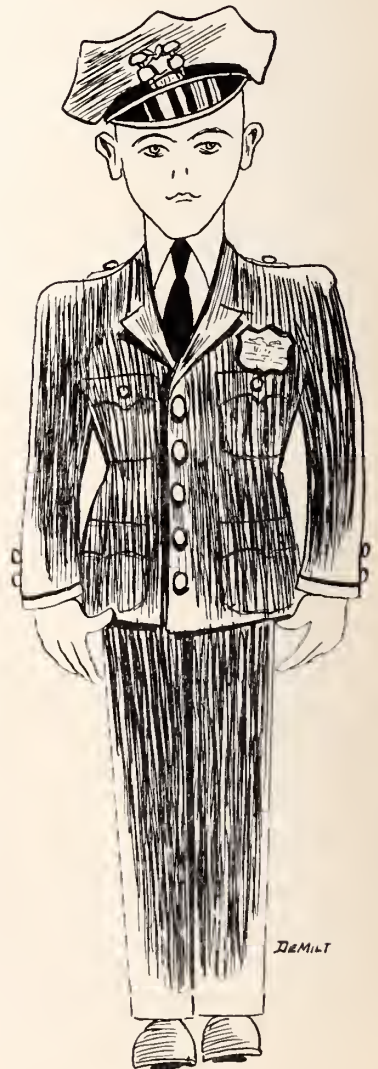
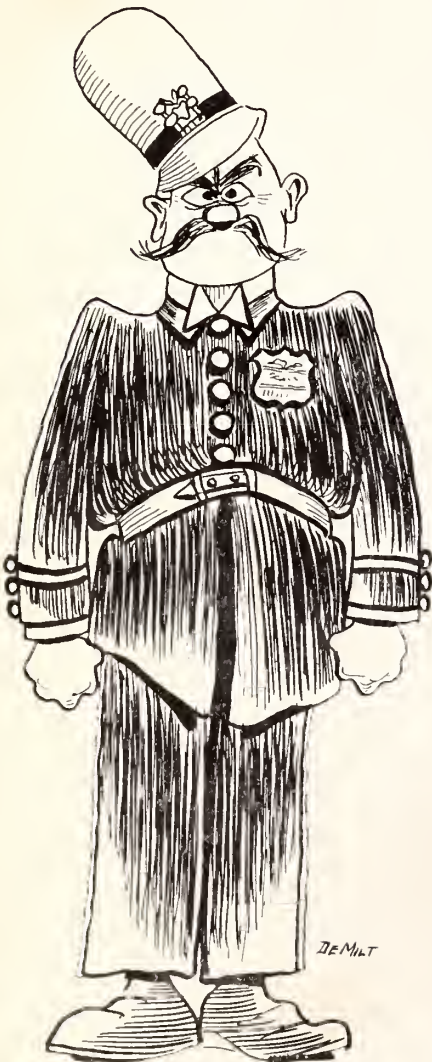
When I get SPRING 3100 delivered at my door
Here in Southern California,
Far from Coney Island's shore,
How eagerly I scan it
As I lounge in my big chair
And read it through from page to page
And admire the boys who dare.

For I was once a copper,
Yes, a score of years and ten;
And proud I am when I look back
On old comrades who were men;
To the days when the old nightstick
Made the hoodlums run and yell,
For the coppers of the olden time
Sure gave the gangsters hell.

So I take my hat off to you,
Ye men of every grade,
Who are members of the police force,
No better ever made;
For I've traveled this country over,
Viewed the police here and there,
And none can hold a candle
To you men who do and dare.

Congratulations, Commissioner Mulrooney,
Who came up from the ranks,
At being the head of "The Finest,"
Who handle many cranks—
Reds, Crooks, hold-up men,
Drunk drivers by the score—
Your men all know you are proud of them;
They do not ask for more.

And here's to the monthly magazine
With all its brilliant staff—
Mulrooney, Chamberlin, Hennessy,
De Milt, who makes us laugh—
And here's to those who passed away
While performing duty square,
Who left behind them comrades brave,
May they live long to do and dare.



THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday - - - 7.30 P. M.

Tuesday - - - 10.30 A. M.

Wednesday - - - 7.30 P. M.

Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.

Friday - - - 10.30 A. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.

Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.

Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.

Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.

Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.

Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.

Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

QUESTIONS FOR MARCH ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. Distinguish between assault in the first degree and assault in the second degree.
2. Distinguish between kidnapping and abduction.
3. What is an illuminated sign?
What are the requirements and restrictions for such signs?
4. What is the duty of a policeman who observes an unsafe sign on a building?
5. What is meant by the statute of limitations in a criminal case?
6. Describe the organization of the Board of Taxicab Control.
What is its purpose and general duties?
7. Motor vehicle collisions caused one hundred and fifty-six fatalities in this City last year.
What are the principal causes of collisions?
What do these causes indicate and what are some of the factors involved?

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.



ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. a. In first degree assault the intent of the perpetrator must be to kill or to commit a felony against the person or property. In second degree assault the intent must be to unlawfully injure another, or to commit any crime, or to resist lawful process or lawful apprehension or detention.
- b. In first degree assault a firearm, if used, must be loaded, or the weapon must be a deadly one, or the means or force used must be likely to produce death. In second degree there need not be a firearm, but there must be a wilful and wrongful wounding or infliction of grievous bodily harm, either with or without a weapon, or a wilful and wrongful assault by a weapon, instrument or thing likely to produce grievous bodily harm.
- c. In first degree assault the use of a poison, or destructive, or noxious thing must have actually endangered the victim's life. In second degree it is sufficient if it was dangerous to life or health.
- d. In first degree assault the means or force used must have been such as likely to cause death. In second degree the means or force likely to cause serious injury is sufficient.
- e. The punishment for assault in the first degree shall not exceed ten years; punishment for assault in second degree shall not exceed five years.
"The intent to kill is the distinguishing element between assault in the first degree and assault in the second degree. People ex rel. Young v. Hannon."

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. a. Under the Penal Law of the State of New York only a female can be the subject of abduction. A male or female can be the subject of kidnapping.
- b. In abduction the intent must be to use the female for sexual intercourse, or prostitution, or for marriage against her will; and if under 18 years of age a marriage without consent of parent or guardian. In kidnapping the intent may be to confine without authority of law, or to sell as a slave, or hold to service, or detain against will. Or the subject taken may be a child under 16 years of age with intent to keep or conceal from its parent or guardian; or to extort or obtain money or reward for its return or disposition; or with intent to steal an article about or on the person of the child.
- c. Abduction is always a felony. Kidnapping is a felony. There is a special statute under kidnapping with regard to enticing away or assisting to escape an inmate of any public charitable institution or custodial asylum for feeble-minded, idiots, epileptics or insane, or a reformatory or reform school, without the consent or approval of the Board of Managers of the institution, which is a misdemeanor.
- d. In kidnapping the punishment provided for a parent guilty thereof is less than if committed by another person. In abduction the parent conniving or consenting thereto is subject to the same punishment as the abductor.
- e. In abduction the character of the victim inveigled is an element if no force was used. In kidnapping the character of the victim is not an element.
- f. Upon trial for kidnapping the consent of the person kidnapped shall not be a defense unless it appears satisfactory to the jury that such person was above the age of 16 years and that the consent was not extorted by threats or duress.
- g. In abduction the statute provides that the testimony of the female abducted must be supported by other evidence in order to convict.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

Definition:—

Any word, sign, letter, or representation.
In the form of an advertisement, direction or announcement.
Illuminated by gas or electricity.
Extending over the sidewalk.

Requirements:—

Written permission of owner or lessee.
Permit from City Clerk.
If illuminated by gas, approved by Fire Department.
Permit from Superintendent of Buildings.
If illuminated by electricity, approved by Dept. of Water, Gas & Electricity.
If being erected on a building adjacent to a private dwelling, written consent of owner of dwelling obtained.
Constructed of metal or other non-combustible material.

Restrictions:—

Securely fastened to building.
Must be ten feet clear of the sidewalk.
Not over eight feet from building line, except on a marquee awning which may extend entire length and width of awning, illuminated eight feet above and one foot below.
If illuminated by gas, have burners inside, to prevent blowing out by wind, and gas shut-off valve on outside in case of fire.
Prohibited on:
Fifth Ave. between Washington Square and 110th St., Manhattan.
34th Street—Fourth to Seventh Avenues, Manhattan.
Madison, Lexington Avenues and Broadway, Manhattan.
57th Street—Lexington Avenue to Broadway, Manhattan, except: Carriage calls.
Special occasions for one month—but not to advertise (celebration).

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. Notify owner. Direct owner to remove or repair it. If sign is likely to fall, take precaution to prevent injury to persons or damage to property. Divert pedestrians, and vehicular traffic if necessary. Notify desk officer and request assistance of Emergency Service Squad.
Enter in memorandum book facts as to sign, its location on the building, street number of the building; condition of sign, name and address of owner of sign; if illuminated, permit number; if no

permit corporation complaint in duplicate to be forwarded to corporation counsel. Report to Commanding Officer.
The case is reported to the Superintendent of Buildings, who may cause its repair or removal, if not attended to.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. This statute prescribes the time within which prosecution for crime must be commenced.
For example, the law states an indictment for a felony other than murder must be found within five years after its commission, except where a lesser time is prescribed by statute; and an indictment or information for a misdemeanor must be found within two years after its commission.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. The Board of Taxicab Control consists of:
 - a. The Police Commissioner of the City of New York.
 - b. Five other members appointed by the Mayor; one being designated as Chairman. Term of appointment is five years.

The law provides a new definition of:

- a. Taxicab.
- b. "For hire" automobile.
- c. Hack.
- d. Public vehicle.
- e. Owner.
- f. Driver.
- g. Certificate of operation and necessity.
- h. Repeals inconsistent ordinances.

Purpose and duties:—

To regulate the licensing and operation of public vehicles on the streets of the City of New York; to eliminate unfit hacks and exact a greater measure of responsibility on part of owners and drivers; to prevent congestion by public vehicles on the streets in excess of the number required for public service. Public vehicles include hacks, taxicabs and "for hire" automobiles. It does not supplant the work of the Police Department in this respect. It acts in a supervisory capacity. The Board has power to appoint and remove officers, employees, accountants, secretaries and clerks; to investigate matters pertaining to public vehicles and drivers; to issue subpoenas; to grant and revoke certificates of operation; to fix rate of fare and service requirements as to public necessity; to determine financial responsibility of owners; to direct establishment of hack stands; to issue certificates of necessity which must be obtained before a license is issued by the Police Department. The Board has not, as yet, published its rules and procedure. The Hack Bureau of the Police Department shall continue to function as heretofore under laws and rules in existence until promulgation of rules by the Board of Taxicab Control and shall then continue in conformity to the rules adopted by that Board.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. a. Misjudgment of Distance:—
This means that although the operators of vehicles were aware of a potential hazard the cars were operating at a speed too great for existing conditions. This may have resulted from following the vehicle ahead too close for safety, or it may have resulted from an attempt to beat another to the intersection, or from taking a chance while overtaking another car. Operators, in the main, do not seem to know the stopping distance of their cars after brakes are applied. To illustrate: A car with two-wheel brakes going at a speed of twenty miles per hour should stop within thirty-seven feet, and a car equipped with four-wheel brakes within twenty-two feet. In many cases of this kind the police officer is not a witness to the accident and conflicting statements are made by the drivers involved, as well as by witnesses to the accident.
- b. Failure to Give Right of Way:—
This involves a definite violation of the law. In many cases the victim of the accident was not the person who failed to yield the right of way but a person in the other vehicle who was proceeding in accordance with the regulations. It should be borne in mind that, regardless of the driver's right of way when he is about to cross the path of another vehicle, his speed and control should be such as to insure his own safety even if the other operator violates the law.
- c. Failure to Stop on Signal:—
In most of these cases the signal was a traffic light. The lights were ignored; the driver was not alert; or there was an attempt to beat the light to make additional distance. In other cases, the operator's lack of alertness caused him to disregard the signal of the traffic officer. In the case of failure to stop on traffic light signal a wilful disregard of authority and the rights of others is manifested. The City has gone to a great expense to provide traffic lights. Without them traffic control would be an almost hopeless task. Other factors include lack of vigilance of what other drivers intended to do and a lack of signals by one or both drivers.
- d. Failure to Keep to the Right:—
In many cases this indicates a wilful disregard of traffic regulations. Hogging the road causes traffic delays, resulting in great inconvenience and loss of money. This unlawful practice discloses lack of exercise of personal responsibility; indicates selfishness, thoughtlessness and recklessness. A two-lane street is reduced to one lane. There is danger to on-coming traffic. Lighter vehicles are delayed and there is an obstruction of view to drivers following.
- e. Losing Control of Vehicles:—
In this cause vehicles strike trees, posts or other vehicles. This indicates defective brakes, steering gear, mechanism, or excessive speed. There is a lack of vigilance, or a lack of consideration for certain type of road surfaces being slippery in wet weather when a sudden application of brakes makes the car a runner sled.
- f. Misunderstanding of Signals:—
This cause indicates an ignorance of the manner of giving hand signals or lack of knowledge as prescribed by the traffic regulations. One of the most important factors is carelessness in the manner of giving signals.

(Continued on page 25)

Shomrim Society Holds Memorial Service

THE annual memorial services for Jewish members of the Police Department killed in performance of their duty were held on Sunday, March 6th, at the Mount Neboh Temple, 130 West 79th Street, under the auspices of the Shomrim Society, composed of Jewish members of the Department. The weather prevented a proposed parade, but there were more than 1,000 persons at the service.

The Police Commissioner was escorted to his seat, the Police Band commanded by Lient. William F. Mahoney, playing the march, "Our Fighting Men," in his honor. Among the other police officials at the service were Deputy Commissioner Nelson Ruttenberg, Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Inspector Louis F. Costuma, executive officer of the Bureau of Crime Prevention.

The Rev. Isidore Frank, Jewish Chaplain of the Police Department, officiated at the memorial service, and the Rev. Ernest R. Trattner, rabbi of Mount Neboh congregation preached the sermon. Besides the Police Commissioner, the president of Mount Neboh congregation, Edward K. Cohn, also spoke.

Chaplain Frank, in introducing the Police Commissioner, said:

"The members of the Police Department have always been a great force for good. Thousands of dollars are contributed each month for the relief of the unemployed, generous sums have been given to the various funds, such as the Red Cross, the New York American Christmas Fund and the Salvation Army. On innumerable, untold and unrecorded occasions policemen have dug into their pockets for the purpose of alleviating suffering.

"Yet, despite the meritorious work being performed, the Department has constantly been subjected to uncalled for and undeserved criticism. I am not here to quarrel with any person or persons, nor to speak harshly of those newspapers who seek sensational headlines—all I ask is that the Department be dealt with in a just manner. Constructive criticism of some departmental procedure is gladly accepted and given thought; erring members are brought to account for their misdoings; but, I ask, ought the entire Department to be condemned and shamed because of the misdeeds of an amazingly small percentage? Certainly not.

"In conclusion, may I ask that the Department be thought of and dealt with fairly, in a manner so characteristic of our great American people."

The Police Commissioner in his address urged all patrolmen to employ all their training and experience to solve the Lindbergh kidnapping case. He said:

"You, as police officers, may be too professional in this matter. Every citizen is keen and alert to find out something about this little child. The citizens suspect everybody and everything, as is evidenced by the thousands of letters and telephone calls the Police Department gets.

"You, on the other hand, might think that no professional criminal would commit a crime of that kind; that any one who has been an inmate of a

prison would look down upon the man who would steal a child. But just the same, one might do it. You might think that only a mentally unbalanced person would do it, but that is not true, either.

"Keep your minds open and draw no conclusions. You all know that I have been much concerned with this case. It has taken much of my time and all of my thought.

"Because there are so many of you here this afternoon, and because this crime is attracting special attention now, I want to point out again to you the special significance of your training and experience in this matter.

"I don't want you to miss a single opportunity. I don't want you to be prejudiced in favor of one theory or another as to what sort of person did it. I want you to keep open minds and open eyes for anything and everything that might be of value.

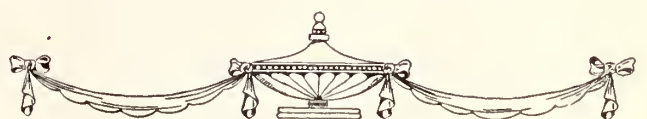
"The information may very well be in this city—and if it is, you can get it. Every citizen is alert to help by finding this information, but you, with your experience and training, have more chance of detecting it than the ordinary citizen."

The Police Glee Club, led by its commander, Acting Lieut. Patrick G. Fitzgibbons, sang appropriate selections, one in which the club's soloist, Patrolman William F. Drexler, sang Beethoven's "The Heavens Are Declaring."

The organist was Mrs. Leo Lewinson, and the Temple choir which assisted in the services was composed of Miss Esther Gilbert, soprano; Miss Joanne de Nault, contralto; Harry Thomson, tenor, and Harrington M. van Hoesen, bass.

In Memoriam

Ptl. James F. Cox	81st Pct.	Feb. 20, 1932
Ptl. Joseph Mannix	Chief Clerk's Office	Feb. 25, 1932
Ptl. Archie Wilkinson	18th Div.	Mar. 1, 1932
Sgt. Richard O'Flaherty	80th Pct.	Mar. 3, 1932
Ptl. Bernard J. Nolte, Jr.	15th Pct.	Mar. 5, 1932
Sgt. Harry J. McArdle	6th Pct.	Mar. 9, 1932
Lt. John H. O'Neill	Bur. of Tel.	Mar. 10, 1932
Ptl. Peter W. Bertrand	10th Pct.	Mar. 14, 1932
Ptl. Claude Dougherty	Mey. Squad 2	Mar. 17, 1932
Ptl. Joseph J. Hoynes	Mtd. Squad 2	Mar. 23, 1932





AMBRAZ AND McGOVERN, HAND-BALL WINNERS



THE CHAMPS

Ambraz



McGovern



Hopke



THE RUNNERS-UP

Seward

THE Police Commissioner and Chief Inspector John O'Brien were the leading members of the enthusiastic and distinguished audience which on the afternoon of February 24 witnessed the finals of the one-wall doubles handball tournament conducted under the auspices of SPRING 3100. This match, which was played on the championship courts of the Level Club at 253 West 73d Street, found Detective Simond Ambraz, of the Brooklyn Homicide Squad, and Patrolman Edward McGovern, of the 22d Precinct, emerging as victors after defeating Patrolman Edward Hopke, of the 2d Precinct, and Patrolman Peter Seward, of the 32d Precinct, in two interesting games. The scores were 21 to 20 and 21 to 10, respectively.

Before the play began the finalists were presented to the Commissioner and the Chief Inspector, who congratulated them on their success in the tournament. Patrolman McGovern was the winner of the one-wall singles handball tournament, in which Patrolman Hopke was the runner-up. The Commissioner smilingly suggested in his talk with them that their names be placed on the finalists' cups in all future tournaments in preparation for what appears to be the inevitable result of their sterling play.

Patrolman McGovern will meet Mr. Arthur Maroldi, physical director of the Sky High Country Club, who has acted as referee in the SPRING 3100

tournaments, in a one-wall handball match at Mr. Maroldi's club on the afternoon of April 9th. The exact time of this match will be sent out over the teletype machine a few days before the date set.

The Police Commissioner has been so well pleased with the success of the one-wall tournaments that he has sanctioned a four-wall singles and doubles handball tournament. The first matches in the four-wall singles have already been played. Patrolman John Lena, the sporting writer of SPRING 3100's staff, who has been in charge of all of these tournaments, has written the technical account of the one-wall doubles final match.

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

MEET THE WINNERS! Patrolman Edward McGovern and Detective Simond Ambraz stepped out on the Level Club court bedecked in a couple of new gym suits which just about spelled defeat for their opponents, Patrolmen Edward Hopke and Peter Seward, whom they defeated 21 to 20 and 21 to 10.

This Beau Brummel combination was the best balanced duo in the tournament. They had youth and experience, plus what it takes to win—**HANDBALL SCIENCE and ABILITY.**

HOPKE and SEWARD won the toss and started right in serving to Ambraz, who played the left and difficult side of the court. Their plan of battle was

to wear him down. They were getting along swell until "Si" and "Mac" went into a huddle and talked things over. With the score 10 to 4 against them, Ambraz got up and hit a few hooks that broke about a foot. He brought the score up to 10-7. McGovern followed with a sort of balloon serve to Seward. Pete had plenty of trouble with it. This serve was high and had plenty of "English" on it, which made it difficult to return. Score now tied.

From then on it was a nip and tuck affair with plenty of good playing on both sides; then HOPKE cut loose with that dynamic serve of his, and he brought the score up to 20 to 16. They played their heads off trying to get the last point, but McGovern and Ambraz, playing like a couple of champions, held their ground. "Mac" then played to Seward's weakness, a high hook ball. Pete, who has a stiff right-hand swing, couldn't handle this ball and the score was tied at 20 all. Pete didn't play his usual good game. "Mac" wouldn't let him set.

Everyone was excited, but not McGovern. He bounced the ball a couple of times and then shot it between his opponents. It took a neat hook and neither one was able to return it. The place went wild and the first game was over, 21-20.

The second game was never in doubt. "Ed" and "Si" had taken all the fight out of their opponents. Pete couldn't get his kill shot working and became rattled. Hopke was very tired. They tried their best but were finally beaten 21 to 10.

SIDELIGHTS

From the way Commissioner Mulrooney and Chief Inspector O'Brien swayed and ducked each time one of the players hit the ball, you can rest assured that if there were a few more gym suits around they both would have been playing.

McGovern's ping pong playing made a hit with the crowd. This boy sure knows his handball. And what's more, he doesn't take Nuxated Iron.

Pete Seward said he couldn't get used to the Manhattan climate. He's used to playing in Brooklyn.

Hopke didn't have anything to say. He was all out of "breathske."

A few of the spectators wanted to know if the games were on the LEVEL? Someone replied, "Sure, this is the LEVEL CLUB."

After the tournament Seward and Ambraz played for the "Old Timers" championship. Pete is 41 years old and has 15 years on the Force. Simond is 42 years young and has 17 years to his credit. Pete won the game, 21 to 13. (This handball playing must be good exercise. Just imagine, both of these players are three-strippers and neither one has flat feet. Let's take up handball.)

DETECTIVE JAMES KELLY, the last of the hardball World Champions, had the honor of playing the first game in the four-wall singles tournament. Jim, who is 51 years young, defeated CLIFF ROGERS, mere youngster of 30 summers, from Troop "C", in an interesting match at the West Side Y. M. C. A. The scores were 21-18, 21-9. Cliff played a wonderful game, but the Old Master outsmarted him.

BASKETBALL

On Friday evening, March 4, the 4th and 5th Squads of the 70th Precinct engaged in a game called basketball. The following took place:

Fourth Squad	G.	F.	Ttl.	Fifth Squad	G.	F.	Ttl.
McCaddin, r. g.....	0	0	0	McHugh, r. f.....	9	1	19
Tyrrell, l. g.....	2	2	6	Quinn, l. g.....	2	1	5
Langan, c.	0	5	5	McFarland, c.	0	0	0
Murphy, r. f.....	5	1	11	Gonzales, r. g.....	0	1	1
Johnson, l. f.....	3	2	8	McBride, l. g.....	0	1	1
				Furey	1	1	3
	10	10	30		12	5	29

It was a hard fought contest throughout, the 5th leading at half time 15 to 5, but in the second half the 4th came from behind like a tornado to win on Murphy's sensational goal from the center of the court (not the 7th District Magistrate's) second before the final whistle blew.... "Mother" McCaddin was a poor foil for "Hairy" McHugh, who ran rings around him, but then, "Mother" was handicapped by a bay window of unusual size.... "Popeye" Tyrell and Raymond Quinn hooked up again as they did years ago when "Popeye" played with the "Gowanus Creekers" and Quinn was with the Pointers, with honors about even.... "Lightnin'" Langan (not of the greased variety) played his usual fine game and held "Dangerous Dan" McFarland, a 10-point-a-game man, scoreless.... "Midget" Murphy, crack(ed) forward, started strong and remained a step ahead of Gonzales and "Panzey" Furey, who replaced him.... "Yon" Yonson proved that Sweden produces something other than herring guzzlers, much to Maxey McBride's sorrow.... At the termination of the game "Mother" McCaddin said: "Boy, I'm glad we won that game and just to celebrate I'm going to sing 'All of Me.'" One of the gallery gods yelled out, "Please don't, 'Mother,' there is too much of you."

The 25th Precinct Basketball team led by Manager John (Treat 'Em Rough) Moroney, trimmed the 114th Precinct team by 32 to 14. Talbot, with 13 points, and Tauber, with 10 points, starred. "Handball" Lehner and "Treat 'Em Rough" Moroney played a swell guarding game for the 25th. Box score follows:

25th Precinct	G.	F.	P.	114th Precinct	G.	F.	P.
Tauber	5	0	10	Nidds, l. f.....	2	0	4
Callan	1	0	2	George, c.	0	1	2
Talbot	6	1	13	Newman, r. f.....	3	0	6
Lehner	1	1	3	Swanson, l. g.....	1	0	2
Moroney	2	0	4	Dillon, r. g.....	0	0	0
Oschlacker	0	0	0	Connolly, r. g.....	0	1	0
Total	15	2	32	Total	6	2	14

BASEBALL

Patrolman Dillon, manager of the 114th Precinct team (is looking for games and sends us his schedule for the season. Morning games: April 27; May 4, 14, 17, 25; June 1, 4, 14, 24; July 5, 9, 16, 24; August 2, 12, 15, 11; September 1, 12, 14. Evening games: May 9; June 6, 18, 27; July 18, 28; August 5, 18, 25; September 7.

THE POLICE ACADEMY

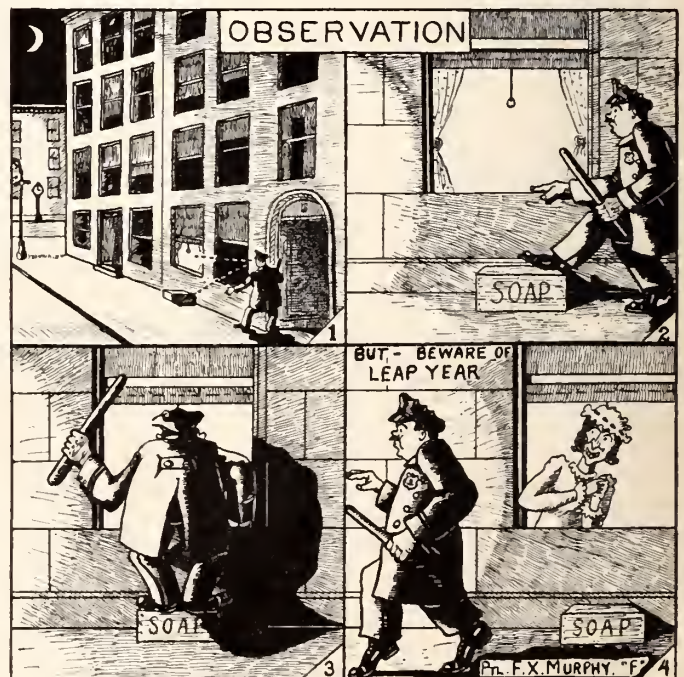
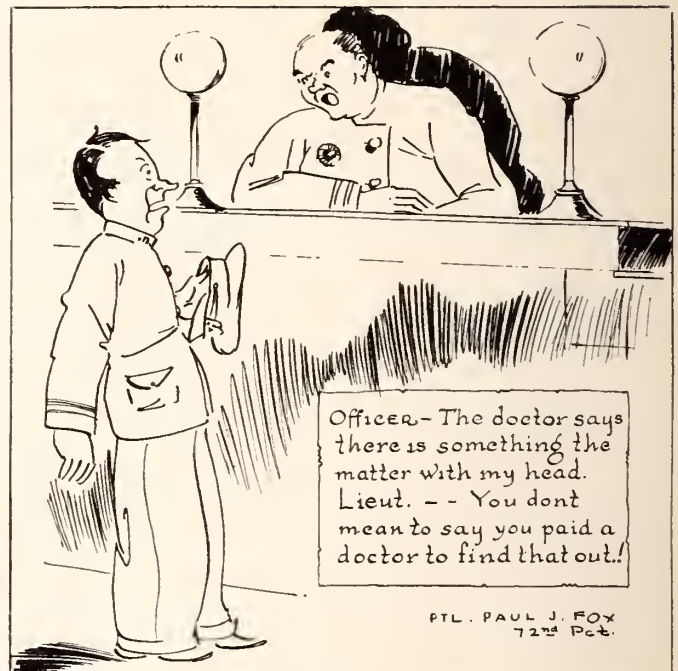
(Continued from page 22)

g. Improper Turns:—

Extreme carelessness is involved in every accident due to a turn. In many cases the operator does not know or does not understand the traffic regulation. Factors include speed in excess of eight miles per hour; failure to give signal; failure to keep in right lane.

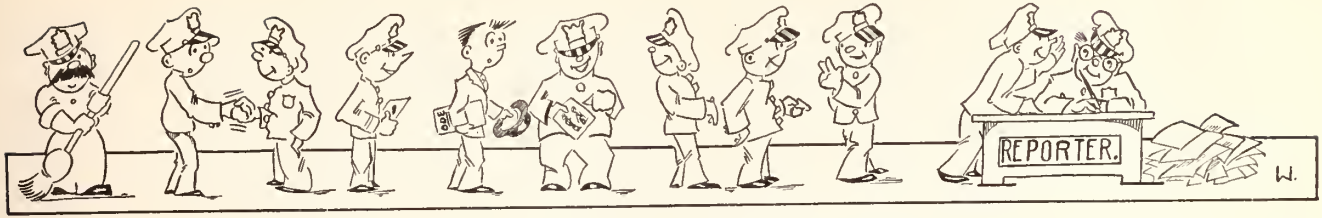


PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch
6th Pct., Ptl. A. Buttacavola
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

The Sailors' Snug Harbor Division of the 1st Detective District has been changed to different units.

The Wall Street Squad, in command of Acting Captain (Carnation Bill) Fogarty, will retain the name of Sailors' Snug Harbor, but instead of Sailors' Snug Harbor Squad, it will be known as the Sailors' Snug Harbor Unit.

The Maiden Lane Squad, in charge of Acting Captain (Duke) McKay, will be known as the Lane Duck Unit since change of name. Bill Mott is now wearing ivory colored mudguards (spats) and the Duke is now shaking a wicked niblick, while, 740 on the list, Mortimer is keeping score. From time to time news flashes on the doings of these units will be furnished.

2D DIVISION

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

3d Pct., Ptl. John Stafford
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

At about 12:01 A. M., February 22, Sergeant Joseph Curry, 9th Precinct, hastily proceeded through the blinding rain storm to 33 Second Avenue, where a fire was raging and the lives of 500 people endangered. Due to his cool-headedness, and under the direction of his friend, Lieutenant Goldstein, he assisted all of the occupants from the fire safely.

During the time of this action, Gentleman Joe met his fate in the person of a buxom blonde of 45. Now he can be seen consulting the store windows for household effects. He intends to open up his apartment in the neighborhood of Ludlow and Stanton Streets. (Don't worry, all of Joe's friends will be invited when he takes the bow.)

Patrolman Vic Hertz, the 9th Precinct handball champ (chump), is taking life easy due to an infection of his eye while playing a game recently. He wanted a patch over his eye similar to that worn by Floyd Gibbons, to whom he bears a striking resemblance.

Patrolman George Gibbs is awaiting a call from the Honor Board due to a miraculous escape from death when he was called to the cellar of a tenement where the report of a revolver was heard. While groping through the darkness, two shots were fired at him when he attempted to subdue a man who attempted suicide. The man died later in the hospital.

Lieutenant (Broadway) Johnnie Collins was recently performing in the 14th Precinct at the strike detail, and he reports the roll call could not be entered for a half hour after the platoon left due to the handshakes he received from his many friends, which, by the way, accounts for his not feeling the cold which some of the other "Lukes" felt.

Sergeant George Tindall was the master genius in a fire which occurred at 33 Second Avenue. While 300 couples were dancing to the tune of a band of music, fire occurred on the floor below. His quick wit and action averted a panic as he had all join hands and led them under billows of smoke to the street below. When the fire was over he had another job straightening out the checks for the coats and hats.

Patrolman Jim Hurley, the attendant with the pleasant disposition, bid the boys adieu last month when he retired after 25 years, all spent on the lower East Side, where he made a host of friends. The 9th lost a good policeman and attendant when Jim left, but they all join hands in wishing him good health and enjoyment in the rest he is entitled to.

The baseball team of the 2d Precinct, who have been practicing all winter on the sand lots of Staten Island, with a view to surprising the other teams of the Police Department, are all ready to go, and hereby issue a challenge to any team in the Department for a series of games.

The team is under the able management of Captain Paddy Joyce, 2d Precinct, and all changes may be sent to him.

We have made arrangements with the New York Giants for the use of the Polo Grounds for night baseball games.

The following is a list of the star players and their positions:

Patrick Brick, left field
Dinny Sullivan, right field
Charles Stripp, catcher
William Fielding, 1st base
Joe Blauvelt, 2d base
Bill Barry, 3d base
Jim Kinane, short stop
Martin Lawlor, center field

Paddy Culinan, pitcher
Dave Kelly, pitcher (southpaw)
Jack McAuliffe, pitcher
SUBSTITUTES
Con Clancy, catcher
Dinny Dunn, outfielder
Bill Irwin, infielder
Moe Fallor, infielder

General all-around utility men who can play all positions and are sure-fire pinch hitters: John Casey, Paddy Sullivan; "Keeps Kool" John O'Connor, who will also make himself useful by acting as water-boy for the players.

3D DIVISION

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

George McGirr, 3d Division, was observed the other P. M. seated in the rear of a flivver smoking a nickel cigar and directing Patrolman Carmody where to drive the car. Spaeth was also sitting in the car with a "rye loaf" under his arm.

Patrolman Alfonso, formerly of the 18th Precinct, took that crack about being a bicycle rider to heart. "Al" now spends his time riding a "bike" in Motorcycle Squad No. 1, and every time he passes one of his former buddies he gives them a big smile. "Wacky" Graham is trying to figure out how he did it.

Eddie Spaeth and Bob McMannus are the proud papas of bouncing babies. Congratulations and lots of good luck!

Bill Leahy, formerly of the 10th Precinct, is now a member of the Brains Department. Good luck, Bill!

Tom McCormick's life may not be a bed of roses, but he smells like it in the morning.

Harry McElroy came in one Monday morning with his hair marcelled, in addition to the funny mustache he was trying to grow. Why all the "dolling up," Harry?

Has the stock a grudge against the 10th Precinct bunch? No babies have been reported in over a month. What is the matter, boys? And you, Harry Rodgers?

Jimmy Sherlock finds work rather hard since he fell in love with that new girl friend.

"Big Joe" Galeazzi is at it again; more arrests for felonies. Mike Francavella got jealous and brought in a "stiek-up" artist with a long record. Galeazzi's record for felonies is something for the other members of this command to shoot at.

The following advertisement was handed in the other day: "WANTED TO BUY: In the market for a used Ford. Must not be over six months old. Must have good rubber and four spares. Price not to exceed \$75, payable in three years.—Arthur McMenomy." Did you give up the old sailboat, Arthur?

4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

LIEUT. JOHN J. FLYNN

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Cutrie

Patrolman Jim Sullivan, 17th Precinct, surely knows how to pick his company. Together with his charming Mollie (Mrs. Jim Sullivan to you), he was feted royally on the night of March 11th at an elaborate dinner given in his honor at the Hotel Astor. With Jim and Mollie on the dais were: Judge and Mrs. Abe Salansky; Assistant District Attorney and Mrs. Albert Reinert; Senator and Mrs. J. P. Bender, Troy, N. Y.; Major and Mrs. Mij Tlmed, distinguished Argentine artists; Sergeant C. Philip Sold, Elmhurst, L. I., and Miss Lillian Anderson, charming Swedish cinema star.

Jim never looked lovelier, and when called upon to speak he denied vehemently that the new "Tux" he had purchased especially for the occasion was a product of Sears-Roebuck Company, as Judge Salansky earlier in the evening had insinuated.

6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Patrolman William Kuntz, of the 23d Precinct, is in St. Vincent's Hospital undergoing an operation. We all sincerely hope that "Bill" will be back on the job before this issue goes to press.

Patrolman Salvatore Sanson was presented with a baby boy by his wife. So that's why he has been going around with his chest out.

Some of the gang at the 23d have been complaining that they never see their names in SPRING 3100, so here goes:

Some of the boys decided to take a trip to KEARNEY, N. J., across the RIVER, to have a few near BEERS, but when they got there they discovered that they didn't have enough CASH and had to be satisfied with a few WATERS instead.

One of the boys started to put on AYERS and said he knew a TALLMAN who was a TAYLOR and HALEd from the same BERG he came from. From then on, he became the FINNEGAN pin of the party—and HOWE.

They finally located him in a little GROVE on the LEE side of the town and he was just getting over a BENDER, having celebrated the birth of a son whom they decided to name "Clib." So with CLIB-BORN the boys decided that they would help him celebrate.

There soon was a KLINK of glasses with something that tasted like LACHER, and the boys said: "Letter-Go GALLAGHER," and the party was in full BLOOM with everyone making HAY hay.

All was sweet and LOWE until RUFF INO (the big BOZZOMO) started to get WEISS and tried to MC NULTY KISS ANE the CAMP BELL who was also at the party. Then CARL SON of the TAYLOR went POPKE and crowned him KING, landing him in a WARD where he will be BETANCOURT for some time.

The tailor's wife said to HOL DOS parties over in New York the next time because it BURNS her up until she's WHITE in the face, and that she'd go to RENO if it happened again.

Referring to our new station, WPEG, Patrolman Victor Weinum, of the 25th Precinct radio team, said: "Do you know what those initials stand for? If you don't I will tell you. Here goes: We're Public Enemy Grabbers." Personally, we think "Whity" couldn't catch a cold.

The other day Sergeant Max Isaacson said to Lieutenant Bill Kelly: "I'll bet if you take your purse from your pocket all the 'Muts' (moths) will fly out." A slight error in geography, eh, Max?

Patrolmen Kennelly and Lee were assigned to the radio car one afternoon. Here's what happened: They reported the radio out of commission, when all it needed was the switch to be turned on. Then, when they started the car, the clutch got indigestion and refused to move.

Well, don't get excited, but the 25th Precinct would like to hear from other commands regarding baseball games. We think that we can scrape a good team together. Address all communications to Patrolman Arthur Felton, Assistant Manager.

Our basketball team played the Bayside Precinct, and the game ended in an 18-18 tie. It was one of the most unusual endings ever seen on a court. John Lehner, the handball player, with the score 18 to 16 against his team, and only 30 seconds to play, took a desperate one-handed shot from the length of the court, and believe it or not, it went right through the hoop and tied the score. The game ended sensationally when the ball, coming through the net, hit a tack on the floor, which blew out the bladder, making a noise like a bullet. WHAT A BASKET!

We would advise Sergeant Bill Prantner (alias Perpetual Smile, or No. 31) to get out a summons for poor old Martin Tutt (Chowderhead) for that little bill due him.

If Emergency Squad 6 and the 25th Squad Detectives have no objections, ye reporter of the 25th Precinct will undertake to act as reporter. Kindly let us hear from you.

Sergeant Tommy Enright, once an international detective of note, was the recipient of a cute little canine, and can be seen taking it for a walk any evening.

Johnny Shea, of the 28th Precinct, who is a well-known athlete, especially in the running broad jump, has been very sad lately because his pal, Ernest, was sick. Cheer up, Johnny, better days are coming.

Policewoman Bahr, who is chief P. K. of the 28th Precinct, has a wonderful voice, and her rendition of Irish camolias makes the most savage of her female prisoners go to sleep. The gang was seriously thinking of raising a fund to send her to Italy to have her voice cultivated.

The "Kid" cops on Lenox Avenue are at it again. Pollard grabbed one of the neighbor's children with a gun the other morning and Mugavin became peeved, so he brought in a nice boy with two loaded guns. The lad Pollard caught apologized to him, saying that he thought Pollard had a night off.

Lieutenant John Baxter, who gained fame in his younger days as an orator, surprised the gang at the Anchor Club affair recently with a truly remarkable oration. When called upon as President of the Anchor Club for a speech, John put it over in great style.

Lieutenant Rensellaer, the sage of the precinct, is always admonishing the youngsters when he turns them out at roll call, and his advice is eagerly sought when trouble arises. His great slogan is: "He who travels alone can go a long ways," and have no hurdles to jump over. Father George is abrupt and forceful at times, but Johnny Burggraf says that he would give you the shirt off his back, if he had one.

The gang from the 28th are almost 100 per cent members of the P. B. A. Only one patrolman missing, and every indication points towards his membership in the near future.

With all of the names mentioned in our column this month, the magazine should be a sell-out.

7TH DIVISION

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
43th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

Only the ready wit and resourcefulness of Uncle Jim (Lieutenant Quinlan) saved a criminal from an old-fashioned Wild West necktie party when Patrolman Dick Johnson brought an eleven-year-old boy to the station house for stealing a horse.

Famous greetings in the 40th Precinct:

Lieutenant Jahelka: "Who's going to buy coffee this morning?"

Lieutenant O'Brien: "Did you try your doors before you left post?"

Lieutenant Quinlan: "What's doing—were you busy?"

Sergeant Cox: "Let me see your book."

Sergeant Coyle: "You're two minutes early on your ring—call me back again."

Sergeant O'Connor: "You cover school crossing No. 3, also keep your eye on the receiver of Box 9."

Sergeant Quietzsch: "How long does it take you to eat?"

Sergeant Hick: "Where are you going, and why?"

Sergeant Miller: "I am waiting to hear what excuse you have to offer."

Sergeant King: "One 'See' don't go."

Sergeant Kilpatrick: "How is your car?"

How times have changed. In 1922, ten years ago, the roll calls had names on it as follows: Murphy, McGann, Dooley, Carey, Cunniffe, Sullivan, Carmody and O'Malley. 1932 roll call sounds as follows: Schemoni, Monfrini, Martrogano, Funingiello, Petrucci, Civello, Lacina, Hirschhorn, Goldstein, Levy and Stein.

Patrolman David O'Rourke, unemployment relief dispenser, was seen smiling one day recently. I wonder why.

Patrolman Finken, Hack Bureau, was seen running around St. Mary's Park. Reason, "Obesity," not chicken.

Patrolman Bill Brady wishes the magazines would publish more mailing coupons so Patrolman McCann, Hack Inspector, would have more to send to him.

Patrolman Bill Cruger is giving "Chick Sales" "The Specialist," a run for his title. Bill's specialty is dog houses.

Our artistic reporter of the 41st Precinct laid down the paint brush and took up the broom. Conway said he uses elbow grease on the floors instead of paint.

Some names have different meanings, but Sergeant John Lynch has nothing to do with a riot.... In speaking of time, Roy Auer is no part of it.... Talk about being high hat, Henry Ayers never puts any

on.... You read a lot of things on signs, but not on Joe Banner.... Being athletic, Hank Bowler goes in for duck pins.... Herman Brooks is no part of a stream.... Looking for color, we call upon Ken Brown.... Talk about things that are hot, ask Tom Burns.... Professions can be followed, but not by Ed. Butler.... If you want pipes fixed call on Calkin.... If you want fuel for the fire call on Ed. Coleman.

GOOD POLICE WORK—While sitting in a restaurant, Patrolman Boscia, of this station, overheard a conversation about a stickup. He obtained all the information possible, and together with Patrolman Burke, of the same precinct, conducted an investigation which led to the arrest of the perpetrators, who are being held in high bail.

The boys of the 42d Precinct are now getting ready for the big day in June. There is a rumor that Miss Dorothea Albert and Edward (Speedy) Frawley are going to see the minister for ???.

Lieutenant Sylvester Hlavac is doing a great deal of rejoicing these days, and when asked the reason why, he stated that he has just been granted a 32-days leave and is going back to see the Old Country once more. The boys wish him Godspeed.

The boys are wondering what Al Tait is going to do when he has to operate the car and listen to the alarms being broadcast by the police radio station.

Sergeant John Tracy is getting all the ball players lined up and has ordered practice already. Sergeant Jack states that the first practice will be indoors, as he cannot afford to take any chances with the boys' arms this year.

Bill McGronan and Phil Clark are wondering what detail they will hold down after all the unemployment records are transferred to the Home Relief Bureau.

Some of the boys are wondering who the very good looking young lady is that was seen strolling with Jerry Brennan. Look out, Jerry, it's Leap Year.

Patrolman David Weidenbaum, the big man of Webster Avenue, has just announced the arrival of a baby girl. Good luck, Dave.

John Lynch, the Beau Brummel of the 42d Precinct, is looking kind of downhearted these days, and all the boys are wondering what is troubling him. Some good news, perhaps.

If Al Tait doesn't stop taking days off to attend weddings, christenings, engagement parties, etc., he will have no vacation left.

Patrolman Paul Becker is receiving congratulations from his friends on his most recent appointment as chief cook and bottle washer of the precinct.

These cold late tours don't bother JIMMY SHEA none. No, sir! The noisy hackmen along Jerome Avenue have him hot under the collar. "Jim Kelly," take notice.

Now that Sergeant Foster has succeeded in getting his "Iron Horse" to go, he looks forward to a fool-proof vacation. Perhaps he can get the open air banana crate moving for his side-kick—G. B. Can't do it, eh, Sarge?

Patrolman Harrington, of the 48th Precinct, was heard in the locker room telling the boys about the time he worked down in OLD SLIP.

Sergeant Brogan and his mustache are doing fine. (We hear it's a bet.) Who won, Sarge?

McKenna gave up wrestling steaks due to the loss of his teeth. (What, no graham crackers and milk?) Said teeth ruined by cracking nuts for the squirrels in Crotona Park.

Mulvihill would like to know what a hole in the head is. Keep him guessing.

Patrolman Curtis has again mislaid his nightstick. Alarm number unknown.

Now I mast nok de odder falers, an bein dat dis pet vos nod in de magazin fer a lonk time I mast tell you whos hoo, so now eams de sargints, dey ant so goot opp beer, bat de Cept, an me iss satisfide, dat ven better sgts. ar mad, ve vill gat dem, so dots dot.

So I cammance: Hernest Glinsman, a leetle chasty bat, he nos vot de Cept. vants before de Cept. De batons bost off hees eote, ven he stiks de chast oud ven hees give de orders to de mens.

Cholly Fuhsey—A formar ehenarel in de joimens harmie, dis is von of de risons dey got id liked. Bat bot of de abov fallers come frum a good familie und dey pay vot dey owe so yu kent say anytink abott dem vots bed.

Moisha Morrees—Tvanty voids, no more no less, hees nat so hot, tak a lat, und dunt say notink, ul I een tak is dot ef yu esk Loot. Breken about heem hees tallink yu.

McCaffery, Connally & Daly, Inc.—Fine fallers, fine kops, smot lik anytink, bat de kops tuk dat ven dis company dey laft hireland, it rite avaa stops de fitink dare, I dunt no ef dis iss a boost or a nok.

Deek Galvin—Ven de vor bruk oud, he was grabbed, he vent across an heed behind a rock til de vor vas offer, noe he tuks lik dees “ven hi von de vor” en so onn. Hees a werry goot faller, bat werry growchy.

Vell dots haal dis time naxt mont hi stot on cops, an ehenarel noos. “Slonk.”

8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mavor

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

The boy cops over at the 46th Preeinet feel that they have not been receiving proper recognition in SPRING 3100. So here goes:

Patrolman Phil Connolly, better known as “Silent Jim,” recently raised in grade, decided to buy a new hat. Patrolman Foley decided to follow suit. The reason is self-evident. It seems that way back in the dark ages the Foley and Connolly elans in Ireland were bitter enemies, and it now seems as though the feud is being carried on in the 46th Preeinet. They are both in love with the same girl, but it looks like another victory for the Foleys.

Patrolman Clarke, better known as “Gabriel,” is now a patron of Madame “Fifi.” He is losing his golden locks, you know, and she is one of the most competent hair restorers of our town.

“Bing Crosby,” the boy with the soda tenor, is still batting 1000. He goes for the weaker sex in a big way. But somehow he doesn’t fare so well. Better luck next time, “Bing.”

Patrolman Gilbride, the big broth of a “bye” from the ould sod, is falling like a ton of bricks for a colleen by the name of “Ciss.” He may often be seen walking around the back room as if in a daze. Come on now, Pat, why don’t you marry the girl and have it over with. In other words, “Eventually, why not now?”

Little Harvey Hepburn, the boy wonder at the 46th Precinet, has to stand for all the kidding hereabouts now. “You know me, Joe.” Ask him what it means when you see him, but be prepared to make a hasty getaway.

9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Baeschell

(Dedicated to our meehanie, Patrolman Lloyd McSheehy, 123d Precinet.)

Under a spreading chestnut tree a stubborn auto stands;

McSheehy, an angry man is he, with trouble on his hands.

The carburetor seems to be the cause of all his woe; He tightens half a dozen bolts, but still it doesn’t go. He sits beside the road to give his brain a chance to cool,

And ponders on his training in the correspondence school.

And then he starts his job once more, and just by chance he seen

The cause of all his trouble is—He’s out of GASOLINE.

On St. Patriek’s day two energetic freshmen of the Police Academy were assigned to the 123d Precinct for a tour of duty. Claude (Snoop) Smyth, Jr., and Edward (Peep) Straub were assigned to patrol Main Street, Tottenville, S. I., in the vicinity of the only theatre and a group of stores. A storekeeper got suspicious of them hanging about outside, so he ducked out the back of the store and rushed into the station house all out of breath. So “Sniff” McEwan, minus his smoke screen, was told to investigate the two bold, bad men. He grabbed them both. “Snoop” said: “It’s all right, mister, I am a policeman like you; ain’t I, pal?” So “Peep” said: “Sure, we’re cops.” They flashed their shields and told him they were there to enforce law and order. Then they pulled down their caps like “gum-shoes,” and tried all of the doors before 12 P. M., then reported in from patrol. The man on the late tour found two doors open just the same. Good luck, freshmen; you will be seniors some day and learn the ropes. We all had to start at the bottom.

The baseball team has started training in the boiler room for the coming season. The bowling team has acquired some big rubber balls and can hang up a 300 score in the dormitory at will.

The golf team shoots a mean 72 over the coal pile course, of all holes, and our pistol team shoots almost a perfect score in the ballot box room.

The football team can’t be beat, for they play without shoes, and they are all feet. So if any precinct thinks that they have a team that can beat us at any game, get in touch with Timothy (the Apostle of Charity) Hartnett, and you will get a surprise. So take your pick, under, even or over.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Lea Schempp
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Lang

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis C. Regan

70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mallica

EXTRA! LOST OR STOLEN—A BLACK DERBY. (Not brown.) Missing from locker room 60th Precinet. One size 9 black derby hat belonging to Jim O’Neill, better known as “Pork Chops.”

Several suspects: Patrolman Mark (Boom-Boom) Coviello, 27, 5’ 8”, 145 pounds (when after bath). Black curly teeth. Crime wave in hair. Pepper and salt suit all year round, and plenty of gravy. Also wears a derby, size 9.

2. Suspect—Patrolman Dave (Mule) Bailey. 5’ 8”, 143 pounds after shaving. Wears anybody’s clothes. Has brogue that can be cut with a knife. In this country about long enough. (Tip to immigration authorities.) In Ireland Dave was known as the Benedict Arnold of Old Erin.

3. The boys of the 60th Precinet don’t say that the above two suspects had anything to do with Jim’s derby. But, if they hadn’t been in the locker room at the time, Jim would still have his derby. Alarm sent. Patrolman Jake Berendt assigned to case, as he is the most alert attendant.

Cheer up, Jim, ole boy. Straw hats will soon be out.

Patrolman Charles (Rowboat) Carvin, attached to the 60th Precinct, is considering very seriously going into the Marine Division, and can be found after tour taking rowing lessons in the Prospect Park lake. After several months, Patrolman Whittier has finally succeeded in raising a mustache (one side of lip). Patrolman Edward (Milk and Crackers) Fox wrote a beautiful song about it.

The boys of the 60th Precinct are in training for the coming baseball season and hope to win the championship of the Department, and put the 60th on the map. The team is going to be a dandy, such players as Artie Banes, Ed. Fox, Jimmy Murphy, Joe Mandic, Jimmy Haughie, Dan Griffen, Jack Bernius, Vito La Rossa, known as Mussolini, and Ed. Stanley, commonly called the working girls' friend. Abe Conn will be mascot, and when it comes to greasing bats he can't be beat. We will soon announce the manager. Watch SPRING 3100 for dates and further information.

The gossip is getting stronger and stronger about Jimmy Murphy. Jim has ceased manicuring his finger nails and spending his time rehearsing the wedding march. Poor Jim, he is about to take a dive into that beautiful state called Matrimony. The best man will be Walter (Citizen) Breslin, who is an outstanding citizen of Coney Island. Good luck, Jim.

Patrolman Mark Coviello and his new Studebaker are the talk of the town. It seems that Mark got caught in the firemen's parade, and when he drove past the crowd in that flaming new chariot with the red, white and tan colors, the crowd applauded wildly.

On January 28, 1932, our Captain Oscar P. Himmel commemorated his thirty-fifth anniversary as a member of the Finest. In behalf of the members and the former members of this command who are now attached to the 66th Precinct, we offer you our happiest congratulations and many happy returns of the day.

One of the saddest scenes enacted, one that pulled at your heartstrings, one that was so tense, dramatic and so heartbreaking that it would have done credit to King Vidor were he directing it, was the time when the junkman offered John Lee a solitary dollar for his trusty old battlewagon, the Essex he bought way back for \$25.

Quite a perplexing problem confronts Cornelius Maher, Dominick Lombardi and John Reed. The problem is this: If unemployment means lack of employment, what would you call shoveling coal while this unemployment situation is going on? Kindly send our answers to this problem to this reporter so that he can forward same to the interested parties.

As manager of the "Notorious Nick Berry," I challenge "Pop" John Sinnott, of the 66th Precinct, to a bowling match, the prize to be undisputed possession of the wheel chair which "Pop" has had in his possession these many years.

While on the subject of bowling, I'd like to state that the members of this command, meaning the members of the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th squads, must find this a strenuous sport. What's the matter, fellows, is old age creeping upon you? What I'd consider a miracle would be to have at least five fellows appear at a specified date and time. Come on, fellows, get wise to yourselves and let's get organized.

You now can notice John Langan using the "Biblical" system on the typewriter. You use the index finger, then you follow up with seek and you shall find.

We are sorry to state that "Gentleman Jim" O'Brien, oftimes referred to as the "Silent Delegate," left our confines and can now be seen within the regions of the 105th Precinct.

We didn't think it was probable, but probability gave way to righteousness when we discovered that the "Sage of Albemarle Road," who is none other than Francis Schmidlin, is a fowl-minded person. Recently, at the expiration of one of his tours, he approached Lieutenant Nelson and asked him for the rooster for tomorrow's detail. Well, Francis, what kind do you want, a broiler or roaster?

When a fellow starts pricing furniture, etc., at this time of the year, you soon start thinking of prosperity. Well, don't let times fool you, as there is another sign for the same thing which is none other than a matrimonial venture. Ask John Peivano.

Sergeant Willie Cohen, after spending his early vacation in Florida, returned to actual warfare looking as fit as the proverbial fiddle.

There is no doubt that Little Raymond Quinn seems to want the title of Eagle-Eye Gus. His claim to that effect is the recovery of five stolen cars on five consecutive days.

Should the magnificent structure now situated at 154 Lawrence Avenue collapse one of these days, the solution will be due to the shooting with their trusty revolvers by Haviland, Donlon, Knox, Peterson, Blair, Madigan and Maher, trying to locate the target.

COMMENTS OFTEN REPEATED AND THEIR ORIGINATORS

"Give me three instances how forgery can be committed not in writing. By the way, Lentino, get me a nickel's worth of coffee."—Lieutenant Jacob Levy.

"Times have changed quite a lot these days. Don't forget, have your gun in your hand. Why, when I was a cop and, etc."—Lieutenant Edward Xenodochius.

"Give me alarm 9999. Don't forget your stanchions and make proper entries in your memo book and, etc."—Sergeant William Smyth.

"How is the car, tools all there?"—Sergeant Thos. O'Malley.

"Sign for nine."—Patrolman William Knox.

"You young fellows don't know when you're well off."—Patrolman Bill "Lightning" Tomford.

"What post have I got? What, no detail?"—Patrolman John Peirano.

"Give me your attention for a minute, and, etc."—Patrolman George Deegan.

"*#%\$#%&'#\$%& those lights."—Patrolman Martin "Tootsie" Tyrell.

Recently, John Langan endeavored to have members of his squad become athletic minded. After much persuasion he secured a few men and they engaged in a travesty commonly known as basketball. For information of the other squads the names of the players and their former positions once played are listed below:

"Mother" McCaddin—Former guard, on the Culver Line.

"Tootsie" Tyrell—Former forward, on the Jewish Daily Forward.

"Midget" Murphy—Former guard, Sing Sing.

Hildig Johnson—Former guard, Coast Guard.

"Panzy" Furey—Former "Dead" Center, Centre Street College.

John Langan—Former "Mud" guard, Ford Institute.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. Charles Keenan

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

The 72d Precinct has seven good reasons why the basket-ball championship is coming to their house to stay. They are: B. White, R. G.; Donatelli, L. G.; Roth, L. G.; Engh, C.; Hank, C.; Rowe, R. G.; De Franco, R. G. Did we hear anyone say they wanted to play us?

Officer Sullivan dropped a letter out of his pocket the other day, and it was picked up accidentally and read. The epistle follows:

Dearest Dora:

I would climb the highest mountain for one smile from your Cupid lips. I would walk thru fire and steel to clasp your dainty hands. I'd swim the deepest ocean to receive one sweet word from you.

Always yours,

TOM.

P. S.—I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain.

Talking about letters, Officer Barberie says that his wife keeps the kettle steaming all the time so she can be ready to open his letters when they arrive.

The boys of the 76th Precinct have just found out that their friend, Patrolman John Civik, is going into a pie-eating contest. His opponent is "Gong Gong" McLaren. So the yell is: "We want 'Gong Gong'! We want 'Gong Gong'!"

We also found out that Patrolman John Nulty and Commander Shied are going to run a "Bits I. O." dinner for the benefit of Patrolman Malafronte.

Well, not forgetting our old Lieutenant John De Martine, who has just been made Captain, with the best of regards from the boys.

Have you heard about our Emergency Patrolman Fred Beyers, who has only been assigned to the 76th Precinct for the past 10 years, and is better known as "Greased Lightning"? He was sent to the state barge canal at the foot of Columbia Street, and after a few minutes he called up and said that he couldn't find it, and thought that it didn't come in yet. This proves the story of his wife taking him to the railroad station when he was to report for work.

John McTernan, the distinguished gentleman of the 76th Squad Detectives, has hired Dick Tracy, the famous sleuth, to find out who has been writing him up in SPRING 3100.

Patrolmen Briglio and Williams became jealous of our attendant, Henry Waitwood ("Chipmonk") and went out and got a monkey of their own.

Wedding bells soon for Jock Eilertsen. He will honeymoon in his native Oslo.

12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Chericich
69th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Hitz

PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

Famous sayings frequently overheard in 12th Division office:

We must be very cautious.

Do you get the idea?

Was my day off approved yet?

Anything new?

Have you seen our courtesy sign?

Cream cheese on whole wheat.

Where's my fan?

Feel great today, Yoshack.

THE TRIALS OF THE 67TH

The toughest job in the 67th

Is auto engineer;

An erstwhile member—Arthur Edge—

Was the first to volunteer.

But work and Arthur could not agree;

Result, he left us cold.

The same old game as heretofore—

An ace was in the hole.

Then Warrie Smith stepped into the breach;

He's no relation of Al,

But tried his best, nevertheless,

Then chose to quit like Cal.

Ed Lahey was the next selection,

We all thought him a boon;

The Captain picked him for a peach,

But he turned out to be a prune.

We now have one I hope will stick,

His name is Willie Class;

Rough and ready, good and steady,

And as smart as Balaam's ass.

13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

Walter Hoey, of the 77th Precinct, started quite a furore the other day with his cry of "Wolf," and sent Nick Gaffanboom out on a "Paul Revere" which brought forth loads of condemnation from the speed boys at 7 A. M., when our Smithtown boy got all excited over the uniform of a bandmaster.

Heard a debate between Zowie, from the hill, and Furious Lambert, from the Village, about Clark Gable and John Bunny; also Abie Silvertone and Richard Rauch discussing the "Groundhogs" out on the prairies.

Well, boys, by the time this is published our dear little Walter will have been retired. Good luck and success.

Look over the sergeants of this precinct and you will see a double for John N. Garner, the speaker of the house in both instances.

Arthur (Doctor) Brown blames it on the village air for having made it three in a row and all trumps. Congratulations and good luck!

Well, sir, the elections in Ireland have brought a rift between Pat Curtin and Pat McGivney. The latter is strong for De Valera, Rockie being a "Hitlerite."

"Tell Us Another" Mike Steinle unfolds his bag of baffling "one-reelers" daily. It's hard to either beat or tie him.

"General Merchandise" befriended Abie Silvertone, through the mild-voiced boy's friend, "Doc" Price, who had a loose prescription—and kept it.

Patrolman Dillmeier, 79th Precinct, on his time off is patiently practicing with Patrolman Farrell by standing in front of radio stores and taking down programs in their memorandum books.

Patrolman John Browne bought himself a new Ford coupe. He claims he is "in the money" on the Sergeants' list, and maybe he's just getting used to driving around, preparing to give the boys a "See."

If the targets on the Police Pistol Range were a little closer and a little larger, and if the gun had a better sight on it, and if Patrolman Pflieger could shoot a little better, maybe he'd be able to qualify.

After an extended sick leave, our friend and advisor, Lieutenant Tom McElroy, is back again. He looks better than ever. The same old Tom, never a cross word is heard from him.

14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

90th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry V. von Hassel
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Now this would be just too bad if notice was not given in the social columns of SPRING 3100 relative to the reception to three former comrades of the 83d Precinct. Lieutenant Herman Schiefer, formerly a sergeant of the 83d for the past twelve years, is now attached to the 15th Division. Retired Lieutenant Daniel Connelly, who retired in 1931, and made a trip to the Old Country, where he was born. We have a statement from Old Daniel himself, who says that while in Ireland he threw money to the poor of his younger days. We would like to believe this, Dan.

Now for the big reception: There was plenty of talent at the affair. Such famous comedians as Wood and Schmidt, otherwise known in private life as Lieutenants Wood and Schmidt. That famous character, Sergeant Robert Ziegler, also of the 83d Precinct, known as "Cannon-Ball Bob" during his prime when he was a juggler of fame. In the windup, prizes were awarded to the best talent. Captain

Bowe, of the 83d Precinct, acted as judge. Some of the boys yelled themselves hoarse shouting for their favorites, and were unable to speak for two days. The above three remembered comrades, Lieutenant Schiefer, Retired Lieutenant Connelly and Patrolman Metzger were given wonderful praise by the members of the command.

Patrolman Morris Steinfeld has the honor of being the oldest herring choker of the 85th Precinct. He has just choked his 10,000th herring with a few knishes thrown in.

Sergeant John Sheehy is getting more popular than ever since he invited all the married men of the 85th, with children, to his house.

Captain Challan is trying to get the low-down on how Sheehy keeps that auburn tint in his hair, although he claims that he is using the best grade of henna.

Patrolman John Kempf expects to have his new calling cards for the girls this week. They are made in gold letters, has his post on them, and are highly perfumed.

Little Henry Noll, the pigmy motor operator, bought a pair of ear-laps for the cold weather. He cut a pair of holes in them so he wouldn't miss hearing anything.

The boys all wish to congratulate John Moore on his promotion to Manhattan Avenue. He sure does look alert patrolling his new post.

Sergeant Jenkins has been hopping around on his toes lately, also letting left jabs and right crosses go. Just when he gets to the age of stiffness, he starts getting spry.

Patrolman Earl Nelson, the famous clerical man of this precinct, is getting a rubber non-skid double pad seat on his trousers to prevent him from sliding from the highly polished chair that Charles Cusick polishes.

The 87th Precinct has again distinguished itself with good arrests during the past month. Patrolman Bernard Currant at 3 A. M. discovered a burglar leaving a grocery store with cash and some very strong cheese. Perhaps that is what attracted his attention. Then, a few nights later, Patrolman Anthony Pilewski arrested a man escaping from the scene of a robbery in which an old watchman was badly beaten and a safe taken from an office and placed on an outer platform to be opened. The following morning the accomplice of this prisoner was apprehended through the eagle eye of Patrolman Patrick McLaughlin, cleaning up a bad case in wonderful style.

Patrolman John (Cutie) Flanagan, 90th Precinct, is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Good luck and congratulations, Cutie!

Patrolman John Burns (Old Man River), the Yonkers farmer, is so dumb he thinks that the State of Hamburg is something to eat. O. K., old man.

Sergeant Louis Wagner, 94th Precinct, is back in form again. He went right after Big Joe Jungerman about car No. 832. Only 35 pounds of air, Joe.

Patrolmen Santa Maria, Rossiter and Bischoff are thinking seriously of filling out applications for the stanchion shop. Cheer up, fellows, 45 stanchions are not too many to take in on one night.

Patrolmen John Rasch (attendant) and George Griffen (coal dispenser) spent a lot of time lately in deep conference. Don't let the Mrs. hear about that one, John.

Bob Lind is telling the boys he expects to have three in the family.

15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

103d Pct., Ptl. George McDonald
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

FROM MEMBERS OF THE 102D PRECINCT

He might have been a banker,
Actor, lawyer or "a flop";
But for 25 years running,
He traveled as a "Cop."

He's pounded on the pavements,
Never thinking of a "pull,"
Just plodding right along,
A first-class "Harness Bull."

For a quarter of a century,
In all sorts of places,
He kept up a record,
And his middle name is "Aces."

He's still plugging right along,
Now, wouldn't this just knock yer?
This husky, cheery, bully scout is
Sergeant Tommy Lockyer.

The 103d Precinct sent in a photograph of the American bootblack, Joe Vaeth, attached to their command. Too bad it could not be reproduced, for it would have been a corker. The photograph was taken about 25 years ago when he was in his prime. He claims to be the best bootblack in America, and wears the uniform of the Department, having his own shield made and wearing same while on duty.

Jimmy Quinn, the famous Cru-rella man of the 104th Precinct, says he has a new wrinkle for making buns—instead of putting hot crosses on them he is going to use horse shoes.

Meyer Roth, the famous old TUCK BOAT CAPTAIN, claims he has invented a new HET LIGHT that will make night driving safe.

Sidney Haber wanted an electric clock, so he opened two accounts in a local bank which was giving them away. The bank failed. Now Sid wants to sell the clocks for \$300, the amount of the deposits.

Steve Roland, the old professor of English, has fallen away back in his vocabulary lately. He now uses the German accent, from working in Ridgewood.

The 104th Precinct has organized a hockey team composed of the following players: Sergeant Seymour, Patrolmen Mielenhausen, Heck, Obach, Cassidy, Harden. The spares are Sergeant Feeley, Patrolmen Rueckert, Flanagan. They challenge any hockey team in the Department.

16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

The unemployed benefited to the extent of \$800 as the result of a basket ball game between the 109th and 111th Precincts at the Flushing Armory on January 16th. After a hard-fought battle the 111th team managed to win by 2 points. The 109th Precinct team is rounding into fine shape under the management of Sergeant Newburg, the old-time Whitestone star. They expect to meet and defeat the 111th Precinct at a later date.

Eddie Rising, of the 112th Precinct, is telling the boys in the back room the weird tale of how the dead come back to life. While on patrol he observed a dog get run over by an auto, and it lay in the road apparently dead. While attempting to drag it to the curb, it sank its teeth in Eddie's hand.

Charlie Paul and Bill Carroll are both proud papas now, and the boys offer their congratulations.

Leibfreid still can't understand why "FLAG POLE KELLY" wouldn't come down from the pole to answer the phone when he called him.

Hail to our hero of the 108th Precinct, Happy Bill Quinn. He is at it again and brought in two more burglars.

Wonder how it feels to be out on the walk again? Why, who? Oh, you know who; ask Eddy (Two-Gun) Silke. Georges (Carpentier) Pavelak and Nine Necks Jack Heinold.

Another old-timer has retired. "Scallywag" Lawless, our first broom, has decided to leave us. Good luck and Godspeed, Ed.

Our lineup in the St. Patrick's day parade included: Schultze, Schmudt, Gerhardt, Heinold, Busse, Lange, Willenbocher, Miller, etc.

Gannon and Slicklen, the "ham and eggs" of the Precinct, are still handing out the well-known philosophy, but Dinny isn't going to forget to get the right license the next time.

The tall-story club is still active. Ludwig the 5th says that he asked for school crossing No. 4. Joe "Barbasol" Odze says that he is always out. Dinny says that he knows all the rules and regulations, especially the one about "Put it in your memo. book."

LAST STATEMENTS FROM MEMBERS OF 114TH PRECINCT

Sergeant Cunningham: "IF I AIN'T GLAD TO SEE YOU DISORDERLY BOYS."

Sergeant Henry: "IT BURNS ME UP. I JUST PAID 15 DOLLARS FOR TWO THEATRE TICKETS."

Sergeant Malcolmson: "CAN'T GET A BREAK AROUND HERE."

Sergeant Vopelak: "NOTHING TO IT; THERE ARE TEN MORE LIKE IT IN THE PRECINCT."

Patrolman Lennie: "KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT TRICK, IT'S MINE FROM OVER THERE."

Patrolman Calzaretta: "JOIN THE ITALIAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

Patrolman Holub: "WAITING AT THE CHURCH."

Patrolman Grapes: "A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN OF COLOR."

Patrolman Groeniger: "O BOY, O BOY, O BOY, YES, SIR, NO, SIR, PARDON!"

Patrolman Smith, G.: "O. K., LIEUTENANT, I FIXED IT."

Patrolman Sprauer: "DOUBLE X—DOUBLE O."

Patrolman Matzen: "EIGHT YEARS WITH THE PACKARD COMPANY."

Patrolman Browne, F.: "The DEACON OF THE 114TH PRECINCT."

Patrolman Armster: "TWO MINUTES MORE AND I WOULD HAVE HAD THEM."

Patrolman Dunckack: "I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING."

Patrolman Mondicka (the Dick Tracy): "WE DID NOT DO IT THAT WAY IN THE HOMICIDE SQUAD."

1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC)

PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

The "Mountain Climbers" held their annual beef-steak party on February 6th, and what a party! Connie Walters and Young Grillo put on a "beef-cating" contest and it was hard to decide which one ate the most.

John Byron rendered his old favorite, "Where the

River Shannon Flows." How is it these Dutchmen always sing Irish lullabys?

Traffic precincts in Manhattan were well represented.

Earl Clarke entertained with his celebrated "snake dance."

The "Four Horsemen" and regular quartet of the Glee Club rendered many numbers. The willingness of these men, and the entertainment furnished, was greatly enjoyed by all present, and we take this means of expressing our thanks.

Whoever said the "Steamboat" squad can't eat beefsteak is all wet.

The parking squad was there strong, checking parked cars outside the cave, between steaks.

Joe Mooney, from "A," went over big. Mulry wasn't there. His wife said "NO." Even the 4th District was represented.... Shields, of the Light Room, may have had a bad stomach—but steak don't bother it any.... John Keyes broadcasted a special message to his mother: "Won't be home till late, ma, don't wait up for me.".... Bosses of all classes were present, but kept in their places.... All are waiting for the next climb, and agree unanimously that when it comes to running a "beefsteak," Frank Burns knows his job.

"A"—What price cigars? Another member has joined the elite. Patrolman Jenkins when last seen was shining up his trusty steed (auto 726) on West Street. Should have waited until he hit 5th Avenue.

Since the announcement of the birth of twin boys, Sergeant Grimes has been asked by a certain lieutenant in Traffic "D" (where's that?) who has a few girls, for some helpful tips.

How we love our morning exercises! Patrolman MacDonough's complaint was slow horses. Now, along comes Patrolman Gloutier's complaint on fast ones. Well, runaways are part of our job. W. F. P. is O. K.

All's quiet along 8th Avenue; Patrolman E. Johnson has it under control, with two commendations and recommended for a third. Here's a good detective ready for the picking.

How the boys enjoyed the parade February 22d. Guess the old S. S. Sooner will soon sport a radio (L. W. L.). Its chief engineer has become a radio mechanic. Who? Why, Patrolman Larkin, the man with the asbestos gloves.

The boys are considering sending a relay team to the Olympic games, consisting of Patrolmen Shields, Buelow, Burbridge (if he's on time), and our own Charley Paddock for anchor. "Anchor" is right.

"B"—HONORABLE MENTION: Father of twins.... Patrolman Robert Whitlock, two daughters; Peter Simon, two daughters; Michael Dennehy, two daughters; Hector Copeland, one son and one daughter, and John L. Hoey, one son and one daughter.

Patrolman William (Sparrow) Mundhenk and Peter (Peg-Leg) Devaney are in training for the fly-weight championship.... In the heavyweight division, Patrolman Angus Beaton has challenged Patrolman Thomas Quinn. Patrolman Clarence Shoemaker will referee the bouts, with a fish in each hand.

"C"—In Lieutenant Keeling married men will find a soft and sympathetic feeling. Patrolman Carlson drives a P. D. flivver. And he sure can make the occupants shiver. Possessed with lots of nerve and courage, even freight trains do not discourage. To single and widowed girls of Traffic "C"—We still have Patrolmen MacLaren, Scotch and Free (put in your bids early). Patrolman Lombardi wed to a

sweet pretty maid. Although six months have passed, his smile did not fade. Patrolman Schatzle to beefsteak parties will yield—if he can crash in on his shield. Between Patrolmen Bamberger and Somers exists brotherly love—BUT into the river each would like the other to shove. Jigger Farrell, one of Brooklyn's old knights—in the Bronx he now holds his matrimonial fights. Famous for his song and dance—we have a good idea who wears the pants.

The Hack Drivers' Friend: Patrolman Geisler, intelligent and bright: With the hack drivers he is in right; they wish him lots of happiness and luck, but to be truthful, they really think he's a kluck.

Three Guesses: Who is it? Favorite song, Tasty Yeast. Belongs to Blue Club. Desirous of becoming president of Ladies' Auxiliary.

"F"—Patrolman Mike Connelly has been elected to the presidency of the Tall Story Club.

Sergeant Dan Hallinan has been looking over the auto shops lately. He can't make up his mind what to buy. It's something between a Ford and a Rolls-Royce.

Real devotion to duty: Patrolman McHugh coming to work on his regular scheduled day off.

Bug House Fable: After debating for one hour on the advantages and disadvantages of a certain traffic regulation, Sergeant George Cooledge admitted that his opponent was absolutely right.

When Patrolman Patrick McGowan left Traffic "F" to become attendant at the 100th Precinct, Jerry O'Connor said: "At last he has reached my level."

Patrolman Henry Arfmann, the beautiful trombone blaster of the band, was supposed to play in this precinct recently, but reported sick, and do you know, you could tell the difference in the playing.

Patrolman Milt Woodbridge was seen in the precinct buying some antiques.

Patrolman Tony McNulty reports that the traffic light on 5th Avenue has been mended.

Patrolman McHugh has joined the class of "how to get the least out of your salary," by getting married.

Patrolman Cerny is still looking for a post. We know of a few on 2d and 3d Avenues he may be able to use.

Patrolman Rockett and Civilian Attendant Buck had a debate on how to keep clean. Rockett won the argument.

Sergeant Mike O'Callaghan met Sergeant Wallace at the station house and was asked for a cigar. Mike told Wallace to look up the death notices in the first paper he bought and attend the WAKES, where he would get plenty of cigars.

"E"—The C. O. of Traffic "E," Captain Ralph Micelli, is exceedingly busy at the present time with maps, charts, recommendations for traffic equipment and white lines, etc., in preparation for the opening of the vehicular traffic of the new express highway from 57th to 72d Streets on the west side of Manhattan.

Incidentally, Sergeants William Mulry and James Mohan are ably assisting the Captain.

Our chief delegate to the Sergeants' Association, "King Doyle," is having a tough time drawing up a Sunday work chart to please everybody. Recently, after finishing a voluminous chart, Sergeant Dan found himself going out to "P," in Queens, more frequently than any of the other sergeants, with the result that a new chart had to be manufactured. Cheer up, Dan, it won't be long now before that gang from the Lieutenants' Association has a crack at you.

When Patrolman George Fitzgerald, better known as the "Half-Pint" of "E," was informed by his dear little wifey that she was about to purchase a police suit for their wee three-year-old baby, he smiled, and

said, "Never mind the new suit, dear, mine will probably fit him after inspection."

Clerical Patrolman Eddie Hartman reports that our chief kitchen mechanic, Patrolman Barney Heustis, owns a new motor car, that is, it was new three years ago. He keeps it on stilts in a garage up in Throggs Neck, Bronx County. What's the matter, Barney, waiting til the gas gets cheaper? Never mind, old pal, "hearts will be trumps" some day for you, and then you can get your car and enjoy some Bronx cheer and hospitality in company with Eddie Hartman, Johnny O'Connell, LeCropper and John J. Sullivan.

Sergeant Pete King, of the 20th Precinct, was a life saver, and came to the rescue of the writer on last Sunday, March 6, with a pair of size 7 rubbers for a 10 shoe. Thanks, Peter, they saved my sole. Hope you will have sunshine all your life so that I may keep your rubbers.

3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

*I. Ptl. James Kenney
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher*

*K. Ptl. Harry Shortell
L. Ptl. John Behring
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson*

Patrolman Kessler's anxiety to return to duty from vacation and reporting 24 hours too early, has probably earned him departmental recognition by his arrest of three men who were holding up a drug store in the 84th Precinct. Good work, Abe.

Since Willie Luttge came back from sick report with a mouthful of "broken dishes," his smile is very luminous.

Eddie O'Connell will accept Patrolman Bloom's challenge, to be seconded by Lieutenant Strachen. WE KNOW HIS CAPACITY.

"K"—Harry Wagner sure did a nice job in handling a tough traffic tieup at Fulton Street and Lafayette Avenue during the rush hour. The boy sure knows his traffic.

Haven't heard much from Joe Sellinger lately.

Traffic "K" is much better since adding such men as Kearney, Rettig, Mozzone and O'Meara. A nice lot of boys who know their jobs and are well liked.

Patrolman Scheffer was frozen stiff the other night and could not stop Captain Schalow's car. Eddie Cahill claims this to be a record.

"L"—"Mahatma Ghandi" Craven, our genial attendant, has purchased a pair of roller skates. Wonder why? Carl, the flying Dutchman, has his suspicions. Says Carl: "Maybe he's afraid the sheet will fall some day—hence the skates to reach home in a hurry."

Patrolmen Eberhard Schaefer, Walter Gleason and "Baby Face" Ryan will now sing a little ballad entitled "Lent, Lent, when doest thou end?"

Jimmie Rock, holding down a corner of the sitting room with some of the boys, when suddenly a voice is heard, "Whose widow is this, anyhow?"

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1 PTL. CARL J. FRITZ

Patrolman Cosgrove can be seen leaving the St. Nicholas "gym" any afternoon. He's trying to reduce.

Why do you guys go to fights? Ever see Goodman and Gratton when they're in shape?

Did you see Clyde's picture in the paper when Coll was shot? And I had such a pleasant smile, when a big sergeant got right in front of me.

I'm still trying to find out why they changed his nickname from "Scarface" Harmon to "Wolf" Harmon.

The springs on those new side cars are so bad that even Soraghan has a bum back, and, gosh, he's a perfect specimen—of what?

Ask Mike Ryan what a blessed event is? Are you red, Mike?

"West on Amsterdam Avenue" Darienzo's business is very bad. He's selling ice for a side line.

I've heard of girls walking home from an auto ride, but never of fellows walking home from a motorcycle ride. Ask Spitlenik.

I'm trying to find out just how "Big Bill" Metzcleer would look in a side car. What would he do with those legs?

Who's the guy who doesn't want to work on the ramp? Says the height makes him dizzy.

Charlie Fritz (the German one) has a new Oldsmobile. It was a lucky day those customs men were on a 32 when you arrived.

TELEGRAPH BUREAU

THE PHANTOM

A story has reached the Telegraph Bureau that Lieutenant Charles J. Dannhauser, the culinary expert of the 13th Division, is suffering from high blood pressure, gout, indigestion, dandruff, and that rare horse disease, foot and mouth trouble. Years ago, Lieutenant Dannhauser worked in Chinatown, where he acquired a very good knowledge of the Chinese language. He is reputed to be the editor of the Chinese newspaper "ONE LUNG," a yearly periodical. He writes very good Chinese editorials and it is rumored he is going to be a war reporter for SPRING 3100. We all hope that he is very successful in his new venture, and that he will not try to Chinese any of his co-workers.

18TH DIVISION, BRONX DET. JOSEPH McCOURT

Acting Lieutenant Salsieder is quite a doctor when it comes to offering a remedy for a cold. Just give him the symptom and you'll get the cure.

Detective John P. Anderson had a birthday on March 17th, and he used his middle name only, "Patrick," which is a violation of the penal law, or something.

The Bronx Homicide Squad wish it was Lenten season all year, as Joe Gannon has sworn off smoking and the air in the room is better when that old pipe of his don't percolate.

First endorsement:

From Commanding Officer, Bronx Homicide Squad.

To: Commissioner of Health, N. Y., March, 1932.

Condition Corrected, Gannon not smoking.

(Signed) WPEG.

6TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. CORNELIUS J. BROWNE

Detective Martin Tutt, of the 25th Squad, is trying to regain his boyish figure. He was seen eating in a Mexican restaurant, and the waiter was heard reminding him for using his knife with which to eat the food. He has gone from 270 to 280 pounds in a week.

Detective Daniel Cavone, while interviewing a complainant, was told that it was the first time she had had the pleasure of meeting a colored detective. Donato seemed pleased at this compliment.

Peter Golomboski, our international detective, has been temporarily assigned to strike duty in the 14th Squad. He now wears a red tie, and sings the Internationale.

Detective Joseph Mansfield, of the 23d Squad, is very popular with certain ladies that wear white uniforms in a certain hospital within the confines of the 23d Precinct.

Detective Michael Foley is still looking for a comb and brush to keep himself beautiful. How about a little rouge, Mike?

7TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOSEPH McCOURT

We take this opportunity to correct a statement made in a previous issue, that Lieutenant Rothengast

was seen looking for a diamond ring in jewelry stores. This is not true. It was a wedding ring. How did you like the rooms on Longfellow Avenue, Lieutenant?

The Irish of the 41st Squad had a little party on St. Patrick's Day. The following committee worked on the affair: Detectives Solomon, Vanderdrift, Mutchler, Kleber, Drescher. The following detectives from other squads attended: Grossberger, Shibuski, Buddemeyer and Turkheimer.

Now that our reporter has returned from Ireland, the 7th Detective District will be heard from. Joe says he had a good time in the Old Country and that when going over on the boat he did not do much fishing, but got a lot of "Bass." He says the folks told him he was getting "stout." Which was it, Joe?

Detective Otto Franz, a fellow you otto know, is now the general manager of the Bronx Gun Club. Next week he will lecture on "Indirect Fire," which means that you can shoot at an object you cannot see.

Detective Carmelo Cambria, 41st Squad, is quite an authority on the war now going on in the Far East. "Tony" visited Japan and China two years ago on police business.

Detectives Joe Wey and Fred Buddemeyer passed the twenty-five year mark last week. Both have signed up for another "hitch" in the army.

Detective Matthew Solomon, 41st Squad, is now the proud father of a son. He says the boy is good looking. Good, Mat, we are glad the child looks like its mother. Congratulations, old boy.

10TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. FRANCIS X. GROTANO

Hello, everybody! Mrs. Grottano's bad boy Francis swinging the hammer by special permission of Lieutenant Frank C. Bals, commanding officer, 62d Squad.

The past month has wrought many changes in the personnel of this command. Detective Max Black, the greatest guy that ever tore a herring, was transferred to Acting Lieutenant Osnato's Detective School. In exchange we received one of the Adonises of the district, Tom Hannon.

Wee Willie Walsh, long a protege of this Squad, was transferred in, and is catching for Jimmy McNally. Father John Moran was also transferred in and doubled with the "redoubtable" Hannon.

Confidential information has been received that a large portrait of Mussolini hangs in the back of the chair of the squad commander of the 66th Squad, and that Detective Dardis, the ladies' home companion, has to clean and polish some daily (under duress).

Detective Charlie Farrell, our contribution to the boxing world, was seen training recently, painting screens in anticipation of his annual battle with Primo Murphy of this command.

This month's bouquet goes to the 64th Squad, as they are the proud possessors of one of the finest teams in the bureau, namely, Dardell and Shea. Both these men are high-powered detectives and their work is appreciated by the citizens of Bay Ridge.

The annual tri-cornered golf tournament for the championship of the district has been postponed, as Lieutenant Bals hasn't a stick left, having broken them all arguing with Acting Lieutenant Osnato and Johnnie Baker.

Detective Boyle, who recently left on a trip to California, was presented with an excellent gift by the members of the 62d Squad. Detective Buckley, who has traveled the seven seas, gave him some sound advice. Especially about Hollywood.

I have become one of the most popular men in the district since being elected reporter, and as a result of such popularity, I receive much fan mail. In accordance with the Manual of Procedure, am sending same to the Radical Squad. Have also obtained a suit of armor, a trench helmet and a sawed-off shotgun for protection from the wrath of the detectives in this district. But if anything happens to me, our eminent friend, Bill Kleinman, Coney Island's gift to the D. A.'s office, has a letter containing the names and shield numbers of the culprits.

And so, good-bye! Mrs. Grottano's bad boy Francis signs off until April, when the hammer will swing again.

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

Allan Currie, new addition to the Bureau, is expanding like a pouter pigeon. He has had to have the buttons moved on his vest three times since his new assignment.

It has been rumored that Tony Grottano, the Astoria sheik, has made an application to be transferred into the broadcasting unit of the Police Department.

Wagner (not the famous Honus of baseball fame) is now pinch-hitting at the district office. All indications are that he will make as good a grade as Honus did as a "Pirate."

The "Flying Dutchman" mentioned in the February issue thought I was going to get an awful panning for calling his partner the "Up-State Special," but to date there has been no reaction.

Old "Jingle" Sadlo has abandoned the pipe temporarily and is now smoking cigars. Guess why? Lent. Yep, Tommy Layden and Captain Burke are off the butts, and hence our Tony looks prosperous. Once, long ago, he BOUGHT a cigar, but he couldn't get used to it and had to fall back on the old pipe.

Charley Schlegel dropped into the office a day or two ago, and he doesn't look any the worse after his shooting match with the chain store bandits.

Dan Grey is authority for the statement that Charlie (Whitey) Weiler is going to abandon the baseball diamond. He was married recently and it's possible that he can't do as he pleases any more. However, I observed him the other day with brown shoes, plaid socks and other apparel to match, and maybe he is going in for golf—as many settled folks do. I wouldn't doubt that Babe Ruth will probably influence a lot of ball players to take up golf.

Babe Salter could never be a lightweight in any company. That guy could function and FIT anywhere. Been here long enough for everyone to know—and like him. Some fellow said, one time, that fat people radiate good nature. He must have known "our Dave."

The two Toms have recently been buried on a plant. One of them owns electric light company stock. At least it is so presumed. He has been using up a lot of juice lately. For further information, ask Devery.

MOUNTED SQUADRON 1 PTL. BERNARD I. CONNORS

We are authoritatively informed by one of our scouts that our two "fire buffs," Stephen "Lovejoy" Schaeffer and "Fats" Farrington, more commonly known as "Hook" and "Ladder", were observed in the "Y" gymnasium on several occasions recently, practicing very diligently on the ladders, in preparation, we are told, to transferring their allegiance from the Police to the Fire Department. While we

received this news with deep regret, we also felt a slight twinge of jealousy at the thought of the thrill coming to some fair maiden who, perchance, would have the tall and handsome *Lovejoy* carrying her frail form down a ladder in his strong arms. Ye gods! they call them the weaker sex, but in our private opinion they are, in many instances, the fortunate sex also, as witness the scene pictured herein! Well, as they say in the Occident: Kismet—'tis fate.

"Willie" Stevens (Leonard Stevenson), the pig lady's sweetheart, is now in business for himself, with his stock in trade supplied to him gratis. After the recent inspection of Yellow Tassels (those lovely adornments on our dress sticks) the canny Leonard begged all the Tassels which had been "knocked," had them dyed several beautiful colors, and now has the effrontery to offer same for sale as lamp shade cords. Say, Ponzi had nothing on our Willie!

Pete ("Perfect Seat" Ennis has just enrolled in the law school at Columbia University. When asked wasn't Mike Delehanty still the chief promoter of cops, Pete answered, "Yes, but you see my goal is a judgeship."

Now that Spring is in the offing, Merl Swiebert, the handsome mountie whose special charge is the bridle path in Pelham Bay Park, is girding his loins for another assault on the hearts of the nurse maids who frequent that vicinity.

Johnny Fitzgerald is acquiring an Indian tan at Long Beach, all bedecked in an "athletic form" bathing suit and a gorgeous multi-colored beach robe.

Tommy Arnaiz, after much deliberation as to the relative merits of a hair cut and a wife, has decided on the wife, and is all set to march to the music of Lohengrin on March 27, 1932.

"Two-Gun" Parker, ex-State Trooper, walked into the stable one day recently and was not recognized, due to the fact that his mustache was missing.

Connie Ward, white-haired boy of "B," is now a BIG BROTHER, he having contributed \$100 to the Big Brother movement. What difference if the Morris Plan was consulted to the tune of \$200—the other hundred going towards a new Collapsible "8" to take his big brother John for a ride!

George Feulner, of the "FAIR WEATHER PLATOON," has started Spring planting in his garden. George plans to go in for major competition in the garden line this year.

MOUNTED SQUADRON 2 PTL. JOSEPH HOYNES

Now that the Spring days are here, Lieutenant Charles Brown is getting the old call for the horses. That youthful spirit is again popping up in his veins and I wouldn't be surprised to see him some of these fine days all garbed up with his breeches, spurs and riding whip, doing a four-horse Roman, or pick up 50-cent pieces from the ground while riding at break-neck speed, as he did in the old days of the police games, at our famous old race tracks. Good work, "Kid." Keep it up.

We have Peck's bad boys in the form of Patrolmen Henry Thieman and James Norton. Both these youths have rounded out their first 25 years, and are training very hard for the second lap by violent exercise and long walks.

Our various athletes are going through various exercises getting themselves in trim for their respective sports. Henry Single, doing the 100-yard dash. Bob Herrschaft, in the high jump. Jim Maloney, the shot-put. Hughie Claffey, the walking race.

From the looks of things, Herrschaft will have to exert himself or else be replaced by Tom Hopkins.

Hostler Timothy Treacy has been added to our Troop, and it is a pleasure to see his smiling countenance as he goes through his daily chores. He is continuously humming some sweet melody of the old sod and this would lead one to believe that although here in the flesh his heart is over on the Emerald Isle.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Captain Frederick Mott, of the Boiler Squad, is visiting relatives in Miami, and at the same time locating some of his former side-kicks. Well, Captain, sincere wishes for a good time, from your staff.

Patrolman Arthur Halpin, of the Investigators' Squad, is a busy guy rushing in and out of the Biltmore Hotel with a Gladstone bag. Every time a friend happens by he gives him the glad hand, and informs him that he is stopping there. Spread it on thick, Arthur.

Quite a collection of beauties up at Times Square the other night. The attraction was none other than our own Patrolman Francis Mershon (French by name only), saying "Hello" to some of his lady friends. Some nobby make-up on Frank, too. Well, Frank, you certainly do slay them.

Met Patrolman Francis McKay the other day and he was all done up in bandages. He nearly stabbed himself to death while at a chicken dinner. Better stay away from those dinners, Frank.

Congratulations and good wishes were extended to Patrolman Daniel Donoghue, of the Drivers' Bureau. Dan just completed his first 25 years on the force. After thanking the boys with twenty, no more, no less, cigars, Dan felt much better and it is our sincere wish that he enjoy the honor of being a "veteran" for many years to come.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 4

PTL. KARL REU

Since the Chinese and Japanese war, the boys have been washing their own laundry, especially Big Bill Brandon and Eddie Pfleging, the two Carneras of this squad. If one isn't washing his shirt the other is washing his towel. Here's hoping that the war ends soon so that Bill and Ed can stop scabbing the job.

We have several "Eddies" in this squad, but the 9th Squad duo take the cake. It looks like the "woim toined" the last two times for the two "Eddies." Hoffman and Reedy, who had to buy the pie for supper because they lost at handball to "Ol's Olsen" and "Mickie," better known as John Danell and Mike Kissane.

We have a new man in our crew, Patrolman Reilly. He is a bit green now, but leave it to the able-bodied "Nick"; he'll whip him into shape and it won't be long. He soon will be able to wash dishes and scrub floors and polish brass as good as any of us, and if it takes a year he will be a first-class Attendant with a diploma on his record.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 5

SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Il Duce Edward Pascocello loves to ride on the subway trains and hold onto the straps. He says this keeps his arm in shape for the Fascisti salute which he has to give every night at Webster Hall.

Patrolman Maurice (Kabibble) Savage is all smiles these days. He claims that it won't be long before he's wearing the sergeant's stripes and then he'll give a ticket to every red-headed guy in Emergency 5. Look out, RED!

The squad's baseball team is beginning to get in shape. What an outfield—Moench, O'Hara and

Geiger are all set. What they can do with a baseball bat is a mystery.... McCusker will soon be picking dandelions again.... Sergeant Morrell, that crack fisherman, pinch-hitter and what have you, has been traded. He will be missed.... How about another reunion, fellers? We could send invitations to Lieutenant Whitman, John Lena, Jack Kehoe, Larry Mullins and the other graduates of our sewing circle.... McFadden and O'Brien will head the committee. O. K.?

EMERGENCY SQUAD 10

SGT. GUSTAVE MAUCH

Members of Emergency Squad No. 10 wish to extend to Lieutenant James F. Austin, their former boss, their hearty congratulations and wish him further success.

Patrolman Elmer (Moon) Mullins recently had an addition of twin girls to his family. Both mother and babies are doing well. Congrats., Elmer.

Patrolman Richard (Skinner) Woods, finding Commissary Steward Spitzen's larder bare, went home to indulge in a midnight repast. Opening the Frigidaire, he spied a wholesome dish of hash, which he heated and started to eat. Friend wife, coming home from an evening of bridge, and finding "Skinner" indulging in his favorite pastime, exclaimed: "Where did you get the hash?" "In the Frigidaire," said "Skinner." Friend wife, bursting with laughter, said: "That's not hash. You're eating THE DOG'S KENNEL RATION!"

Patrolman Thomas ("Flighty") Conners and Charles ("Love-Bird") Gallagher are now preparing for their spring offensive in the air. Both are students of aviation, "theoretically." Owing to their studies of "War Aces," "Sky Birds" and "Flying Aces," they are due to get a commission in the Sino-Japanese tangle in the near future.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 15

Life is just a bowl of onions for Sergeant Smith in the handball game. Hasn't had a winning partner since Steve Brodie made that famous jump.

Joe (Red) Dunn, our shadow man, can quote you prices on more tools than a Sears-Roebuck catalogue. After every pay-day he can be seen coming out of Kresge's with an armful to be added to the collection in that mystery locker of his.

Matt Kinavy has a beef. Since he bought that Pontiac he has more relatives wanting to use it than he ever knew existed. Can you imagine if you hit the list, Matt? They'll be coming out of the graveyard claiming you for their own.

"Butch" Lagarenne, formerly of the U. S. N. Black Gang, has the whole crew "goofy" making those trick cord belts that the sailors wear. Still giggles as loud as ever, and it's just too bad for the man sitting opposite him when "Butch" hears a funny joke, while gargling a demi-tasse of Java.

With the boys all on edge and patiently waiting, wonder who can answer this question?

We know Columbus discovered America back in fourteen ninety-two—And that Washington crossed the Delaware with the old red, white and blue—That it was Brutus who killed Caesar, we know, and that Rip slept twenty years straight—While Merkle's misplay let the Cubs get away with the flag in nineteen eight. We know Carnera couldn't get a job with the Singer Midget troupe—And that the Babe can slough that ball beyond a doubt—But to set our minds at ease, won't some one tell us, please, WHEN THE HECK WILL THE SERGEANTS' LIST BE OUT???

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolman Harry Bossom, 24th Precinct, while patrolling in a Department automobile at about 7:55 A. M., Feb. 15, was informed at 102d Street and Amsterdam Avenue of a holdup in a grocery store at 91st Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Speeding down Amsterdam Avenue, the officer, upon reaching 91st Street, was directed west by a crowd that had collected there. Upon reaching Broadway another crowd informed him that the bandit had turned south. The officer continued down Broadway and at 88th Street was again directed west. At West End Avenue he overtook the fleeing bandit, who pointed his pistol at the officer and attempted to shoot him. The officer fired first, however, killing the bandit instantly.

Detective John MacLennon, 9th Squad, and Patrolman Francis Flynn, 71st Precinct, temporarily assigned to the 2d Detective District gun squad, visited 140 East Third Street on Feb. 23d in search of Arthur Anton, wanted for a recent killing at 443 Fifth Street. Becoming separated in the building, MacLennon was suddenly confronted by the killer, who jammed two pistols against the officer's body and ordered him to throw up his hands. MacLennon complied and as Anton relieved him of his service revolver MacLennon seized him about the neck and a terrific struggle ensued in which the gunman fired one wild shot. Patrolman Flynn arrived at this moment and fired at the gunman. MacLennon, regaining his revolver, also fired one shot. Both shots took effect, killing the gunman instantly.

BRONX

Sergeant David Kilpatrick and Patrolman Thomas Daily, 40th Precinct, while patrolling in a Department automobile at about 7:25 P. M., Feb. 13, saw the occupants of an automobile speeding from a gasoline station at 135th Street and Third Avenue with several men in pursuit shouting "Holdup!" The officers pursued and at 137th Street two men leaped from the bandit car after it had collided with another automobile and fled in different directions. Sergeant Kilpatrick and Patrolman Daily pursued and captured one of the men who was armed with a loaded .38-calibre pistol. The other man was captured after a short chase by Patrolman George Picaud, 40th Precinct, on patrol in the vicinity. Both bandits admitted having held up the night manager and a collector for the gasoline station. The money involved, \$123.15, was recovered.

At about 9:10 P. M., Aug. 25, 1931, Theodore Nappi was shot and killed while playing cards in the rear of 223 East 148th Street. Detectives Domi-

nick Caso and William Mara, 42d Squad, were assigned to the case and sought Sebastian Cannato and Lawrence De Massi as the perpetrators of the crime. Cannato was subsequently arrested. The detectives after a persistent search succeeded in arresting De Massi on Feb. 26, 1932, in Hoboken, N. J. De Massi has been extradited and is now in Bronx County jail awaiting trial for first degree murder.

BROOKLYN

Patrolman John W. Johnstone, 88th Precinct, while off duty and in civilian clothes, at about 9:20 A. M., Feb. 23d, visited a Sears-Roebuck store at 6223 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, to make a purchase. As he entered he was met by an armed bandit, who, at pistol point, ordered him to throw up his hands and enter a rear room, where a second bandit, similarly armed, was covering the manager of the store. Awaiting an opportune moment, the officer suddenly drew his service revolver and fired at one of the bandits, who immediately returned the fire. The second bandit then joined in the firing and both made their escape as the officer fell with two bullet wounds. Patrolman Johnstone was removed to Norwegian Hospital in a critical condition.

QUEENS

Patrolman John C. Mayer, 110th Precinct, while patrolling in a Department automobile at about 5:55 P. M., Feb. 11, heard several shots fired from two automobiles which passed him at Justice Street and 53d Avenue. He immediately gave chase and continued to pursue on foot three men who alighted from the first automobile at Dungan Street and Broadway, following them through some vacant lots to the Long Island Railroad station, where he captured two of the men at revolver point. One of the prisoners was armed with a loaded .38-calibre revolver. The third man was later captured by detectives of the 110th squad. Two women also were arrested, charged with acting in concert with the three men in holding up the proprietor of a grocery store at 9308 Corona Avenue, Elmhurst. Detective Charles Schlegel, 112th Squad, who, with Patrolman William Beck, Traffic Precinct O, was pursuing the bandits in the second car mentioned above, suffered a bullet wound in the right forearm.

Detectives John J. Dust and Hugh Sullivan, 114th Squad, in conjunction with other members of the squad, at 11 A. M., Feb. 26, succeeded in arresting four men wanted for assault and robbery. The men confessed to seven holdups and have been identified in five of the crimes. The detectives also succeeded in recovering two of the guns used in the commission of the crimes. The prisoners are in Queens County jail awaiting trial.

CRIMINALS WANTED

\$10,000 REWARD

Sears, Roebuck & Company offers a reward of \$10,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of either one or both of the hold-up men who robbed at the point of revolvers the clerks of their store located at 6223 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 9:20 A. M., February 23, 1932, and shot and wounded Patrolman John W. Johnstone of the 88th Precinct, who attempted to apprehend them.

All information to be furnished to the Police Commissioner. The offer of this reward expires on June 1, 1932.

WANTED FOR MURDER



EDWARD MCCARTHY,
aliases **FATS MCCARTHY** and **EDWARD POPKE**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 7½ inches; 167 pounds; blue eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium complexion; sign painter by occupation. 23d Pct.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



HUGO WILLGEROD,
aliases **HUGHIE WILLS** and **HUGH J. WILLS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser. 17th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JAMES GARCIA, alias "BENITO"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair; wore a blue suit and light fedora hat. Porto Rican by birth. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.

Spring 1932

APRIL

1932



CHARLES
HARROLD

Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

VOLUME 3

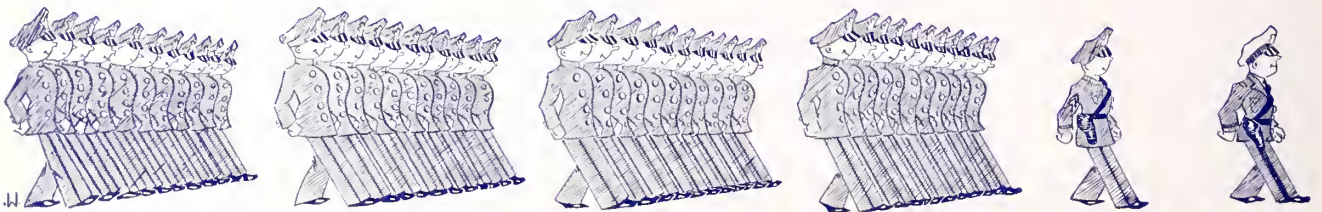
APRIL, 1932

NO. 2

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorial Page, or What Have You?



HE KNOWS NOT THE MOMENT



WE may as well say at the outset, dear fellow readers, that this is going to be a serious bit of editorializing for a change. And if there is anyone so unkind as to inquire more particularly about the change we will merely add in a dignified manner that we mean a change from our usual semi-humorous style of sermon.

For this month we have a purpose—an object—an ideal. We conceived the aforementioned purpose, object, or ideal, after reading the Police Commissioner's Annual Report for 1931, which has just been made public by His Honor, Mayor Walker. What we want to do in this brief editorial is to persuade every member of the Police Department to regard himself as a salesman whose business it is to sell the Police Department to the citizens of New York City.

While we make no claim to being an authority on salesmanship, we do know that a good salesman must first of all be thoroughly familiar with the selling points of the commodity for which he is the agent and have complete confidence in its worthiness. Therefore, while SPRING 3100 cannot offer a copy of the Annual Report to all members of the Department, we can and have printed this month the com-

plete text of the Commissioner's letter transmitting the report to the Mayor.

So we earnestly advise the most thorough study of that letter, summarizing, as it does, the Department's work during the past year. We have only space here to dwell on two points covered in the letter—Police Courtesy and Police Courage. The Police Commissioner wrote concerning this first quality:

"To function properly, a Police Department must enjoy the confidence of the people. The public is as alert to appreciate courtesy and achievement as it is prone to resent harshness and inefficiency. The force is fundamentally sound and the chief task is to develop along proper lines initiative and ability within the Department. After all, the fundamental elements of policing are sufficient and competent manpower and its proper distribution and application to duty."

Regarding Police Courage the Commissioner wrote:

"In the performance of the duties of a police officer, as distinguished from those of other public servants, there is always the element of danger or personal risk. Soldiers face danger and battle only in time of war—policemen are always on the field facing public enemies.

"Our critics may accuse us of many things, sometimes perhaps justly, but none can deny that physical courage is a tradition in the Department. Courage and devotion to duty as exemplified daily in routine of Departmental work adds luster to its history, too frequently at the cost of lives of policemen."

These two selling points, Police Courtesy and Police Courage, should be memorized by the entire Department.

Police Work in 1931



Mayor James J. Walker



Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney

PLEASANT and instructive as the reading of such a volume would be, it is, of course, impossible to issue a copy of the 288-page Annual Report of the Police Commissioner to each member of the Department. However, the letter transmitting the Report for 1931 to the Mayor, so admirably sums up the Department's activity during the past year that SPRING 3100 reprints it in full, feeling that it is worthy of the most serious study.

The Police Commissioner, in his letter to the Mayor, says:

"In this report the work of the year 1931 is summarized in such wise as to show a basis of comparison to the previous year, and also so as to show clearly the problems and difficulties which often faced the police force during 1931.

"The Police Commissioner, his deputies, the officers and personnel of the force are sincerely striving as the 1931 Report abundantly indicates, to give to the residents of our city increasingly efficient and adequate police protection, which they deserve and demand."

The entire letter follows:

POLICE DEPARTMENT
City of New York
Office of the Police Commissioner
January 1, 1932.

Honorable James J. Walker,
Mayor of the City of New York,
City Hall, New York.
Sir:

Herewith I render to you the Annual Report of the Police Department of the City of New York for 1931.

Incorporated in this Report is an account of departmental activities and the operations of the vari-

ous branches of the service, with statistical tables, as follows:

- Administration
- Detective Division
- Crime Statistics
- Traffic
- Accident Prevention
- Motorcycle Bureau
- Mounted Division
- Division of Licenses
- Bureau for Licensing Public Dance Halls, Cabarets, Public Dances and Balls
- Bureau for Licensing Public Hacks and Public Hack Drivers
- Pistol License Bureau
- Steam Boiler Inspection and Engineers' Bureau
- Legal Bureau
- Discipline
- Quartermaster's Office
- Pension and Relief Bureau
- Property Clerk
- Equipment Bureau
- Crime Prevention Bureau
- Engineering Bureau
- Medical and Surgical Bureau
- Police Academy
- Air Service Division
- Police Magazine—"SPRING 3100"
- Emergency Service Division
- Motor Transport Maintenance Division
- Unemployment Relief
- Outings for Mothers and Children
- Building and Repair Bureau
- Telegraph Bureau
- Uniformed Force—Personnel

Roll of Honor
Our Unforgotten Dead
Financial Statement
Letters of Commendation

In this Report the work of the year 1931 is summarized in such wise as to show a basis of comparison with the previous year, and also so as to show clearly the problems and difficulties which often faced the police force during 1931.

To function properly a Police Department must enjoy the confidence of the people. The public is as alert to appreciate courtesy and achievement as it is prone to resent harshness and inefficiency. The force is fundamentally sound and the chief task is to develop along proper lines initiative and ability within the Department. After all, the fundamental elements of policing are sufficient and competent man power and its proper distribution and application to duty.

Because of widespread unemployment with its resultant unrest, dissatisfaction and kindred evils, the Department passed through a trying year in 1931. The police acted with tact and discretion and the situation has been watched carefully and kept in hand.

While the continued development of the suburban districts of the city and the shifting of population make an increase in the force requisite, with the drastic economy necessitated by the economic crisis, we fully realize that we must carry on and not expect at this time any additional appropriation for increased man power.

The activities and accomplishments of the various arms of the service and statistical data in connection therewith are set forth hereinafter at length with comment on the more important.

ADMINISTRATION

The many duties imposed by law upon the Police Commissioner necessitate the assignment of some of such duties to the several Deputy Commissioners for the purpose of intimate supervision and coordination of the activities of the Department. The administrative work of the Deputy Commissioners in their various assigned duties has been conducted in a creditable and efficient manner. Painsstaking effort, patience and intelligent direction mark each and every project which was initiated or over which they had supervision.

DETECTIVE DIVISION

The Detective Division is one of the most important arms of the service. The detective of today must be familiar with all phases of criminal investigation. Much depends upon his natural ability to observe quickly, accurately and fully, as well as upon his training. Detectives must have an effective working knowledge of the law and criminal procedure and a general knowledge of scientific criminal investigation from the standard of laboratory practice.

Crime is no longer a local affair with respect to participants, or instruments, or constituent acts or effects. New means of transportation and methods of communication have unified the criminal world and are used by highly organized groups of criminals, often actively led by unseen leaders, with a sufficient knowledge of the technicalities of law to en-

able them to remain without the pale but still to direct criminal operations and with sufficient wealth at their disposal to facilitate the accomplishments of their ends. A machine gun, a sawed-off shot gun, or a revolver may be used to commit a crime here and again tomorrow in a city most remote. Criminals now use the mails, the facilities of transportation, and communicate by radio, telegraph, cable and telephone. Their ramifications extend from coast to coast and often embrace foreign countries. Dispositions made of victims are often matters of interstate transportation.

The rapid growth of our city in the last half century and the incoming of millions of immigrants, ignorant of our language, laws and customs, and their adhering to racial segregation, have increased immensely the problems of the police in detecting crime and arresting the criminal. The tendency of some foreigners to be suspicious of a police officer and their unwillingness to expose a criminal of their own race make arrests and prosecution most difficult.

The increase in arrests and convictions as shown throughout this Report was due to the combined efforts of members of the Detective Division and the uniformed force. This is attributable to the increased alertness of the patrol force and the splendid cooperation which exists between the two branches of the service.

The record made by the Homicide Squad for 1931, not only in the apprehension of criminals, but in the gathering and presentation of evidence, was favorably commented upon by the courts and is outstanding in the annals of the Department. Despite an increase of 16.1% in the number of murder and manslaughter cases in 1931 over 1930, arrests show an increase of 14.8% and convictions an increase of 77% over the preceding year. Domestic troubles were responsible for 23% of these cases. In 1930, 7 persons, and in 1931, 30 persons were convicted of first degree murder. This indicates intelligent and efficient investigation by the police, excellent cooperation on the part of District Attorneys and the judiciary and a full realization by juries of the potential possibilities of organized crime.

Of the 489 cases of murder and manslaughter reported, 272 were committed by the use of firearms. Arrests were made in 433 cases.

In 1931 the Department made an extensive drive against persons carrying firearms illegally. The results justified the effort. Arrests totaled 1,540 for 1931 against 1,291 for 1930. Convictions increased 45%.

The promiscuous use of firearms in this city can be attributable only to the ease with which criminals can obtain weapons to commit crimes. This Department successfully advocated an amendment to the Sullivan Law (Section 1897 of the Penal Law) requiring every holder of a pistol permit to be fingerprinted and photographed. This was done to prevent criminals from going from one county to another to obtain pistol permits. However, this Department has no control over the sale of firearms in other states where the restrictions are not so stringent. Only proper federal legislation can adequately cope with this situation.

Felonious assault cases decreased 4.1%. The num-

ber of arrests was the same as in the previous year, but the number of convictions increased 8.3%.

Assault and robbery cases increased 23% over the previous year, but arrests increased 18% and convictions increased 39.6%.

Burglary decreased 5% in 1931 and arrests increased 7% and convictions 3.6%.

In 1931, 12,030 persons passed through the "line-up" at Police Headquarters charged with various major crimes ranging from larceny to homicide.

A most disturbing fact to the police is the immaturity of the great majority of these criminals. In past years the criminal at the "line-up" was middle aged, intemperate, experienced in crime and limited in his activities to a special type of offense. Today the opposite. The "line-up" presents a parade of youths ranging in ages from 17 to 21, versatile in crime, who cold-bloodedly and calmly recite voluntarily, in the presence of the spectators and the press, the most intimate details of the planning and execution of ruthless crimes.

There were 246,261 fingerprints received at the Bureau of Criminal Identification for examination and comparison. Of this number 84,632 were fingerprints of persons charged with various crimes resulting in 34,632 identifications.

Pawn brokers are supervised by the Lost Property Bureau. An idea of the volume of detail transacted may be had from the fact that each day in this city approximately 2,500 watches, 3,000 pieces of jewelry and 4,700 garments, plus 2,800 miscellaneous articles are pawned. \$371,878 worth of property was recovered in 1931.

The Bureau of Ballistics investigated 823 cases in connection with which 1,238 firearms were examined, 404 being traced to owners. The scientific examination of weapons and bullets by this Bureau has been of great assistance to prosecuting officers.

Grand larceny automobile thefts numbered 12,053 in 1931 as compared with 12,731 for 1930. This records a decrease of 4.5% in 1931. 60% of these cars were stolen by minors between 16 and 20 years of age.

On December 23, 1930, there was established within the Detective Division a unit called the Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation. This is the first such bureau inaugurated in any Police Department throughout the country. The primary purpose of this bureau was to bring to the attention of the United States Immigration authorities the undesirable aliens who are subject to deportation under the Immigration Law, either because of their criminal records or their illegal entry into the United States. This bureau is composed of police officers speaking practically every foreign language, thereby being able to converse with any foreigner arrested.

A total of 1,158 aliens were investigated during the year 1931 by the Alien Bureau. These consisted of people of 71 different nationalities. Of this number, 571 undesirable aliens were either delivered to, or confined in prisons, and recommended to the Bureau of Immigration at Ellis Island for deportation. Five hundred and nine were found not subject to deportation, as required by the immigration laws. The remaining 78 whose deportation is predicated on the final disposition of their present arrests, are all awaiting trial. Those confined in penal institutions must serve their sentences before being deported.

To combat the noticeable increase in the cases of forgery reported to the Department, by means of which large amounts of money were being feloniously withdrawn from the accounts of bank depositors, the representatives of the banks and mercantile houses in the city were invited to a conference at Police Headquarters held on March 25th, 1931. As an outcome a Forgery Bureau within the Detective Division was formed on April 1, 1931, for the purpose of enabling the detectives specially assigned to this class of investigation to concentrate upon the activities of several groups suspected of executing these forgeries throughout the entire city. The scope of these criminal activities was so broad that the investigations by the detectives in any one section had been of small effect in preventing the activity of the same group in another locality. Since the establishment of this bureau in the year 1931 there were 525 persons arrested charged with the crime of forgery as compared with 478 in the year 1930; convictions obtained numbered 259 in 1931 as against 221 in 1930. This constitutes an increase of about 10 per cent in arrests and 17 per cent in convictions in 1931 over the previous year, aggregating 7 per cent more convictions than arrests. The favorable results obtained justify its establishment.

In the report of the Detective Division will be found detailed criminal statistics. Crime statistics provide the police with an accurate picture of the effectiveness of the force in the prevention of crime and detection of criminals.

The crime statistics of this Department show the number of cases reported and the number solved. This affords an unfailing barometer of the progress of the machinery of investigation and detection and should be systematically and intelligently studied. On the whole the figures show that the Department is making progress.



TRAFFIC

Modern traffic in cities of the first class is a problem of great magnitude and many ramifications, so that it cannot be said to be solely a Police Department problem. It is affected by engineering and building construction, city planning, city lighting and legislation. Traffic congestion affects transportation which in turn disturbs and disorganizes congested business centers, both wholesale and retail.

The handling of traffic in the cities demands the closest cooperation of all interested to attain maximum efficiency. Great economic losses are produced through congestion and traffic delays. Different groups should not seek divergent goals, as divided thought and effort lead to poor results.

The regulation of street traffic, both from the view of the pedestrian and the motorist, received intensive survey, effort and experiment. No regulation was permanently adopted until it had been temporarily tried out. If unsuccessful it was modified to meet the particular needs of the locality.

TRAFFIC LIGHT SIGNALS

One thousand, nine hundred and eight traffic signal lights were installed in 1931, constituting 33.2% of the total number installed since the inception of the traffic light signal system twelve years ago. The principal purposes of the installation of light signals to control street traffic are:

- (a) To afford protection and safety for pedestrians at such intersections;
- (b) To afford opportunity for cross traffic to move in safety at intersections;
- (c) To facilitate with a minimum of delay traffic at intersections.

Construction of a signal light system has been commenced, which, when completed, will provide a light for every block, and make possible the coordinating of the signal light system throughout the entire city. The proper timing of traffic signal lights is one of vital importance. If traffic is not allowed to flow at a reasonable rate of speed, congestion prevails and incidental delays become a source of annoyance to the public. It is hoped that when the plan for the Borough of Manhattan is completed it will greatly increase the over-all speed in all directions and give a greater measure of safety to pedestrians.

NEW PROCEDURE IN TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS

A new procedure was adopted eliminating the personal attendance of policemen in court as complainants against traffic violators, except where the defendants plead not guilty. This procedure makes it possible for the policeman to swear to the complaint and prepare the necessary court forms at the station house at the completion of the tour of duty. Heretofore, his presence in court required him to absent himself from his duties with a consequent reduction of man power on our streets. This procedure applies to all traffic violations except "Reckless Driving," "Leaving the Scene of an Accident" and "Driving While Intoxicated." It is most interesting to note that since June 1, 1931, when this new procedure was adopted, of the 166,158 summonses served, officers were required to appear in only 6,668 cases or 4% of the total summonses issued.

ACCIDENTS

Analysis of vehicular accidents for 1931 shows:

1. Decrease in total number of persons killed.
2. The lowest number of fatalities to children in the past ten years.
3. Decrease in non-fatal injuries.
4. Decrease in death rate per 100,000 population.
5. Decrease in death rate per 10,000 motor vehicles registered in New York City.

Only one other year (1927) during the past ten years shows a decrease in both fatalities and injuries.

DIVISION OF LICENSES

The provisions of Local Law No. 12 as amended June 30, 1931, gives the Police Commissioner exclusive authority to grant licenses for public dance halls

and cabarets, and grant permits for public dances and balls. Previous to the enactment of this law, the Police Department found it more difficult to regulate these places as the licensing power, suspension or revocation of the licenses was not within the province of the Police Department, and there was a division of authority between the licensing and police power. Upon the police taking over the supervision, the following specific instructions for their regulation were issued:

That all parts of the licensed premises be open to the public and police when open for business.

That all entrances and exits be unlocked.

That the names and addresses of the employees be kept and be accessible to the police.

That female entertainers at cabarets be prohibited from mingling with patrons.

That the 3:00 A. M. closing hour be complied with.

That closed booths are prohibited.

That criminals, gangsters, prostitutes, etc., are not to be permitted to make a rendezvous of the place.

That hack drivers be not subsidized to seek patronage for the place.

The proprietor report to police any unlawful act or presence of a criminal therein.

That if license is revoked no new license shall be granted for at least three months.

That a female attendant be present in Ladies' Room and a male attendant in the Gentlemen's Room.

The "Closed Dance Hall" has been entirely eliminated. This police supervision and regulation of these places has resulted in a bettering of conditions generally.

As for cabarets, they, too, are much improved, and while conditions are not all that could be desired, much progress has been made.

Eighty thousand, six hundred and twenty-eight hack drivers' licenses were issued in 1931. Of these, 5,887 were issued in an effort to cooperate in relieving economic conditions due to the depression.

The following is a summary of dangerous weapons destroyed pursuant to law:

	1931	1930	Increase
Revolvers and pistols . . .	4,420	1,855	2,565
Shot-guns and rifles (unlawfully possessed) . .	649	494	155
Other dangerous weapons	305	177	128

The testing and supervision of high-pressure steam boilers resulted in the passing of the year without a single boiler explosion recorded.

EMERGENCY SERVICE DIVISION

The Emergency Service Division is a most important arm of the service. It consists of motor trucks with trained crews, with emergency and technical equipment for any condition that might occur. While the main purpose is to transport members of the Department to emergencies in short periods of time, such as fires, riots and catastrophes, its activities are many and most unusual, ranging from bombing the lairs of criminals, releasing by means of acetylene torches dead or injured from elevator pits or shafts, dispersing disorderly crowds and raising

wrecks from river beds, to applying the inhalator to new-born babies to start natural breathing.



BUREAU OF CRIME PREVENTION

Local Law No. 7, which became effective June 16, 1931, gave definite status to the Crime Prevention Bureau and put it in charge of a Deputy Police Commissioner.

Gangs do not spring up overnight, nor can the influences responsible for their creation be eradicated immediately. Early histories of notorious gangsters show that most of them in childhood grew up in the worst possible environment and sometimes with mental and physical handicaps. The police cannot be content with arresting or even with securing conviction of them. There is a growing appreciation of the need for reaching offenders early, and a realization that if the major offense is to be prevented, the roots of juvenile delinquency must be eradicated.

While no claim is made that the Crime Prevention Bureau has made more than a beginning, there can be no question of results, if this branch of the service is extended and carried on over a period of years. In 1931 the Bureau handled 9,846 cases, including cases of violations of law affecting minors and other service cases. The Police Department's records of arrests of juveniles show 7,114 in 1930, and 6,322 in 1931, a decrease of 792 or 11%.

COMMUNICATION SYSTEM

The Police Department of the City of New York has perhaps the most modern system of communication of any Police Department in the country:

1. The Telephone, with an exchange in each Borough headquarters and facilities to make connections between departmental units.

2. The Telephone Typewriter System, with transmitter at each Borough headquarters and receiving machines in various offices and commands.

3. The Wireless.

4. The Signal Box System of communication between precincts and the patrol force.

5. Radio broadcasting to patrol cars in all boroughs.

This Department, through the telephone typewriter system, is equipped for the interchange of police information with the New York State Police, New Jersey State Police, the Pennsylvania State Police and the Nassau County Police.

In order to insure prompt action with respect to telephoned complaints of conditions requiring police attention, a new procedure was adopted which requires the telephone operator in the particular

borough Telegraph Bureau wherein a call originates to obtain all particulars and advise that the matter will be referred for immediate attention.

All complaints by the public against members of the Force or of conditions requiring police attention are carefully investigated. In the matter of complaints involving charges of incivility it must be borne in mind that 19,000 men are brought by their duties into daily contact with the public under all sorts of circumstances, some of which necessarily give rise to differences of opinion, if nothing more, but considering the great number of provocative occasions, the number of complaints of incivility by the Force is relatively few.

Courtesy has been constantly emphasized in instructions to recruits and brought to the attention of all ranks through the medium of orders and instructions in the various schools of the Police Academy.

SUPPRESSION OF COMMERCIALIZED PROSTITUTION

In 1931 the entire procedure for the suppression of commercialized prostitution was revised. Sole responsibility for such suppression has been vested in the commanding officer of each borough.

The plainclothesmen who were assigned to enforce the laws enacted for the protection of public morals have been replaced by an entirely new complement.

The employment of an informant has been prohibited and evidence is now obtainable by use of other methods.

Commercialized prostitution and the exploiting and trafficking in women and girls will not be tolerated in any section of the city, but will be prosecuted to the utmost by every means available to the Police Commissioner.

NEW STATION HOUSES

In the year 1931 the following Precinct Station Houses were opened:

11th Precinct—130 Sheriff Street, Manhattan.

32d Precinct—250 West 135th Street, Manhattan.

66th Precinct—1430 49th Street, Brooklyn.

112th Precinct—70-01 Grand Avenue, Maspeth, Queens.

Detention Prisons in the 3d, 13th, 24th and 25th Precinct Station Houses, which were not used for years, were renovated and cell blocks of the most modern type installed.

Contracts were let and the work is 75% completed on two new station houses:

45th Precinct—Revere and Barklay Avenues, Bronx.

106th Precinct—103-47 to 103-55 105th Street, Ozone Park, Queens.

MOTOR TRANSPORT MAINTENANCE DIVISION

The motor equipment of the Department consists of 1,124 vehicles of all types and horsepower. The Motor Transport Maintenance Division is responsible for the supervision, maintenance, disposition and accounting for all road motor equipment, accessories and supply material. The Division maintains modern service stations, lubricating stations, and gasoline supply depots in each borough. Its system of checking service rendered and expenditure of supplies is comparable to any maintained by private corporations.

UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

Children and mothers to the number of some 45,000 were taken on day excursions during July and August, the expense of which was defrayed by voluntary contributions made by members of the Department.

In connection with the administration of the Relief for the Unemployed this Department distributed checks for monetary relief totaling \$254,696 to some 12,040 families, and 801,300 food allotments, 108,818 tickets for food valued at \$393,238, and 9,622 tons of coal were distributed among the needy in cooperation with the Mayor's Committee for Unemployment Relief.

Members of the Department contributed to charity in 1931 as follows:

Unemployment Relief	\$289,709.00
Children's Outings	41,949.00
American Red Cross.....	2,696.30
Salvation Army	2,586.20
New York American Christmas Fund..	8,683.85

TOTAL \$345,624.35

OTHER UNEMPLOYED RELIEF

Baseball Games	24,412.50
----------------------	-----------

GRAND TOTAL \$370,036.85

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

In the Annual Report will be found in detail the comparative schedules of 1930 and 1931, showing expenditures from budgetary appropriations and miscellaneous. There is an analysis of expenses and a tabulated report showing the disposition of the net increase in expenditures in 1931 over 1930.

POLICE ACADEMY

The high standards of the New York Police are due to the sound principles of organization, the exacting entrance qualifications, physical and mental, and the intensive training of personnel, in which experience is the main factor. This is supplemented by the most modern theory and practice that science can give in the training of the recruit and the personnel of the force in the Police Academy, which is the foremost and finest of its kind, in both faculty and equipment. This training results in the personnel qualifying in knowledge of practical and technical methods of police practice and procedure.

CONCLUSION

Discipline during the year of 1931 was all that could be desired from a Departmental point of view. The better the conditions of the service, the better the class of man power that joins the Police Force. The stricter the discipline that can be enforced, the better the police service rendered to the community.

During the year the performance of duty by members of the Department has been outstanding. In the year past there were nineteen police officers who

met death in the line of duty, and there were thirty-nine who suffered from gunshot wounds in an endeavor to apprehend criminals.

To those of us who have been in the service for a long period of time these casualty lists are productive of serious thought, when we consider the period not so long ago that the livery of the municipality of New York City was a protection for those of its servants who wore it. But times have changed and each year a regrettable number of policemen are killed in the performance of their duty.

In the performance of the duties of a police officer, as distinguished from those of other public servants, there is always the element of danger or personal risk. Soldiers face danger and battle only in time of war—policemen are always on the field facing public enemies.

Our critics may accuse us of many things, some perhaps justly, but none can deny that physical courage is a tradition in the Department. Courage and devotion to duty as exemplified daily in routine of Departmental work adds luster to its history, too frequently at the cost of lives of policemen.

The Police Commissioner, his deputies, the officers and personnel of the force are sincerely striving, as the 1931 report abundantly indicates, to give to the residents of our city increasingly efficient and adequate police protection, which they deserve and demand.

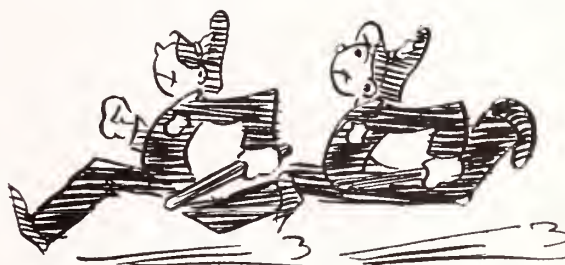
Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD P. MULROONEY,

Police Commissioner.

OUR APRIL SHOWER

Rain or Shine?.....	PTL. CHARLES HARROLD COVER
Editorial Page, or What Have You?.....	3
Police Work for 1931.....	4
The Cop Fighter—1st Prize Short Story	
PTL. DANIEL D. LANGAN, 13th Division	10
Reading the Minutes.....	Old Man Sunshine 12
The Prize Winners.....	17
With Full Pay—2nd Prize Short Story	
Sgt. WILLIAM M. CARROLL, Mtd. Squadron 1	18
Vacation Days Are Here.....	20
For Distinguished Service.....	21
Sports	PTL. JOHN LENA 22
Monument to Inspector Stapleton.....	25
The Police Academy	
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	25



The Cop Fighter

By PATROLMAN DANIEL D. LANGAN, 13th Division

First Prize, Short Story Contest

IT was a Sunday afternoon and the Bannon home presented an unusual spectacle. Unusual for the reason that the entire family were grouped about the table, enjoying the Sunday meal. Unusual also for the reason that "Pop" Bannon, retired Lieutenant, Peter and James, patrolmen, and young Tommy, the "wise guy," as he was appropriately named by Pete, were present at the same time. This was caused, at times, by the different tours of duty performed by the patrolmen, but more often by Tommy, who purposely avoided the company of his "cop relatives," as he sarcastically termed them.

During the course of the meal the conversation eventually drifted into police channels, and it was not long before Tommy burst forth petulantly. "Can't we have one meal in this house without a lot of talk about 'cops'?" he said. Ma Bannon at once became tense. She had witnessed these scenes between her policemen and her "baby" on previous occasions and she knew that Pete, more quick-tempered than the others, had threatened to change Tom's opinion of policemen forcibly. However, the troubled atmosphere was cleared when "Dad" ordered Tom from the table. Tommy left the table with evident pleasure. He had promised the "fellers" that he would meet them at the Arcadia pool room and it was now some time past the appointed hour.

Tommy had just passed twenty-one and was a splendid physical specimen. Tall, good looking, and with a "way with the ladies." He was also imbued with an unreasonable hatred for "cops," despite the fact that his father had been and his brothers were policemen, and his mother had often told him of her hope that he, too, would some day wear the uniform of the "Finest." In short, his only ambition was to be recognized as a "tough guy." His seat on the front of a haulage truck was his throne and his exaggerated discourses on his pugilistic ability, which he delivered to his helper, were all that was needed to keep Tommy in good humor; said good humor being quickly changed to anger by a shrill stop signal or the sight of a blue uniform.



After Tommy's departure, the three remaining Bannons entered into a discussion to find the cause for Tom's unusual obsession.

"Can it be that he hasn't forgotten the time Mike Murphy slapped his face for hanging out with that thug 'Kid' Longo?" asked Dad.

"It may be," replied Jim. Pete would offer no excuse for him.

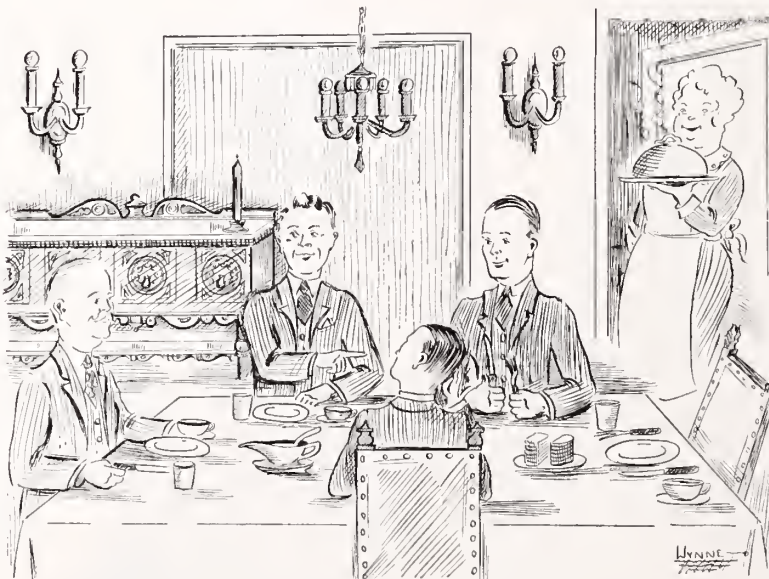
"He's just a fresh kid and if it wasn't for Mom, I'd give him the trimming of his life," said Pete.

"That wouldn't do any good and it might probably make him worse," replied Dad, and with that the talk ended and the brothers prepared for duty at four that afternoon.

Upon reaching the station house, Jim proceeded to the bulletin board, intending to take alarms, but this he found difficult to do. He could not remove Tommy from his thoughts. He had been informed a few days before that Tom

had renewed his acquaintance with "Kid" Longo. Jim was worried. He knew that association with Longo would eventually result in Tom being arrested on some serious charge, and Jim entertained the hope that, with proper handling, Tom would have a change of heart and join the department.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sergeant's order to "Fall in!" Upon being formed before the desk, the platoon was greeted by Lieutenant Reeve,



who assigned the men to their posts. This being completed, he informed the man on Post 9 to give particular attention to the Arcadia pool room. Complaints had been received quite often of late to the effect that "Kid" Longo and his boys were frequenting the place, causing trouble and annoyance to the neighbors. It was further stated that the head of a family, returning home after a tour of the "refreshment parlors," had been "rolled" to the extent of a week's pay. This occurring at a time when Longo was in the neighborhood, Jim Bannon, assigned to Post 9, had further cause for concern regarding Tommy.

Arriving on post, Jim walked to the Arcadia, and looking through the window, observed Tom engaged in a game of billiards with Longo himself. Jim motioned to his brother to come out. Tom, who liked Jim, although he did not care to show any affection for a "cop," even if he was a brother, accepted the invitation and confronted Jim on the sidewalk.

"Whatta you want?"

"I want you to keep out of that pool room," said Jim.

"You leave me alone and do all your talking to that 'fat-head' Pete," was Tom's surly answer, and he re-entered the pool room.

Jim decided that nothing could be done about it for the present, and continued along his post.

A few hours later, while ringing from a signal box on the far end of his post, Jim was startled by the Sergeant's direction to "Get right down to the Arcadia pool room." Waiting for no further instruction, Jim commandeered a passing auto and was at the scene in less than a few minutes.

The proceedings inside the Arcadia were being viewed by an enormous crowd assembled on the sidewalk, with delight and anxiety. Delight, in that they had never witnessed such a splendid "free-for-all" and anxiety that the flying billiard balls might find a resting place among them.

Jim pushed his way through the crowd, and entering the "melee," was not surprised to find Tommy in the thick of it, fighting side by side with his friend Longo, who, incidentally, had tried for hours to start this brawl.

Jim rushed between Tom and his opponent, who was quite thankful for this intervention. Tom was enraged at seeing his victim getting away from him at a time when he was ready for a "Kayo." He turned on Jim and delivered a smashing blow on his chin. The officer staggered under the impact, but recovered, and put everything he had into a right that landed on Tommy's nose. Tom stopped cold. He was not "out" by any means, but he had a sudden intuition that his nose would never be the same, and he stood there trying to visualize just what he would look like with the newly acquired profile.

While Tom was so doing, Longo came to his rescue and brought the heavy end of a cue-stick down on Jim's head. The worthy officer was through for the evening.

In the meantime, Pete Bannon was breaking all records getting to the scene. He had been directed thereto upon additional requests for more law and less disorder. Arriving thereat, Pete found that matters had become more peaceful, but there on the

floor, being treated by an ambulance surgeon, was his brother Jim, and above him, held by Mike Murphy, stood young Tommy.

Pete took in the situation at a glance and immediately came to a conclusion. He lunged at Tommy with upraised baton and was about to bring it down on his brother's head when he was prevented from so doing by Patrolman Murphy.

"Take it easy, Pete, don't make things any worse," said Mike.

"I'll kill that dirty bum," cried Pete.

"For what?"

"Can't you see what he did to Jim?" asked Pete.

"Longo did that."

"Where's Longo?" was Pete's next question.

"Over there in the corner," answered Mike, and for the first time Pete noticed the unconscious form of "Kid" Longo sprawled on the floor in a corner, being revived by the application of smelling salts. "And I had a hell of a time keeping this kid brother of yours from killing him," continued Mike.

Pete could say no more, but he placed his arm around the shoulders of his kid brother, and with a handkerchief wiped the blood from Tommy's nose, as tenderly as Ma Bannon would have done.

About a year later the Bannons were again grouped about the table and the conversation concerned "cops." This time, however, Tommy was doing all the talking.

"Well, Dad," he began, "I cleaned up that gang of 'wise guys' I was telling you about. I ordered them off the corner, but the biggest guy wouldn't go, so I gave him the last lesson first and 'necked' him. You know, just one of them 'cop fighters.'"

The Bannon family smiled and as Ma hurried to the kitchen she was heard to mention something about that old saying, "It's all in your point of view."

PRAISE FOR ALL OF US

CHILDREN'S COURT
City of New York

March 19, 1932.

Dear Sir:

I read with interest and pleasure the story entitled "Facing Death" by Patrolman Shopland in your February number of SPRING 3100. It was a well written story by an able policeman. I have enjoyed several stories written by policemen in your previous issues and I am glad to know that there are so many intelligent officers on the force—men with physical strength and mental vigor. Here and there one will always find among so large a body of men as the police force a few "rats" who cast odium upon the whole force, but thank God, such men are few. My contact with the force covering twenty years is most pleasant and I have learned to know these men as a fine set of men with kind hearts that beat in sympathy for their less fortunate brethren. In very many cases that have come before me, I felt proud in knowing that these men were part of the police force of my native city.

Very sincerely yours,

SAMUEL D. LEVY, Justice.

Mr. Edward P. Mulrooney,
Police Commissioner.

Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



melodious rhythm of an itinerant street band playing lustily in a nearby yard.



IT started one morning last month when we suddenly realized that our tonsils were missing—and missing badly, too. That they were not hitting on all six was a cinch, so promptly we brought them over to Dr. Donovan, our Chief Surgeon, who, upon looking them over, decided they were woefully in need of an overhauling.

And immediately he shipped us, tonsils and all, up to 1040 Park Avenue, where Dr. Walter L. Horn, Honorary Consultant to the Department, holds forth.

Walter, incidentally, is one of the city's outstanding authorities on ailments of the nose, throat and ears. In other words, *you've got to be dead from the neck up in order to interest him.*

He's a man of action, too, and it didn't take him long to decide that our reealeitnant tonsils might well adorn the wet wash for all the good they were to us.

Next he opened up the tool chest and the party was on: *and in exactly thirty minutes we found ourselves as tonsilless as a pickled herring at a banquet.*

It was a delightful operation, made more so by the

We became apprehensive, momentarily, when through the window came the mournful strains of that wistful tear-jerker, "GOOD-BYE, GOOD LUCK, GOD BLESS YOU."

We wondered whether it was the faithless tonsils or the hapless victim the musicians had in mind.

Doe was under the impression for a while that it was the Pollee Band, and that they had come to serenade us in our hour of sorrow.

It was altogether too lovely for words, and though we hated to part with those dear old tonsils (*they were a birthday gift, you know*), we hated even more to part with their disposessor, whom we found to be as real and splendid a fellow as it has ever been our privilege to know.

Thanks sincerely, Walter, and though you're still practically new to our Department, we predict it won't be long before your praises will be sung from the topmost ranks down.

Just wait till they get to know you like we know you.

NOW for a bit of a vacation yarn.

We had hardly got rid of those fool tonsils we've been telling you about when we suddenly became smitten with a malady far more potent—and provocative.

Unorthodoxically it is called *Spring Fever*, and it is notoriously prevalent at this time of the year. So we went into a huddle with the Chancellor of the Exchequer (*friend wife, we generally call her*) with the result that a few days later we found ourselves comfortably parked atop the topmost deck of the good ship *Caledonia* sailing blithely out to sea—Havana-bound.

It felt good to get away from the hustle and bustle of things departmental for a while, and just as we were regaling ourselves in the thought, whom do we smack into—head on—and attired in true nautical style—but Captain Charlie Mooney, of the 17th Precinct, noted orator and commentator, accompanied by Dr. Milton Rosenkrantz, famous Viennese pill propounder visiting here for his appetite.

And just as we had completed the business of shaking hands all around who should amble along but Captain Joe Howard, of the 8th Precinct, accompanied by the lovely Mrs. Howard, their charming daughter, Julia, and her equally charming friend, Miss Isabel Dalgleish, well-known concert singer and operatic star.

And you can shiver our timbers if shortly thereafter our view of the sun-kissed horizon didn't again become obstructed by another familiar figure in the person of Patrolman Gene Fenelon, of the 110th Precinct, flanked on either side by the gracious Mrs. Fenelon and Junior.

Then and there we threw up our hands and bid a fond adieu to our hopes of a "shopless" cruise.

Little had we dreamed of meeting so many distinguished representatives of our Department under one funnel.

Quizzically we questioned Captain Howard. We said:

"And what reasonable excuse have you to offer, Joe, for straying with the familia so far off post?"

And feelingly Joe replied:

"Away back in 1897—exactly 35 years ago, I stood before the bar—beg pardon, the RAIL, I mean, with pretty Elizabeth Hartmann—the girl of my heart—at my side—and listened with joy to the magic words that then and there changed her name to Howard—with the assimilated rank of Chief Inspector in charge of the Howard fortunes thrown in. It seems as though it were only yesterday. We're celebrating the passing of those

35 years with this trip—leaving household cares and worries behind. It's all for her, and my one hope is that she thoroughly enjoys every minute of it."

Immediately and with no encouragement whatsoever the rest of us went into conference. It was the logical thing to do, and presently, in column of squads, with Captain Mooney acting as right guide, we marched in perfect formation to a magnificently appointed room aft, known as Ye Old English Tavern, where, in the sheltering protection of the British lion waving majestically overhead, we extended our felicitations over a quafter or two or 'Alf and 'Alf, that delicious mouth wash for which all British ships are rightly famous.

Again, Joe, congratulations to you and Elizabeth. She's a grand girl—and a swell little sport.

In Havana we made a serious study of police conditions, and to say that we were favorably impressed would be putting it mildly, indeed. Those Havana cops typify the last word in courtesy—and graciousness, especially where the tourist is concerned.

You could sock a native on the jaw down there and chances are the cop would lock him up for getting in the way of your fist.

The tourist is looked upon as a guest of the city, and he simply can't be wrong.

They have a four-platoon system, calling for six hours patrol and twelve hours reserve, daily, with a day off every fourth day. For example: The day squad performs patrol from 6 A. M. until noon; excused then until 6 P. M., when they perform reserve until 6 the following morning, at which time they again resume patrol.

In lots of ways our Havana brother officers haven't a bad job by any means. As you drive through the city proper you get the impression that every other store is a refreshment emporium, *and the cops patrol the inside as well as the outside of all buildings.*

At "Sloppy Joe's," for instance, which is an internationally known resort and the Mecca of all tourists visiting Havana, and which, incidentally, is as resplendent a place as the name differently infers, a patrolman is assigned especially inside—*solely to convey to the tourist that sense of security that only a police uniform can convey.*

And if that isn't as refreshing a detail as any cop would want—then what in the name of sense is?

Frankly, we found the atmosphere of the place so intriguing—and the wares so enticing—and the prices so lovely—that we actually hated to leave.

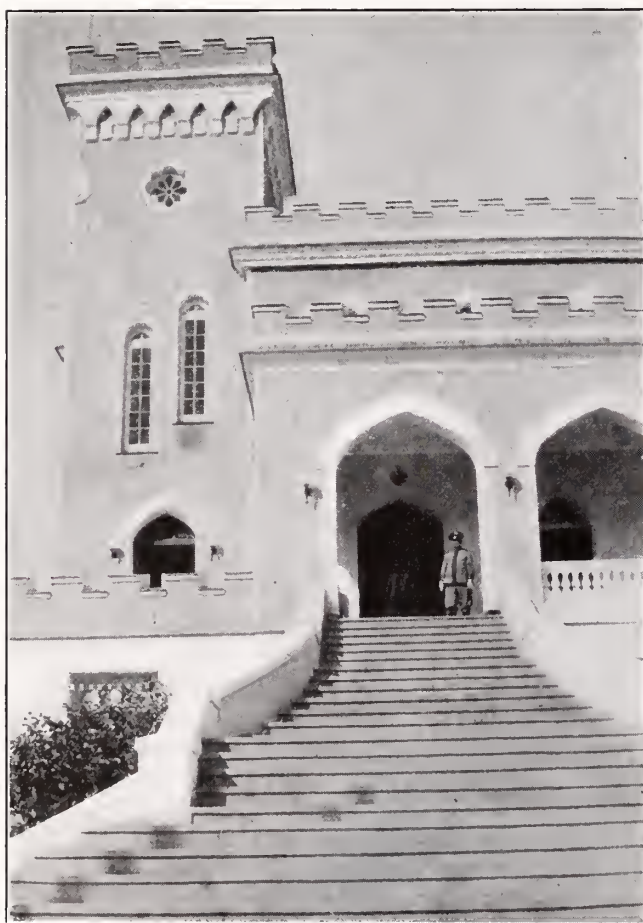
And when we say actually, we actually mean—actually.



A remarkable life-like study of Captains Charlie Mooney and Joe Howard in a characteristic deep-sea pose. (Sketched from life at sea.)



We met one particularly grand chap down there in the person of Captain Juan Arias Arocha, commander of the 10-A Precinct, who is shown in the above picture with Captain Mooney (left) and Captain Howard. He could not have been kinder. He showed us through his station house, which we found to be as immaculate and up-to-date as any we have ever visited—anywhere.



Here's a picture of the 10-A Precinct station house. Doesn't it look more like a millionaire's mansion than just a rendezvous for the forces of Law and Order?

Greetings from "The Finest," Captain Arocha, and please don't forget our agreement—if ever you hit the Big Town to look us up. *Be assured we will welcome you royally.*

If ever you visit Havana don't pass up the penitentiary, which is located on the outskirts of the city. We spent a full two hours inspecting it, a courtesy the Commandant is always happy to extend to members of our Department. It was formerly a Spanish fortress, strongly built, with its medieval moat still surrounding it.

It is patrolled on the outer walls by armed soldiers, while inside the gates proper *not a single guard is assigned.*

It is operated on a sort of honor system, with the prisoners themselves, graded in rank from top sergeant down, in accordance with the merits they have earned, acting as guards.

The present population is about 2,400, divided into companies of 100, each under direct supervision and command of a convict sergeant and a corporal aid. There are no individual cells except the punishment cells in the dungeon, and even these, owing to the fine discipline maintained, are seldom ever utilized.

Each company has its own dormitory equipped with modern cots and lockers, and cleanliness is the paramount requisite. A daily shower is mandatory. The shops, too, are models of their kind, as are the bakery and kitchen, upon whose floors you could without compunction sit down to a meal. Owing to climatic conditions the prisoners work only six hours a day, the rest of the time being devoted to lolling about the yard and taking things easy.

They are even permitted, those artistically inclined, to manufacture novelties and souvenirs during their leisure hours which are offered for sale to visitors. The revenue so derived is turned over to the prisoner's family.

It is indeed a model institution of its kind, and well worth a visit.

Now a word of greeting to Captain Charlie Zearfoss, of the National Tours, sponsors of the cruise, who was untiring in his efforts to make things pleasant for us—as well as for everybody else aboard. Charlie, a sea captain by profession, has sailed the seven seas from Pole to Pole. He has come in contact with cops in every country under the sun, *and today insists that "The Finest" come closest to his ideal.*

Drop in some time when you're in port, Charlie, and give us a chance to return the compliment.

In the vernacular made popular by Jimmy Durante we consider you a right guy, too.

And we're not forgetting Chief Engineer Grant, of the Caledonia, which, by the way, hails from Glasgow and is manned wholly by a Scotch crew.

We commented one day upon the negligible number of sea gulls that followed the ship, and Grant opined that *possibly the name Glasgow painted on the stern made them apprehensive. Smart birds, what?*





WHILE on the subject of vacations please cast envious eyes on the photograph reproduced above. You might at first get the impression it was taken in some Coney Island sideshow. Perish the thought. *It actually was taken on the Saharan wastes of far off Egypt—with the historic Pyramids and the noble Sphinx, the latter dimly discernable at the right, for a background.*

And the two brave lads perched atop the Egyptian taxicabs are neither visiting potentates or plenipotentiaries accredited to the Court, as their distinguished appearance might lead one to believe.

No, indeed. They're two New York cops on a pilgrimage to King Tut's old home town, and they were welcomed with great aplomb upon their arrival by the Khedive's Committee on Reception of Distinguished Visitors.

And the Khedive, himself, presented them with the keys to the Sahara Desert as a memento of their visit.

Patrolman Fred Schaefer of the Mendicant Squad is the fellow on the left; his side-partner is Patrolman John W. Donaldson, assigned to duty in the Police Academy.

The Egyptian gentleman holding down the tiny animal with the voluminous ears is a distant relation of Donaldson's who only a few years ago peddled rugs here in great quantities.

However, the boys claim they enjoyed their trip immensely, so much so that either of them will now walk a mile for a camel upon the slightest provocation.

Selah!

ARTHUR CHAMBERLIN, our romantic young Managing Editor, told us tearfully the other day about a beautiful young flapper he'd met who was so dumb she thought *a lawsuit was a policeman's uniform.*



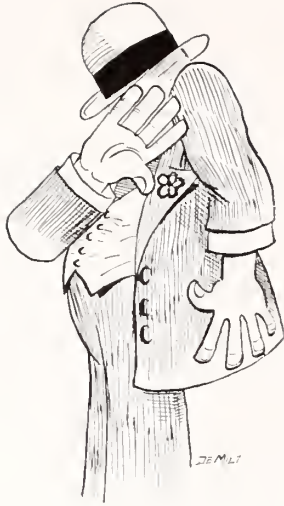
That's nothing, Arthur, we were riding in a trolley car one day last week, and when it suddenly jolted to an unexpected stop a Sweet Young Thing seated next to us rushed forward to the motorman and excitedly asked what had happened.

"Nothing to worry about," answered the motorman, "we just ran over a dog."

"Oh, and was he on the track?" inquired the S. Y. T.

"Of course not," politely answered the motorman, "we had to chase him three blocks up an alley before we nailed him."

Anyway, Arthur, personally we prefer them bulky, so to speak, which reminds us of the chestnut a grouchy traffic cop pulled the other day when a large, over-fed mamma asked him could he see her across the street, and he replied: "*Lady, do I look near-sighted or anything like that?*"



"Open up, Dan, we know ya."

DETEKTIVE DAN SHAW, one of our internationally famous detectives, attached now to the Main Office, Detective Division, celebrated on March 22d the sixty-seventh anniversary of the eventful day upon which he first opened up shop and became an active participant in the affairs of the world.

Mary A. Sullivan, charming Chief of the Police-women's Bureau, together with a galaxy of her most beautiful policewomen, arrived early and fairly smothered Dan with congratulatory kisses and felicitations.

Dan blushed nervously, of course, and after restoratives had been applied he remarked:

"I am only sorry that my birthday doesn't occur oftener."

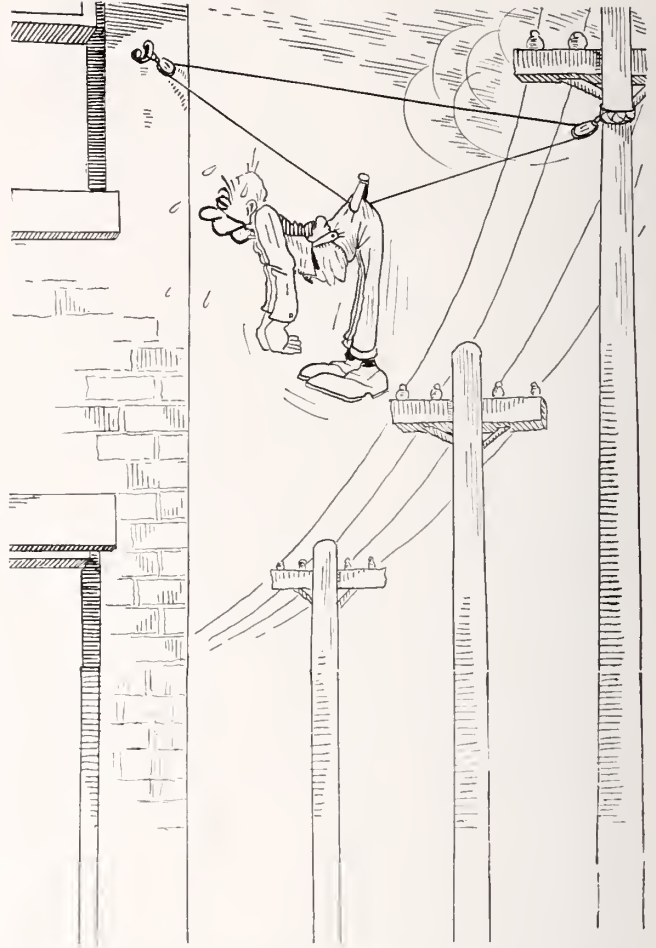
Dan grew reminiscent after a while and related stories of the good old days when he was one of the Principal Patrons of many of the better known Ice Cream Emporiums located then in the downtown portions of the city, such as:

"Andy Horn's," "Furthman's," "Curry's," "Bridge Cafe," "Perry's," "Brosnan's," "Dowd's," "Dewey's," "Glackner's," "Boris & Allen's," "Skid Walter's," "Jake Zesick's" (the shoemaker), "The Honest Man's," (McQuades) "Mike Shannon's," "Iseman's Wine Cellar," "Andy Doyle's," "Mother Von Crow's," "Phunket's Beef Stew Parlor," "Glen Island Hotel," "The Paragon" (on Cedar Street), "Opperman's," "Jack Smith's," "Mike Ryan's," "Skelly's" and one or two others which we cannot recall at the moment.

Dan was the recipient, too, of many nice gifts and a large number of telegrams from some of the most prominent people in public life, including such international celebrities as Mahatma Ghandi, Deputy Chief Inspector Johnny Hennessy and others.

Telegrams also were received from Lieutenant Dave Sheehan, Lieutenant Gene Casey, Lieutenant Charlie Newman, Joe Wasserman, Inspector Dan Kerr, and former Inspectors John Dwyer and Bill Boettler.

All in all it was one of the Big Moments he will cherish for a great many years to come.



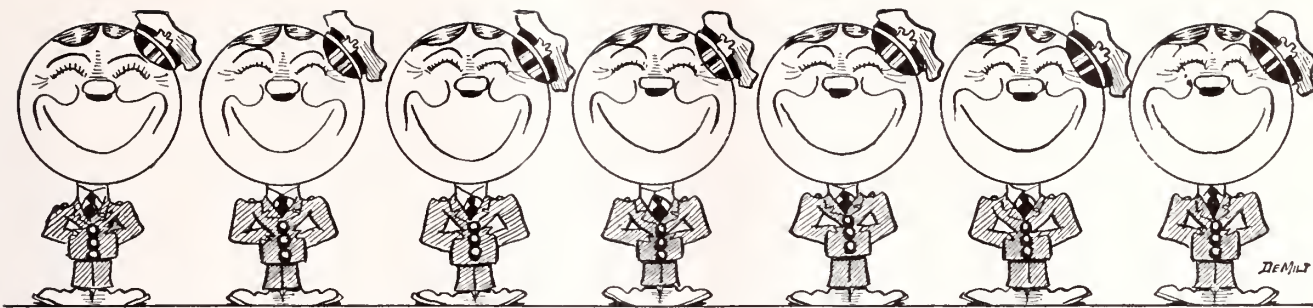
Social item: Mrs. Finnegan's husband came home plastered the other day so she decided to give him the air.

WHEN is a joke not a joke? When its amiss—a miss, see the point? Well, if you don't, there are others who do, and Lieutenant Arthur W. DeVoe, fingerprint expert at Headquarters, is one of them.

Old Man Sunshine in his March column tried gently to chaff Arthur about being afraid of the germs which lurk in sneezes, and much to his regret and to SPRING 3100's also, Arthur interpreted the jesting as a reflection on his courage. We still think that if Arthur would read the article impersonally, it would be apparent to him that it was at least intended to be funny.

And the degree of a crime is usually a matter of the degree of intent.

Old Man Sunshine, like all true humorists, tries to laugh with the world and not at it. He points out the foibles of members of the Department merely to amuse and to entertain, never to offend. He and SPRING 3100 are both proud of the fact that in two years of existence this is the first time that anyone has been offended by anything published in our magazine. Old Man Sunshine is sorry, Arthur, that you thought he reflected on your courage, and hopes that no one else put the same construction on the article. Shake hands and let's be friends.



The Prize Winners

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.
 Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.
 Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."
 Patrolman Thomas Mezzone, 47th Precinct.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

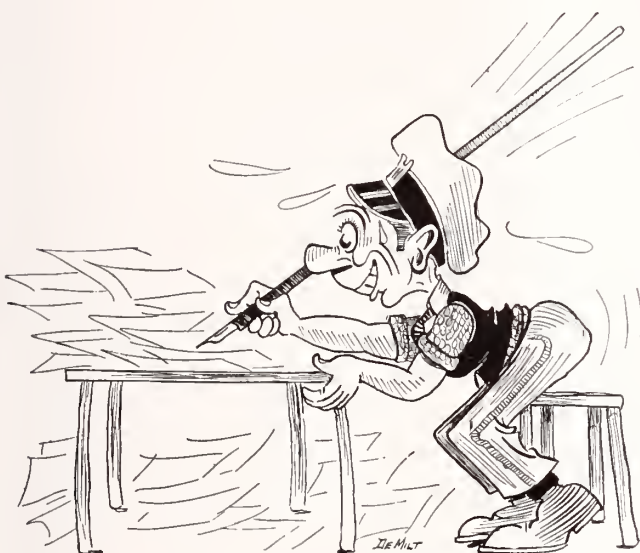
Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than May 8th.

THIS MONTH'S LIMERICK

"McSweeney is still flying high,
 He's now the Assistant C. I.;
 So strike up the band
 And let's give him a hand.

....."

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Daniel D. Langan,
 13th Division

2d Prize, \$10—Sergeant William M. Carroll,
 Mtd. Squadron 1

LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Leo Colton,
 Tel. Bur., Queens

Tho it seems beyond human belief,
 They've made Mac a Deputy Chief;
 We now hope and trust,
 That his bubble won't bust,
 "And in next "Spring 3100" he's Chief."

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Joseph A. Scott,
 102d Precinct

"To explode will cause trouble and grief."

3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman George Geiger,
 Emergency Squad 5

"Tho 'twould give Chief O'Brien much relief."

With Full Pay

By SERGEANT WILLIAM M. CARROLL, Mounted Squadron No. 1

Second Prize, Short Story Contest



“YOU know, Mike, this man’s war is getting me sick; it gets you nowhere; all you do is hike and hike, sit down and hike some more, go hungry, get shot at, and all for what? Believe me, when I get through with this war it’ll be no more damn walking for me: I’ll look for something soft. Now what I’d like is a good, steady income and nothing to do for the rest of my life but rest: that’s my idea of a good time: just draw yer dough and do nothing.” The speaker was Jerry O’Grady, the time and place a front line trench in France back in 1918, and the patient listener was his buddy, Mike Balone, both attached to the 99th Infantry, A. E. F. Jerry’s outburst was always along the same lines, and Mike’s reply was invariably the same. “Aw, never mind, Jerry,” he would say, “you get yourself a good job when we get back and I’ll see that your boss retires you with full pay.”

“Put it there, Mike,” Jerry would say, stretching out his hand. “I know ye would do every bit of that and more if you could.”

Twelve years later Patrolman Jerry O’Grady is a two-ribbon man on the Force, still in the infantry, pounding the walk, doing all tours, and just as much disgusted with his present job as he was with the former one he held in France. He had been a good soldier and was a good cop, also a chronic kicker—the type that can be found in any precinct. He was still at war, but this time at war with the criminal element. The only time he enjoyed life was on his thirty-two hours off, when he would awaken from a sound slumber and say, “Gee, but it’s great not having to go to work today. Wouldn’t it be grand if a guy like me could retire now with full pay? I wouldn’t have a care in the world, what with three thousand dollars a year and nothing to do but take life easy. Oh, boy!”

On those days off, Jerry would always take his wife and little daughter Mary out for a ride in the family flivver. Mary would run into the bedroom shouting, “Daddy, get up; you don’t have to go to work today! We’re going riding, aren’t we, Daddy?” And then Jerry would take the sweet child in his arms and tell her that she was the boss for the day, and whatever she wished, all she had to do was say the word and it was done.

One sunny spring day while driving along the Grand Concourse, Jerry’s thoughts were miles away. He was back in France again, the shells were screaming overhead, and his faithful buddy, Mike Balone, was again fixing him up in a job. “Wonder whatever became of Mike,” thought Jerry, “haven’t seen him since that awful night in the Argonne when he was carried away on a stretcher. It’s too bad; gee, I’d like to run into him now; what a time we would have.” Jerry’s pleasant dreams were rudely interrupted by a steady rat-a-tat-a-tat, rat-a-tat-a-tat. “Good Lord, a machine gun,” was his first thought, but in what direction he could not tell; neither could he figure any good reason for a weapon like that being discharged in a thickly populated section of this large city. Back in war days the very sound of it made a man duck his head instantly. Suddenly it



He pointed it directly at Jerry.

stopped and a few seconds later the who-e-e-e-e of a police siren sounded, accompanied by the reports of revolver shots. Jerry grabbed his .38 special and drove along slowly on the alert, assuming, correctly, that the criminal element had broken loose and declared war on the forces of law and order.

Rat-a-tat-a-tat, rat-a-tat-a-tat, the machine gun blazed out anew and, good heavens, there it was, a taxi tearing along Fordham Road at breakneck speed chased by a motorcycle cop and half a dozen cars carrying cops on their running boards, all shooting at the fugitive cab, which was manned by two men, one with a gun stuck in the back of the chauffeur's head, while the other directed a steady stream of lead from a Tommy gun in the direction of his pursuers. Jerry did what any real cop would have done, he drove straight to the intersection in an endeavor to head off the fleeing taxi, and firing his gun when he came within range. The thug in front spotted Jerry and answered his fire.

"Daddy, Daddy!" screamed little Mary in the rear seat, "I'm shot." Jerry O'Grady could now see no danger; his own flesh and blood had suffered; down went the accelerator pedal and—crash. The chauffeur in a desperate attempt to avoid Jerry's car ran smack into an electric light pole, catapulting himself and his guard through the windshield, killing both instantly. Jerry brought his car to a grinding stop, and with his trusty .38 prepared to do battle if any cared to take him on. As he approached the cab a

man stumbled from the wreckage; it was the chap with the Tommy gun. He pointed it directly at Jerry and—"Mike!" It was Jerry shouted. The gun wavered a fraction, but too late. Rat-a-tat, a bullet creased Jerry's forehead and he dropped to the ground. The guy with the Tommy gun gave one glance at his victim's face. "Good God, it's Jerry O'Grady," said Mike Balone.

As the other cops came dashing up, Balone feebly raised the Tommy gun, but his finger never touched the trigger; half a score of bullets tore his body apart. Jerry O'Grady did not die, but the bullet tore the optic nerves and his sight was gone forever, despite the valiant efforts of the most skillful surgeons in the country to save it. The only comforting thought for Jerry during those trying days in hospital was the fact that little Mary received a slight flesh wound and was as well as ever again, but any pleasant thoughts he entertained would be quickly dispelled by the realization of his own helpless condition.

Four months later the Mayor, in concluding a presentation address, said: "And Patrolman O'Grady, a grateful citizenry will not permit your sacrifice to go unrewarded. It is the wish of this administration, and the wish of the people whom we represent, that you be retired from the Police Department for the rest of your natural life WITH FULL PAY."

Mike Balone had kept his promise.

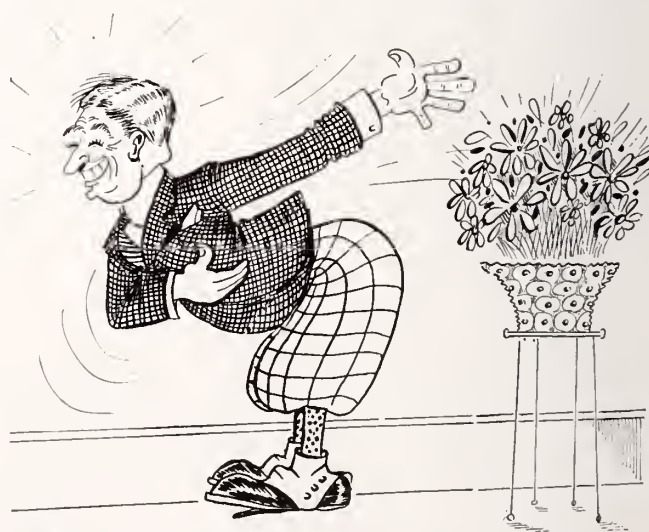
Vacation Days Are Here



A happy crowd at the Police Recreation Centre

IN less than two months the doors of the big Indian Head Hotel and its surrounding cottages and bungalows will be thrown open, and policemen and their families will be welcomed as guests of the Police Recreation Centre in the Catskill Mountains. During the winter many improvements have been made at the mountain resort, which has been established for the sole purpose of providing a place where members of the Department, both retired and active, and their relatives may spend the leisure hours of their vacation amid the finest and most healthful surroundings and at the very lowest cost.

Patrolman Joseph P. Moran, president of the P. B. A., who has been in charge of the Centre, and John J. White, its popular manager, look forward to a most successful season, and they are giving special cooperation to the Ladies' Auxiliary, composed of the wives, daughters, etc., of policemen who have been guests at Indian Head, and who have taken a personal interest in the Centre to the extent of providing funds for improvements and replacements through annual dances. At the Hotel Commodore, on April 11, a committee of this auxiliary at a luncheon decided upon an entertainment and dance to be given at the same hotel on May 20. The proceeds will be turned over to the Police Commissioner for the purpose of completing the new reservoir upon which construction was begun a year ago. At the luncheon Mrs. Joseph P. Moran presided and spoke of the needs of the resort in order to keep it up to a standard worthy of the Police Department. Others at the luncheon included Mrs. Harry Shea, Mrs. Joseph P. Cunneen, Mrs. E. A. Leen, Mrs. H. C. Mc-



Manager Johnnie White in a characteristic pose

Manus, Mrs. James A. Green, Mrs. John Cummings, Mrs. John R. Thompson, Miss A. Johnson, Mrs. J. Delaney, Mrs. T. W. Quinn, Mrs. Warren Keating, Mrs. Charles Monahan and Mrs. George Deegan.

The affair at the Hotel Commodore will be the third held under auspices of the Auxiliary. At the affair a year ago, which was held at the Hotel Astor, Mayor Walker was a guest, and the interest taken by His Honor in the proceedings has encouraged the ladies to a special effort to make the approaching dance at the Commodore financially and socially the best of all.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

ONE hundred and ninety-three members of the New York Police Department were cited for distinguished service in a general order issued on April 5th, by Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney. Of the citations, 12 were Honorable Mention, 81 were Commendation, and 100 were for Excellent Police Duty.

Following are the citations:

(Names to be placed on Tablet at Police Headquarters)

Detective Guido J. Pessagno, 20th Squad, 18th Division. At about 4 p. m., October 19, 1931, accompanied by other policemen, entered a rooming house at 154 West Seventy-eighth Street, Manhattan, in pursuit of a man implicated in the murder of a patrolman; shots were exchanged; two detectives were wounded and Detective Pessagno and the man were killed.

Patrolman James R. Goodwin, 34th Precinct. At about 10:45 p. m., February 15, 1932, off duty in civilian clothes, encountered three holdup men in the rear of a store at 2196 Amsterdam Avenue, Manhattan; shots were exchanged and Patrolman Goodwin was killed.

HONORABLE MENTION

Sergeant John S. Leonard.

Detectives—James A. De Farari, Edward M. Willi.

Patrolmen—James A. De Farari, John P. Broderick, Ambrose P. Donnelly, W. P. Kleine, Alexander Fraser, William H. Leighley, Charles F. Lind, Peter J. Nolan.

COMMENDATIONS

Acting Captain—Patrick Kenny.

Lieutenant—Valentine W. Correll.

Acting Lieutenants—Daniel J. Leonard, John J. McGowan.

Sergeant—Frank C. Lisa.

Detectives—Gilbert F. Hagan, John R. Gallagher, Eugene F. Smith, Nicholas F. Addrizzio, Geo. E. McCartney, R. R. McLaughlin, Elmer J. Mason, Giuseppe F. Dardis, Charles S. Corbett, Pasquale Celano, Edward W. Hattrick, Ernest A. Rice, Nicholas Campo, Donald E. Carey, Sidney Turkheimer, Charles A. Grubert, Henry P. White, John P. Anderson, John S. Moran, William J. Jones, Elwood J. Dwyer, Francis J. Murray, Neil C. Winberry, Patrick A. Hart, James P. McDonnell, Guido J. Pessagno, Chas. Hemendinger, Wesley R. Juber, James A. Foley, Ignatius J. Gannon, Edward W. Byrnes, Edward J. Leonard, Louis F. Brancato, Andrew J. Tully, Alfred Laurino, William J. Clark, Walter E. Shea, James A. Dowdell, Thomas J. Kenny.

Patrolmen—John F. McShea, John J. Rogers, John P. Lowe, Horatio Caro, William J. Powderly, Edwin V. Devine, George Brown, John J. Weber, William E. Smith, Thomas J. Trainer, George E. Dunphy, Joseph A. Tempone, Milton M. Kaufman, William T. Quinn, William Lindholm, George F. Brown, Michael J. Penchterski, Edward P. Sweeney, John A. Johnson, Francis K. Mulrean, Americk Terrieri, Cornelius O'Leary, James T. Cribbins, Robert V. Williamson, John Dunworth, John E. Murphy, John P. Paepier, Martin J. Howley, William Nevin, William F. Frank, John J. Kelly, James F. Messick, Vincent F. Kapp, Robert J. Quinn, Carl Ericson, Dennis F. Donovan, William J. O'Brien.

EXCELLENT POLICE DUTY

Acting Captains—Patrick F. J. McVeigh, John A. McIlhargy.

Lieutenants—Conr'd H. Rothengast, James L. McNulty, Daniel W. Lake.

Acting Lieutenants—George J. Colgan, Raymond J. Honan, John J. McGowan.

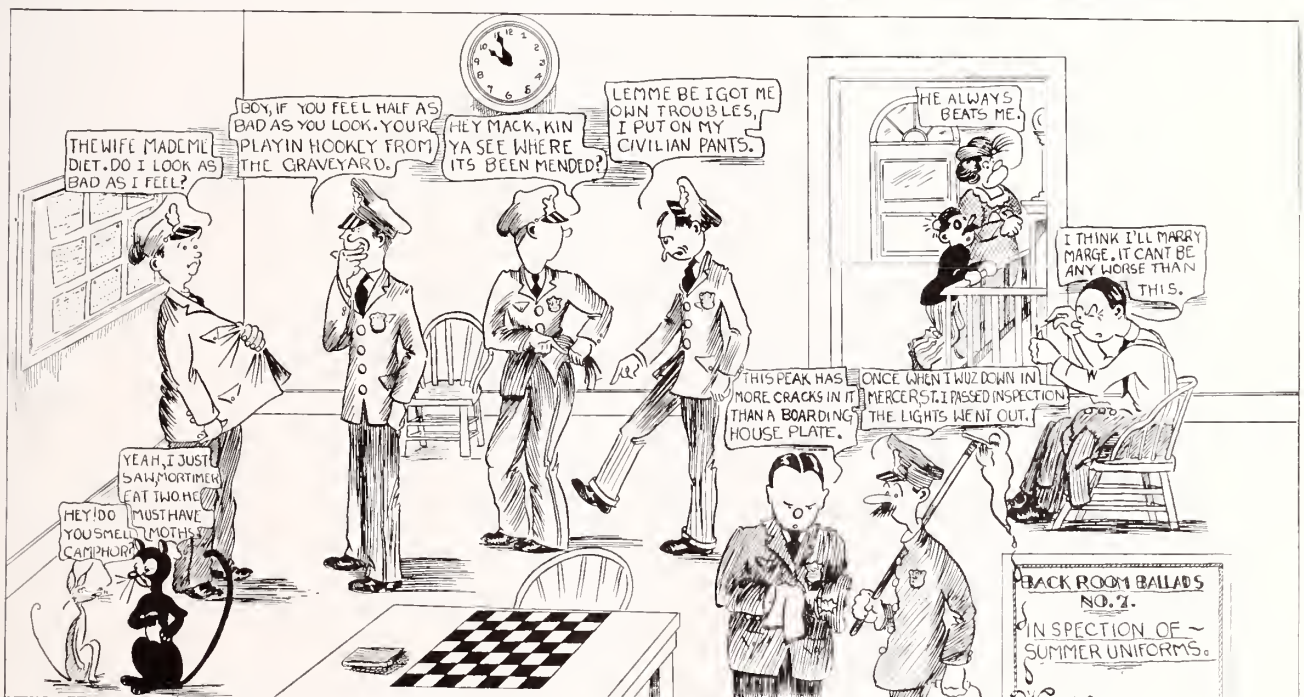
Sergeant—Michael F. McNamara.

Detectives—Thomas F. Fitzgerald, William Stetter, William C. Mara, Domenico Case, John P. Cooke, Walter E. Dinan, John J. Hickey, John C. Tuttle, Peter Thornton, George A. Kerrigan, Robert W. Hamel, Charles R. Harson, Jeremiah J. Murphy, James J. Collins, Henry J. Senff, G. F. L. Dardie, Pasquale Celano, Thomas J. Carroll, Martin J. Schuchman, Joseph J. Hennessy, Thomas F. Crane, Sidney Turkheimer, Otto G. Franz, Max Leef, Edward Sheehan, William A. Carlson, James J. Hickey, Joseph G. Reice, Alfred R. Sweeney, Thomas J. Kenny, James A. Walsh, Theodore H. Beckler, Joseph J. Wey, Edward J. McNamee, Joseph M. Burke, David I. Salter, Thomas J. Layden, Charles Frank, Joseph V. Leonard, Mark W. Redmond, Henry Bauernschmidt, Cyril Fitzpatrick, Frank P. Ruddy, William J. Kenna, Harry D. Buckley, Louis White, John E. Moran, John P. Maxwell, Henry Sloane, James T. Brody, Jr., George W. White, Michael J. Minitier, William R. Smith, Francis A. Murray, Harry D. States, Herman Seisser, Harry G. Lavin, Thomas J. Sweeney.

*Indicates citation twice for excellent police duty.

Patrolmen—Daniel F. Ryan, Thomas F. Mackin, Francis J. Finger, Thos. D. Thornton, John P. Cruise, Joseph A. Miccio, Edgar R. Cooke, Jerome Hart, Jas. E. McGoldrick, Joseph A. Karl, Elmer E. O'Riley, John R. Ashworth, Louis E. Butler, John J. Keating, Myles G. Hosie, Francis J. Clynes, H. Schereshefsky, Leonard Abbazia, James Tedesco, John Muller, Silas F. Leder, Daniel M. Walsh, James V. Connell, Thomas F. Bowes, Hugh A. McNulty, H. W. Johnson, John J. Casey, John F. Mahoney, Daniel J. Tansey, Michael J. O'Rourke, John A. Casey.

The citations were announced at Police Headquarters.



SPORTS

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



Start of Maroldi (left) McGovern match at the Sky High Country Club

PATROLMAN EDWARD MCGOVERN, of the 22d Precinct, who won the singles one-wall handball championship of the Police Department, and with Detective Simond Ambraz, of the Brooklyn Homicide Squad, the doubles one-wall handball championship in tournaments conducted by SPRING 3100, added a third victory to his string on Saturday, April 16th, when he defeated Arthur Maroldi, physical director of the Sky High Country Club, in a three-game contest on the club's court atop 205 West 39th Street, Manhattan. The scores were 21-9, 14-21, and 21-16.

Patrolman Edward Hopke, of the 2d Precinct, runner-up to McGovern in the SPRING 3100 tournaments, beat Denny Burke, runner-up for the Sky High Club's title by the scores of 21-11, 21-10, in a preliminary match.

A distinguished audience, including the Police Commissioner, Chief Inspector John O'Brien, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessy and Arthur N. Chamberlin, Managing Editor of SPRING 3100, witnessed the matches. The party were shown through the club by A. J. Powers, of the Powers Engraving Corporation, who built the club on the 17th floor of the mid-town office building for the benefit of his employees. Mr. Geoffrey Parsons, chief editorial writer of the New York Herald Tribune, who plays regularly at the Sky High Club, was also one of the guests.

Acting Captain Arthur W. Wallander, of the Police Air Service Division, was one of the linesmen during the matches, and Patrolman John Lena, of SPRING 3100's staff, acted as scorer. The referee was Edward Hahn, State four-wall handball champion.

HANDBALL

When it comes to action, this FOUR-WALL business cops the blue ribbon. The courts at the West Side and Bronx Y. M. C. A.'s are taking a merciless pounding from our athletic coppers, and are beginning to show signs of wear and tear. We'll be lucky to get through without a bill for repairs.

THIRTY-TWO players participated in the first round. All but two have at least five years of service in the Department. Some are decorated with two, three and even four stripes. You can readily see that this isn't just a game for youngsters.

In the next issue we'll be able to introduce you to the winners.

NOTICE—Players in the FOUR-WALL DOUBLES tournament please verify their entries.

AROUND THE COURTS

Lieutenant Paul (Rules and Regulations) Lustbader, of the 22d Precinct, came out of retirement and showed that he can still play handball by defeating Sergeant Hugh Sheridan, the Beau Brummel of the Main Office Squad, by 21-8, 21-17. Paul then played Patrolman Gentleman John Fournier, of the 42d Precinct. These two eronies last met when they were side partners ten years ago. Paul won after a tough struggle, but John gave him something to remember him by when he bounced about ten balls right off his cranium. (It was the first time a copper smacked a lieutenant and got away with it.) All of the boys will be taking up handball, we suppose.

Phil Silvey got even with Ed Hopke for the shel-lacking Ed gave him on the one-wall court. Jack Lehner then took care of Phil, after first disposing of Adolph Weiss, and promises now to make things hot.

JOHN MORONEY, of the 25th Precinct and also the Young Men's Hebrew Association, lost to Mike Walski, 19th Precinct, known as the "Killer." . . . TOM COX, after winning from John Doyle, 21-18, 21-19, played like a champion to defeat WALSKI 21-19, 21-16. . . . HERBERT LOWE, of the 48th Precinct, made Edward Siess, of the 2d Division, SIESS playing after two interesting games. Edward claimed that Herbert hit the ball too LOWE. . . . After James Hart beat Andy Connolly, he met William Hart, who won from Eugene Sullivan. They played to the tune of "Two HARTS That Beat in Handball Time," with Bill waltzing in as winner. (This fellow's a dark horse.) . . . James Dillon made Pete Seward go back to the one-wall game and then he put Lowe out. . . . James Hamill won from Simond Ambraz. . . . Detective Tom Killoran won from Emergency Mike Courtney after three hot games. . . . Louis Siff lost to Chris Anderson, and JAMES KELLY, the Old Master, upset the dope when he just won by the skin of his teeth from JERRY MEAGHER, 19-21, 21-19 and 21-17.

* BASEBALL

SERGEANT OTTO WHITNEY, manager of the Police Department baseball team, took his boys up to Dyckman Oval on Saturday, April 9th, and put

them through their first outdoor workout. The boys look great. They're all in tip-top shape and look real classy in their new uniforms. Wait till you see them!

Five new players have been added to the roster and each is over 6 feet tall. This outfit certainly looks like New York's "Finest." There ought to be plenty of fences busted this season.

The team was given the usual Spring lecture on what to do and WHAT NOT TO DO. The sergeant's slogan is: "Do just as you are told and we'll get along fine." The pitching staff this season is much better, with the addition of Roy Auer, Wollman and Kohlbrenner.

THE TEAM OPENS THE SEASON on May 1st in Poughkeepsie, against the Poughkeepsie All Stars, after which they will meet the same opposition as will be faced by the House of David and Black Yankee teams.

When they play in the city, let's all go out and give them a hand. A little praise helps a lot. GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT.

P. S.—Don't forget to remind the players that there's a team in the city known as the FIRE DEPARTMENT and that there are 18,000 of The Finest who would like to see you reverse last year's score. SUCCESS.

CHALLENGES

SERGEANT CHARLES MARTINI, writing in behalf of his 111th Precinct (Bayside) Baseball Club, informs us they are in the field for their third successive season. The record this team made in the past needs no further comment. They are recognized as the Champions of Queens and are looked upon as the outstanding precinct team in the Department. This team also stepped out into the semi-pro ranks and was able to uphold its reputation.

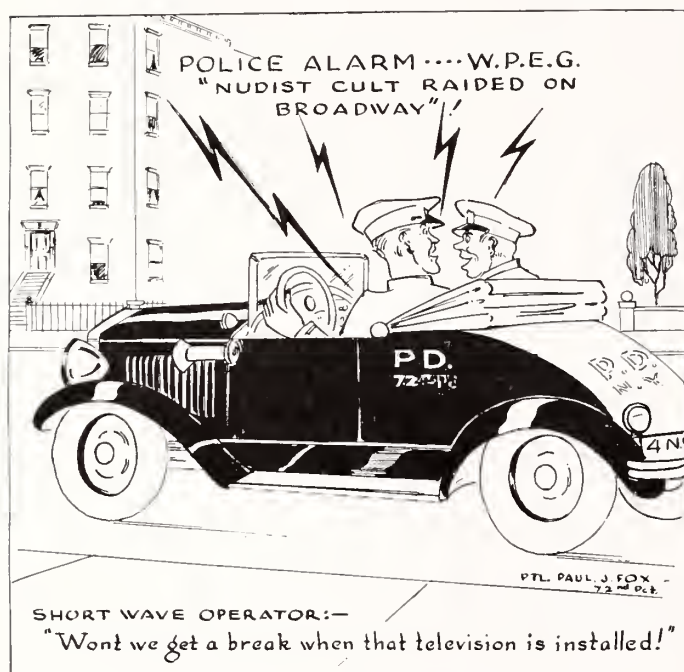
The Sergeant states that his team would be willing to enter a precinct baseball league, and that if an elimination set of games were first held in each borough, and the borough winners then meet, the survivors could justly call themselves champions of the entire Department. Later, enough interest would be stirred up to demand a set of games with the representative Police Department Baseball Club. [Editor's note: Last season and again this season, in last month's issue, we asked for comments on this proposition. We received just TWO replies.]

The 111th Precinct would like to hear from any other precinct, especially in Queens, for games. Their home diamond at Fort Totten, Whitestone, is as fine a field as can be found outside of the big leagues.

LIEUTENANT WALTER W. JOYCE, of the 84th Precinct, has been named manager of their baseball team. He claims to have a fine collection of players, alleging some of them are potential Babe Ruths and Lou Gehrigs in the making. A few have had experience in the bush leagues. The Lieutenant also claims to have the only spit-ball pitcher on the Force, and that when he starts throwing the pill the opposing teams will think it's raining. Any teams not afraid of taking a licking should get in touch with the Lieutenant. S'long.



PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on
Monday - - - 7.30 P. M.
Tuesday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Wednesday - - - 7.30 P. M.
Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.
Friday - - - 10.30 A. M.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on
Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.
Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.
Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on
Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.
Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.
Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

QUESTIONS FOR APRIL ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. How may the prosecution or defense impeach the credibility of his opponent's witness?
2. What are the general duties of a member of the Force assigned to patrol in a Department automobile which is equipped with radio?
3. How does the Immigration Law distinguish between—
A. An alien and an immigrant?
B. Quota and non-quota entry?

4. An important factor in a program for street safety is a comprehensive analysis and study of fatal accidents according to various age groups.
Discuss the trend of accidents according to age groups for the year 1931 and state the principal causes to which it may be ascribed.
5. The Rules and Regulations require that in certain instances when prisoners are arrested for specific offenses desk officers are required to make notifications by telephone.
Mention ten such instances with the reason for the rule requiring such notification.
6. What action, if any, should be taken in each of the following situations? Explain your conclusions.
A. "X" complains to a desk officer that "Y", a jealous suitor, has threatened to buy a gun and shoot him.
B. An insane person, alleged to have escaped from an asylum in New Jersey, is brought before the desk officer in a precinct station-house.
7. As a Sergeant on patrol what instructions would you give a patrolman in the following cases?
A. A citizen of Connecticut is found operating his automobile in this City, displaying Connecticut registration plates of the year 1931.
B. A licensed chauffeur is found teaching a boy of 17 years who has no learner's permit, to operate an automobile.
8. A. Briefly describe instances wherein it is mandatory upon the prosecutor to prove two crimes in order to procure a conviction for one.
B. Under what circumstances is this procedure permissible though not mandatory?
C. What is the general rule of evidence applicable to A and B, and of what general rule of evidence is "B" an exception?

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

MONUMENT TO INSPECTOR STAPLETON

A MONUMENT to the memory of the late Inspector John J. Stapleton, former Chief of Staff of the New York City Police Department, was dedicated on April 3rd at St. Mary's Cemetery, Rosebank, Staten Island. Rosebank was the late Inspector Stapleton's home for nine years.

The Rev. Father Joseph McCaffrey, Police Department Chaplain, blessed the monument, and among the speakers was the Rev. Father F. T. Hanretty, of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Rosebank. Assistant



Police Commissioner, who was unable to be present, and among the other police officials who attended the ceremony were Inspectors John L. Gallagher, of Queens, Henry E. Bruckman, of The Bronx, Charles Stillson and Joseph Donovan and Deputy Inspectors George F. Bishop, of Brooklyn, and John Griffith, of Manhattan.

Among the Staten Island police officials present were Inspector Ernest L. Van Wagner, Inspector Edward M. Shelvey, and Deputy Inspectors George F. Ferre

Chief Inspector John J. Sullivan represented the and James F. McGrath.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. The prosecution or the defendant may impeach the credibility of the opponent's witness by any or all of the following:
 - a. By interrogating the witness on cross-examination concerning any immoral, vicious or criminal act of his entire life which may affect his character and tend to show that he is unworthy of belief.
 - b. By showing that he has been convicted of a crime.
 - c. By showing his general bad reputation with respect to truth and veracity.
 - d. By showing that he has made statements previously which are not consistent with his testimony.
 - e. By showing hostility toward the party against whom he is testifying, or a peculiar interest in the case, or bias in favor of the party calling him.
 - f. By showing that he was under the influence of drugs or intoxicants, or mentally deranged, at the time of the occurrence or at the time of testifying.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. The crew of a radio equipped automobile consists of a patrolman assigned as operator of the car and a patrolman assigned to record alarms and messages received by radio. Each patrolman must perform specific duties and both must cooperate in the care and condition of the auto and radio equipment so as to render efficient service. They shall become familiar with code signals Nos. 30, 31 and 32.
Operator:—The operator of an automobile is responsible for the serviceable condition of the auto; that it is properly oiled, greased, tires properly inflated, water in radiator, gasoline in tank, tools in box; and a record thereof placed in holder, patrol in sector to which assigned; promptly respond to location directed and investigate reported crime, suspicious persons in automobiles, or suspicious situations; arrest criminal perpetrators; preserve evidence, detain material witnesses and take other necessary police action pending arrival of detectives. The automobile is not to be left unattended except in an emergency.

- a. The patrolman assigned to receive radio messages and alarms must record them in ink or indelible pencil and note action taken; be alert to receive alarms and test signals. If no message or test signal is received in any half hour period, he must immediately notify the radio dispatcher by telephone. Also notify dispatcher by telephone in the following cases:
 - On completion of duty as directed by broadcast;
 - To answer a call for his car, or
 - On completion of repairs to radio equipment and car in service.
- b. Each message will be entered verbatim, followed by its authority and time and location of receipt.
- c. The radio receiver must be placed in operation according to instructions for its operation.

Detectives:—The crew of radio equipped autos assigned to detectives consists of at least three detectives and an operator. The senior detective is in charge with same duties and responsibilities as members of uniformed force. The crew of a cruiser automobile assigned to detectives responds to emergency calls in the same manner. They are not limited by boundary lines of sector, precinct, division or detective district, when they receive a call indicating an emergency within a radius of five blocks of where their car is located at time message is received.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

3. A. An alien is an unnaturalized person; born in a foreign country of foreign parents, or a person who resides in this country with allegiance to another country.
 An immigrant is an alien lawfully admitted into the United States, except government officials, temporary visitors, aliens in transit, alien seamen, treaty aliens.
- B. For the purpose of entry into the United States immigrants are divided into two classes—quota and non-quota.
 Quota means the allotted number permitted to enter the United States from foreign countries. The President of the United States annually issues his proclamation as to quota for each nation. The Department of Labor, Department of State and the Census Bureau cooperate in determining the number of immigrants to be admitted. In this quota class, a preference is given to fathers, mothers and husbands of citizens married after May 31, 1928, and to persons skilled in agriculture, with their wives and children under 18 years of age.
 Non-quota means that there is no limit in quota relative to immigrants from certain countries such as Canada, Mexico, South America and Central America. In the non-quota class are included: unmarried children under 21 years of citizens; wives of citizens; professors; ministers; students who are at least 15 years of age; and the professional class. They require non-quota visas.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. The Safety Bureau of the Police Department compiles statistics and prepares charts of fatal accidents according to various age groups.
 From these statistics fatalities to children six years and under have a much higher ratio than older children. There were 78 children of five and six years of age killed during 1931 in this City. From the age of seven upward there is a gradual reduction in fatalities as the age increases, until a low for all age groups is reached in the group of fifteen and sixteen years. In this age group there were 12 fatalities during the year 1931.
 From seventeen upward the number of fatalities increase as the age increases; the peak is reached in the group of 51 to 60 years of age. This latter age group had a total of 186 fatalities for the year 1931.
 The trend upward in fatalities to persons of 51 years of age and over is so marked that it may be worth while noting that of the 1,221 persons killed in this City in the past year 412 or about 33% were 51 years of age or over.

CAUSES FOR TREND

Children of pre-school age are usually playing on the sidewalk or in the street a good part of the day; most of the time without continued parental supervision. They are of the age when the inhibition of street safety cannot be realized as it should and in many instances there is a lack of teaching habits of street safety and the

dangers of motor vehicles at crossings and between intersections on the part of parents.

In school, children receive safety education and start to realize the dangers of playing games in the roadways, running into roadway from the sidewalk and crossing against traffic lights or crossing between intersections.

Likewise their protection is aided enroute to and from the school at crossings by the assignment of police officers and safety patrols. The age groups from 17 years upwards are mainly going to work. They are on the street and highways at a time when traffic congestion is at its peak. There is the hurry to work and the hurry home; impatience; lack of personal responsibility; carelessness; disregard of traffic regulations for their safety; crossing in the middle of the block, crossing against lights, coming from behind parked vehicles; which account for such fatalities.

Then there is the tendency of the automobile operator failing to exercise personal responsibility; his discourtesy towards the pedestrian; his wilful disregard of traffic regulations and the lack of knowledge of the capabilities of the stopping distance of his automobile in ratio to the speed at which he is travelling; as well as defective brakes and mechanism; which increase the death hazard to the pedestrian.

This discourtesy and lack of personal responsibility upon the part of the automobile operator is strongly indicated in the total of 412 fatalities to persons of 51 years of age and over.

The education of the public and education of the driver; the realization by all that the exercise of personal responsibility and obedience to traffic regulations are necessary, would appear to be a panacea for a reduction of fatalities to a minimum.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. The rules and regulations provide that a desk officer will promptly transmit by telephone to the Telegraph Bureau reports of certain arrest cases where notifications of other departments, officials, bureaus and persons are necessary, except notifications within the precinct.

The Telegraph Bureau will promptly transmit the information to those for whom intended.

Arrest cases requiring such notifications and the reasons therefor are:

- (a) Alien subject to deportation: Information—The name and address of prisoner; charge; nationality; date and port of arrival; name of ship; date, time and place of court examination. Reason: That the Criminal Alien Investigation Bureau be advised so that a member of such bureau will appear at the arraignment to question the prisoner, investigate his status as an alien and prepare a report to be forwarded through official channels to the Bureau of Immigration with a view to having a deportation warrant issued by the Secretary of Labor.
- (b) Anarchist: Information—The name, address and pedigree of prisoner; charge; specific offense; location. Reason: That the Bomb Squad receives information of all such persons; that check of their wanted files be made to determine if wanted for other like offenses; that an expert from the squad will inspect bombs or explosives seized in connection with the arrest.
- (c) Child under 16 years: Information—Name, address, pedigree; charge and circumstances of arrest. Reason: That parent or guardian be notified and obtain release of child if charge is Juvenile Delinquency. Also that the Children's Society be notified so that representatives be in attendance at Children's Court to see that case is properly entered on Court Returns for information of the Court and for proper investigation.
- (d) Employee of City Department: Information—Pedigree and badge number of prisoner; charge and circumstances of case. Reason: For information and action of the officials of the Department to which employee is attached.
- (e) Insane Person: Information—Age and sex. Reason: That designated hospital be notified to dispatch ambulance and nurse for conveyance of patient thereto for detention and observation.
- (f) Member of the Force: Information—Name, address, rank, shield number, command to which attached and charge. Reason: That the Trial Deputy Commissioner may order his suspension and cause investigation with a view to disciplinary charges; that his commanding officer and division inspector be notified.
- (g) Operator of Motor Vehicle: Information—Name and address of prisoner; charge; license number of driver, if known, and registration number of vehicle. Reason: That Bureau of Information verify statements of prisoner for desk officer; determine if driver is licensed; if a summons should be issued in lieu of arrest; if vehicle is registered or stolen.
- (h) Mail Driver: Information—Name and badge number of prisoner; charge and circumstances. Reason: That Post Office officials be notified; driver replaced, if necessary; investigation made.
- (i) Person on Certificate of Warrant: Information—Pedigree of prisoner; charge; name of officer holding the warrant; court where returnable. Reason: That the Warrant Squad notify officer concerned of the execution to appear at court and make return of the warrant.
- (j) Cases where New York Edison or Consolidated Gas Companies are concerned: Information—Nature of charge; name of prisoner; circumstances of the case. Reason: That such companies be notified so a representative may be in court as complainant, if necessary; and provide evidence in connection with meters, wires, conduits, etc.
- (k) Soldier, sailor or marine: Information—Name and address, rank and military number of prisoner; charge; command to which attached. Reason: So that Army officials at Governors Island, if a soldier, or Navy officials at Brooklyn Navy Yard, if a sailor or marine, be notified and have an officer at court to take charge of the prisoner upon discharge, or if a deserter to take him direct from the station-house for detention pending court martial.
- (l) Person for Counterfeiting: Information—Pedigree of prisoner; circumstances of case. Reason: That the Bureau of Secret Service be notified to assist in the preparation of evidence and prosecution.

- (m) For False Weights or Measures: Information—Pedigree of prisoner; nature of the offense.
Reason: That the Chief Inspector report to the Bureau of Weights and Measures so that an Inspector of such Bureau will test scales or measures seized and give expert testimony; that further tests be made of scales and measures used or possessed by the offender.
- (n) Homicide or Crimes of Violence: Information—Name of prisoner; circumstances of case.
Reason: (1) So that notification will be transmitted to the Police Commissioner's office, the Chief Inspector, the Assistant Chief Inspector and the units of the Detective Division, including the Borough Homicide Squad, the Fingerprint and Photograph Bureaus, the District Detective and Uniform Force Commanders, the Bureau of Ballistics, if necessary, and the precinct; in order that the functions of the Department will be coordinated; (2) So that notification will be transmitted to the Medical Examiner who is required by law to make an investigation, and whose permission is necessary before the body can be removed and who is required by law to perform an autopsy; (3) So that notification will be transmitted to the District Attorney to the end that an Assistant is assigned to make an investigation, interrogate witnesses and prisoners.
- (o) For violation of the Multiple Dwelling Law: Information—Name of prisoner; charge; location of the multiple dwelling; name of owner, if known.
Reason: That the Tenement House Department be notified so that a certificate from such Department to the effect that the premises is a multiple dwelling will be presented as evidence in the court, and that steps may be taken to impose the special penalties provided by law against the owner of such premises on recurrent violations.
It should be noted that procedure in certain cases now is under the Vagrancy Law.
- (p) Arrest on Alarm: Information—Number of the alarm; series; name, shield number and command of officer.
Reason: That the Telegraph Bureau of Manhattan be notified so that the alarm will be cancelled; record made of the results; that all commands be notified.
- (q) Maintenance of a Gambling House in Manhattan: Information—Name and address of prisoner; circumstances of case; location and type of building.
Reason: That the District Attorney be notified so that an Assistant District Attorney will be assigned to assist in the preparation of the complaint and evidence and in the prosecution of the case.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. A. Obtain the name and address of complainant; name and address of person who made the threats; circumstances of the case; enter facts on complaint file; refer to detectives for investigation; refer complainant to court with his witnesses for purpose of procuring a warrant for arrest of the accused. Further advise the complainant that the officer on post would give the complainant special attention to prevent the threat being carried out. Make notation in the complaint book that officers on the post be properly instructed.
Reasons: The Code of Criminal Procedure provides that: Where complaint of a threatened crime is made under oath before a magistrate and subscribed to, the magistrate if satisfied must issue a warrant for the arrest of the person complained of and after an investigation either discharge the defendant or require him to post a bond in not over \$1,000 to keep the peace generally and especially in regard to the complainant. If the bond is not posted with one or more sureties the defendant must be committed to await the order of the next term of the county court, specifying in the mittimus the cause, the security required and the failure of the defendant to post same. The county court or Court of General Sessions upon a hearing of the case may discharge the defendant or continue the bond for not over one year.
- B. Obtain name, address and pedigree of patient; how long in city, name of institution; its location and state from which he escaped. See that proper records are made of the case; summon ambulance with nurse for removal of patient to designated hospital, and notify Department of Mental Hygiene (Cortland 7-9800—80 Centre Street, N. Y. C.) of non-resident's status for removal proceedings to his native State.
Reasons: The regulations provide the above procedure for the care of insane persons. The Mental Hygiene Law provides that a person who has not been a resident of this State for over one year who becomes a public charge shall be deported to the state, city or place of legal residence. The Department of Mental Hygiene makes the necessary investigation to sustain the deportation proceedings in accordance with interstate reciprocity.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. Would instruct the officer as follows:
A. Have the offender identify himself by production of driver's license and certificate of registration. If in doubt as to identity bring offender to the station-house for further investigation, and verification. Serve summons for violation of Vehicle and Traffic Law. Direct offender not to operate the automobile until he procured proper license plates. Further advise him that the automobile if abandoned would constitute an encumbrance on the street and be subject to seizure as such by the Department of Sanitation, but that he could store the vehicle in a garage until he procured plates or have it towed back to Connecticut.
Reasons: The Vehicle and Traffic Law provides that no motor vehicle shall be operated on the public highways of this State without first being registered in accordance with the Vehicle and Traffic Law, but such provision shall not apply to a motor vehicle owned by a non-resident of this State provided such vehicle is registered in accordance with the laws of his native state or country, and shall display registration plates. However, such exemption shall be operative only to the extent that like privileges are granted citizens of this State by such non-residents' native state or country. The Motor Vehicle Commissioner advises that the laws of Connecticut require residents of that State display new plates for the ensuing year on January 1st.

The Inferior Courts Act directs the service of summons in lieu of arrest for violations of the Vehicle and Traffic Law. The Manual of Procedure outlines the routine to be followed in the identification of offenders and the service and report on summonses.

Section 152, Chapter 23, Code of Ordinances designates what will constitute an encumbrance. As the offender can not be permitted to continue the violation, the only alternative is storage or towing until registration is procured.

- B. Serve summons on both the chauffeur and the learner if both are properly identified for violation of the Vehicle and Traffic Law. Direct the chauffeur to discontinue the violation. Advise them of the legal requirements in learning to operate an automobile. Make proper record and report of the service of the summonses.

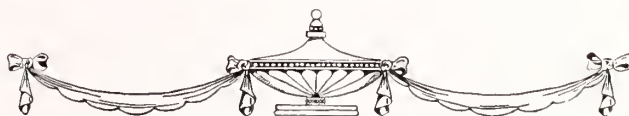
Reasons: The Vehicle and Traffic Law provides that only a licensed chauffeur or operator may operate a motor vehicle, except a person who has made application for a license may obtain a learner's permit which authorizes him to operate for 90 days if accompanied by a licensed driver. That no licensed driver shall give instructions to any person who does not hold a learner's permit.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8

- (a) In a prosecution for receiving stolen goods the larceny of the goods and the unlawful receiving by the accused must be established. In a prosecution for homicide while committing a felony, the commission of the independent felony and the homicide must be established. In the prosecution for compounding a crime, the commission of the crime compounded and its compounding by the accused must be established. In a prosecution for manslaughter by illegal abortion, the abortion and the homicide must be established. In a prosecution of an accessory the principal felony must be established, and, also, that the defendant, knowing its commission, or having reasonable grounds for believing its commission, harbored, aided or concealed the offender. When a person is charged with a crime as principal, the fact that a crime has been committed must be established and that the principal aided, abetted or directly or indirectly counselled, commanded, induced or procured the principal criminal to commit the crime.
- (b) In the prosecution of a crime evidence of other crimes is admissible when necessary to establish motive, intent and knowledge, identity, absence of mistake or a common scheme or plan, also, where the defendant offers evidence of good character the prosecution may offer evidence of conviction for other crime. When an habitual criminal is being prosecuted for crime, the fact of his designation as such may be stated in the indictment and offered in evidence against him.
- (c) The general rule is that evidence adduced in the trial of a case must be competent, relevant and material to the issue. Subdivision "B" is an exception to the rule of evidence—that evidence tending to prove a defendant guilty of any crime not alleged in the indictment is inadmissible for any purpose.

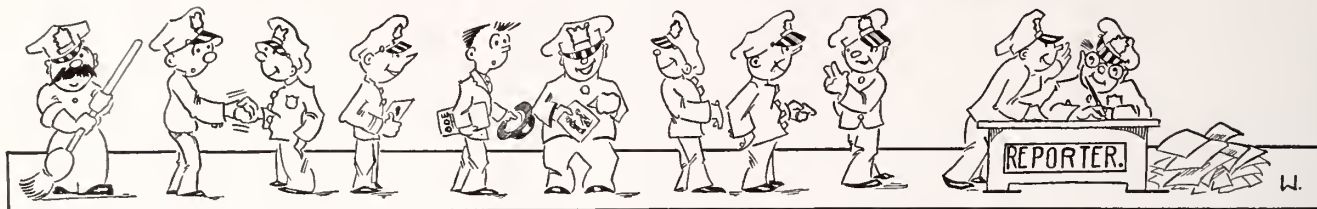
In Memoriam

Ptl. William D. Benisch	19th Div.	Mar. 16, 1932
Sgt. Mark F. Horrigan		
	Boro. Hdqrs., Man.	Mar. 27, 1932
Lt. Bernard J. McQuade	1st Div.	Mar. 28, 1932
Ptl. John Collins	18th Div.	Mar. 28, 1932
Ptl. John J. Kelly	18th Div.	Mar. 28, 1932
Ptl. Andrew Murphy	44th Pct.	Apr. 3, 1932
Ptl. John P. Stafford	3d Pct.	Apr. 9, 1932
Ptl. Eugene F. Moran	28th Pct.	Apr. 13, 1932
Ptl. Patrick F. O'Connor		
	Mey. Squad 2	Apr. 15, 1932
Ptl. James A. Morrissey	Tra. Pet. F.	Apr. 15, 1932
Ptl. Joseph A. Kelly	18th Div.	Apr. 17, 1932
Lt. John T. Smith	9th Pct.	Apr. 19, 1932



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. John Stafford
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

Sickness has been prevalent in the 9th Precinct. Our Captain, John Hammil, who went under a serious operation, is now recuperating at his home. We all wish for his speedy recovery and return to duty. Lieutenant Simon Breen, of the 5th Precinct, has been pinch hitting. Next we have Lieutenant John Smith, followed by Clerical Patrolman John Finnigan; both have recovered and are back at work. Sergeant Tindall reported sick, saying he had a "Charley Horse." The truth, however, is he required two days to soften up the paint brushes to get them in shape for work this spring. O. K. Ossining.

Patrolmen Isaac Brier and Irving Geis, 9th Precinct, while on patrol in a radio car frustrated a holdup at 2 A. M., March 21, and after an exchange of shots captured both holdup men. They had long police records. Nice work.

Lieutenant Joseph Goldstein, of the 9th Precinct, is so engrossed in preparing for the Captain's examination that he omits his daily phone call to Milt.

Patrolman Victor Hertz, with the recovery of his eyesight, has turned from handball to golf, and 16 holes means nothing to him.

Patrolman Ferdie Petrick has been getting a bad break from the "106" man in this precinct, especially the one in the 6th squad. He seems to be doing a lot of stairs climbing; they always have him counting the chippies in Tompkins Square Park.

We are going to put the 5th Precinct on the map from now on. Bing Merle, who sang over the N. B. C. air waves for the 1st Avenue Boys, was offered a contract with the LIMBURGER CHEESE HOUR.

Admiral Louis Friedman, who was last seen going up Broadway in his seagoing town car, has offered it to the 3d Squad boys for fishing purposes. The admiral brought his own pinochle deck along on the last trip. We're not saying anything, but hereafter we will buy our own cards.

Patrolman Bill Stout, who is a direct descendant of "Sitting Bull," wants to spot each man three fish on account of his experience with the Indian fisherman in the Bronx.

Jake Balkin, who is the official Bugler of the Police Band, has decided to leave his bugle home because he can make as much noise without it.

3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

"Happy Jack" Grundman, the famous spreader of Sunshine, Good Cheer and Happiness, seems to be very surly the past few days. Come on, Jack, step out of it, and give us that "Great Big Smile."

Sam Price, 14th Precinct, was found missing from post for the first time in 42 years the other day. Inspector Walsh and Captain O'Sullivan sent out the international detective, Joe Dougherty, to try and find him. The sleuth found Sam at home; he had been injured by a taxi, and is now laid up for

repairs. We're all pulling for you, Sam, and waiting for the old cry of "next chair."

PHONIES: Mike Coleman and Tom Croak squawking about being gypped out of a nickel in the domino tournament with Tom Sheehy and Jerry Clifford.

John J. Lynch, Jr., 18th Precinct, is now a member of the "Blue Club," having recently become an in-growth of Queens County. He's a regular attendant at the meetings. What's the reason?

Patrolman Joe Morrissey, of this office, made one of the best arrests of the past few months when he recently caught one of the holdup men who shot Detective Martin, of the 10th Squad.

John Gallagher, of the 10th Precinct, is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. This makes No. 2.

Eugene Leonard uses the telephone daily, and his conversation goes something like this: "If I don't call you at 5 P. M., don't feel bad about it." Gene is known as a woman-hater. Ha! ha!

Love is a wonderful thing, if you can deduce anything from the actions of Pete Conway. It is generally understood that he will acquire "one" very soon. Before you do, Pete, ask somebody who knows.

George Rose says that the only thing that's keeping him a bachelor is that he is afraid he will be either talked to death, beaten to death, loved to death or worked to death. Come on, George, don't be a coward; take a chance.

Conversation overheard one evening. He: "May I go to the movies, dear?" She: "Not unless I go along, big boy." (Mr. and Mrs. John Zahn went to the movies together.)

Charles Kuhn, the jack of all trades, says that glasses make him dizzy. What kind, Charles?

A former patrolman of this precinct, now a sergeant in the 1st Precinct, visited these parts recently in answer to a call from John ("Felony Jack") Kelly. (How he can take it.) It seems that there are several rope manufacturing concerns located in the 1st Precinct, and Kelly, expecting the new sergeants' list any moment, wants to get a wholesale price on some rope and thereby give the boys a cut rate and still make a few potatoes for the kiddies. Nice fellow, this Kelly.

All men whose names do not appear on the list are expected to use one of the five "R's" as a way out of their misery, to wit: Rope, Razor, Revolver, River or Roof.

"Rosebush" Jim Galligan, of the 20th Precinct, is back working again. The boys wonder whether he can take it.

4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennis

LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

Patrolman John Finn, of the 17th Precinct, went and did it. He has gone to Virginia. Lots of luck to John and Virginia.

6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

All members of the 23d Precinct are glad to see Lieutenant Michael Raftery back on the job so soon

after his recent operation, and hope to see him continue in good health.

Since the 23d Precinct did away with their "summons man" the peddlers have stopped singing "RIVERS, Stay 'Way from My Door."

The following is reprinted from the Evening Journal of March 25, 1932:

"ANOTHER POLICE HERO IN HARLEM"

"Officers who battle bandits are not the only heroes in the Police Department. There are also brave bluecoats who save lives at fires. Patrolman John Crenmins is one of these.

"The Harlem Patrolman rushed into a tenement at 166 East 109th Street, sounding the alarm of fire, thus enabling the tenants to escape to the street. He continued upstairs until he came to a blazing kitchen, from which he dragged an aged woman, enveloped in flames. When the doctor arrived he pronounced her dead. But the officer had done the best he could."

Patrolman John Crenmins of Harlem measures up to the best traditions of the Police Department.

Patrolman Fred Popke has put on the double harness. Now we know why he has been sighing so much lately, with that faraway look in his eyes. And it isn't every one who can have a real princess as the bride's maid of honor, such as Fred's bride had.

Patrolman Pasquale Amorosa was recently visiting the home of Patrolman "Bill" Delaney, and upon observing some Shamrocks in a glass of water wanted to know if that was the way they shipped them from Ireland. NO, Pasquale is not Irish.

The other morning, Patrolman Herbert Stubenvoll, alias the man of mystery, disturbed Good Big Bill Kelly at 5 A. M. in the morning, and asked him what time it was and what tour he (Herbert) was doing, as he had suffered a lapse of memory. Poor Putty, living right up to his reputation.

We must introduce to you Patrolman Jake Scheps, of the 25th Precinct, who appeared on the floor of the station house recently direct from the School of Recruits with three stripes on his sleeve. You're not losing any time, Jake. You ought to take the next Lieutenant's exam and skip the Sergeant's.

Patrolman John McCormack climbed through a transom and captured a dandy burglar, but after he had him in the store he couldn't get out again. But for the arrival of Sergeant McKee, who was out on patrol and summoned Emergency Squad 6, the officer and his prisoner might have been there yet.

Oh, yes! A good word must be said about our Hack Department, ably supervised by Patrolmen Hanley and Hurley, the Hack Inspectors. Ike and Mike they look alike. Boy, don't those cabs shine after they get through with their inspection.

Patrolman Dominick Paolo recently had a D. O. A. case. The original card showed no other information than gas poisoning. But when Lieutenant Mensching asked him to put some information on the card he returned with Washington's Farewell Address, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, The Declaration of Independence and the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere. Now we all know what happened. That's the way to do things, Dominick.

Sergeant Abe Braverman is at last deep in the Threes. He's expected to go overboard almost any day now, and his blood pressure has mounted steadily ever since the day a certain dark-eyed exquisite bit of femininity came into his colorless young life. Happy landings, Abe, you're a Braver-man than we had given you credit for.

Well, our assistant manager of the baseball team of the 25th Precinct reports that the team is ready for engagements. The following are only a few of the prospects: Sergeant Abe Braverman, Patrolmen Felton, Talbot, Tauber, Benz (What a Man), Doyle,

Callan, Connelly, Marszewski, Lehner, Rathen, Bausbaucher, Janis, Janovsky and a few others. THEY ARE WAITING FOR THE 6TH DISTRICT DETECTIVES TO GET READY.

Detective Donato Cavone cleaned out his locker recently and twenty-two pairs of rubbers were found therein. Eleven squeals were immediately cancelled and now every member of the squad has dry feet.

Detectives Bill Smith and Michael Minitier, of the 25th Squad, have decided to reduce their tummies. When last seen they were running around Mt. Morris Park in overalls. What's the idea?

Captain Brady recently stated that he was highly elated by the remarkable and heroic acts of duty performed by his men of the 32d Precinct since January 1.

Among the notable cases which not only caused Captain Brady's jubilation but attracted city-wide attention were the following:

Patrolman J. A. Johnson, with his heroic rescue of an aged man from a blazing apartment house, winning for himself the News Award.

Patrolman Booker, who shot it out with two holdup men and captured one.

Patrolman Colaio, who captured a holdup man in the act.

Patrolmen Sanford Johnson and E. Redmond performing a feat similar to that of Patrolman Booker.

Patrolmen Barts, King and Buckner bringing in either a gunman or burglar—weekly.

"Sure-Shot" Beverly, who brought down a bandit fleeing from a holdup, and firing at every cop he met.

There are two boys who would like to be among the heroes. They are Funny Silverlurt (the only cop who ever succeeded in making Lieutenant Peters laugh) and Terrible McFadden, the Barbadoes demon.

Handsome Richardson and Vamping-eyed Langan wish to congratulate J. B. Smith on the occasion of his promotion to police wagon chauffeur.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
43d Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

The 40th Precinct has organized a baseball team and will play any team in Manhattan, Bronx or over the river, on or off the home grounds. Let's hear from you. For dates, address Sergeant Cornelius Miller, 40th Precinct.

Also, our two handball artists, Patrolmen Dillon and Sullivan, want to play any team, doubles or singles.

The fishermen (Lieutenant Jahelka, Patrolmen Pop Yost, Tex O'Rourke, Dutch Schaefer and Seckman) are getting their lines and hooks in shape.

Was Lieutenant Jahelka gloomy on April 5th? He was to go to Peconic Bay for flounders, but business detained him, and the gang said they caught 1,000 flounders between them. Sounds like a fish story.

Old Boy Smithy had his eyes open the other night, and with a little assistance bagged five holdup men in Harry Isaac's clothing store. Good work, Smithy.

The reason why Patrolmen Blackburne, Schaefer and T. Connolly are so chesty lately is that they are the proud fathers of bouncing babies.

Patrolman John McDonnell has been recently assigned to the day squad. He is already preparing for the next sergeant's examination, and claims, with his nights to himself, he will show the boys something.

Our clerical patrolman, Charlie Nickes, has returned from sick report, thus relieving Herbert Seifert, much to Herbie's delight. Charlie's first thought was the flag on the station house roof.

Due to his extensive advertising campaign, Sergeant George Burpeau has received an offer to cart

bananas in his "crate." GEORGE, IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE!

The only difference in the two Conways of the 41st is, one is young and the other good-looking.

Syl. Connaughton was asked: "What's the difference between detectives and milk?" Syl. cleverly replied, "None; they both have Grades A, B and Loose," modestly placing himself in the latter class.

For exercise the gang goes out with Bill Daly.

The trouble with Vince Day is that he is always out at night.

Speaking of wearing apparel. Ask Joe Derby?

Jim Devitt says he is no part of a boat.

His birthstone does not represent Ed Diamond's name.

Speaking of autos. Bill Ford is no flivver.

The gang all say Jim Goodfellow lives up to his name. But do the cellar door dancers on his post say so?

We have plenty of color up here with Joe Green, and part of our equipment is John Gunn.

8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Mayer

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

Futty Savan Tukkin:

Skendel Comancas—Ptl. Bob. Cashel vot iss de es-sistent Keptan, ulso hes it choge frum de anamplou-mant. he hes it 2 yassmen Ptl. Lower Chif. yassen hoo hes de frunt frum hees yoonifum vore oud frum shakink yes. to avery tink dot Cashel tuks, de oder fallar. Ptl. Stuart iss chif. ven Lower is not arond. Vell de odder day a poorish fallar cums to de S. H. he shud gat a sut frum close, he trys de sut onn an tuks. diss iss warry nice, bat vare iss de odder pare frum pents vot gos vit dis sut, avery sut hes it 2 pare frum pents, an hime eskink yu? Bob tuks vadyemin, ef you iss not setisfide leef de sut an gatout. de poor-ish fallar tuks. hall rite bat yu shud no dot hime mankink combtant to do Mayer, goomby.

Skendel No. 2—Musolenee, de boss frum de Eye-talions, hes gotit hees voik in dis pct. lissen, Ptl. Robertazzi. Lardino. Casson, Del Guardio. Antig-nani. ooh vat a bed bonch. dey iss gattink so dat dey salute by stikink der rite hend opp warry hi. Sgt. Connelly comes in de S. H. hoxsited, an tuks dem fal-lars dey iss tryink to hit me.

Skendel No. 3—Fine joosh fallars Sgt. Morris, Ptl. Prince. Scoff. Weissman. dey ulso cless de keptan es von of dem. becuz lest Mont. de Kept. gifs ordars dot all joosh cops shud go to de services in de Tam-ple. dey shud pray for cops vot dide, lest year. ulso to gat some religion. dey shud be gud cops, vell not only did dey gatit. bat a gud bebtizink in de barg-an. Kept. Burke sed dot hees gotit a invetashun dot he shud go. bat no von seen heem dere, bat I tink hees dere, de next veek he iss goink to de comu-nion brakfest. diss iss a smot fallar, plays safe, ef he dunt go to heaven vit von bonch, hees gotit to go vit de odders.

Spashul Nooz—Lt. Enright hes a nu pare frum pents. de old vons. hev bin given to a certan rastur-ant in dis Pct. dey shud mak frum id clem chowder.

Good Nooz—Ptl. Hick iss now a poppa. 8 pounds of girl. Mama en baby fine tenk yu, id sed ven id vas born "Hey Rube."

Ptl. Hade ulso iss de pops. vot kind we dont no, all de fallars arond Booth 17. iss vachink for de Mama so dey cen find out.

Ptl. Obrien iss still scriblink. Ptl. Brennan an Thomsen Hackink. Ptl. Flanagan iss still svobink de floor. Ptl. Robinson warry fat fallar still sockink opp avary mont.

S'lunk.

9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crassen

John (Knows-'Em-All) Kearney is a 15-day D. A. detective now, and can be seen in disguise all around

Greenridge on the trail of the Lonesome Pine and swamp. The boys wish you luck, Jack, and hope you stop the swamp murders. Who's next?

Carl Essig, the official spy of Booth 8, handed a broom to James (Pretty) Smythe to put out a brush fire. Jimmy, the Adonis of the 123d Precinct, said: "I ain't no volunteer fireman and I don't want to do a fireman out of his job." Essig said: "I am your superior by a couple of years; see the ribbon?" But Smythe stood pat and the fire burned on.

Patrick (Banker) Noonan can be seen bailing out the cellar of the precinct to keep the boiler fire from becoming flooded. He has enlisted Mike Cotter, Tim Hartnett, Godfrey Jensen and Pete Finan in his bucket brigade. If they keep up the good work and don't lay down on the job the good old 123d ship won't sink, and the home fires will burn on. "Man the buckets, men!"...Pop Manley wants to join Paddy as soon as his arm is mended.

Ernest (Wrinkles) Feist, Robert (Buck) Winters, Edward (Apple-Knocker) Moran, George (Baby-face) Wall, Herbert (Booty) White and Charles W. (Chick) Holbert all have their sleeves worn out and shiny, and want to drive flivvers instead of being cooped up in a booth these nice days.

Alphonse (Chappy) Ballweg and Harry (Beau Brummel) Butler, the sheiks of the 123d Precinct, have captured Margie, the belle of Main Street, Tot-tenville, from Red Weir. They can be seen maneu-ering for the privilege of escorting her to the station at night.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Lang
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
68th Pct., Ptl. Frances G. Regan

Now the secret is out why Lieutenant Charlie Walsh doesn't care to meet any of the men he worked with as a cop. Even though he is now a lieutenant, they still maintain they have the right to call him "Eaglebeak."

There is a cop we heard of (Andy Dooley—so sweet he's known as Buddy) who bought one of Barney Google's puddle jumpers, 1928 model, a Chevrolet. He threw the horn away, it being noisy enough, he said. He has the nerve to mix with Lincoln and Packard owners and talk of "us auto proprietors." During Easter week he thought his wreck would run on a feed of hot cross buns.

GEORGE O. DIFFIN, pinch-hitting for the 66th Precinct

Shades of the immortal St. Patrick and Oy, Oy, Oy, times have changed. Sergeant Gerstenfeld was as-signed to the St. Patrick's Day parade, while Ser-geant McManus remained in the precinct. Sergeant Gerstenfeld prayed in Jewish for rain, and his prayer was answered.

Patrolman John Mitchell was walking around the precinct practicing for something or other with a set of harness, and when Bill Lohman shouted WHOA! John came to a stop. When asked where the horse was, he stated: "The horse was tired and I am taking his place." (Note: Can't be done, John, your ears are too long.)

Joe Brown submits the following poem from ex-perience:

When you were young and joined the force
You walked like T
H
I
S;

But after twenty-five years, of course,
You walked along like T

H
I
S;

And when retired on half pay, my boy,
You sit around like T

H I
S.

So after a few more years of joy
They stretch you out like T-H-I-S.

It has been noted that SPRING 3100, as well as other magazines, holds limerick contests, so why should the 66th be out of style? Come on, fellows, submit your limericks and see them in print. If you can't write one of your own, submit the last line to this one:

"There is an attendant named Byrnes,
Who spends all the money he earns;
When asked, "Why not wed?"
'Tis this that he said:
....."

The last line must rhyme nicely with the first two lines.

The winner of the above last line will receive a handsome, leather bound gold edge book containing 1,000 recipes on how to keep away from the trial room.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Poul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. Charles Keenan

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

At last the men of the 76th Precinct know why Captain Dan O'Connor placed Sergeant Denny O'Sullivan in charge of the automobiles in the precinct. It's due to his experience as a conductor on a low-back car in old Killarney.

Patrolman Fehrenback and Sergeant O'Sullivan find it difficult to understand each other due to the fact that O'Sullivan speaks Gaelic and Fehrenback, Dutch.

Patrolman Tom O'Leary is master of two professions. Not only is he a great sportsman, having introduced the "vaseline ball" into the bowling game, but he is a noted singer as well. The boys love to hear him sing, "Far, Far Away."

Patrolman Mike (Bluenose) Kelly observed Patrolman Rosario Miceiancio buying some clothes line recently. Can this mean that the sergeants' list will be out soon?

Our three grocery clerks, Smith, Murray and O'Brien, can safely leave their food tickets around since Malafronte (Joe the Fireman) was assigned to the Radio Motor Patrol.

Detective John McGovern visits the boys' department for all his clothing except shoes and hat, which he gets from the Home Relief Bureau.

The boys of the 76th have to "get it up" for their coffee since Detective Charlie Lawrence stopped washing dishes for Jeff.

"Peeping Tom" McCormack, the nemesis of Henry Street nurses, has gained a record for himself. He now sports a liveried chauffeur in Pat O'Rourke.

Frederick Walker, our debonnair rookie, after a tour in front of a chicken market, discovered a pair of rabbits had changed to material for a fur collar.

Snatcher Daly is a paid-up member in the Blue Club of St. Albans.

Ralph De Martini, the Adonis of Butler Street, is back and just as handsome as ever. He's the envy of all the girls on Fulton Street.

"When a dog bites a man" that isn't news, but when Bob Richardson runs two blocks, that is news.

Larry Shannon sports a Hudson sedan, and on his day off can be seen riding through Prospect Park.

We regret that Officers McCarthy and Merringolo are on sick leave, and our sympathies also go out to Officer Scanlon, who recently underwent an operation. He is now on the road to recovery and will soon be back with us in the 72d Precinct.

With the approach of spring, the athletes of the 72d are anxious to form a ball team. Come on, all you "Babe" Ruths, bat slingers and fly catchers; get

in touch with Patrolman Mansell, who will turn your name in to the manager.

Ruddy Anderson is the original "Fifth Avenue Rose," with a thorn in each side, De Carlo and Kruse.

Patrolman Ryan had an increase in the family, and the boys are still talking about the swell time they had at the christening.

Anyone wishing some good cooking recipes should consult Patrolman Ross. His talent will come in very handy shortly as the wedding bells may ring any day now.

THE FINEST

Contributed by Patrolman William Mansell:

Up from the city street,
Down from the country road,
Like an army here to meet,
To enforce our legal code.
From God's every nation,
From life's every station:
Men of the sea,
Men of the land,
For you and for me,
Some eighteen grand,
This earth's kindest,
"New York's Finest."

The 74th Precinct extends best wishes to Lieutenant Siegenthaler in his new assignment.

Patrolman Wassung is anxiously awaiting an honorable mention for capturing a boy with a bean shooter and a handful of pebbles near the Mansion. For this excellent work he has been assigned to a steady post.

Since the installation of traffic lights in Prospect Park, Patrolman Francis Marron has ruined two overcoats, one pair of pants and a hat. He has also received the following injuries: laceration of the scalp, possible fracture of the right arm, wrenched right leg, and a severe case of lumbago. Those flivvers should be larger.

One of the famous (brooms) has been observed acting as a Japanese chauffeur around 15th Street and 9th Avenue in a new car. Wasn't the Durant good enough for the boss?

12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherich
69th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Hitz

PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keatin

EAVESDROPPING ON THE 63D DETECTIVES

WHAT THEY TALK ABOUT

Jack Taffe: "When I get out of this job I think I will start one of those revivals in a tent."

Frank Mullady: "Yeah, and I'll take up the collections."

Acting Lieutenant Suss: "I hope there is enough collected to buy some worms so I can go fishing on my vacation."

Frank Ashley: "What about that stadium proposition up in Connecticut?"

Dinny Sheehan: "I think we ought to get together on pay day and get that radio we have been talking about."

Acting Lieutenant Suss: "See if you can get one that will bring in Harbor Lights."

George Seelandt: "Well, when we get it, have it insured."

Bill Leahy: "Jack, where is that tent going to be, down at Nassau Shores?"

Matty Cross: "We have some new kittens down at the house."

Frank Ashley: "Are they full-blooded Angoras?"

Matty Cross: "No; I had these crossed with Mexican jumping beans."

Harry Hagan: "You know, I was down around Flatlands Avenue the other day, and I don't like the way Smith, the undertaker, keeps looking at me."

Jack Taffe: "Well, well, here's Louie Pfeiffer. How's business, Louie?" (Louie is a roofer.)

Louie Pfeiffer: "Well, I'll tell you; things are so bad I just repaired my own roof."

Frank Mullady: "What was the matter with it?"

Louie Pfeiffer: "Oh, it's been leaking for years."

George Seelandt: "Maybe that's where I got that rusty spot on my spats."

Bill Leahy: "I want to be in the front row when Ashley knocks that golf ball off that egg head."

Aeting Lieutenant Suss: "Well, if the head belongs to whom I think it does, I hope Ashley hits under the ball."

Jack Taffe: "I must go home and turn down the damper."

Dinny Sheehan: "I hope some one puts the damper on you."

13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

Heard and seen at Walter Howey's "Pahlur So-shell" held at Arry Offman's House of Labors: Johnnie Reuckert retrieving coins for a couple of baboons with whom he got tangled... Red Pepper Rocklein trying to ease his temper by providing seating space for vacuum bottoms... Harry McCormack releasing a "ham sankwich" from his noble gray dome... King Richard leading the ballet from the 73 boys after a couple of dips into the *aqua pura*... Oy-Oyie Richard, what fun!... Of course this being an "All the news that's fit to print" publication prevents the more intimate details, but Lieutenant Richard says it was a "whizbang"... Why not another?

Tony McConnell is on the road to recovery from his operation. The Bendix was successfully removed at St. Mary's Hospital.

Wirt-less Charlie has set the date for the christening, and he extends invitations to all. He says he has another president in the making.

Oh, yes! that McGivney guy; he's getting a specialized training course at the academy. Well, God knows he needs it. What we're interested in is, who gives the specializers their course? There's plenty of raw material here.

The forming of a Sym"PHONEY" orchestra at the 79th Precinct lists the following musicians: Lieutenant Sharkey, conductor of all left-handed numbers. (A special violin is being constructed by Sergeant MaeClary for left-handed violin players for this purpose.) Lieutenant Weeks, conductor of right-handed numbers; Sergeant Concannon, cello, assisted by Sergeant Stuckle; Patrolmen Mueller, Browne and Texer, first, second and third fiddles, respectively; John O'Kane, bugle (The Echo); Patrolman Stenzler, jews harp; Patrolman O'Brien (Morton Downey) will render Irish selections, while Patrolman Gibson calls out the square dances (hands around). Applications are in order. Those written in German may be filed with Patrolman Pflieger.

Spring is here. Patrolman Ed "MOM" Watts was seen airing his knickers and long woolen stockings.

Patrolman Lou, better known as ESSIG, the slimmest patrolman in the Department, has invested in an auto. He and his missus are going to burn up the roads this summer.

Sergeant Shanley, the dean of the sergeants, is getting ready to launch his 44-horsepower motor boat at the bay near Long Beach. What a time will be had by all of the boys.

Our Beau Brummel clerical man, Patsy, better known as Pasquale, the chicken chaser, has endowed himself with a new mamma, who can tell the telephone numbers better than anyone else. Catch on?

Having lost two good sergeants, namely, John Pow-

ers and Edward Donelan, we wish them the best of luck and sincerely hope that they return as lieutenants.

Patrolman Shannon, of the 81st Precinct, wants it known that his name is James J., and that he cannot help the fact that his nose came with him when he was born.

"One Shot Jimmy" Dempsey is waiting to go into the Detective Division for the good arrest he made last month. Good luck, Jim.

This is good news: Lieutenants Bownes, Trabert and Dolan are out on the green at Forest Park on their time off getting in shape for the coming golf season.

Patrolman Starkins is getting to be quite a driver since he took instructions from Moldenshardt. Right, Al?

Put the ropes in the trunk and throw the key away, Louis Mugler, the sergeants' list will be out any day, year or century now.

Members of the 81st Precinct deeply regret the loss of Patrolman James Cox. Rest in peace.

Members of the 81st Squad joined in a testimonial dinner to the Rev. James Saldana, of St. John's College, who celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary in the priesthood.

14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

90th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry V. von Hassel
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Patrolman John Salayka, 90th Precinct, who recently moved to Bayside, L. I., is high-hatting everybody now. He won't notice any of the farmers from Flushing. He comes to work all dressed up in a white collar and tie and gray spats. It's pretty hard to tell who this distinguished looking person is. Lots of luck in the new apartment, John.

Patrolman Dick Faber, the assistant chief operator of the radio ears, couldn't get any reception on his set, due to the set wavering.

Patrolmen Tarsney and Denton, IKE and MIKE, are about to take out a marriage license, as they are always seen together and never found at home.

The members of the 83d Precinct extend to Deputy Inspector John Reddan sincere condolences in his recent bereavement.

The unemployment bureau has been very lonesome for the past ten days since their pal, "AL," has been away with the "flu." They hope he'll return soon.

Congratulations to Phil Long and Bill Seery and their wives upon the new arrivals in their families; also good health.

Bill Murphy will soon join his son, Tom, in radio broadcasting, with his old song hit, "My Gal Sal," and we are sure Tom will have to take a back seat when Dad starts.

Well, when it comes to eating spare-ribs, pig's knuckles and sauerkraut, you can't beat Eddie Whalen, Tommy Mills and Big Peter Thornton. They had a contest recently at the famous Ridgewood restaurant, and the waiter almost collapsed.

15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

103d Pct., Ptl. George McDonald
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

The bowling team of the 103d Precinct is open for all comers within the 15th and 16th Divisions. Please communicate with Sergeant McDonald of the 103d Precinct.

Baseball teams wishing to play may also get in touch with this precinct.

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

After twenty-five years of service, our old side-partner and wonderful pal, Sergeant Anthony

Schlipf, of the 104th Precinct, passed under the wire a winner, and with the kind permission of the Police Commissioner passed out into civilian life, leaving behind him nothing but the best of feelings and receiving well wishes for a long and happy life of ease and contentment from all ranks of this precinct.

At Sangerbund Hall, on St. Patrick's night, the 104th Precinct Glee Club put on a quiet act. They are well known in the Evergreen section as the Graveyard Quartette—O'Brien, Artie Grebner, Wee Willie Smith, and Baer. O'Brien and Grebner sang their new number, "I'm Lost Amongst the Tombstones in the Evergreens," and Smith and Baer played "The Graveyard Blues" very sweetly.

Patrolman Frank Rueckert was in a dilemma about losing his athletic figure until he tuned in on the radio and heard his old friend and pal, the pancake girl, "Aunt Jemima," tell about Jad salts. Now you can hear him say: "Look me over, boys."

Quite a crowd gathered at Grand Central Parkway the other day and thought they were viewing a movie star giving a riding exhibition. The reporter stopped to see what it was all about, and they showed him none other than John Carey doing his stunts on a nag. Go to it, John, old boy.

Patrolman Jimmie Quinn was seen strolling along Myrtle Avenue dressed in the advanced Spring styles, even to the latest cut in cute mustaches. Willie Puller has promised to put a permanent wave in it.

Patrolman Fehling, better known as "Gong-Gong," the old alarm clock, has thrown his hat into the ring, and with the help of a best man, Patrolman Shannon, followed Eddie Cantor's advice and got himself a wife. Operation was performed on March 26, 1932.

The 104th Precinct observer saw a large bird flying over the station house for the past month, and could not tell what it was until Patrolmen Bell and Becker said the stork delivered young Bells and Beekers.

Signing off. The Scandal Seeker.

16TH DIVISION

106th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

FAMOUS SAYINGS AT THE 112TH RANCH

Sergeant Pooler: I'm the only one that does any work around this joint.

Sergeant Lisa: Don't come in without that lamp.

Lieutenant McKenna: IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS—BUT.

Sergeant McKeogh: HELLO THERE, BIG BOY—GET READY FOR ALARMS.

Lieutenant Morrison: WHOOPIE. YOU GUYS BREAK MY HEART.

Lieutenant Smith: TELL BYRNES I WANT HIM.

Sergeant Kraemer: NOT THAT I WANT TO HURT YOU; THIS IS JUST FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

Sergeant Boelsen: I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO BEAT THE CHART.

Sergeant Graham: HOW ABOUT A NICE PLATE OF STEW?

Sergeant Reid: WHEN I WAS IN GATES AVENUE HOUSE.

Sergeant Gonden: WHY DON'T YOU GUYS GET WISE TO YOURSELVES?

Patrolman Roessler: GET SOME COFFEE, STEVE.

Patrolman Byrnes: WHAT AM I, AN ERRAND BOY?

Patrolman Dolan: WHADDA YOU WANT—OUTSIDE. BUM.

Patrolman Erickson: DO YOU REALLY MEAN THAT?

Patrolman Leibfreid: THE ROOKIES GET ALL THE BREAKS.

Patrolman Glennon: GEE, WE NEED GLOBES AGAIN.

Patrolman Sammon: WHY THE HELL DON'T YOU ORDER SOME.

Patrolman McQuade: DON'T ANNOY ME.

Patrolman Keenan: SURE, I KNOW HIM. HE'S THE GUY THAT—

Patrolman Walsh: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

Patrolman Bradley: I'M THE KING OF THE ALLEY.

Patrolman Stampler: OH, WAS MY NOSE BLEEDING, SERGEANT.

Patrolman Lodi: WHOA, THERE! WHOA, THERE!

Patrolman Groh: JAKIE AND ME WASS LIKE DIS.

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A—Looking through the files, I find 25 years ago:

Patrolman Dan O'Leary a mounted cop... William (Bill) O'Brien doing a Mars Cassidy at Empire... Jack Delaney a plumber?... Mike Keane a fireman (Red Hot)... Brooks, a milk collector B. H. (before hold-ups)... William Gilkerson a Beau Brummel.

What is love? Well, when a cop from Staten Island knows a girl in Jamaica, WOW! And he gazes in jewelry stores looking at diamonds. Well, that's sumptin. Spring is here, says Patrolman Ed Murphy of said Staten Island.

'Tis said that Patrolman A. Jensen pinch hits in a delicatessen store on his off time. It's possible that "A" stands for Adolph.

The big real estate man (a house in St. Albans). Patrolman Boyce, was seen with an armful of seed catalogues. Looks like flowers for the "Reichstad."

Applications are open for ex-Sergeant Reynolds' shield. He's now a Looey in Staten Island. A good cop, a good sergeant, he can't go wrong. Good luck, George. We'll miss your melodious voice.

C.—Patrolman Goul of Greenwich Village,

Snow has covered his upstate tillage,

Where his wife refuses her vacation to spend;

Don't forget, Bill, in Traffic "C" you have many a friend.

(Boys, put reservations in early.)

BEAUTY SECRETS: Thin hair. John Dowd has found a new remedy to keep his hair in. (In a cigar box.)

Patrolman Metz, bodyguard of Traffic "C's" lunch, finds it very difficult, as they're a hungry bunch.

The Blue Club ran a successful reception and dance at Triangle Hall, April 13, 1932. B. M. A. Schnizer was chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

The fisherman twins, on the West Side posts they do hold,

But as a rule, when fishing, all they catch is a cold.

(Music by Patrolmen Michell and Miniark.)

Bright saying by Patrolman Ludwig Frank: "The next time I send a darn fool, I go myself."

If desirous of spending a quiet but thrilling evening, invite Spike Marlin Dyrlic to your house and let him tell you of his adventures. (?)

Did you ever meet our second-story man, Sergeant Walters? If you don't believe his first story, he will tell you a second.

D—Patrolman Charlie Baumgartner, the reformed chauffeur, issues a challenge to anybody in Traffic "D" who thinks he can play handball.

E—Lieutenant John Higgins was seen up in Van Cortlandt Park with a "Kerry Blue" pup on a leash, ably assisting a traffic policeman in straightening out a heavy traffic problem. The Lieutenant says that some

day "Shamrock" will be a great police dog, or a traffic hound or something.

Sergeant Mike Egan, the "Silver King" of Traffic "E," is preparing to spend a pleasant vacation at his private rendezvous, Montreal, in the Dominion of Canada. Mike says it's the land of milk and honey. Guess he means "Camel's Milk" and Canada Dry.

Sergeant Joseph Meade, who recently moved up to Riverdale, wants an extra day's vacation this year. Guess Sergeant Egan was right when he said that Joe moved into the woods so far that when he needs a haircut he has to call an Indian chief to do the scalping.

Patrolman Peter Kiernan, who graces the intersection at 181st Street and St. Nicholas Avenue by his presence, and a pleasant smile for everyone, especially taxicab drivers, has purchased some lots up in "Goat-town," pardon, I mean Riverdale. All he needs now is a nice little bungalow.

Patrolman John Hart, who holds sway at Amsterdam Avenue and 181st Street, ventured way down to Lakewood, N. J., to invest in real estate. John, who has battled with traffic problems for a number of years, says that he is beginning to hear the call of the whispering pines.

Patrolman Jeremiah O'Connor, that lovable character stationed at Dyckman Street Ferry, is very fond of man's best friend, the dog. Especially those with a bit of Irish breeding. The Jersey folk, especially the fair sex, wander far north and cross the ferry just to see Jerry smile.

Patrolman Joseph Carroll, of Ft. Lee Ferry fame, is now assigned to steady day work. Joe also is an expert—but his line is assisting the very fair sex aboard the ferry-boats.

2D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

G. Ptl. Walter Bishop

LT. THOMAS J. EAGAN

H. Ptl. Narcisse Gervais

Patrolman Brohm, the Beau Brummel of Southern Boulevard and East 138th Street, is now the "first broom" in Traffic "G." He has given up all knitting contests with his former colleagues, Thomas Cowley, Henry Brown and William Schneider.

Patrolman Jack Bishop is on his vacation and getting his Chevrolet ready to start for California when he retires. The rumor that he was leaving Captain Applejack behind is untrue.

By a unanimous vote of the members of the 2d District Traffic, the Honorable Thomas F. Wilkinson, Jr., has again been elected to the esteemed and highly honored office which he alone can properly handle, that of being star reporter for 2d District Traffic of The Bronx.

Paulie Champlin, famous for his heroics, is about to take off on a non-stop flight to matrimony. Before you go the boys wish to say: "Happy Landings."

Albert Coogan is the proud father of a ten-pound baby boy. Ten to one the baby's name will be Albert, Jr. Congratulations to you and the missus, Al.

Henry Feder, public defender and gentleman extraordinary, has joined the ranks of the intellectuals. He now sports a brand new pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses. We understand he created quite a flurry with them among the fair sex down on Fordham Road.

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

I. Ptl. James Kenney
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keltner

LT. ARTHUR STRACHEN

K. Ptl. Harry Shartell
L. Ptl. Harry Hughes
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K—Eddie Cahill and his chauffeur, Jake Hoenigshausen, are busy these days clipping, caulking and painting that Dodge house boat. Expect to have it in service by July 4.

Gil Aitken is tuning up his car every day getting ready for his annual bathing beach hunt.

Notice to Sam Oldham and Tom O'Brien: "How about a little outing?"

Jim Kissane is back again. Couldn't see a 32 as a full day off.

Bill Augustine should be at the Chicago convention. What a campaign manager he would make.

Wait until Gus Harneschfeger gets a chance to relieve Pete Pitch. It will be 5:59.

M—Patrolman George G. Reuton, Traffic "M" (better known as "Big Boy"), arch believer in sunshine and fresh air for health, is all in his glory now since being assigned to Post No. 1 on the Williamsburg Bridge, as that post enables him to obtain plenty of both.

Captain Hackett, of Traffic "J," is fixing all the boys up with passes for the Boardwalk for the coming season.

Lieutenant Strachen knows how to pick out days off. Ask Captain Hackett.

Lieutenant Al Gallagher was at a dinner the other night and hid behind a pole so the toastmaster could not call on him. Never mind, Al, Driver made enough noise for all hands.

Chef Forsyth was at the same dinner. Now the gang in Traffic "I" are worrying about indigestion.

L—No more depression in the spaghetti business in the 104th Precinct since Sergeant John Keegan was transferred from Traffic "L"; all spaghetti manufacturers in the vicinity of Brooklyn Bridge have closed up shop.

Ben Butler has been seen around the Brooklyn Bridge lately after a few days in a hospital with a broken finger. Ben had been doing traffic duty around the Brooklyn Navy Yard. We wonder how it happened.

The only thing Delegate Rock can transfer is his bank account and affections, one to the other.

Lieutenant Goodman likes us so well that he wants to stay. Too bad, Traffic "K," we will keep him with us for a while longer.

The name of the new reporter in Traffic "L" is Harry A. Hughes. Blame it on him.

Lieutenant Traver, Traffic "L," on April 12 became the proud father of a 14-pound blue-eyed girl with bushy red hair. The first thing the young lady did when she saw her father was to burst into laughter.

CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER C. BRUMMERHOP

Patrolman Samuel Goldhuber, Captain Brody's efficient welfare man, is the proud father of a bouncing boy. You should see the "airs" Goldy is putting on; you would think he was the only father in the universe.

We have a crooner in the office now—Bing Joe Lynch. Boy, how he can take it. The girls go for Joe in a big way.

Recently, Patrolmen John Mooney and Bob Buhler went shopping. They stopped to purchase some soap. The conversation with the salesgirl was something like this:

Girl: "What is it, please?"

Bob: "We would like to have some soap."

Girl: "Would you like to have it scented?" (Sented.)

Bob: "No; we will take it with us." Oh, yeah?

The bowling team is taking a long needed rest. They took plenty on the chin in their many attempts to grab off a victory, but the percentage column still stands "000". Well, they can't say that they "can't take it."

BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS SQUAD, BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

Patrolman John Woods, of this Squad (mentioned in the February issue), better known as the man who murders the King's English with his Amos 'n' Andy dialect, recently lost a wager with Patrolman James Devine over the pronunciation of the word "MAESTRO."

John was very persistent in stating that the word was pronounced MA-ES-TRO. When the consensus of opinion showed that the word was pronounced MISTRO, he immediately sallied forth in quest of an authority to sustain his assertion. The matter was forgotten until John's day off approached, when, behold, John dashes madly into the office armed with the largest dictionary available east of the Rockies. In fact, it was so cumbersome that John was obliged to obtain a hand truck to load same into the freight elevator at Headquarters.

All to no avail, alas! Jimmy Devine would not fall for the pronunciation of the word as Woods interpreted it from this large book of knowledge.

A Doctor of English attached to a local college was conferred with. The learned man stated that the word was pronounced MI-ESTRO.

8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

GALLENA VIVE in Italian means LIVE CHICKENS. Conny Mancini tells a story of a certain detective with whom he used to work in Harlem, who had a burglary, and when asked by the rest of the squad where the burglary was and what was the complainant's name, he informed them GALLENA VIVE, because he saw it over the poultry store. The next time you pass a poultry store in an Italian section, look and see the words "Gallena Vive," and think of Mancini—then get the name of the complainant right.

Bill Ogden, of the 52d Squad, was very lucky on April 1st, as his wife presented him with a baby girl. Bill, don't let the date get you, as we know a fellow who was very lucky, who had a birthday on that day, and became a first-grade "dinny." If this is not right, sue us.

Tommy Thompson tells everyone about his operation. Well, from our observation we think it did him good, as he looks younger, is peppier, and as usual, always smiling. They ought to try them on a lot of people we know.

Mike Foley: "Why not use your store teeth—you paid for them."

Al Dittmer, after having been on a plant for two weeks in Moe Levy's, in Fordham, was finally inveigled into buying a suit. Mancini bought one also, and they sent to Omar the tent maker for the size. Furthermore, after the tailor fitted him, he went out and bought cigars for the crowd. He told them that this was the biggest job he ever put over.

We were kidding about Al Laurino liking "Mickey Mouse." Well, Primo, if anyone kids you any more tell them to go and see them and see if they aren't educational.

Bobby Reers—the last time your name was in this sheet you punched me. Well, if you want to, tell us if you did it because you like to see your name in print, or because you were mad. Joe Hoffman also informed us about a can of paint. Get madder.

Johnny Collins, of Wakefield, informs the district that if he had a million dollars he would take a trip to the Old Country. We wish to inform John that if such was the case with the rest of the mob, who wouldn't?

Bill Hyland looks fine since he had his appendix taken out. Get strong quick, Willie.

Pete Nolan is giving Dunham, the cigarette lighter people, a run for their money with his own contraption of magnifying glass and some other doohickey.

Johnny Bunchroc and Mike Carroll are without a doubt two of the real nice boys in the upper end; get along like two honeymooners, and this is no kidding. Well, Mike, who couldn't get along with you?

Matt Byrne is a ringer for Assistant Chief Inspector Sullivan, and he's also a swell feller. Ask Grieter.

Phil Knecht, when last seen was cutting up paper. We don't mean paper dolls, but he's very serious, and we'll let you know more about him in the next issue.

A daily tabloid had an article recently about policemen dieting to get thin. Well, what Johnny McLaughlin, Johnny Halk, William SYLVESTER Secor and, of course, nice Frankie Lenihan would like to know, is what to eat in order to get fat. We could eat a side of beef and still look like a good feed wouldn't hurt us.

15TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. AL WING

The commanding officer of the district is at the present time sporting a black eye, same having received its discoloration in some unknown manner. Many of the members of the district have volunteered to take the squeal as each has his own opinion as to how it happened. The skipper refuses to answer questions concerning same and states that he went to bed in perfect condition and woke up with it. Believe it or not. Al Wing, one of the end men, is working on a clew involving a former circus rider. The other end man, Jack Hurton, is seeking information among his former cohorts in Astoria.

The demon clerical man, Lester Morris, who probably knows the real secret, refuses to reveal said knowledge, although he has been threatened, coaxed, cajoled, intimidated and even offered a bribe.

This district has the laziest reporter of any in the entire city. He is ordered to report at 4 P. M. daily, but has so many contracts to take care of that the burden of his many arduous tasks falls upon the shoulders of his aged partner, the venerable Al Wing. He accepted the assignment of furnishing SPRING 3100 with the news of the day, but in as much as he is never around in the day, the district has been sadly neglected.

The commanding officer's chauffeur is a noted man with a knife and fork. What he did at a recent beef-steak is history.

The Lone Eagle of the 103d Squad, Jimmie Mangan, has his arm in a sling after attempting to ride one of O'Connor's goats. And he told us he rode jumpers in the "Old Country."

That Werle fellow is really no bargain, according to Hurton, who says that he carried him along for a number of years, and now Werle pans him every month in this magazine.

Detective Ike Jacobs has the pavements worn out on Myrtle Avenue—but then, what can you expect?

Acting Captain Graham said to Lieutenant Flattery of the 103d Squad. "I want a man for the plant in Long Island City to help Werle catch a typewriter thief, I want two men for the radio car, and I want a man to cover my office from 4 to 12." Flattery just gasped and said, "I will take the squeals myself, and you do the finger-printing in Special Sessions and we'll get along all right." Horace Holden has purchased a new home in St. Albans Lawns and is going in for gardening. Harry Kraus will give him a few lessons.

Detective John Magner was trying to get Phil Cook on the new radio. Case closed. No results.

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

Anthony "Spags" Grottano, of the 114th Squad, recently made an application for a transfer into the radio broadcasting division of the Department. He thinks that he'd make an ideal broadcaster and announcer.

Edward "Mickey" Powers says it is no laughing matter.

Jules "Peenochle" Steinhauser, who has been riding the radio patrol, says it ain't a bad job, but it keeps his wife awake when he is at home in bed. He is always "testing" in his sleep, saying "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, two," etc. ad infinitum. He has considerable trouble trying to convince her that it isn't his income tax he is dreaming about.

Frank "Spats" Overlander thinks that riding the radio patrol is an old man's job, and thinks Jules is well fitted for it.

Sullivan and Dust echo his sentiments, but they are making the best of it. Jack cleans his ears TWICE a day now, so that he can hear better, and Hughy bought a pair of binoculars so that he can see the license numbers of automobiles clearer.

Larry Duane, the "pencil man," carries four sharpened pencils with him.

Tom C. (Careful) Caputo likes the "radio riding job" so well that he had his set at home adjusted for short wave receiving. His family would rather hear Amos and Andy, and there is constant friction when Tom is home. Tom, however, thinks it's a twenty-four-hour job, and is tickled to death when his relief is late.

"Doc" S. (Student) Dillhoff, functioning in the 15th D. D., is riding the gun squad patrol this month—and HOW. Some of the boys say that "he never comes up for air."

"Poor lad." Johnny Breen (Butch) says, "he would do better to go out and get shot up again, and instead of taking it in the arm, to let it go in his head." All Charley says to that is: "Because that blubber-head fooled a woman, don't mean that I am going to fool a woman."

Ralph Zengen, take note of Dillhoff's philosophy. If you get married, you might just as well be relegated to the ash heap; so don't let Bill "Spider" Benecke introduce you to any women.

Bill "Schoolmaster" Barrett, of the aristocratic squad, gets an awful kick out of marriage debates. Bill chuckles every year when he has to make out an income tax—for being a bachelor. He pays it cheerfully, and he don't claim exemptions for children or anything else, in spite of the fact that he could be "papa'd" by many. Some one alleged one time that Bill never passes a school house without a guilty look. "Yet, he always seems cheerful and doesn't look in the least like a married man," says Juber.

"Spider" Bill Benecke, according to "Frank" "Lightning" Lonis Cornibert, deserves being called "Spider." Louis alleges that Bill is always spinning webs—"webs of mischief"—and that "some day a great big horse-fly is going to crawl into that web and bust it to hell, and then he'll have to crawl into his shell."

Acting Lieutenant John McCoy gets a great kick out of the whole thing. "They're both master mechanics," says he. "Both veterans of the great war, too; but Louis, with his thirty-five per cent disability, will probably be a boss before Bill." Bill only laughs and says that Louis will be a station-house attendant when he (Bill) is a captain.

Oh, hum, the scandal is dreadful!

Gene "Jiggs" Fallon, who never had a "Maggie" to harrass him, now bossing one of the gun squads, seems to be running along smoothly and efficiently. Tom Devery says he's all right—only Gene has been rather "wasteful" in everything except affection. (He never met the right girl, Tom; maybe that's the reason.)

Tommy Layden missed a detectives' meeting one time and has never looked the same. Joe Burke thinks that he missed the "cats" and that's the reason he "looks that way." Once Tommy had only four portions, and thought he was cheated.

HACK BUREAU PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Insufficient space and words will not justify the relating of the successful banquet tendered to our own Patrolman Teddy Schreiber upon completing his service and retiring from the Department. Our eminent toastmaster, Patrolman Francis O'Brien, of the Telegraph Bureau, sure put it over in a big

way, and only as Frank can. After presenting Teddy with a beautiful token of esteem, a very appropriate and lifetime remembrance from his co-workers, Teddy, in his humble and emotional way, expressed his sincere appreciation, and hoped to continue the friendship of all of his friends. Well, Teddy, old pal, I want to once again express the best wishes of all your co-workers and side-kicks from the Hack Bureau, who will not say good-bye but just so-long, and "Auf Wiedersehn."

Patrolman Joseph Anselini (our tooth paste salesman) has become very popular with the members of the Hack Bureau since he gave that wonderful night at the show. Various members, too numerous to mention, would like to meet Joe some night in an alley whistling in the dark. Be careful, Joe, that they don't take you for a ride, and it will not be in the subway, either.

Not to be outdone by his subordinates, Lieutenant John J. McGoeey had Brother Stork visit his home and present him with a wonderful baby girl. Best wishes to you and yours, Lieutenant.

A little change in program. This time Brother Stork visited the home of Patrolman Daniel O'Loane, of the Physical Bureau, and presented him and the Mrs. with a son. More power, Dan, and sincere wishes to you and the fran.

Patrolman Edward Drum is quite a master of architectonics. Jimmie Durante, who held the record for the longest schnozzle, was a poor second when it came to the one Eddie established upon Dan Ellis of the basement. Some job, Eddie.

Well, it was better to offer them to some one than to throw them away. Sergeant Duncan, of the front office, became the possessor of two theatre tickets, and after consulting the other half of the firm was told, absolutely no, and being a regular fellow he gave them to one of the boys in the office. That's the spirit, Sergeant.

MIDTOWN DAY SQUAD PTL. JAMES J. WELDON

Patrolman Eckert, the guardian of 42d Street, has taken unto himself a wife and recently returned from his honeymoon vacation trip. "Congratulations and lots of luck," is the sincere wish of this squad to Patrolman Eckert and his bride.

Patrolman Mike Quinn is the proud father of twins born recently, and he is just a year in the job. At this rate there will be quite a brood when Mike is ready to retire. Anyway, our hats are off to Patrolman and Mrs. Quinn.

Patrolman Freddie Krebs, the former boxing instructor of the Recruits' Training School, has recently moved to what he calls "God's country." However, it's just Staten Island to the rest of us.

Patrolman Jerry Kalas (the Swedish National Guardsman) has been assigned to the post in front of the Public Library, and can be observed every day at 12 o'clock noon feeding the lions. Incidentally, both the lions and the patrolman are getting fat.

Patrolman Mackin has qualified as a motor patrol operator, but has no motor car to operate. However, he has hopes.

Patrolman Stewart, our genial clerical man, has his hands full between changing days off, vacations, roll calls, unemployment tax, etc. Dick sure has a tough time with the rookies.

Believe it or not, Patrolman Howard Fitzpatrick is the father of six children. And what's more, he is proud of it. What a man!

Our P. B. A. delegate, Patrolman James J. Walsh, has recently been transferred to the 18th Division. Jim leaves with the best wishes of the squad.

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1 PTL. CARL J. FRITZ

We're all hoping that Sgt. Mesle will be back with us soon in as good shape as he has always been.

Jim Loughlin made a non-stop run from West End

Ave. to the sheepfold and nearly had it in high when he arrived.

If some of you fellows would get a load of "Baby Face" Powers, you would know what the well-dressed man is wearing.

If anyone of you guys didn't get your share of "Hot Foots" during the past month, see "Wolf" Harmon.

"Snffy" Goodman said he had to go to a swell ball. So he hired a "Soup & Bone."

Did you see the swell hat Joe Clarke brought in for Jimmie Reynolds to wear on the Drive when he chases speeders?

Pete Roof's horse looks nice with those swell curls. Why not see Pete yourselves?

Wouldn't "Moe" Bartels look nice driving Fire Lieutenant Jimmie Reynolds around in a side car? What! No bells?

Don't call me Francis, will you; call me Frank. It sounds more mannish. Hello—Fleicher and Williams!

At this writing, with Charlie Krumm and "Dutch" Yost in our radio-equipped side-car, I'm wondering if the announcer broadcasts in German?

Harry Doyle was seen taking napkins from a certain restaurant. What are you doing, Harry, starting a hope chest?

Frank Rickert stopped at an excavation the other day. He saw a red flag and thought it was an auction sale.

Dan Buckley now says that Joe Clark is going to escort a blushing bride down the aisle in the near future. It will probably be a morning wedding, because the guests won't be so hungry in the morning.

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD NO. 2 PUBLICITY COMMITTEE THE DOPE SHEET

Pat O'Connor, Sheik of the side-car brigade.... Pete Quigley specializes in nurses.... Carl Torrenson, Pete's rival.... Frank Timmons: "I'm ready to take P. B. A. dues".... Bob Hemphill believes his own stories, but nobody else does.... Gulbrandsen, jus' a lady chaser.... Ed Lang hasn't smiled since the opera star canned him.... Ed Steers, single, plenty of dough, no vices. Propose, girls; it's leap year.... Al Johnson, our Beau Brummel; some day a rag-picker will grab him.... Jack Feeney: "It's not fair, boss, 'cause it ain't my turn".... Bill Flinn, Squad 2, Clark Gable.... Harold Taylor: "Why not give the missus a break?".... Harry Cornell; don't be Mike's watch dog—you were a good guy once.... Heinrich Moeller; fattened on rye bread mit the seeds.... Tom McDonough; I hope a crying baby doesn't spoil him.... Al Ketterle: "Are you going to the convention in Oregon?".... Willie Parks; spats, a cane, Packard, flower in buttonhole, our Grover Whalen.... Frank Crowley: "Now I'm going to get tough. Why not start on some of your favorites?".... Gene Devine, McAvoy's man Friday. Bill does nothing—Gene helps him.... Mike O'Neill: "No bargain, I'll call you back." Were you ever called back?.... Al Henry; don't rob the cradle. Just a lazy Indian.... Joe Meeks: They all brought a friend to my party." Some cellar.... Joe McGovern; look out for your side-car job. The chiselers are looking for it.... Kenny Brown, newly-married and—Harold Bradley carries a crying towel. Boy! He can sob.... Tom Black, Crowley's shadow. You need a room painted, Lieutenant, tomorrow's my 32.... Tom Weeks: "Has anybody seen my dog? My wife's heart is broken.... Ed Hill; he had a small month, only 300 summonses.... Corbett; you ought to see the bath room. Some change from going to the back yard.... Jack Murphy; stay home with the wife now and then.... Walter Kuntzman, from St. Albans—shoe shine 15c, extra 5c removing mud.... Scott Osborn; skipper says he's too active on summonses.... Tom Dukes:

"Why don't you get them right?".... George Neery; I hope he smiles after the operation.... Fleming; don't be so hungry. He clocks them fast. Not long to live.... Teitler, our Eddie Cantor—also a desk polisher.... Mulhall, Sparrow Legs; don't lead Charlie astray.... Chas. Hart, Mulhall's sweetheart.... Gentile; Pat O'Connor's partner. Beauty and the beast.... Blush: "Captain, can I swing tours? I think my girl has a date with another".... Fred Maeher; put him in uniform so he has to wash. No bath tub home.... Bill McAvoy, the veteran's friend and pull bearer: "I tell you he won't stand for it".... Coutant; I can lick any guy who says anything against him.... De Pippo, Jess Bedell's partner; you deserve captain's pay listening to Jess all day.... Joe Convey, a square shooter.... Pettigrew; champion chiseler, bar none; also a desk polisher and his wife cuts his hair.... Trotta; watch out, Ralph, or you will be back in the barber shop saying "next".... McIvor; a hick from Staten Island; fog-bound in the cranium.... Goodyear; a dog robber.... Caming; starves to keep a Pierce Arrow.... Bill McCarren; the most henpecked man in the N. Y. P. D. (also the world).... Tom Abbey; see nothing—hear nothing—say nothing.... George Clark; mystery man, loose spokes.... George Monroe: "I hope my wife doesn't find out about it.".... David Winthrop; still Dave the chiseler—formerly of Delancey Street.... Frank Radke: "I'll ask the wife.".... Harry Brown; man's body.... Bill Archibald, Mayor of Coney Island—a gentleman.... Pete Kraft; he gives the motorist a break—both legs.... Olliffe; sympathetic Jimmie.... Havorka: "You think things are tough now—when we had fixed posts when the Spanish-American war was on.... John Christ, Grandpa; you would think he was too old to run around with dames.... Jack Stevens; another Daddy Browning.... Draycott, Youngfirth, Hutchinson, O'Brien and Kozlin; they get up, go to work, go home, go to bed, get up, go to work, go home, and will keep doing this for 25 years. They caused the depression.

MOUNTED SQUADRON 1 PTL. BERNARD CONNORS

Mike Hurley, the Irish poet laureate of Troop "D," has just been reported as having swapped in his "Chevvy" for a polo mallet. Mike was driven to this fate when he heard that Johnny Meade had been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Royal Irish Guards (County Kerry).

Bill Garvey, grand-daddy of the "SUNSHINE COPS," was on duty at the Central Park lake recently and asserted that the sea air was very invigorating. Instead of going to bed as usual at 8:30 P. M., Bill was invigorated to the extent of stepping out to see a movie depicting the fine points of "Child Care and Welfare"—not getting home until 10 P. M. Some cut-up, Bill is, b'gosh!

Second Lieutenant Paul Smith, of the Reserves, took part in the Army Day parade, all dolled up in his Reserve uniform, proudly astride a prancing steed, leading the Junior St. John's Boys' Band. Paul sure did thrill many a feminine heart on his triumphal march up 5th Avenue.

"Sheik" Bayreuther, of "D," is wearing a "slave band" on his right wrist. The boys are wondering whether this is just a new fad, or is it orders from the little girl who, apparently, has enslaved the big handsome mountie of Fordham Road. If this is so, there will be many a sad heart (feminine) in Fordham.

Tommy Byrnes, our esteemed skipper, is practicing the "Black Bottom" very diligently of late. It seems that at a recent social gathering, Charlie "Half-an-Hour" McTernan, of "C," stepped out high, wide and handsome in doing the "College Drag," "clicking" to the extent of loud and prolonged ap-

plause from the admiring audience. This aroused the professional jealousy of Tommy, hence the floor boards in 10th Avenue resound daily with the tap-a-tap of Tommy's Whitehouse & Hardy's. Why not a contest, with Mike Richter as the referee? Hot cha!

Ducky Homes, Mayor of City Island, has just passed the deadline of his first enlistment in this Department. Ducky's many friends and followers sincerely hope he will continue on in the excellent manner he passed through the first quarter century. Incidentally, now that he is eligible for retirement, he goes out of his way to make friends of all prospective Sergeants who may be out gunning for a vacancy. Don't go fishing with them, Ducky, it's dangerous!

Seen and heard in the squad rooms:

"Singing Sam" Gray, endeavoring to emulate his namesake on the radio, but succeeding only in arousing "Courthouse" Ed. Grout to a state of nervous hysteria. "Aw nerts," says Ed.

John Thomas ordering his luncheon: "Liverwurst on white, with an onion to kill the poison, and two Certified Cremos."

Vizzi and Dellano, Mussolini's cast-offs from Italia, swapping tales of the home town, with Ludie Frank chirping in. What a Babel!

Tom Kane, Captain of "A," giving the day's orders to Smiling Joe Curtis, and Joe just smiling, smiling, smiling, ad infinitum.

Two-Gun Robinson, of "C," telling how he captured the bad man from the West during a hold-up on 59th Street. "Yea," says Two-Gun, "when he heard it was me, Two-Gun Willie of 48th Street, who was on his tail, he just wilted and submitted to arrest. Reputation sure means something, I'll say."

"The list is coming out in April." "Naw, I got a friend in the Commission's office; it won't be out until May." Well, my girl friend's father knows a guy that lives next door to one of the examiners, and he says," etc., etc., etc., ad nauseum.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 2

PTL. RAYMOND J. TAYLOR

With us in this squad we have one Sergeant James H. McWilliams, who apparently is quite a writer; but previous to this time he did not enlighten us with his poetic ability. Following are some of his own accomplishments. May be well for Tony Wons to scrutinize.

The following he dedicates to Lieutenant William P. O'Brien, Emergency Service Division, and his baby girl:

It's nice to see you happy, in your pleasant style;
I like to hear you cackle, while expressing with a smile;
The joys and pleasures of this life would all amount to naught
If ever you should change your ways, or your inside instincts fought.
So keep the spirit you possess, never let it wander,
Nor change your attitude at all, when alone you sit and ponder.
Always follow your inside thoughts, and the dictates of your heart,
To make the race for happiness won quickly from the start.
For foremost in your mind is something, nearer and dearer than all,
Which I know you intend to keep there, until God transmits his call.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 5

SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Tommy Tighe won \$10 as second prize in last month's limerick contest. He immediately put the money in the vault where it will rest in peace....

Eddie Pascocello was seen with a rose-colored package recently. He was bringing it up to his fiancée. She loaned him the money to take a chance in a raffle, and he won a beautiful alarm clock....McFadden, McCusker and a few others are having piles of trouble lately. They can't seem to get at the seat of the disturbance, but are hoping for better days.... The fishing squads went out on a couple of trips already, but all they were able to get was a few skates..The contemplated reunion is getting along swell, and Chairman O'Brien votes Progress.... Cheerio.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 15

With the warm weather at hand, some of the boys will soon be wearing knickers, which will automatically put on display the greatest array of spavins, milk-legs, ringbones and bowed tendons outside of a veterinarian's workshop.

Wonder what Barney Esker is going to flash instead of those zipper-controlled full-length flannels he's been donning all winter?

And to Georgie Weiss, our assistant clerical man, congratulations. A ten-pound boy. They do say he's the image of his pappy.

Why didn't Eddie Unger invite the gang out to his tenth anniversary?

Our Secr and Information Kid, "Winchell" Lundin, thinks Brooklyn is going to cop the pennant. Let him rave; just another good guy gone wrong.

The ham-and-egg boys are sure out of luck when Chef Ben Keeney isn't around to put on his culinary efforts for them. Understand, though, that Ben is a much better cook than chauffeur. Now if that street hadn't dropped out from under him the windshield on the old White would still be intact.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 19

SGT. FRANK BYRNE

Patrolman Jim O'Hara, the "Walter Winchell" of the squad, reports that "Pop" Goutink is willing to trade his flivver for a baby carriage. O. K., Jackson Heights.

Patrolman Pat Ward has a new radio, and what stations it brings in. Has a wave length that brings in programs to be broadcast the next day.

Last week Patrolman John Reiss's wisdom tooth began to ache, and Oh, what sympathy he received from the rest of the squad. They got out the crying towels and all the boys were willing to save him dentist expenses, but no good.

It is rumored that Sergeant Byrne is on a diet trying to get a boyish figure like Patrolman Chris Tierney. Sergeant Kieturkiewicz is writing a book on how to take down trees, while Sergeant Hallinan is trying to get a wave in his hair like Patrolman "Pat" Fergus.

AUTOMOBILE BUREAU

Detective William F. O'Brien, attached to the Automobile Bureau, while on his way to report for duty on April 8, at about 8:45 A. M., observed at the corner of 24th Street and Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, a Buick automobile with two occupants who answered the descriptions of two men wanted for a number of robberies in Brooklyn. Stopping the car at revolver point, O'Brien questioned the men, one of whom he found in possession of a fully loaded revolver. The car had previously been reported as stolen. They later admitted a dozen robberies committed in drug and delicatessen stores, holdups of insurance collectors and others. They also revealed the name of the person who had sold them the revolver, and he, likewise, was placed under arrest. The prisoners were identified by several of their victims and are now being held without bail. Fine job, Bill, keep up the good work.

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolman John E. Bealler, 14th Precinct, while on patrol at about 4:10 A. M., March 6, was informed that a hold-up was in progress in a top floor apartment of a tenement house at 563 West 42d Street. Hurrying to the building, he intercepted one of the bandits in the hallway, knocking him unconscious with a blow from his nightstick after a short scuffle. A second bandit, attempting to escape over the roof, was overtaken by the officer and arrested. Patrolmen John G. Graham and William J. Sheehan, 18th Precinct, having been attracted to the scene, hurried to the roof, where Sheehan shot and wounded a third bandit who had attempted to shoot Graham. All of the prisoners were identified by the hold-up victims as robbers.

Detectives Charles Nolen, John Burke and Edward McAuliff, 15th Squad, assigned on the evening of March 1 to guard Child's Restaurant at 9 East 40th Street, accosted two men pointed out to them by the cashier, Herbert Ermentraut, as the men who had twice previously held up the restaurant customers. One of the men pointed a loaded automatic pistol at Detective Nolen, who thereupon fired four shots at the bandit, killing him instantly. The second bandit, likewise armed, was subdued and arrested. An accomplice, observed at the wheel of a Buick sedan parked in front of the premises with motor running, also was arrested and admitted having been engaged by the bandits to assist in their escape. He also admitted having aided in a previous hold-up there.

BRONX

Detectives Leon Theis, John Flynn and Maurice Barry, 42d Squad, while on motor patrol at about 12:30 A. M., March 17, became suspicious of the occupants of an automobile eastward bound on East 163d Street at Eagle Avenue. The detectives followed the car for about ten minutes, and at Boston Road and Teasdale Place forced it to the curb where, after a brief struggle the three occupants were arrested. The prisoners were later identified as the perpetrators of four previous robberies in Bronx County, one in New York County and three in Westchester.

BROOKLYN

Acting Lieutenant James E. Kinney and Detectives Charles Meuchner and Henry Jones, Main Office Division, Brooklyn, arrested on February 20 one

Harry Berlin charged with participating on February 12 in a hold-up at 113 West 114th Street, in the course of which Patrolman Dudley P. Hanley, 19th Division, and Joseph Dominguez, a civilian, were shot and seriously wounded. Diligent investigation led to the arrest on April 1 of the two remaining members of the gang. A woman accomplice, who acted as a "finder" for the bandits, also was taken into custody. All four were later identified by Patrolman Hanley and the civilian Dominguez.

Patrolman Charles De Leo, 64th Precinct, while on patrol at about 2 A. M., March 2, was informed over the signal box that a taxicab driver had just been held up at Hamilton Avenue and 16th Street by five armed bandits who escaped in the cab. About an hour later De Leo observed a taxicab answering the description given in the alarm, heading east on 75th Street in the vicinity of Fourth Avenue. He, with revolver drawn, intercepted the car and ordered the driver to the curb. A search of the driver and four other occupants of the car revealed three of the men in possession of fully loaded revolvers. All were later identified as the perpetrators of the crime.

QUEENS

Patrolman George Schneider, 111th Precinct, while on patrol at about 4:50 A. M., March 30, became suspicious of the actions of a man vainly attempting to start a car parked on Morgan Street, north of Northern Boulevard, by shorting the ignition with a pair of pliers. Upon questioning the man and finding he had no registration certificate for the car, the officer brought him to the station house for investigation. It was then learned that the car had been stolen from 60th Street and Striker Avenue, Woodside, a short time previous. The prisoner was found to have a long criminal record and had only recently been released from prison.

Detective Edward Erbacher, Queens Homicide Squad, having obtained information relating to the hold-up on January 7 of a jewelry store at 120-13 Liberty Avenue, Richmond Hill, in which approximately \$4,100 in jewelry and currency was stolen, communicated the information to Detective Patrick Brennan, 102d Squad, originally assigned to the case. Painstaking investigation by these officers resulted in the arrest last month of three of the men charged with the crime. All were identified as the robbers.

CRIMINALS WANTED

\$10,000 REWARD

Sears, Roebuck & Company offers a reward of \$10,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of either one or both of the hold-up men who robbed at the point of revolvers the clerks of their store located at 6223 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 9:20 A. M., February 23, 1932, and shot and wounded Patrolman John W. Johnstone of the 88th Precinct, who attempted to apprehend them.

All information to be furnished to the Police Commissioner. The offer of this reward expires on June 1, 1932.

WANTED FOR MURDER



EDWARD McCARTHY,
aliases **FATS McCARTHY** and **EDWARD POPKE**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 7½ inches; 167 pounds; blue eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium complexion; sign painter by occupation. 23d Pet.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



HUGO WILLGEROD,
aliases **HUGHIE WILLS** and **HUGH J. WILLIS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser. 17th Pet.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JAMES GARCIA, alias "BENITO"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair; wore a blue suit and light fedora hat. Porto Rican by birth. 10th Pet.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pet.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.

Spring 3100



MAY
1932

CHARLES
M. KNOX

Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

VOLUME 3

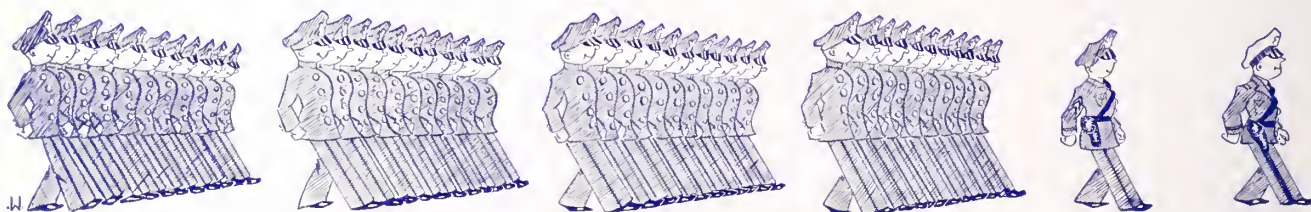
MAY, 1932

NO. 3

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorial Page

TO the Honorable James J. Walker, Mayor of the City of New York, this volume, which memorializes the Police Commissioner's second year in that high office, is affectionately dedicated. The Mayor's cooperation and unfailing support has made possible the great progress in the Department during the past year and "The Finest" will always remember him as walking side by side with the Commissioner at their head.



POLICE COMMISSIONER EDWARD P. MULROONEY entered on May 21st his third year in that post, which is regarded as the most difficult one in the City Administration, next to that of the Mayor. The Police Department, from the time of its establishment, has always been selected as the most vulnerable point of attack by critics of whatever administration happened at the time to be in charge of the city's affairs.

There were a variety of reasons for such an attitude. Nearly the entire population of New York City, and let us not except our transients, has occasion to come more or less frequently into personal contact with the police. Too often the contact is made when the citizen is in the wrong over some matter, large or small. Human nature being what it is, the policeman, despite his generally courteous attitude in correcting faults, is mostly viewed with all the pleasure with which a small boy culprit looks upon his school teacher. Therefore Mr. John Citizen usually chuckles a sly chuckle when some member of the public reverses the usual roles and starts to correct the faults of the police.

No one will deny that the past two years have been peculiarly difficult ones for the police. The unemployment situation has brought in its wake particularly formidable problems outside of the general run of police work. The policeman is now not only the guardian of the lives and property of New York's citizens, but also a social worker who comforts the poor and needy in their time of distress and provides substantial aid in the form of food, clothing, shelter and jobs.

The Police Commissioner had hardly taken office when he evolved the plan of summer outings for needy mothers and children. It is impossible to overstate the benefits resulting from this scheme. The flood of letters which has poured upon the Commissioner's desk testifies eloquently to the good will engendered for the police by these outings.

The Commissioner has likewise labored long and earnestly to assist the work of the Crime Prevention Bureau, especially in its endeavors to keep the unemployed boys off the streets this summer by affording them opportunities to play baseball. Incidentally this keeps the unemployed girl out of mischief by having her watch her hero make a home-run. The Junior Police Athletic League has been launched auspiciously and should prove a big factor in the moulding of good citizens.

Meanwhile the regular work of the Police Department has been carried on efficiently. SPRING 3100 in its April issue presented the Commissioner's letter transmitting to the Mayor his report for 1931, showing unmistakably the progress made and being made by the Department.

The tone and spirit of any organization is set by its Commander-in-Chief. SPRING 3100, as the official magazine of the Police Department, submits the proposition that the record of the Department under Police Commissioner Mulrooney is worthy of the highest praise. We congratulate our Commissioner and wish him similar success in his third year.

CHAS. HARROLD

Keeping the Boy in Blue Healthy

By DR. DANIEL J. DONOVAN, *Chief Surgeon*

BY the grace of our distinguished Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney, I am privileged to discuss a subject to which I have devoted the best years of my life—*The maintenance of the physical and mental welfare of the members of the Police Department of New York City.*

For thirty-eight years I have been a surgeon of the Police Department of New York City, and, needless to say, have witnessed many changes in it during that time. When I became aligned with the Department in 1893, its numerical strength approximated 5,000 officers and men, including twelve surgeons to look after their physical welfare.

Keeping pace with the steadily mounting population and expanse of New York City to its present figure of over 8,000,000 people, including transients, and property worth billions of dollars, the Police Department has grown to its present numerical strength of 19,300 officers and men, including 27 Police Surgeons who are under the command of a Chief Surgeon. The city is geographically divided into 27 surgical districts and a surgeon is assigned to each, to treat the sick and injured members of the Force residing within his district.

Candidates for appointment to the Force, although they have passed the physical requirements of the Civil Service Examiners, must submit to a thorough physical examination by the Police Department before they are accepted. This is required in order to guard against any pathological changes which may have developed in a candidate during the interim between the first examination and the time they appear for appointment which varies from one to four years.

They appear before an examining board consisting of three Police Surgeons who make a general physical inspection of the body, stripped. A candidate must be of good physique, with fine muscular development of chest, shoulders, arms, back, hips, thighs and legs. He must have good feet, free from corns, bunions, over-lapping toes and ingrown nails, and, above all, a well arched instep.

His minimum height must be 5 feet, 8 inches; his weight, 140 pounds. He must have a chest measurement of at least 33½ inches with deep inspiration and expiration and develop a variance of at least 3 inches between these acts.

After a candidate has passed the rigid physical examination by the Police Surgeons, and the latter certify in writing to the Police Commissioner that he meets with all the physical requirements, he is appointed and assigned to the Recruits' Training School.

Newly appointed members of the Force are not immediately appointed permanently. They are merely appointed on probation for a period of six months. If, for any reason, they are considered undesirable they are dropped from the rolls at the expiration of this period. For the first three months they are not permitted to perform patrol duty in uniform, but are assigned to the Recruits' Training



School. Here they are divided into classes and are subjected to an intensive 90 days course in laws and ordinances and the rules and regulations of the Police Department. Also a rigorous course in gymnastics, calisthenics, boxing, wrestling and the manual of arms of the U. S. Army are provided in the curriculum. All probationary patrolmen before taking up their duties on the streets of New York are trained and instructed until they are thoroughly adept in administering "First Aid" measures to the sick and injured. They are particularly trained in the modern methods of artificial respiration in cases of drowning, monoxide poisoning and electric shock.

Having completed the 90 days period of intensive mental and physical training and acquired a knowledge of the human body, and the care they must exercise to protect their health, the probationary patrolmen going forth for the first time in uniform are, indeed, splendid specimens of young manhood. All that is humanly possible has been done to bring them to the pinnacle of mental and physical fitness and equip them with the knowledge necessary to retain this degree of perfection. They are, indeed, admirably fitted and equipped to take up the arduous duties of a policeman patrolling the sidewalks of New York.

But what, you may ask, is being done to protect the health of our policemen after they become permanent members of the Force? The answer is, in a nutshell, the sick rate of the New York Police Department is below 2 per cent. This is lower than that of any very large unit of the United States Army or Navy.

When a member of the Force suffers illness or injury, whether in the performance of duty or not, he receives prompt treatment from a police surgeon without cost. In so large a body as the Police Force serious cases of illness or injury are bound to be met with frequently. In many such cases the benefit of highly specialized treatment is essential to recovery, and the Police Department is amply fortified in this respect. Many of the most noted medical and surgical specialists of the city have aligned themselves

(Continued on page 22)

Heavenly Help for Traffic Cops

AN original and unique experiment in the use of radio and aerial observation to control traffic was made by the Police Department on Saturday, May 14th, in connection with the movements of the "Beer for Taxes" parade. The plan which the Police Commissioner later announced had worked out satisfactorily, was formulated by him in conference with First Deputy Commissioner Phillip D. Hoyt, in charge of the parade arrangements; Thomas W. Rochester, Chief Engineer; Gerald S. Morris, Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph in charge of the police radio system, and Arthur N. Chamberlin and Captain A. W. Wallander of the Air Service Division.

Acting as the police eyes in the air, Mr. Chamberlin and Captain Wallander went aloft in the Good-year airship "Resolute," piloted by Captain Frank Trotter, U. S. N., and remained up for five and a half hours of the time the parade was marching. Their task was to report by short wave radio telephone the general condition of traffic in the parade area and any unusual happenings which might call for police action.

Deputy Commissioner Hoyt had detailed ten of the radio-equipped patrol cars for work with the aerial observers, and a motorcycle patrolman was also assigned to each car to act as a courier. Mr. Rochester and Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph, Morris, established in the Arsenal police station a special radio station to receive the airship's messages.

The arrangements for the experiment worked perfectly, and Mr. Chamberlin and Captain Wallander, using the same wave length as the Headquarters radio station, WPEG, were in uninterrupted communication with the police on the ground. However, the splendid functioning of the ground traffic arrangements gave the aerial policemen but small chance to demonstrate their usefulness.

The fliers, in point of fact, saw only two cases of traffic congestion during their long time aloft which

seemed serious enough to merit a radio message. One occurred early in the afternoon when a truck stalled at Columbus Circle and became the center of a jam which spread north and south of the circle on Broadway. Captain Wallander recommended that traffic be diverted to 9th and 10th Avenues, which were almost free of traffic, and this was done until the tangle was straightened out.

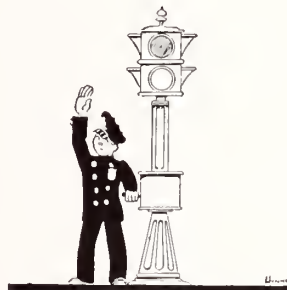
In the other case the occupants of a police radio car had the strange experience of being caught in a traffic jam at 96th Street and Central Park and listening to the observers in the "Resolute" informing the ground officers of the jam and recommending schemes for its untanglement. Most of the messages from the "Resolute," however, stated that everything as seen from a seat 2,000 feet in the air looked to be progressing satisfactorily.

As previously stated, the excellent ground traffic arrangements, aided by the restricted area of the parade, militated

against a real showing of the true usefulness of aerial observation and radio communication. The Police Commissioner nevertheless, was sufficiently pleased with the results obtained to order further tests of this kind to be made this summer. These later trials will be made over Long Island on pleasant Sundays when the roads are jammed with cars, and the perspiring traffic cop may well look to Heaven with thankful eyes when his aerial assistants heave in sight.



Mingling with the clouds. Left to right: Acting Captain Arthur W. Wallander, Captain Frank Trotter, U. S. N., Arthur N. Chamberlin.



Indian Head Beckons



Entrance to grounds

GOOD news has come for the hundreds of policemen and their families who are looking forward to spending their vacations at the Police Recreation Centre. The New York Central Railroad has decided to make a special rate of \$5.80 from New York City to Saugerties and return. The tickets will be on sale daily from now until September 30 and will be good for return any time on or before October 31. They may be purchased by any person without identification. The regular round trip fare is \$7.24, and the result of the conferences with the railroad's representatives and President Joseph P. Moran and John Cummings, treasurer of the P. B. A., is a step in the direction of lower transportation rates to the resort.



A corner of the spacious porch

When the first of the guests reach the Recreation Centre after the doors of the new Indian Head Hotel are thrown open, they will be agreeably surprised at the number of improvements made since their closing in the fall of 1931. It would be difficult, indeed, to improve the landscape, which has

been pronounced by persons who have travelled north, east, south and west, to be one of the finest in the world. The view from the Indian Head Hotel, looking far to the east across the Hudson, is a panorama noteworthy even for the Catskill Mountains.



The luxurious lounge

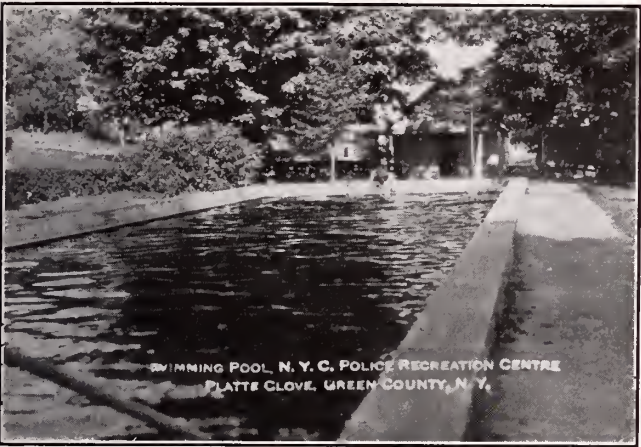
The season at the Police Recreation Centre will begin officially about June 20 when John J. White, the genial manager, and his aids, will open the hotel register and record therein the names of those who will constitute the vanguard of the regiments of happy men, women and children that will celebrate the Fourth of July far from the hustle and bustle of the greater city. Application forms may be had by members of the force from commanding officers. The rates for the Indian Head Hotel and rooms at the cottages and for bungalows remain the same as last year. Children have special rates.

To say that the Police Recreation Centre is the last word in a pleasure resort is only to repeat what has been echoed by every guest fortunate enough to spend a few days near the towering Indian Head Mountain. Just one hundred miles from Police Headquarters on the western bank of the Hudson are the five hundred acres on which every year the members of the force spend leisure hours and days



BUNGALOW COLONY, N. Y. C. POLICE RECREATION CENTRE
PLATE CLOVE, GREEN CO., N. Y.

2,300 feet above sea level surrounded by every modern comfort. Here they may find a swimming pool



with the finest of water coming from mountain springs. Over there modern handball courts. Just behind the hotel up the mountain side there has been located an up-to-date baseball field and a running track for those who are inclined to these outdoor sports. The tennis courts furnish additional opportunity for recreation, while shuffle boards and other devices furnish their own quota of amusement.

In the large dance hall, located to one side of the hotel, up-to-the-minute motion pictures attract hundreds in an evening. On Sundays mass is celebrated right here by the local parish priest.

The Police Recreation Centre is novel in more ways than one. Thanks to the efforts of the Ladies'

Auxiliary, composed of the women folks of members who have been guests, a new reservoir is being built, to be completed in a few weeks, which will give to the place an unmatched supply of the finest drinking water to be found anywhere. The sewage disposal is the last word in scientific sanitation.



An inspection of the hotel itself reveals modern conditions, with a bath attached to each room. A modern kitchen with up-to-date utensils has been arranged to supply the best of cooking, the best of food and the best of sanitary service for the spacious dining-room capable of accommodating five hundred guests.

The Police Recreation Centre has heard the call of the season. It is ready.

OUR MAYOR HANDS ALONG A BOUQUET

April 23, 1932.

Hon. James J. Walker, Mayor,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Allow me to compliment you and your associates on the courtesy extended by three different members of your police force.

On April 15, I visited your city by automobile, and had two occasions to ask directions. In each case I received a courteous and intelligent reply. My contact with these officers was brief and satisfactory.

A few minutes later, at 2 P. M., opposite to 131 33d Street, between the Gimbel Store and the Pennsylvania Hotel, I met a mounted officer who went out of his way to arrange to permit me to park for a few minutes, and who during that time directed me to the Boston Post Road in a manner that gave me credit for intelligence enough to understand his directions without so much as one repetition. His manner showed a thorough grasp of the problems of his work and an understanding of human nature. Indeed, I might say that he has seemingly elevated his work to the plane of a profession. The experience was refreshing.

I have heard unpleasant things about New York, but I left with a feeling of friendship for the city.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) RICHARD W. WETHERILL,
143 W. Highland Ave.,
Philadelphia, Penna.

HERE'S OUR MAY PARTY

Vacationing at the Police Camp...PTL. CHARLES HARROLD	COVER
Editorial Page.....	3
Keeping the Boys in Blue Healthy DR. DANIEL J. DONOVAN, Chief Surgeon	4
Heavenly Help for Traffic Cops.....	5
Indian Head Beckons.....	6
The Junior Police Play Ball.....	8
Humane Police Win Awards.....	9
And That's That—1st Prize Short Story PTL. WILLIAM J. MEYER, Emergency Squad 8	10
Reading the Minutes.....Old Man Sunshine	12
The Prize Winners.....	17
Police Heroes Honored.....	18
Memorial Day in France—1918 POLICEWOMAN ROSE F. TAYLOR, 19th Division	20
Ghosts—2nd Prize Short Story PTL. CHARLES J. MOHLER, Emergency Squad 6	21
Sports.....PTL. JOHN LENA	23
Ptl. Koehler Wins Pistol Crown.....	24
The Police Academy DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	25

The Junior Police Play Ball



Commissioner Mulrooney throws out the first ball as (left to right) Deputy Commissioner Additou, Mrs. M. J. Hamill, of the Crime Prevention Bureau, Chief Inspector John O'Brien, and Arthur N. Chamberlin, Assistant Secretary to the Police Commissioner, look on approvingly.

THE Junior Police Athletic League, organized by the Crime Prevention Bureau, opened its baseball season on May 10, when the "Orioles," representing Unit No. 2 of the Chelsea district of Manhattan, defeated the "Wildcats," representing Unit No. 9 of Flushing, by a score of 3 to 2 in a well played seven-inning game at the Lewisohn Stadium. A crowd of 15,000 wildly enthusiastic youthful fans witnessed the contest.

eran southpaw of the New York Yankees, were the umpires. Inspector Louis F. Costuma of the Crime Prevention Bureau was in charge of the arrangements.

The climax of the seven-inning contest came in the last half of the sixth, with Chelsea one run behind. Eddie Glander, one of whose feet was crippled years ago in a street car accident, showed his ability as a batsman by hitting the ball over the short right field



The "Orioles"—The Winnahs

From the moment that Commissioner Mulrooney threw out the first ball, the game was a pitchers' battle between John Maxaner of Flushing and Eddie Glander of Chelsea, both 17 years old. Maxaner allowed only three hits, one fewer than his rival, but the strain told on him in the sixth inning and he made an overthrow of first base which permitted the tying and winning runs to score for Chelsea.

Commissioner Mulrooney watched the game from a flag-draped box. With him were Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additou and Mrs. M. J. Hamill of the Crime Prevention Bureau, Chief Inspector John O'Brien, and Arthur N. Chamberlin, Assistant Secretary to the Commissioner. Commissioner of Accounts James A. Higgins and Herbert Pennock, vet-



The "Wildcats"—Tamed by a whisker

wall and was compelled by the ground rules to stop at second. Sprague walked, and with two on base Captain Larrity hit one right at Maxaner. The Flushing pitcher, with an easy play at first base, tossed the ball far over the first baseman's head and the tying and winning runs crossed the plate amid the frenzied cheering of the boy spectators.

Glander retired the Flushing "Wildcats" in order in their half of the seventh, the unfortunate Maxaner fanning for the final out of the game. The enthusiastic fans promptly mobbed the police officials, the umpires and the players, and then went home tired but happy. In fact, one enthusiastic sociologist who had witnessed the contest remarked that if the boys, both players and spectators, were half as tired

as he was they would have neither energy nor desire for mischief making. Deputy Commissioner Additon replied that that condition was exactly the big idea back of the Junior Police Athletic League.



Batter up

The score:

CHELSEA						FLUSHING							
	ab	r	h	po	a	e		ab	r	h	po	a	e
Brady, 2b.....	2	0	0	0	3	0	Celentano, rf.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
Sprague, 1b.....	2	1	0	12	0	0	Mullen, 2b.....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Larrity, ss.....	3	1	1	1	1	1	Weisenstein, 3b.....	2	1	0	1	0	2
Pattuzo, lf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	Ziegler, cf.....	3	0	2	0	0	0
Reddy, cf.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	Randall, ss.....	3	0	1	2	0	0
Sheridan, rf.....	1	0	0	1	0	0	Peters, lf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Boney, 3b.....	2	0	0	1	3	0	Somol, c.....	3	0	0	6	0	0
Leonard, c.....	2	0	0	5	0	0	Neglia, 1b.....	3	0	0	5	1	0
Glander, p.....	2	1	1	1	4	0	Maxaner, p.....	3	0	0	3	2	1
Totals	18	3	3	21	8	1	Totals	26	2	4	18	4	3
Chester, 1b.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	Flushing	1	0	0	0	2	—
Flushing	1	0	0	0	0	0	Flushing	1	0	0	0	0	—

Chelsea	1	0	0	0	2	x-3
Flushing	1	0	0	1	0	0-2

Runs batted in—Ziegler (2), Larrity (2). Two-base hits—Glander, Ziegler. Stolen bases—Sprague, Larrity, Sheridan, Weisenstein, Mullen. Double plays—Celentano and Neglia; Neglia and Somol. Left on bases—Chelsea, 1; Flushing, 3. Bases on balls—Off Glander, 1; off Maxaner, 3. Struck out—By Glander, 5; by Maxaner, 5.

HUMANE POLICEMEN WIN AWARDS

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER on May 11th presented to a Sergeant and twelve patrolmen certificates from the Humane Society of New York for humane acts performed by the recipients in 1931. Most of the certificate winners belong to Emergency Squads and received their awards for their work in extricating animals from difficult positions.

Those to whom the Police Commissioner handed certificates are: Sergeant Michael Sullivan, of Emergency Squad 9; Patrolmen Frederick Gegenheimer, of the 15th Precinct; Thomas Hanrahan, of Traffic H; Harold Pritchard, Frederick Beiner and Andrew Rooney, of Emergency Squad 2; John Reilly and Otto Behrens, of Emergency Squad 3; Peter Lai-bach and William Fleig, of Emergency Squad 4; Lawrence Romer, of Emergency Squad 6; George Backert, of Emergency Squad 18, and Edward Gout-link, of Emergency Squad 19.

CONGRATULATIONS AND PRIZES

THE February, March and April winners of the literary and art contests conducted by SPRING 3100 received their prizes from the Police Commissioner in a brief ceremony held on May 19th, in the Board Room at Headquarters. The Commissioner congratulated the winners on the excellence of their work and said that SPRING 3100 was winning favorable comment for the New York Police Department in the police circles in which it is received throughout the world.

Those who received prizes were:

FEBRUARY

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize—\$15—Ptl. Russell A. Shopland, Emergency Squad 9

2d Prize—\$10—Ptl. William Gossman, Air Service Division

LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize—\$15—Ptl. Thomas Ryan, 42d Precinct

2d Prize—\$10—Ptl. Albert Kinstrey, Troop D, Squad 1

3d Prize—\$5—Ptl. John G. Chambers, Emergency Squad 7

KOP KOMIKS—PRIZE \$2

Ptl. Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct

Ptl. Anton Svoboda, 23d Precinct

Ptl. Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Pct. "F"

Ptl. Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop

MARCH

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize—\$15—Ptl. Charles J. Mohler, Emergency Squad 6

2d Prize—\$10—Ptl. David A. Fay, 14th Precinct

LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize—\$15—Ptl. Christian P. Sold, Emergency Squad 15

2d Prize—\$10—Ptl. Thomas J. Tighe, Emergency Squad 5

3d Prize—\$5—Ptl. Henry Schachne, 43d Precinct

KOP KOMIKS—PRIZE \$2

Ptl. Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct

Ptl. Bill Boos, 75th Precinct

Ptl. Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Pct. "F"

Ptl. Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop

APRIL

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize—\$15—Ptl. Daniel D. Langan, 13th Division

2d Prize—\$10—Sgt. William M. Carroll, Mounted Squad 1

LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize—\$15—Ptl. Leo Colton, Telegraph Bureau, Queens

2d Prize—\$10—Ptl. Joseph A. Scott, 102d Precinct

3d Prize—\$5—Ptl. George Geiger, Emergency Squad 5

KOP KOMIKS—PRIZE \$2

Ptl. Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct

Ptl. Bill Boos, 75th Precinct

Ptl. Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Pct. "F"

Ptl. Thomas Mezzone, 47th Precinct

And That's That

By PATROLMAN WILLIAM J. MEYER, *Emergency Squad No. 8*

First Prize, Short Story Contest



TOM KANNON was very much put out when he was given the waterfront post. There wasn't a soul to see, much less speak to. Nothing but piers and lumber yards, which didn't even have a fire in them.

Although the tramp steamers unloading their cargoes during the day had at first been his only interest, that soon wore off and became just another of his uninteresting surroundings.

If the daytime was without excitement, the nights were worse. Tom wondered why they had a policeman on that post at all.

Tonight was an example of this beat at its worst. It was damp and cold, although spring was right around the corner. A dense fog prevented Tom from seeing more than ten feet in front of him.

He was in a rather discouraged mood despite his being eighty-five on the list for sergeant, which meant an early appointment, and which should have at least buoyed him up a bit. But, when a fellow is down in the dumps, it takes more than that to cheer him, and Tom was no exception.

Well, to make the best of a bad situation, he continued his patrolling, trying to pierce the fog, which seemed to become less penetrating as the evening advanced.

As he neared Pier No. 42, North River, he thought he saw a slim form lurking near one of the spiles, but the night was so misty and the fog so dense that he couldn't be sure. However, like all good servants of the public, Tom proceeded to investigate. As he neared the shadow, his footsteps echoing in the silence, he saw it suddenly leap forward into space. In the loud splash which followed was mingled a girl's smothered cry.

Kannon quickly covered the remaining distance, discarding his raincoat, hat and gun as he ran. He dove into the chilly water. With his strong strokes and his knowledge of life saving he had little difficulty in getting her ashore, despite her somewhat feeble struggles.

When she finally opened wide her frightened eyes, after he had administered artificial respiration, he did his best to calm her apparent fears. She told him, between sobs, just how much she appreciated his rescuing her, which was not at all. Why, she asked, hadn't he let her finish the job.

His partner, upon arriving on the scene, called for an ambulance. When it arrived, the doctor examined the girl and assured them there was no apparent injury, just a mental shock resulting from malnutrition and constant worrying.

Kannon then reported, over the signal box, to the lieutenant on desk duty that he was going sick and he started for the station house. He gave the lieutenant his report of the aided case upon his arrival, changed his clothes and went home.

Kannon's mother, a sweet white-haired little old lady, was somewhat surprised and startled to see her son home two hours early, but his story of the accident soon had her considerably interested in the rescued girl.

The next morning bright and early found Tom's mother and himself in Bellevue prison ward. Tom brought a large bouquet of spring flowers, and with a big box of candy under his arm looked like a fellow calling on his best girl, as his mother laughingly remarked.

Joan, the girl, looking like a twelve-year-old instead of her twenty-two years, was still quite pale. They soon had her in an almost cheerful mood, and after his mother had assured her that she did not need to worry further about finding a job, that their home was to be hers, she fell into a peaceful sleep.

Kannon, now Joan's devoted friend and admirer, visited her daily. Sometimes his mother accompanied him, but there were times when she was too busy. Tom liked his visits alone best, and he had a difficult time tearing himself away when visiting hours were over.

On one of his visits, Tom told Joan that it would be necessary for her to appear in court on leaving the hospital. He assured her that there was no reason to worry as everything would be taken care of.

"Do you know," said Joan, "you've been so very splendid that though at first I almost hated you for saving me, now I can do nothing but thank you."

Tom looked at her in such a manner that she turned away in confusion. "Perhaps you are no more thankful than I that it was you and I who met that night in the fog. You know how much I care about you, Joan, and perhaps when you learn to like me just a little bit—well, honey—maybe you'll marry me."

He grinned quite sheepishly, feeling like most men do when popping the question.

Although Joan didn't say anything, she seemed to consent.

Finally the day arrived when Joan was to leave the hospital in the custody of a police matron to plead her case in court. She arrived at nine in the morning, but her case, the last one that day, did not come up until one.

Somewhat shaken, she approached the Magistrate's desk upon hearing her name called by the court attendant.

The Judge, a stern-faced, gray-haired man, asked Joan why she had attempted suicide.

Joan's story was simple. An orphan for the past five years she had managed to get and hold a position as social secretary to a young society matron. When an emerald bracelet was missed, although Joan was assured she was above suspicion, she was given two weeks' notice.

She had had several positions since. They lasted a month or two at the most. One boss desired to mix pleasure with business, another's wife preferred that her husband have a much older and less attractive business associate.

Then there were no more jobs. Joan trotted from agency to agency. There were a hundred girls for every position. She had managed to save a portion of her salary each week while working, but her small bank account soon dwindled away. When she had been unable to pay her room rent after letting her bill run three weeks her landlady, who had all she could do to get along herself, told her that the room had to be vacated by noon the following day.

Joan had about reached the end of her endurance. She felt she couldn't go on, and like people in her state of mind, she thought of suicide.

She then told the Judge how she had wandered down to the river, jumped off the pier, and how Tom had rescued her.

Kannon, who had been standing in the background

during Joan's hearing, now stepped forward. He asked the Judge if the case might be dismissed as he intended to marry the defendant this day, and thus guarantee that she would make no further attempt to end her life.

The Judge's stern face gradually softened and he smilingly requested that he be given the honor of performing the wedding ceremony.

Joan did not think him stern at all now, and of course the Judge's request was granted.



SERGEANT ALLEN VAN HAGEN

The first death of a member of the Police Air Service Division occurred on April 23d when Acting Sergeant Allen Van Hagen, who was off duty at the time, crashed fatally at Curtiss-Wright Airport, Valley Stream, Long Island, in a commercial plane which he was testing for a friend. His passenger, George Kirchhuber, of 1195 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, for whom Sergeant Van Hagen was demonstrating the plane, died on the following day from injuries suffered in the accident.

Sergeant Van Hagen, who had been with the Air Service Division since its inception in October, 1929, was a transport pilot, a most experienced flyer and the Chief Pilot of the Police Air Unit. He entered the Police Department in October, 1915, and before joining the aviation unit was a member of Motorcycle Squad No. 3.

The Police Commissioner, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessy, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, 2d, Honorary Aviation Aide to the Commissioner, with Arthur N. Chamberlin, Assistant Secretary to the Commissioner, and Acting Captain Arthur W. Wallander, uniformed head of the Air Service Division, attended the funeral services which were held on April 26 at Bach's Funeral Parlors, 122 Meserole Avenue, Brooklyn. A delegation from the Ancient and Secret Order of Quiet Birdmen were also present. The body was cremated on the following day.

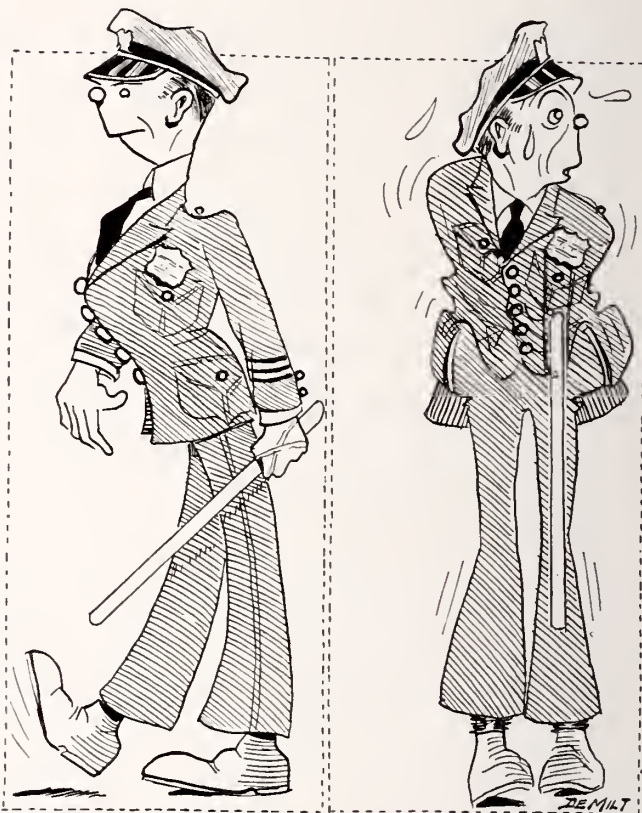
The dead flyer was a man of sterling character who will be greatly missed not only by his comrades in the Air Service Division, but by all who knew him in the Department. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Hazel Van Hagen and three sons, Clinton, 17; John, 14, and Charles, 12. The Van Hagen home is at 352-A Hancock Street, Brooklyn.

Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



Patrolman John J. Candidate as he looked a year ago—and as he looks today—after a year of watchful waiting.

IF memory rightly serves, it was last June that exactly 7,041 ambitious young patrolmen made that historic pilgrimage to The Bronx, where, within the spacious confines of the Kingsbridge Armory, they prepared to do battle with those uncompromising examiners of the Civil Service Commission.

They were a serious, studious and sober body of men, with ambition in their eyes, hope in their hearts and plenty of ink in their fountain pens.

Through their befuddled minds whirled a never-ending array of questions—answers—hopes—fears—premonitions—and still more questions.

It presaged indeed a battle of gigantic brains versus provoking problems.

It's been over for nearly a year now, but the worst, sad to relate, IS STILL TO COME.

And if the list isn't released soon—well, the least said about that the better.

We've been watching you candidates very closely the past month or two—and frankly, we're worried.

A year ago you were as fine and vivacious and personable a lot of chaps as anyone would care to meet.

Today most of you act as though you had the hives.

You are beset with fears too horrible for expression. For instance:

What if the fellow who makes up the list should inadvertently leave your name off—through a typographical error or other omission?

And what if the examiner who worked on your papers had the wrong answers—and *rated your efforts accordingly?*

Then you smile benignly, for how could you have failed after writing 198 pages.

Surely the examiners would find enough correct answers in that mess to give you a passing mark—at least.

The situation, however, is not without its brighter side.

Imagine, if you can, all of the 7,041 candidates tying for first place on the list—and *all promoted.*

That would mean more than 8,000 sergeants on the job, one practically for every two patrolmen.

Wouldn't that be the most delightful break imaginable for the rest of the boys—*especially when you figure there are entirely too many sergeants floating around even now?*

And that, patient reader, is the desperate situation which confronts us today. Sad, isn't it?

It was Lieutenant Arthur Strachan, smart and efficient youngster, performing now with Third District Traffic, who first suggested that we bring the matter to the attention of the Police Commissioner. Arthur had previously doped out an order which he claims might salvage the situation a little.

An ounce of prevention now, Arthur figures, will save us considerable in flowers later.

The Order reads:

TO ALL COMMANDS—ALL BOROUGHS

(a) Information has been received from the Municipal Civil Service Commissioner that many of the candidates in the recent examination for promotion to Sergeant have developed suicidal tendencies, while others are in a state of nervous collapse brought about by the delay in the publication of the eligible list.

(b) Commanding officers will carefully observe the actions of such candidates performing duty in their respective commands to forestall and prevent possible acts of self-violence.

(c) All supplies of a poisonous nature in precinct station houses will be kept in a safe place under lock and key until the present period of terror subsides.

(d) The Emergency Service Division will be held in readiness should their services be required in rendering first aid.

(e) Leaves of absence for the Chief Surgeon and all District Surgeons are hereby countermanded.

(f) The Medical Examiner's office will be open twenty-four hours daily pending further notice.

There you are, Commissioner, all you have to do now is simply to put the K.O. on it and start the presses going.

Remember, you were in the same predicament yourself once.

AT the Commodore a few short weeks ago we were tickled silly to find parked at the same table with us the handsome and very genial Harold Neary, Secretary to the Police Commissioner, and a lovely chap withal and nevertheless.

Harold slipped us a carefully folded document as the *Petite Marmite*, *Henry IV* (soup to you), was being served, and nervously confided that upon it was inscribed a bit of choice poetry he had gotten up entirely by himself, without the aid of family, relatives, friends or other Democrats.

Later he whispered we could print it in Old Man Sunshine's column if we promised faithfully not to use his name.

Of course we promised we wouldn't—*use his name, we mean.*

We have reached the stage now where we'll promise almost anything.

Getting back to our story, however, we not only promised Harold to publish his poem, but also to see that it was presented in real glamorous style, with a magnificent drawing guaranteed to bring out the theme—if the poem itself didn't.

And so, with profound apologies to the radio voice of the New York American—*Here we go!!*



MARY HAS A LITTLE CALF

By Harold Neary

(All Rights Reserved)

Mary has a little calf,
Which really doesn't matter.
For now that longer skirts are here,
Who'd want one any fatter.

LIEUTENANT JOE BRAWLEY, smiling Chief of the famous Pen and Ink Squad in the Chief Inspector's office, dropped in with a suggestion the other day that we consider not entirely without merit.

"You could pep up your column considerably," piped Joe, "by interspersing with that junk you get away with every month a good, snappy story or two. Something exciting and dramatic, with enough romance and thrills to capture the imagination—if you know what I mean."

Of course we know what you mean, Joe, and while it's a little out of our line, we're always happy to oblige.

Here's a tragic yarn we wrote on the Albany night boat one morning. Drop in again sometime and let us know how it affected you.



THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

"I'm simply delirious about you, Sadie, honest I am."

"And I'm goofy about you, too, Henry, but it's getting late and my husband is likely to arrive any minute now. Better beat it while the beating is good, because if he finds you here it's going to be just too bad."

Just then the door flew open, and it wasn't Aunt Sophie arriving for a short two-week's visit, either.

"MORTIMER!" screamed Sadie as she thirstily downed a fresh highball.

"F' HEAVEN SAKE!" likewise emoted Henry as he nervously dropped his lily eup.

Just what he was doing there with a lily eup in his hand is beyond us. Maybe he had in mind to bail out the Central Park lake with it on his way home.

Henry was in a tough spot. He couldn't very well pull the old gag about waiting for a street car because he didn't have his hat on. He didn't even have his nickel handy, in fact.

"Gotcha with the goods at last," growled Mortimer, ominously, as he pulled his automatic. Henry, too, pulled his.

With a single, terrifying report both guns spat viciously, two bull's eyes were chalked up and promptly twenty toes pointed ceilingward.

When the officer on post arrived he found Sadie weeping softly over the two bodies.

"Ah," chuckled Johnny Law, knowingly, "your husband nailed you at last, eh? Which one is he?"

Drawing herself up proudly Sadie reached for a Lucky.

"My husband," she said haughtily, "hasn't got home yet."

HERE'S a novel bit of rhyme that we consider clever and original. It was submitted by Patrolman Henry Schachne, of the 43d Precinct, up in Williamsbridge, where cops are cops and the sergeants eat spinach only on Captain Quirk's days off.

Henry, let it be told, is no amateur when it comes to grinding out things rhythmical, as he abundantly demonstrated recently by copping several of our limerick prizes.

He has dedicated this masterpiece to the Theatrical Profession, having in mind the many departmental affairs and similar worthy causes to which they gave freely and generously of their time and talents.

Very nice thought, Henry, very nice, indeed.



AN OLD ACTOR'S MEMOIRS

"I've appeared before the footlights in many a good old town, and memory often brings back sights, a laugh—sometimes a frown. 'Twas the days of *Melodrama*—*Minstrels* and *Burlesque*, too, while the *Motion Picture Camera* then a dream has since proved true. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *East Lynne* were favorites in those years; *In Old Kentucky* always was received with thunderous cheers. *The Fatal Wedding*—*The Midnight Express*—in those days were the rage, and *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, too, made 'some hit' on the stage.

"There were many other sterling plays, and stars—I see them yet; the villains and the heroes gave me thrills I'll ne'er forget. *Julia Marlowe* and *E. H. Sothorn* will live in mind forever, while *Ellen Terry* and *Henry Irving*—could they be surpassed—no, never. Talk about Old Timers and their good old-fashioned art, how about the *Mulligan Guards* with *Harrigan and Hart*.

"Among the others—*Weber and Fields*, at comedy each a master, and *Marie Dressler* and

Pat Rooney's reels, not forgetting *Tony Pastor*. There were of course a whole lot more, some still perform today; many have crossed to the Golden Shore, others drifted away.

"Perhaps these day dreams bore you, but the old memories linger yet, and as sure as I'm here with you now—well, somehow I can't forget."



The famous Tonsillitis Party. Dr. Horn shown on dais, fourth from right

ONE of the nicest affairs it has ever been our privilege to attend was the Tonsillitis Party tendered on the evening of May 12th, at the Hotel Astor, to Dr. Walter L. Horn, distinguished nose, throat and ear specialist and Honorary Consultant to the Police Department.

It was held under the auspices of the *Walter Horn Tonsillitis Club, Inc.*, of 1040 Park Avenue, comprising a small army of de-tonsilled cops of all ranks, races, religions and creeds.

Everything went along smoothly until someone suggested that Walter be provided with a victim upon whom he could practice between courses—*just to keep him in good humor, as it were*, and immediately the waiters went on strike.

They couldn't "take it," in other words.

Assistant Chief Inspector John J. Sullivan, a member in good standing, under cross-examination, said:

"Who can appreciate the joy that is ours in the knowledge that we are no longer thwarted by the pangs of fear when prompted to irrigate our throats with hot coffee, hot lemonade, hot pastrami, hot *anything*? And what a blessing it is to know that we now can mingle nonchalantly with the Filet Mignon and the Luscious Limburger secure in the

knowledge they will slip past the pillars of the palate in a non-stop flight, calmly, coolly and *buglessly*."

Deputy Chief Inspector Johnny Hennessy, a *PROSPECT*, got by the doorman only after he had signed a waiver of immunity, and had promised solemnly to become a member *just as soon as he could arrange for a little more insurance*.

In a ringing address Johnny later declared he was so impressed with the homage paid Walter by the men whose throats he'd embroidered so beautifully that he would consider it an honor to have Walter do a little excavating on his, too.

Others who spoke were Dr. Leo Tanzer, noted dental surgeon; former Police Commissioner Howard Logue of New Rochelle; Dr. Bob Shea, genial surgeon of the Headquarters Clinic; Mary A. Sullivan, lovely commander of the Policewomen's Bureau; President Joe Moran, of the P. B. A., and Chief Surgeon Daniel J. Donovan, whose subject, "*TO BE OR NOT TO BE—TONSILLIZED*," proved conclusively that "*A tonsil in the sink is worth two on the blink*" any old time.

Feelingly and tonsillatiously Dr. Dan, in concluding, said:

"It gives me immeasurable gladness to join with you and to express to our distinguished friend my



utmost feelings of personal regard, and appreciation of the wonderful scientific service rendered the members of the New York Police Department by our honored and kindly gentleman—Dr. Walter Horn.”

Lieutenant James A. De Milt, who toastmastered, struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his listeners when, in presenting Walter, he said:

“He has won a place in our hearts that will endure so long as memory endures. A place no power on earth ever can destroy.”

Walter was visibly affected—and who wouldn't be? He said:

“I am deeply honored and grateful for the kindness and attention you have shown me

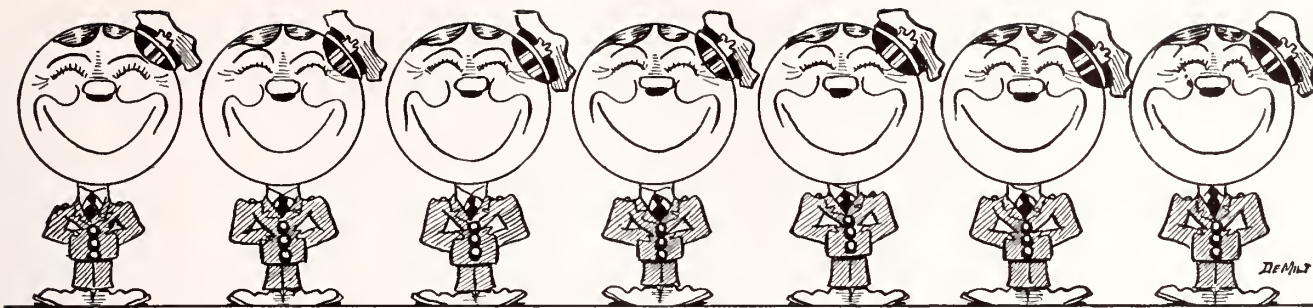
tonight. You have made me very happy—happy in the thought that I have been able to be of some service to so splendid a body of men. I assure you this would not have been possible had I not had the co-operation of the boys in the Department. You are known everywhere as New York's Finest, but it is a proven fact to me that you are in reality the World's *Very* Finest. A finer lot of men no one would ask to know. I wish to thank each of you personally, and I hope our association may continue happily for a great many days to come.”

Thank you, Walter, you're a grand guy. Don't forget, incidentally, that the boys, too, were happy that night, and proud to have had you as their guest.

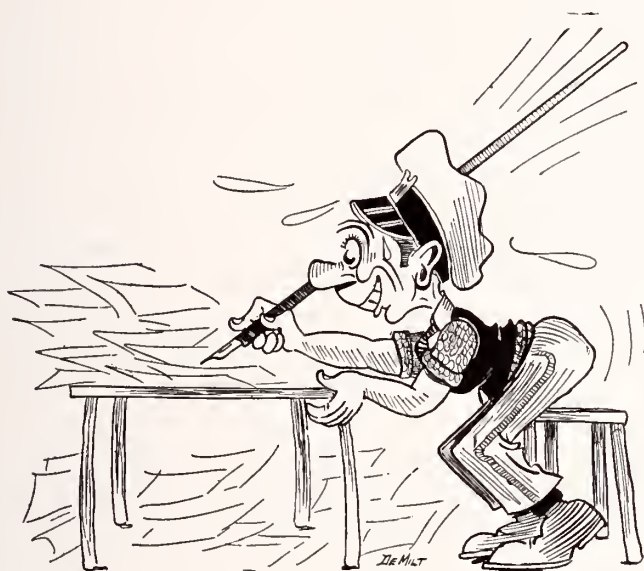


His favorite pose





The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman William J. Meyer,
Emergency Squad 8

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Charles J. Mohler,
Emergency Squad 6

LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Thomas L. Keenan,
15th Division

McSweeney is still flying high,
He's now the Assistant C. I.;
So strike up the band
And let's give him a hand,
"He has shown what you get when you try."

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Christopher Summerville,
30th Precinct

"He'll try for the sky—wotta guy."

3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman James McCusker,
Emergency Squad 5

"4-u-c-2-b-C.I.'s his pie."

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.
Patrolman H. Brennan, 92d Precinct.
Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."
Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than June 8th.

THIS MONTH'S LIMERICK

"We've raised Mac right up from the walk,
His next step now brings quite a squawk;
Our fan mail keeps cryin'
KEEP CHIEF JOHN O'BRIEN!"

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

Police Heroes Honored



The Medal Winners

MAYOR WALKER, in a touching and stirring ceremony held at City Hall on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 17th, presented the medals awarded annually to members of the force for deeds of conspicuous bravery. Twenty of these medals had been awarded, eight of them being received from the Mayor's hand by the next of kin of officers who were slain in 1931 in the performance of their duty. These recipients included six widows of policemen, a mother and a sister of the two other dead officers. Nine of the eleven policemen who received their medals in person had won pistol battles with gunmen; one had tried heroically to rescue an aged couple in a tenement house fire, and the other had plunged into the East River in January to save a woman from committing suicide by drowning.

The ceremony was held in the plaza in front of the City Hall steps, and was witnessed by several thousand persons. The Police Commissioner presented the recipients of the medals, and among the police officials present were Deputy Commissioners Hoyt, Muldoon, Leach and Ruttenberg, Chief Inspector John O'Brien, Assistant Chief Inspector Sullivan, Harold Neary, Secretary to the Commissioner, Austin E. Titus, Secretary to the Department, and Vincent A. Finn, of the Fifth Deputy Commissioner's office. Two of the medal donors, Major Phillip Rhinelander, who gave the Rhinelander Medal for valor, and Daniel B. Freedman, who gave the Daniel B. Freedman Medal, were also present.

Mayor Walker eulogized the dead and read into their deeds a lesson to the living to give greater love to this city and its people. The Mayor said:

"If I might attempt one word of consolation, it would be this: It was better for a mother to have had such sons for a short time than sons of less courage and honor for longer. Now that suddenly these, the very flower of our young manhood, have been wiped out, we should profit by the lesson of their

lives. They should inspire us to greater love of our city and its people.

POLICE SACRIFICES PRAISED

"It was not for publicity, honor, or glory that the lives of these men were given for people of whom we never shall hear. They gave their lives for people without distinction. The standards of the Police Department may be measured by the devotion of the men in its ranks for just the people. I hope the people of this city will have an appreciation of the sacrifices daily made by every man in the Police Department.

"These men are an honor to their city, to American life, and to humanity. They are a justification to government, and have the gratitude of the City of New York."

Grant Crabtree, Chief Clerk of the Police Department, read the citations of the medals which were as follows:

(POSTHUMOUS)

DETECTIVE CHRISTOPHER W. SCHEUING, Shield No. 814, 13th Squad, 18th Division. At about 8:25 P. M., February 19, 1931, accompanied by another detective, entered premises 49 Lexington Avenue, Manhattan, where two men were committing a holdup; shots were exchanged, and Detective Scheuing was killed.

PATROLMAN JAMES J. FLANAGAN, Shield No. 1312, 25th Precinct. At about 8:45 P. M., March 12, 1931, off duty in civilian clothes, accosted two suspicious men at 128th Street and Park Avenue, Manhattan; shots were exchanged, and Patrolman Flanagan was killed.

PATROLMAN BERNARD SHERRY, Shield No. 14873, 15th Precinct (was temporarily assigned to Borough Headquarters Squad, Manhattan, at time of occurrence). At about 12:20 A. M., May 2, 1931, on duty in plain clothes, entered premises 595 Third Avenue, Manhattan, where three men were committing a holdup; shots were exchanged, and Patrolman Sherry was killed.

SERGEANT WILLIAM H. O'SHAUGHNESSY, Shield No. 784, 28th Precinct. At about 1:50 A. M., June 9, 1931, on patrol duty, entered premises 329 Lenox Avenue, Manhattan, where three men were committing a holdup, and Sergeant O'Shaughnessy was shot and killed.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. DEGIVE, Shield No. 1187, Main Office, 18th Division. At about 10 P. M., March 3, 1931, encountered two men escaping from a holdup in a dance hall at 125th Street and Lenox Avenue, Manhattan; shots were exchanged, and Detective Degive was wounded and died June 28, 1931.

PATROLMAN WALTER J. WEBB, Shield No. 4947, 40th Precinct. At about 4:10 P. M., August 21, 1931, in an automobile guarding a paymaster and entering the driveway adjoining 712 East 133d Street, Bronx, Patrolman Webb was shot and killed by two holdup men.

PATROLMAN EDWIN V. CHURCHILL, Shield No. 10431, Motorcycle Squad No. 1. At about 4:10 P. M., August 21, 1931, on motorcycle duty, pursued two men in a taxicab escaping from the murder of another patrolman at 712 East 133d Street, Bronx; shots were exchanged, and Patrolman Churchill was killed.

SERGEANT TIMOTHY MURPHY, Shield No. 511, 8th Precinct. At about 1:25 A. M., September 14, 1931, on patrol duty, entered premises 18 East 13th Street, Manhattan, where three men were committing a holdup; shots were exchanged, and Sergeant Murphy was killed.

DETECTIVE GUIDO J. PESSAGNO, Shield No. 138, 20th Squad, 18th Division. At about 4 P. M., October 19, 1931, accompanied by other policemen, entered premises 154 West 78th Street, Manhattan, in pursuit of a man implicated in the murder of a patrolman; shots were exchanged, and Detective Pessagno was killed.



The Mayor decorates a hero

The other medal awards were:

DEPARTMENT MEDAL OF HONOR

PATROLMAN JOHN P. RONAN, Shield No. 14898, Emergency Service Squad No. 1. At about 3:50 P. M., April 1, 1931, off duty in civilian clothes, and in a store at 5320 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, with his wife and child, encountered two holdup men; shots were fired; Patrolman Ronan was wounded, and the men were subsequently arrested.

THE LE ROY W. BALDWIN MEDAL

PATROLMAN ALEXANDER CALDER, Shield No. 16586, 18th Precinct. At about 1 A. M., May 28, 1931, on patrol duty, pursued a man escaping from a holdup, and finally located him in premises 109 West 45th Street, Manhattan, where the bandit was killed when he attempted to shoot Patrolman Calder.

THE ISAAC BELL MEDAL FOR VALOR

PATROLMAN ALEXANDER FRASER, Shield No. 16304, 28th Precinct. At about 4:30 A. M., November 22, 1931, off duty in civilian clothes with two other patrolmen, encountered four holdup men in a restaurant at 404 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn; shots were exchanged; Patrolman Fraser wounded three of them, and all were arrested.

THE BROOKLYN CITIZEN'S MEDAL FOR VALOR

PATROLMAN CHARLES F. LIND, Shield No. 15722, 94th Precinct. At about 4:55 P. M., March 5, 1931, on patrol duty, entered an apartment on the third floor of a burning tenement house at 241 Greenpoint Avenue, Brooklyn, and in an attempted rescue of an elderly couple was overcome by smoke and third degree burns; brought to safety by another patrolman, and Patrolman Lind was on sick report over four months.

THE DANIEL B. FREEDMAN MEDAL

PATROLMAN EDWARD F. GARVEY, Shield No. 4319, 24th Precinct. At about 10 P. M., July 28, 1931, on patrol duty, encountered two holdup men in the rear of a store at 613 Columbus Avenue, Manhattan, and during an exchange of shots Patrolman Garvey killed one of the bandits.

THE WILLIAM McLAIN FREEMAN MEDAL

PATROLMAN GARRET W. GOLDEN, Shield No. 11163, 20th Precinct. At about 10:20 P. M., July 10, 1931, on patrol duty, wounded one and arrested another of five men escaping from a holdup at 28 West 63d Street, Manhattan; Patrolman Golden having also been wounded during an exchange of shots.

THE PETER F. MEYER MEDAL

DETECTIVE LOUIS F. GREITER, Shield No. 55, 50th Squad, 18th Division (was Patrolman, Shield No. 11094, 46th Precinct, at time of occurrence). At about 11:30 P. M., March 7, 1931, in uniform, on volunteer duty with three other patrolmen in

private automobiles, encountered four holdup men in a restaurant at 2359 Webster Avenue, Bronx; shots were exchanged; Patrolman Greiter killed one of the bandits, and all were arrested.

THE RHINELANDER MEDAL FOR VALOR

PATROLMAN JOHN M. O'BRIEN, Shield No. 15361, 15th Precinct. At about 9:45 P. M., April 27, 1931, on patrol duty, encountered a holdup man in a store at 539 Second Avenue, Manhattan; shots were exchanged, and after Patrolman O'Brien had been wounded he arrested the bandit.

THE CHARLES H. SABIN MEDAL

PATROLMAN KERRY C. O'CONNOR, Shield No. 1533, Traffic Precinct D. At about 1:50 P. M., April 15, 1931, on traffic duty, entered premises at 687 Eighth Avenue, Manhattan, where a holdup was being committed; shots were exchanged, and Patrolman O'Connor wounded, disarmed and arrested the bandit.

THE WALTER SCOTT MEDAL FOR VALOR

DETECTIVE DOMINICK D. PAPE, Shield No. 691, 13th Squad, 18th Division. At about 8:25 P. M., February 19, 1931, accompanied by another detective, entered a restaurant at 49 Lexington Avenue, Manhattan, where two men were committing a holdup; shots were exchanged; the other detective was killed, and Detective Pape killed one of the bandits.

THE MARTIN J. SHERIDAN MEDAL FOR VALOR

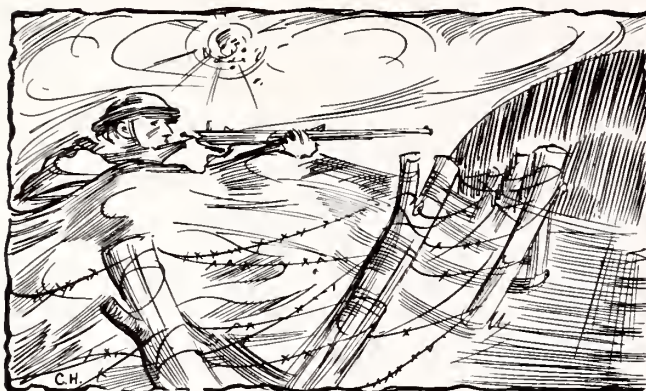
PATROLMAN WILLIAM J. RYAN, Shield No. 5645, 27th Precinct. At about 8:30 A. M., January 10, 1931, off duty in civilian clothes, jumped into the west channel of the East River at Welfare Island, and despite the temperature and treacherous currents Patrolman Ryan rescued a woman who had attempted suicide by drowning.

The women who received the awards were Mrs. Nora Churchill, widow of Motorcycle Patrolman Edwin V. Churchill; Miss Vera Degive, sister of Detective William J. Degive; Mrs. Grace L. Flanagan, widow of Patrolman James J. Flanagan; Mrs. Catherine O'Shaughnessy, widow of Sergeant William J. O'Shaughnessy; Mrs. Teresa Pessagno, widow of Detective Guido J. Pessagno; Mrs. Nora Scheuing, widow of Detective Christopher W. Scheuing; Mrs. Mary A. Sherry, widow of Patrolman Bernard Sherry, and Mrs. Ethel Webb, widow of Patrolman Walter J. Webb.

Memorial Day in France—1918

By POLICEWOMAN ROSE F. TAYLOR

Miss Taylor is a former member of the U. S. Army Nurse Corps and served at U. S. Base Hospital No. 8, Savenay, France, with the American Expeditionary Force in the World War. She is now on duty at the Headquarters Dental Clinic.



IT seems but a few short years ago, on this self-same day, a bright and glorious sun shone down upon us in the towns of Northern France where our American soldier boys lay buried. Those of us who had the honor of being present at one or another of these memorial services which were held in so many places on that day, so far, far away from home, can well recall the glorious tributes of praise and exaltation which the various speakers bestowed upon the deeds of our heroic dead. Well can we remember the feeling of honorable pride that welled up in our hearts in the midst of our sadness.

Well do we remember, with almost grim determination, we then and there resolved that never, so long as God gave us the breath of life, would we allow the memory of our fellow comrades to fade from our hearts and memory. Once again on this day, sacred to the memory of those who died that our country might live, we gather together to prove our loyalty to them, to pledge our fidelity to the same high and holy ideals for which they made the supreme sacrifice; that is the very inspiration of Memorial Day; it is the inward spirit that prompts its observance, that gives it a meaning and bestows its value. Statues and monuments, no matter how grand or imposing they may be, erected to the memory of our soldiers, sailors, marines, and nurses of the World War, have no meaning for us whatever except insofar as they

are the concrete embodiment in stone, or in marble, of the deep appreciation of a grateful people.

It is something of the spirit that prompts a devoted son or daughter to place a wreath on the grave of a beloved parent—a symbol of enduring affection.



So on Memorial Day let us make our pilgrimage to the shrines of our heroic dead, pledge anew and sacredly swear to them a loyalty and fidelity that follows them beyond the grave. For some brief moments during the day we will turn our thoughts back to Flanders fields and the fields of France, and in spirit we will visit the hallowed places where our heroic dead lie buried, and as we stand by the little white cross where some mother's son or daughter lies sleeping, we will say to them, so they may tell the others:

That there is not one of them forgotten.

THE Greater New York Police Post No. 1999, Veterans of Foreign Wars, will parade in the annual Memorial Day parade on Riverside Drive on the morning of May 30, 1932. The parade will start at 9 A. M. at 72d Street and terminate in the vicinity of 94th Street. Immediately after the parade the members of the post and their friends, including the ladies, will adjourn to the Hotel Newton, 94th Street and Broadway, where a full eight-course dinner will be served. A wonderful time is anticipated by all.

Ghosts

By PATROLMAN CHARLES J. MOHLER, *Emergency Squad No. 6*

Second Prize, Short Story Contest



A CROWD stood around the deserted building and gazed excitedly at its boarded windows, murmuring there are ghosts in that building.

At that instant Patrolman Byrnes, attracted by the crowd, came up and asked what the trouble was.

Someone in the crowd told him there were ghosts in the building.

"Ghosts be damned," he said, and walked over to the door and tried to open it, but it was useless, because the door was nailed from the outside, and no one could enter from that point.

Then he looked at the rear door and windows of the building and found them all nailed from the outside.

He then said to one of the men in the crowd: "What makes you think there are ghosts in this place?"

The man replied that he saw a light flash through the cracks of the boarded windows as he walked by. As he said this, the light flashed again. This time Byrnes saw it. Quickly he looked through the cracks, but saw nothing.

He examined the doors and windows again, thinking that he may have passed a possible entrance to the building, but there was no way anyone could enter.



He was puzzled.

Then he stood in front of the building for a few minutes, waiting for the light to flash again, and at the same time ordered the crowd to move on.

As the crowd dispersed quickly, Byrnes was wondering what to do.

Then he said to himself: "I ought to notify the station house about this incident." He went to the signal box and called the station house. He started to tell the sergeant about the ghosts and the mysterious light that flashed, and then asked what he should do about it.

The sergeant laughed and said: "Byrnes, were you drinking or are you a case for Dr. Gregory?"

Byrnes replied: "No, sir; but there is something in that building, because I saw the light flash with my own eyes."

The sergeant was laughing heartily and said to Byrnes: "Bring the ghosts in here if you catch them, and we will take care of them so they won't annoy you any more," and then hung up the receiver.

Byrnes was sore because he was being ridiculed by his superior officer; he grumbled to himself: "I'll show him there is something in that building; I'll break down the door and find out what it is if it costs me my job."

He walked back to the building, determined to find the cause of this mysterious light. He reached the building and examined it even more closely than he did before, but it did not do him any good.

He was now at the rear door trying to insert his nightstick under the board which held it securely fastened. Suddenly a voice came out of the darkness: "Hey, Byrnes, are you there?" Byrnes recognized the voice of his sidepartner and replied: "Yes, come on back and help me open this door."

As his sidepartner approached him, he said with a broad grin on his face: "Where are these ghosts?"

Byrnes walked over to him and eyed him up and down, seeing him still grinning, said: "Don't get funny; this is serious."

They started to force the door, but it would not give. Then Byrnes took his nightstick and smashed the panels of the door, which broke very easily.

The policemen crawled through the opening they had made and started to search the house, their revolvers ready for instant use. They searched every nook and corner of the building, but could not find a thing.

He was discouraged. He could imagine himself standing before the trial commissioner, explaining why he broke the door, also wondering how much a new door would cost.

His sidepartner was now making fun of him and his ghosts, and was having a good laugh at Byrnes's expense.

When all of a sudden they heard a noise, both men stopped and listened.

The noise seemed to come from the cellar. Silently they went over to the cellar stairs and looked down. There was nothing there.

They went to the cellar and traced the noise to an empty packing box. Byrnes moved the packing box and uncovered an opening which ran under the sidewalk. He entered and saw two men wrapping up something into small bundles; they were so busy they did not hear him enter.

Byrnes leveled his revolver at the two men, at the same time saying: "Put up your hands, we are policemen."

The men, completely taken by surprise, raised their hands in the air.

Byrnes then told his sidepartner to search the men for weapons. A hasty search revealed two guns.

Byrnes then told his sidepartner to open the bundles and see what was in them.

His partner, upon opening the bundles, shouted: "Here is a load of ten-dollar bills; it must be counterfeit money because they're all new ones."

They took the prisoners and the evidence to the station house.

When they arrived at the station house, the prisoners tried to talk to Byrnes, and were told to shut up.

Inside the station house they walked over to the desk officer and put the money on the desk.

The prisoners then asked the desk officer if they could say a few words.

The desk officer replied: "Sure, what's on your mind?"

One of the men then replied: "We are secret service agents of the government and were trailing a bunch of counterfeiters, when these officers grabbed us. We were afraid to talk to the officers and tell them who we were, because they would not believe us anyway, so we decided it was safer to wait until we got into the station house."

Byrnes then looked at the men and started to laugh.

He then said: "How did you get into the building?"

The Federal agent replied: "Through the roof door."

The desk officer then said: "Byrnes, better luck next time."

Byrnes replied: "Yeah, there goes my reputation," as the two men walked out of the station house.

Keeping the Boys in Blue Healthy

(Continued from page 4)

with this Department and accord any patient I send to them the benefit of their training, experience and skill. Among them are not a few who have unhesitatingly given personal response to my emergency calls from hospital wards wherein policemen victims of gunmen's bullets hovered between life and death, and retrieved them from the valley of the shadow when all human endeavor seemed hopeless. They are titled "Honorary Consultants," and listed among them are many whose fame in the profession is nation-wide. They include medical and surgical specialists, heart specialists, eye and ear specialists, genito-urinary, skin, cancer and orthopedic specialists. These public spirited gentlemen render their services to the police free of cost.

The Police Department has its own X-Ray Laboratory, located in Police Headquarters, Manhattan. Approximately three thousand policemen receive the benefit of an X-ray examination at this laboratory annually in the treatment of illness and injury. This important and indispensable service involves no financial outlay whatever on the part of the policemen examined.

Police Headquarters also houses a modern dental clinic for the exclusive benefit of members of the Force. It is staffed by two surgeon dentists and a dental hygienist. In addition to standard dental equipment, it also boasts a modern dental X-ray unit. Decayed and infected teeth being a recognized source of many infectious diseases, all members of the Force are obliged to visit the dental clinic at regular intervals and submit to an inspection of their teeth. Thus far, over 17,000 members have been examined and the results achieved amply justify the establishment of this clinic.

One of the most potential features provided to safeguard the health of our policemen has been made possible by the men themselves. I refer to that body, approximating three thousand members of the Department, comprising what is known as the "Blood Donors' Unit." These men have volunteered their services as potential blood donors, and stand ready to donate their blood when the occasion arises wherein a blood transfusion is necessary to save the life of a brother officer. These men, whose blood has been tested and typed, are scattered throughout every precinct of the city, and are thus immediately available in every locality to answer a call for a blood donor from any hospital within Greater New York.

During the year 1931 alone, 119 of these men donated of their blood to their unfortunate comrades who were victims of gunmen's bullets, accidents while on duty, or suffering from the ravages of some disease.

I am sure everyone will agree that all that is humanly possible is being done to obtain the cream of our youth for New York City's fine Police Force; to develop them to the peak of mental and physical perfection, and by training and instruction to inculcate in them the principles of health and correct living, that they may retain that perfection.



By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

Due to a lot of hard luck caused by dislocations, sprains, breaks, etc., the singles four wall tournament won't be over until next week. The following players have reached the semifinals:

PATROLMAN TOM COX, 17th Precinct, who defeated PATROLMAN JAMES DILLON, 21-17 and 21-18; PATROLMAN WILLIAM HART, 40th Precinct, who beat SERGEANT TOM LYONS, 21-14, 21-13; DETECTIVE JAMES KELLY, 70th Squad, who licked LIEUTENANT PAUL LUSTBADER, 21-10, 21-10. The fourth man in the semifinals will be the winner of the match between PATROLMAN JOHN LEHNER and DETECTIVE TOM KILLORAN. This match was postponed on account of Lehner spraining his ankle, and Killoran getting an infected hand caused by socking a burglar one night.

All of the other matches were keenly contested, and a notable fact was that all the players who won prizes in the one-wall tournaments, with the exception of John Lehner, were eliminated in the first round of the four-wall play. The match between Kelly and Lustbader was a beaut. Kelly came on the court with his leg all bandaged, a pair of glasses, and everything but crutches. His left-handed service and hook had the Lieutenant puzzled, but he put up a wonderful fight. (Here's hoping he comes out better in the Captain's exam.)

BILL HART took Sergeant Tom Lyons over on his home alley, the Pastime A. C., and then gave him a sweet shellacking. The Sergeant made a couple of beautiful backhand "gets," but his opponent's youth was too much for him. (The Sergeant had previously defeated Patrolman Edward McGovern, our one-wall "Champ.")

TOM COX took all the fight out of Jim Dillon after an interesting skirmish.

See next issue for FINALS.

BASEBALL

After being rained out for two successive Sundays, the Police Department team finally opened up their season on May 15th, at Farmer Oval, in Long Island, against the strong Farmer B. B. C. Sergeant Whitney's boys played ragged ball behind the pitching of WALTER LOWE and went down to defeat, 9 to 2.

The team that took the field was the same that played against the Fire Department nine last season, with the exception of the catcher, Engel, who was

playing in place of Sullivan, who has a lame back. George went in as a pinch hitter in the seventh inning and singled.

ELMER DUCKETT, in centerfield for the cops, played a whale of a game. He got two bingles and also made a beautiful running catch. He's a ball-player, always digging...RISDELL, at short, knocked down everything that came near him and got his man each time...KUHN, at first base, also played good ball. He was right there on the hit-and-run play.

After a few more games, and a little more PEP, the team should show a vast improvement.

PRECINCT BASEBALL

Happened to take a peek at Sergeant Tracy's fast-stepping 42d Precinct nine that defeated the pick of the Bronx Firemen, at Sterling Oval, in the Bronx. The score was 7 to 6. The firemen were managed by Fire Captain Burke, who also played shortstop. A few other stars were Fire Captain Dowling, Teddy Nugent and Tenor O'Brien. The precinct boys are a hard-hitting bunch. They've won their last four games and have averaged 15 runs per game. Their lineup follows: Brady, leftfield; Fleming, third base and pitcher; Notter, second base; Mara, centerfield; McGronan, first base; Rose, shortstop; Callahan and Tracy, rightfield; Vaughn, catcher; Gerhardt, pitcher and leftfield.

AT THE GAME: Bill "How I Hit 'Em" Vaughn caught a swell game....Charlie Notter, that big, good-natured copper, made a couple of graceful pickups at second base, and then saved the game with a remarkable "shoe-string" catch....Ted Nugent, for the smoke-caters, played like a fire-brand at third....Fleming pitched good ball....McGronan, at first, for the coppers, got up at the plate and thought he was taking a whack at the Sergeants' list. He smacked a homer....After the game Captain McDonough, of the 42d Precinct, made a speech praising both teams for their spirit of good fellowship....Then Fire Captain Dowling got up and said that the coppers had the ball well doctored....Sergeant Tracy said that he'd play them a return game with no ball at all—just bats....Patrolman Joe Gerhardt then sang "I've always wanted to be a fireman, but didn't like red flannels."

The 48th Precinct baseball team opened their season with a win over the 40th Precinct in a twilight

game at St. Anselm's field, 149th Street and East River.

CHALLENGES

BASEBALL—Bronx Headquarters team wants to play. Manager, Patrolman John Powers....42d Precinct, Manager Sergeant Tracy, will play anybody....48th Precinct. Write Patrolman Louis Prochaska, in care of 48th, or Phone Fairbanks 4-0970....The boys of the 61st are willing to travel or play at home. Write Patrolman George Weidig....The Williamsburg 92d Precinct team of the Union Police Athletic League, under the direction of Lieu-

tenant Francis J. Putz (Evergreen 8-6921), promises to make things hot for all challengers.

Patrolman Ackerly, captain of the 105th Precinct nine, sent in a letter witnessed by Patrolman John McGrath, of the same precinct, and they want to know, where Sergeant Martini of the 111th Precinct gets the idea that his club is the "champ" of Queens. He claims that his team not only beat the Bayside boys by 14 to 7 last year, but they also took over the other so-called "champs," the 15th Precinct, by 7 to 5. Last year the 105th won eighteen and lost three. What do you say, Sarge? Are you going to let them get away with that?

PTL. KOEHLER WINS PISTOL CROWN

PATROLMAN HERBERT KOEHLER of the Police Academy won the Alexander Gail Trophy, emblematic of the Police Department's pistol championship in the finals of the pistol contest shot on May 11th, on the range of the Crescent-Hamilton Athletic Club, in Brooklyn. Patrolman Robert Schmidt of the 52d Precinct, winner of the first prize in the handicap contest, shot a tie score—93—with Koehler, but the latter received the trophy since his rapid fire score—46—was one point better than the 45 shot by Schmidt at rapid fire.

Among those who witnessed the contest were Justice James C. Cropsey, president of the Crescent-Hamilton Club; Mr. Alexander Gail, donor of the trophy; Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, Commandant of the Recruits Training School; Arthur N. Chamberlin, Assistant Secretary to the Police Commissioner, and Acting Captain Arthur W. Wallander, a former captain of the Police Pistol Team. The scorers were Lieut.-Col. V. L. Outbridge and Capt. Francis G. Delbon of the club, and Mr. Thomas Davis, representing the National Rifle Association.

The result of the contest reflected great credit on the Police Department's methods of pistol instruction, since both Koehler and Schmidt are newcomers in the ranks of our champion police shots. Patrolman Schmidt, who has only been a member of the Department for five years, is a member of the Junior Pistol Team, together with Patrolmen De Respino and Hagerdorn, two men who finished in the first

twelve. The second and third handicap prizes were won by Patrolmen Thomas McGovern and John Wendel, respectively.

The Department's first pistol team, Patrolmen Schuber, Sackett, Migliorini, Wendel, Koehler and McGovern will shoot in the Intercollegiate Interstate Police contest, May 27 and 28, at the New Jersey State Police Training School Range, Trenton, N. J. They will also shoot at West Point on Memorial Day in a three-cornered match with the United States Military Academy and New Jersey State police teams.



Patrolman Koehler



Patrolman Schmidt

The scores of the final contest follow:

Rank	NAME	Command	Slow Fire	Rapid Fire	Gail Trophy	Handicap	Net Total	Prize
Ptl.	Koehler, Herbert..	P. A.	47	46	93	Trophy	93	Winner
Ptl.	Schmidt, Robert..	52.	48	45	93	0	93	1st
Ptl.	McGovern, Thos..	P. A.	49	44	93	4 3/4	88 3/4	2nd
Ptl.	Wendel, John....	P. A.	47	45	92	6	86	3rd
Ptl.	Young, Leo.....	46.	45	41	86	0	86	..
Ptl.	De Respino, Louis	94.	45	41	86	0	86	..
Ptl.	Hopkins, Chas....	M.T.M.	45	43	88	2 1/2	85 1/2	..
Sgt.	Evans, Joseph....	P. A.	46	42	88	3	85	..
Lt.	Lewis, Charles....	C. I.	41	43	84	0	84	..
Ptl.	Migliorini, Chas..	P. A.	45	46	91	7 1/4	83 3/4	..
Ptl.	Schuber, Adolph..	Mey. No. 1	47	44	91	8 3/4	82 1/4	..
Det.	McKeogh, James..	18 Div.	43	41	84	2	82	..
Ptl.	Hagerdorn, Chris	B.H.S.	44	38	82	0	82	..
Ptl.	Sell, Howard.....	110.	40	40	80	0	80	..
Sgt.	Haas, Charles....	P.A.	44	33	77	0	77	..
Sgt.	Pardua, Robert...	P.A.	41	35	76	0	76	..

FOR ALEXANDER GAIL TROPHY ONLY (SCRATCH)

Ptl.	Sackett, Arthur...	Mey. No. 1	44	42	86
Lt.	Concannon, P. J..	67.	45	38	83
Sgt.	England, E. F....	ESS 9.	22	19	41

SHOMRIM SOCIETY PLANTS GROVE IN WASHINGTON HOLY LAND FOREST

The first grove in the George Washington Forest in the Holy Land, commemorating the bicentennial celebration, will be planted in the name of the Shomrim Society of the New York Police Department.

Deputy Police Commissioner Nelson Ruttenberg,

president of the Jewish National Fund of America, evolved this plan to pay tribute to the memory of George Washington, by planting a grove on the Plains of Esdraelon, Palestine. The Shomrim grove is to consist of more than 500 eucalyptus and pine trees.

THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on
Monday - - - 7.30 P. M.
Tuesday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Wednesday - - - 7.30 P. M.
Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.
Friday - - - 10.30 A. M.
2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on
Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.
Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.
Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.
3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.
Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on
Monday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Tuesday - - - 7.30 P. M.
Wednesday - - - 1.00 P. M.
Thursday - - - 5.30 P. M.
4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MAY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

1. B murdered C in their apartment. They were man and wife. The Police Department completed its investigation at the scene. C's body was removed to the morgue.
As Patrol Sergeant you receive instructions from the Desk Officer to remove the patrolman assigned to the apartment and to place a police lock on the door. As this is being done the landlord of the apartment house arrived to remove the furniture from the apartment. He claims the right to remove it as B owes him three months rent.
What action would you take?
What advice would you give the landlord?
What is the police responsibility in regard to the furniture?
2. A crowd has collected in front of a restaurant. The officer on post learns that a creditor of the proprietor of the restaurant is demanding admittance to take possession on the strength of a civil contract made at the time of extending credit to the restaurateur. He is accompanied by an auctioneer who has been engaged by the creditor to sell the contents of the restaurant. The proprietor refused them admittance.
What action should be taken by the officer?
3. a. Traffic Regulations permit parking of automobiles, with certain restrictions, in many streets of the City. What restrictions are imposed? What members of the Force are charged with seeing that parking regulations are complied with?
b. Traffic Regulations place responsibility on the driver of a vehicle for its careful operation, whether or not traffic signal lights are operating. Does this mean that pedestrians have no responsibility before going into or while in the roadway, whether or not there is a police officer on duty or traffic signal lights operating? If not, explain.
4. a. Enumerate six classes of business requiring permits from the Boiler Squad of the Police Department. What procedure should be followed if any of these is found operating without permit?

- b. What instructions should a Sergeant give to a patrolman who has discovered an unlicensed employee operating an electric hoist at a building in the course of construction?
- c. Certain boats plying the waters in and about the City of New York are inspected by the Boiler Squad. How would you classify these boats?
5. X is arrested and charged with a misdemeanor, diverting travelers and others from one hotel to another. What evidence is necessary to establish a prima facie case?
6. Y, while driving his automobile southbound, passes a northbound street car which had stopped to discharge passengers. Y drives his automobile within two feet of the street car. In so doing he strikes a person crossing from behind the street car.
Does Y violate the eight foot law?
7. State violations of the Penal Law where a letter or other writing is an element and the crime is completed when the writing is parted with.
8. State instances in which a person concerned in the commission of crime may receive greater punishment than another who is concerned in the commission of such crime.
9. Briefly outline five provisions of the Penal Law other than extortion and blackmail in which a threat is an expressed element.
10. When may a witness express an opinion as to the handwriting of another?

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

In Memoriam

Ptl. Walter H. Edgett	66th Pet.	Apr. 20, 1932
Ptl. Allen N. Van Hagen		
	Air Service Div.	Apr. 23, 1932
Sgt. Charles W. Brophy	70th Pet.	Apr. 25, 1932
Ptl. John F. Rein	28th Pet.	Apr. 28, 1932
Ptl. Thomas McMahon	14th Pet.	May 3, 1932
Ptl. Frank Hajek	Tra. Pet. C	May 8, 1932
Sgt. Theodore F. Werdann	87th Pet.	May 12, 1932
Ptl. Rocco Cavone	18th Div.	May 12, 1932
Ptl. Frederick E. Courtney	109th Pet.	May 13, 1932
Ptl. William J. Dillon	120th Pet.	May 14, 1932



ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. Direct patrolman assigned to lock windows and doors; padlock entrance door; make and direct patrolman to make record in memorandum book. Report over Signal Box action taken; request assignment for patrolman and advise him accordingly. Direct officer on post covering apartment house to see that the premises are not unlawfully entered.

Advise landlord to apply to Municipal Court for precept for delinquent tenant; that if, and when, disposes warrant issues a city marshal executing it could remove furniture.

The police should safeguard apartment from illegal entry and prevent unlawful removal of furniture. If removed to sidewalk by court order, patrolman on post should safeguard and report to signal monitor officer. A light should be placed on the furniture if it is on the sidewalk at night to prevent accident and city liability. The Bureau of Encumbrance should be notified by the Desk Officer with view to its removal if it is not removed by owner or authorized agent in reasonable time. The owner or his authorized agent may remove the furniture from the apartment at any time after the police relinquish possession, provided the District Attorney's consent has been secured.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. Advise creditor and auctioneer that possession cannot be taken without court order. Their redress lies in civil process. Further advise them that conduct tending to a breach of the peace, or causing a crowd to collect constitutes disorderly conduct. Court-cously request parties concerned to disperse. If offense is persisted in, arrest for disorderly conduct may be made of the offending individuals.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

3. a. Not permitted to park for a period exceeding:
One hour, in congested or business sections.
Two hours, in designated parking space.
Three hours, between midnight and 7 A. M.
Although special regulations prohibit parking during certain hours, and permit parking during other hours, vehicles must in no case be parked in excess of the time limits specified above.
Prohibited between 7 A. M. and 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. and 7 P. M. daily, except Sundays and holidays on streets enumerated in Article II, paragraph 18 of Traffic Regulations. Refer to your copy for streets in precinct in which you are working.
Special parking restrictions are indicated by signs of the Police Department. Drivers must comply therewith.
Vehicles shall not be parked to make repairs except minor ones and then only in emergency.
Parking in vicinity of large public gatherings is subject to temporary regulations.
Vehicles left in the street, except in compliance with the above provisions, shall be deemed an encumbrance within the meaning of Section 152, Article 13, Chapter 23, Code of Ordinances, and may be removed.
A vehicle shall not be left unattended by a driver, in a position to prevent another from moving up parallel and close to the curb in front of entrance to a building, nor to prevent another already stopped near the curb from moving away. Vehicles shall not be permitted to park within fifteen feet of building line of any intersecting street.
Vehicles shall not be permitted to park within fifteen feet of a fire hydrant.
Vehicles shall not be permitted to park at curb between a Car Stop Safety Zone and curb, nor within twenty-five feet of such zone.
Vehicles shall not be permitted to park within twenty-five feet of a street excavation or obstruction, except when excavation or obstruction is at or close to curb.
Vehicle waiting at curb shall promptly give way to another vehicle arriving to take on or set down passengers or merchandise. It is the duty of members of the Traffic Division to enforce the Vehicle and Traffic Law, Traffic Regulations, and ordinances relating to vehicular and pedestrian traffic on public highways. Members of the patrol force are equally responsible on their respective posts.
h. Traffic Regulations provide that any person using, traveling, or being on any street, shall use reasonable care to avoid or prevent injury through collision with all other persons and vehicles.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. a. Butcher shops; delicatessen stores; ice cream stores; confectionery stores; grocery stores and similar places, having ice machines, or places having steam pressing boilers, such as tailoring and laundering places.
Where permit has not been procured, persons concerned will be directed to apply for same at the office of the Boiler Squad and Commanding Officer of precinct will forward a report on U. F. 49 of such action to the Commanding Officer of Boiler Squad.
b. Sergeant should direct that unlicensed operator be summonsed for violation of Chapter 18, Article I, paragraph 2, of the Code of Ordinances.
c. All boats not operating on their own power, having boilers and hoists, such as derricks and the like. They are classified as lighters, barges, pile drivers, canal boats and others that are required to be towed.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. That the accused did on a certain day make a statement to one John Doe regarding the X hotel which John Doe was about to enter for accommodations.
That the statement was intentionally and knowingly falsely made.
That the accused suggested the Y hotel to John Doe as a suitable place.

That John Doe, because of this false statement, did not become a guest at the X hotel.

Section 925a of the Penal Law requires the above acts to be done with intent to gain or profit. The making of false statement coupled with suggestion to patronize another hotel, boarding house, or lodging house is presumptive evidence that the act was committed for purpose of gain and that element is established for the purpose of a prima facie case.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. No. Subdivision 3, Section 17, Article 2 of Chapter 24 of the Code of Ordinances provides:

"Overtaking street car. In overtaking a street car which has been stopped for the purpose of receiving or discharging a passenger, no vehicle shall pass or approach to the right or left within eight feet of any part of such car so long as the same is stopped and remains standing for the purpose aforesaid."

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. By Section 550 of the Penal Law, the following crimes:
Sending a letter threatening a person, with intent to extort money or property, or to procure the commission of an illegal act—black-mail.
Sending a letter threatening to do an unlawful injury to the person or property of another, a violation of Sec. 551.
Sending a letter with intent to annoy, a violation of Sec. 551.
Mailing and writing, simulating a summons, complaint, writ or court process, a violation of Sec. 551—are deemed complete when such letter is deposited in the post office, or other place, or delivered to someone with intent that it shall be forwarded.
Sec. 1625 of the Penal Law makes the crime of perjury, committed by means of a false affidavit or certificate, sworn to under oath, complete when such certificate or affidavit is given to another with intent that it shall be offered as true.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8

8. Section 1934 of the Penal Law provides in effect that except in a case where a different punishment is specially prescribed by law, a person convicted as an accessory is punishable by imprisonment for not more than five years, or by a fine of not more than \$500, or by both.
As there are several felonies which are punishable by not more than three years, an accessory in each of these cases could get more punishment.
Example:—Accessory in case where one violates Section 943 of the Penal Law, Mock Auction, which prescribes imprisonment in state prison for not more than three years.
Section 2186 of the Penal Law provides that where a child under 16 years commits an act, which would be a crime if committed by an adult, other than one punishable by death or life imprisonment, the child shall be guilty of juvenile delinquency only. An adult concerned in the commission of this act shall be guilty and punished as a principal or accessory as the case may be.
Where two persons commit a felony and one is armed with a dangerous weapon the one armed could be given a greater punishment than his unarmed accomplice.
Where two or more persons commit a crime in concert one may be given more punishment than the other or others by reason of being a second or fourth offender where the crime is a felony or by reason of having previously been convicted for any crime in case the act is a violation of law, specified as a misdemeanor, and which is made a felony if committed by one previously convicted for any crime.
In a case where two or more persons commit an act in violation of the Penal Law which specifies that a subsequent conviction shall be a felony such as Section 483-b of the Penal Law, the one who has previously violated this provision would be guilty of a felony and his accomplice would be guilty of only a misdemeanor.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 9

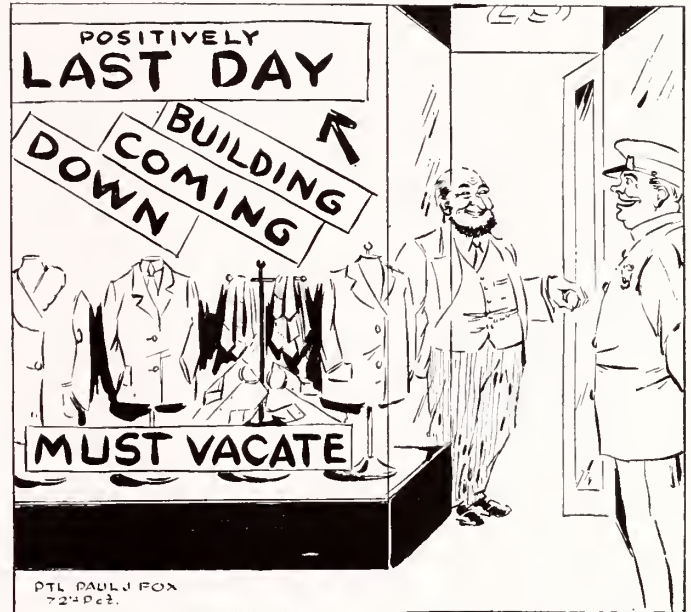
9. Section 530 of the Penal Law makes the use of threats with intent to compel such person to do or abstain from doing any act which such person has a legal right to do or abstain from doing, the crime of coercion—a misdemeanor.
Section 580 of the Penal Law declares that it is the crime of conspiracy for two or more persons to conspire to prevent another from exercising a lawful trade or calling by means of threats.
It is a violation of Section 860 of the Penal Law to directly or indirectly address a threat to a public officer, juror, referee, arbitrator, appraiser, assessor or one authorized by law to hear or determine any controversy.
It is a violation of Section 814 of the Penal Law to use any threat with intent to suppress evidence.
Section 722 of the Penal Law states that a person who uses threatening language to another, with intent to provoke a breach of the peace or whereby a breach of the peace may be occasioned, is guilty of disorderly conduct.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 10

10. An ordinary witness may express an opinion as to the genuineness of another's handwriting after he has shown in what way he has become familiar with the handwriting in question. He must have seen the party write at least once and be able to read and write well himself. He must have seen writings—directly or indirectly—acknowledged by the maker of the writing in question or he must have received letters or documents written in response to his own communications.
An expert witness, after he has qualified as such, can only express an opinion based upon a comparison of a genuine and a disputed writing. The standard of comparison must be established as the writing of the party or acknowledged by him. Then the expert can compare the acknowledged or established writing with the disputed one and express an opinion as to whether they were written by the same person.



PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT

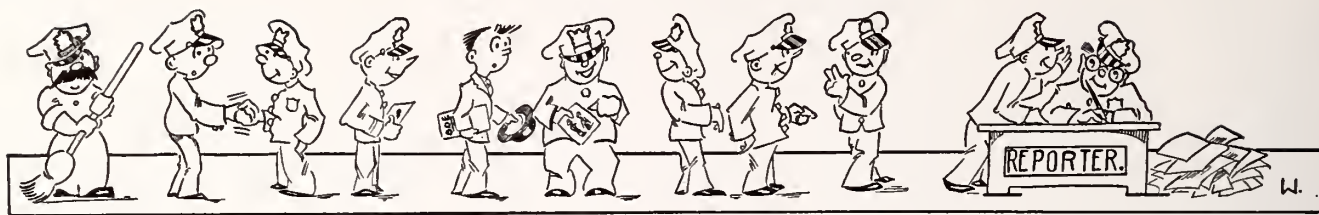


Proprietor: "If this sale goes over big I'm going to continue it over into the next year."



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

We are glad to hear Lieutenant Breen has fully recovered from his injuries. To clear up a doubt, Lieutenant, "Are you sure it was the wind that banged the roof scuttle over your head, or was it the work of a competitor hiding on the roof?" We agree that winds may blow and scuttles may fall, but the doubt remains.

The big day will soon arrive, ink will fall, but there will be nothing to it but a Captain Simon P. Breen. You can't keep a good man down.

Patrolman Axel Kulis, since his loud speakers (tonsils) have been removed, is now starting to use a rowing machine to reduce his bay window, which has gained considerably since he became a poor investigator. (BIG-HEARTED AL!)

Patrolman Mike Silverman ate 43 colored eggs on Easter. He claims the purple eggs are easiest to digest.

Patrolman Arthur Bimpson is all upset. He figured he is due to retire on October 13, 1947, a Sunday. On that date the 10th Squad will perform a 4 to 12 tour. His worry is: Will the Chief Clerk's office be open on that date, or must he perform that tour and wait until October 14, 1947, to be retired?

Patrolman Edward Seiss's brand new "Irene" will undoubtedly be a soprano in future years. She holds rehearsals nightly, showing she is willing to sacrifice sleep for her career. Welcome, Irene, and congrats to Mom and Pop.

The baseball team of the 9th Precinct had their first workout last week under the guidance of their manager, Sergeant Tindall. On Decoration Day they journey to Silver Beach to play on the lot adjoining Tom Quirk's bungalow. We expected to have a photo of Quirk's place for this issue, but Jim Melody never sent the bath tub or Sheehy the chandeliers, bulbs, rugs, etc. Requests for games should be addressed to Sergeant Tindall or Coach Patrolman Vic Hertz, who has been prevailed upon to forego his hobby, golf.

3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lavelor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

The 18th Precinct takes great pride in the excellent police work performed by Patrolman James A. Robinson. On the evening of April 6th he entered 201 West 54th Street and captured five stick-up men, two of them armed. He has been recommended for departmental recognition, and deserves it. Jim is regarded as a model officer, faultlessly attired, courteous and efficient, and is the unofficial mayor of Seventh Avenue.

Since it has been rumored that the Sergeants' list is soon due, a number of the boys have purchased "Bronx Cheer Tooters." A royal send-off for the also rans. I hope I passed.

Patrolman Henry Basil was strolling through this precinct on his time off. He was amazed to see a fox run past. He gave chase and caught the animal, and had him nestled quietly in his arms when the fox took a sudden liking for the officer and bit him on the nose. Henry's schnozzle has been in a bandage ever since. He is off foxes for life, and will never buy his wife any more furs.

Patrolman Walter Wirth, who makes only good arrests, lived up to his reputation the other yawning by capturing a yegg who had just rifled a safe. Wirth had unwittingly chased the lookout ten minutes before. Being a good policeman he sought the aid of Detective Hymie Levine, giving him a good description. Walter took his man to the station house. A half hour later Hymie walked in with the lookout. That's what I call observation and co-operation.

5TH DIVISION

24th Pct., Ptl. Henry Thiebaud

LT. WILLIAM TURK

30th Pct., Ptl. John M. Bateman
34th Pct., Ptl. Leo Hoey

Patrolman John Jenkins James Jones, Jr., 30th Precinct, is about to take the fatal step he has been warning others of. Good luck, John, best wishes, and don't let John (Shuffle Board) Kiernan kid you. Bon voyage to you and Vera on your coming trip.

Captain John Bender, 30th Precinct, has had the radiators painted silver, almost the same color as his hair. Maybe it's a new color scheme.

The 30th Precinct was knocked dizzy the other day. "Popeye" Ackerman was seen shoveling coal into a bag for the unemployed. "WHEW," don't shock us again like that, "Popeye."

Every time SPRING 3100 is supplied at the 30th Precinct, Emmet Cronin cries out, "HULLY GEE, there's nothin' in it about this precinct. I'm gonna get transferred to a live place that publishes some news." Never mind, Emmet, we'll have plenty of news from now on.

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY MEMBERS OF THE 30TH PRECINCT

LIEUTENANT MOYNAHAN—"IS THE COFFEE READY YET?"

SERGEANT STAUFFER—"DID YOU EVER HEAR THIS ONE?"

SERGEANT LAUDER—"I'LL STRAIGHTEN OUT SOME OF THE HAIR AROUND HERE."

PATROLMAN AICHER—"YES, SIR, CAPTAIN; YES, SIR, LIEUTENANT; YES, SIR, SERGEANT; YOU WAIT A WHILE, PATROLMAN."

OLD MAN SUNSHINE: Your motto, "Knows all, sees all, and tells all," prompts the reporter of

the 24th Precinct to request that you reveal the cause of the silence in the last few issues on the part of Reporter Leo Hoey of the 34th Precinct. Thank you. (Search me, feller, maybe Leo's in love or something like that. Glad he woke up, anyway. O. M. S.)

Noting the number and type of men from the 24th Precinct who visited Room 1400, Municipal Building, with their army discharges, it is easily seen how America won the war. Fourteen warriors from here made the hazardous journey with the same energy they displayed in the front line trenches, and here's hoping all of the fourteen will appear in the front line of the Sergeant's list.

Lieutenant Martin Nolan, 24th Precinct, is devoting considerable time preparing for the Captain's examination. With the able assistance of Reg. 106 Peter McGooley, Dinny Sullivan and Charlie Mischler, he should make a creditable showing, particularly if the exam. is conducted along the lines of "As Captain of a precinct, state your action, etc., etc."

A copy of this issue of SPRING 3100 is being mailed to Rev. John J. Callan, Maryknoll Mission, Swatow, China, at his request. His friends at the 24th Precinct extend heartiest greetings and best wishes for his health and safety. Good luck, Father Jack!

6TH DIVISION

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Lieutenant Michael Raftery sailed for Ireland. We hope he has a pleasant trip and doesn't forget to bring back the shamrocks he promised Patrolman Artie Weiss.

Patrolman Lester Bassett has been elected champion "loud speaker" of the 23d Precinct. With Lester on the switchboard, the men within a radius of ten blocks can hear him without putting the receiver to their ears.

Patrolman William Spaulding, 23d Precinct, leads a charmed life. Bill recently was sent to the scene of a shooting, and found himself facing a man with two guns. The man pulled the triggers, but the guns failed to go off, although he had just shot a man with the same guns. Bill's gun went off, however, and the prisoner is now in Bellevue Hospital.

Patrolman Johnny Cummings has a Democratic canary. The only time it will sing is when there is a Democratic rally being broadcast.

The Department has yet to start a carrier pigeon squad. If they should decide to do so, we have plenty of talent in the 23d Precinct, i. e., Patrolmen John Kennelly, William Dockey and Charles Schatz.

The first two ball games the 25th Precinct played did not turn out so well. We were beaten by the 42d Precinct 20 to 4. Our hats off to Sergeant Tracy and his team. To add insult to injury, we took a licking from that formidable array of talent, the 6th Detective Division. They beat us by the lopsided score of 14 to 13, a little better. The next time it will be different, says we.

What can you expect when the players try to steal second with the bases full, and get nailed off the bag with the old hidden ball trick.

We have good policemen as well as ball players on the detectives' team. Did you see the "collar" Lieutenant Appel's squad made? Hats off to Detectives Tutt, Kaufman, Hannigan and Franz, who brought in a gang of gunmen who were hooked up in many robberies and a few homicides. Boys, we are proud of you; keep up the good work.

GOOD OLD MAX ISAACSON, the 25th Precinct's member of the band, came in off patrol the other evening out of a downpouring rain, and complained of being "SUCKINK VET."

As to the item regarding Sergeant Braveman in the last issue, about falling overboard, let us assure the editor that Abe can swim, and how. That should keep him above water, sez we.

(ED. NOTE: *You might be able to swim, Abe, but take a tip from one who knows! The life preserver that you're going to get will be anchored so close that all of your floating power will be washed away.*)

We hope to have a few of our ball games in the win column for the next issue. But why count our chickens before they're hatched? Win or lose, we will make a full report in SPRING 3100 next month. Read it and weep.

We report that after an absence of a few days the long lost raincoat made its appearance. But BUT-TON! BUTTON! Where was it? Ask the house painters! They know!

Sergeant James Kelleher, 28th Precinct, has organized a baseball team. They have been training for a month and are open for games with other precincts. The line-up consists of: Joseph Barlow, first base; Ernest Lehman, shortstop; James McNamee, right field; John Shea, center field; Patrick Bligh, pitcher; Thomas Fitzpatrick, left field; Moe Manisof, third base; Peter Byrne, catcher; Christopher Mills, second base, and Thomas Brisbain, field captain.

The members of the 32d Precinct wish Lieutenant De Witt the best of luck in his new assignment.

Patrolman Benton has been selected by Captain Brady to lecture in public schools on cleanliness and good behavior. The Captain certainly knows the loquacious boys in this command.

Detective Boyden, 32d Squad, set a new low in auto deals. On January 19, 1932, he bought a Packard; on March 10, 1932, he sold the car for \$15. "Believe it or not," it ran and had four tires. The rumor persists that the shrewd detective made money on the deal.

The 32d Precinct has become athletically inclined. They have a baseball team, a track team, and also have several boxers and wrestlers in training. The ball team lines up as follows: Sergeant Chisolm, manager; Sergeant Sullivan, captain; Patrolman Paul Lee, catcher; Coyle, pitcher; Mathews, right field; G. Richardson, center field; N. Carter, left field; J. Mathis, shortstop; King, first base; Parler, second base; Devonville, third base; reserves, Sergeant Klein, Sergeant Norman, Patrolmen Sumpter, Hetzler, J. A. Johnson, Booker, Gashen and Yostpelle; base umpires, Sergeants Dwyer, Mulcahy, Kelly, and Patrolman McMahon. Captain Brady and Lieutenant Hughes will also alternate as umpires. Captain Brady has been requested to challenge Captain Noble of the 41st Precinct for the opener. We then will challenge all precincts and divisions.

7TH DIVISION

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGonnan
43th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

Patrolman Charles Yost has been on duty on Willis Avenue since some of the present voters were in perambulators. The merchants and neighbors of the Avenue recently presented him with a gold plated revolver, in appreciation of his long and faithful career as Mayor of Willis Avenue.

Patrolman William (Tex) O'Rourke, Commander of the Orchard Beach Life Saving Corps, took two hours on Sunday, May 1st, to get his bearings before

starting on the fishing trip with Bill Kahlsdorf and Shorty Secor. Result of trip, zero.

"Gong Gong" Bach, our tenor singer, is much perturbed. His picture has been taken off the parlor table and some one else's has taken its place.

Patrolman Curtis Barrois wants to know if anyone wants to buy a good Nash car. It always seems to get him in trouble.

Sergeant Cox will soon receive the Honor Legion insignia for meritorious service performed. The arrest of gunmen in a recent holdup.

Patrolman Reid was asked by the Sergeant if he had been patrolling continually. He replied: "If your dogs were barking like mine, you would know I have been doing 60 minutes to the hour."

Our ball team is doing fine in the "games won" column. The veteran players wish they would dig up the stones around home plate, to make the going softer and keep the old legs from giving way.

We are waiting to hear from other baseball teams in the Department.

Sergeant Bill Dieker is having new footrests made for the stone crusher he is pushing around.

John Gorman, 41st Precinct, is practicing under cover by taking a correspondence course in finger printing. He is waiting for the mail man with his diploma.

Since Andy Tucker has been in the radio car, he never leaves it for a meal. His side partner brings him cream puffs. This is the reason for his swollen condition.

In a discussion as to who could make up the best roll call, Jim Priest was handed the crying towel. Walter Kuntz, better known as Oscar, will some day make a roll call without mistakes, and not leave it to Finger.

One of the 30-cents-a-day clerical men is out on post, Dan Sweeney, better known as the Chief Delegate.

"Who changed my post? I always have the dock," said La Roso to O'Hara. "Well, I ain't kicking; no push carts on the creek."

A new job is to be created—Foreman Attendant. The contest is on. Jim Gibson was seen handling out cigars.

Happy Jack, 44th Precinct, is trying to fathom how he can keep balloon peddlers away while he is on a school crossing.

Charlie Nickees is back at his old post. His batting average hasn't suffered any by reason of his recent illness.

Art Munch complains of prevailing conditions. He'll be forced to go into the grocery line. Art says the depression has no bearing on his case, but is due to his inability to count vegetables.

The boys in the upper berth have been batting them out for the reporter, who injured his hand. They feel some message of gratitude should be forthcoming.

All is well. Your faithful scribe herewith thanks you.

8TH DIVISION

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlett
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Maver

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

The Sergeants of the 43d Precinct have wondered why Sergeant (LOUD SPEAKER) Fick's head was so red. When questioned, he said it was sunburned. The two former wire tappers, Patrolmen Terwilliger and Solomon, now assigned to find out who puts this stuff in SPRING 3100, stated the Sergeant got the hair tonic and iodine mixed.

Patrolman Cruise, a former member of Uncle Sam's Navy, points with great pride to the fact that he has sailed the seven seas. Patrolman Koop, the 50th's cleanup man, who has never been in the army or navy, says the real test of manhood is to do the late tour, receive seven "sees" and still have enough vitality left to return to the station house.

Patrolman Kaufman has been putting on the "dog" since he received a commendation. Milton wants to get into the Honor Legion, so as to march in some of the parades that pass his house. With this accomplished, he will be at the height of his glory.

Patrolman Kohler has won a loving cup, and now is "Mr. Kingsbridge." He received the award for being the patrolman with the largest nose. He has to fold it up while shaving.

Patrolman Cahill is a proud man since St. Patrick's Day. John rode a horse over the line of march and retained his equilibrium by having the saddle equipped with a pair of bicycle handle bars.

Patrolman McCarthy has been restored to the good graces of his missus. She again allows him to use her car, providing he chains it to a fire hydrant or a telephone pole when he parks it.

At the dinner given to Lieutenant Louis Bruggeman, upon his retirement, Patrolman Walsh stood all through it. He was told if he sat down he would have to pay a covert charge. Speaking of Lieutenant Bruggeman, he leaves the Department with the best wishes of all. Although a lieutenant, he never forgot he was once a patrolman.

"Cowboy" Cunningham, who claims to have had years of experience breaking horses, spent four hours trying to catch a horse running at large on the golf course. Later, he learned the horse was brought in by a Civil War veteran. His experiences on the "Bar 40" and "40 Bar" ranches are now taken with a grain of salt.

FUTTY SAVAN TUKINK

Hev ve gotit trubel? Dont esk. By us in the 47th is a wacancy, som vun shud be attendant. De Cept. in de office called all ptl. vot he tink is ho kay. Here is some of de ensers:

Patrolman McTiernan—Kent take et, hi hed et vonce, got fired, too mach cole missing.

Patrolman Sullivan—Hi saffer frum vater, ven hi gat et on de hends my corns hoit.

Patrolman Culew—I vill svob automobeels bat noe spitoons.

Patrolman Joe—Hime tu clin a fallar fer sach a chob, hits gattin me warry doity.

Patrolman Jacobsen—Ef hi stey inside hall de time, hi gatit a bad case of hindor tan, dis iss warry annoyink.

Patrolman Beedy—Tu mach frunt porch, kent band.

Patrolman Housen—I gotit dishwater hends now, de missus makes me du enuf cleanink et home.

Patrolman Hogan—Tu be a fadder dots enuf, de keeds need my attanshun.

Patrolman Heidtman—Hi hev a warry bed seeck-nas Hi saffer frum heng nails, i gotit to gat mey nails manicured avary tuesday, ruff voik spoils dem.

Patrolman Joice—Hi saffer frum house maids nee, de sam rizzon es Housen.

Patrolmen Koch and Bombay—Ve is moosishuns, not jeniters, ve iss insalted.

Patrolman MacRow—Hi gotit honly 20 yirs more tu go, den hi vill hev feefty yirs on de chob. De time iss tu short.

Patrolman Yost—Ef Lieutenant Bracken and Sergeant McCaffery stop ittink terbacker en a poleece

car coms fer me avary mornink. Hi will take da chob.

First bromm Drastal en essistent Paddy Bray, tuk, ef som of de fallars gotit plosh hendles on de brooms en mops en a sowink besket, de vood take da chob, but ef de gotit ta voik, de gatit run hout powder.

TRUBEL No. 2—De Cept. hulso hes meny applicashuns fer de day squad. Here iss som of tha rizzons.

Patrolman French—De Missus kent stay in de house alone et nite, she is afrade, besides hi saffar frum dandruff.

Patrolman Casson—Ef hi et pizzari pie, en spagati, hi mast slip et nite, hi em halrady saffarink frum ballyache.

Patrolman Lower—Soshul dutees demand my nites, my goil vants to be entroduce tu society, de vite plans kind, dese fallars are honlee out in de nite. I tink de Cept. is goink to esk hecs essistent Sergeant Glinsman tu gat de sergeants to tink out som vay to setisfy avarybody, besides sum vun else shud vorry tu.

KICK VUN—Sergeant Cholly Baucr, sheek frum Vite Plains Avenue, makes keek hes name dunt avar getit in Sprink 3 von hundrad,

Dcr is somtink doink here. Patrolmen Cashal, Voight, Milde, Scoff and a few more are vashink behin de ears, an puttink colone on de hare. Hi tink ve shell gat veddink bells soon. Bob Cashal is gat-tink treatment fur de bald spot halso.

“Yu didnt giff us any cradit fer de fine cas ve put over, de Shillianti case, de verdict foist dagree manslaughter, on police testimony only, all circumstantial evidence. Give good marks to Ins. Joe Loonam en D. I. Jimmy Mackenzie, fer hevink de foresite to hev dis place garded efter de crime, vich resulted in findink importance evidence, De Dets, de Cept. en uniform cops did warry intelligent voik. Dont ferget dere is some police brains here thet stands with de best.”

SLON'K

9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

The 123d Precinct, the garden spot of our great city, brags about having a septet of golf experts. They are all former caddies and shot between 65 and 70, so we are open to all challengers. The golf experts are Sergeant John Mohr, Detective Goodrich, Patrolmen Arthur Huber, John Bruns, Smith, Ballweg and McSheehy.

We have no Bowling Green like the 1st and 2d Precincts, but we have a bowling team that hangs them around 275. Arthur Huber, Harry Butler, George Morris, Robert Payton, Gus Schley and Sergeant Joseph Scott represent us as the Invincible Zeniths bowling team.

The 123d Precinct crack ball club didn't have time to go South for spring training, but we have a most invigorating climate down here. Our team therefore is in the pink of condition and consists of Sergeant Rhodes, Patrolmen Martin, Steckleman, Hayes, White, Ballweg, Manley, Boylan, Finan, Godfrey and Jensen. We're rarin' to go.

The strongest tug-of-war team ever assembled is at the 123d Precinct. They are savages and eat raw meat, hops and spinach. The feed bill is exorbitant, but it pays. The boys will wager their checks on the outcome of a pull against this (Ajax Hercules) team of Sergeant Glasser, Patrolmen Morris, Smythe, Schiebler, McHenry, Molloy and Herbert White.

They could pull you through the eye of a needle if the rope doesn't break.

Diamond Dick Crosson, athletic promoter of the 123d Precinct, has spared no expense in assembling these wonderful teams, and would withdraw funds from Treasurer Sergeant Winant to uphold the precinct's good name. Address challenges to Sergeant John Burbeg. Our umpires, Lieutenants Charles Lieber and Martin Caulfield, are square shooters. Also, we furnish good eats and refreshments at our home grounds, not like our neighboring precinct. Who?

We mourn the loss of our baseball coach, Sergeant Edward Lunny, who went to the 1st Precinct. The Sergeant did good work before he left, and we are confident the 122d ball team, better known as "Lunny's Regulars," can take the measure of any of our friends on Staten Island, including E. S. S. No. 10, the 120th and the 123d Precincts.

Attendant John P. Dilg, popular widower of this precinct, is in the market for a wife.

Efforts are being made to enter Sergeant (Pinetzi) Humphries and Patrolman (Bullneck) Franklin in the wrestling bouts at the Miller Field Arena. Franklin, particularly, is fond of wrestling. He is always "throwing the bull."

Patrolman Frank Kelly received a very commendatory letter from the grand jury of Richmond County for his excellent work in detecting and arresting one Albert Smith, wanted for murder.

We also congratulate Patrolman Harry Flanagan for excellent police work. He rescued an entire family from a burning building.

Spring is here. Smiling Charlie Fetteroll has started his garden, and Tony Gorman is exercising his lawn mower.

Numerous challenges have been hurled at Lieutenant Stanley Jiroudek, present holder of the tennis championship of New Dorp, and as yet no replies have been received from the champion. Possibly he has not yet rounded into shape.

"Whitey" Bischoff, better known as "Peanuts," was out guarding chain stores one Saturday night. At one store the manager looked up and said: "I wish you kids would keep out of here and stop bothering me. I have one errand boy and that is all I can use."

The agriculturists of the 120th Precinct were out looking for the new grass with magnifying glasses until they were informed one of the lawn party brigade had taken the seed home.

The clerical patrolmen of the 120th and the 122d Precincts received crying towels through the mail. They believe the packages were addressed improperly, and should have gone to Patrolman "Teddy Tears" Henkler, the able assistant at the 120th Precinct.

Patrolman Michael Kennedy, custodian of Silver Lake Park, planted the grass seed up side down on the lawn of the 120th Precinct.

Patrolman Forest (Buck) Egbert sure enjoys the scenery along Highway No. 29, in New Jersey. He should take Patrolman Goodwin Anderson or Richard Gonoude as an escort.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

SIGNS OF SPRING AT THE 66TH PRECINCT

Jim Byrnes, Henry Van Cott, Jimmy Duck, Dave Gandolfi, Buck O'Neill, Bull McCormack, Eddie

Tange and others fixing up and planting flowers in our front yard. Now at least the flag will be raised.The ice box on the back porch being renovated, Rubel will supply the ice and Myers will keep it filled....Lieutenant Cashman practicing his golf stance with a desk ruler....Jim Morrissey looking up the Brooklyn ball club schedule....Harry Semmig in overalls....Eddie McFadden with a new haircut....Moose McCormack having his auto overhauled....Bill Wilson buying B. V. D.'s....Carl Ahlgren buying a new second-hand shoe for the Dodge....Buck O'Neill with his new teeth....Tony De Guiseppe starting to reduce, 118-day diet.Fred Pulsifer reading the seed catalogue....Vic La Francois talking about auto routes through the States.

Patrolman Vincenzo Cirino gets the big hand for capturing a stickup man who returned to the scene of his crime a week later. Rather mention the above than to say it with flowers. The gent tried to "put the heat" on Vincent, but was too slow.

The bowling team of the 66th, after a practice session, state with twenty more rehearsals they will be ready to bowl the 70th Precinct. Stars Holland and Mother McCadden of the 70th take notice.

Patrolmen Wilkins, Aievoli, Carpenter and Riddle are on vacation. We doubt if they are enjoying it. They are accompanied by their wives.

One balmy spring morning lately, James Cameron, "Silent" Charles O'Connor, John Peirano, Patsy Gugliemotti and this unfortunate reporter, were induced by Luongo to go horseback riding. What a morning that was. John Peirano, dressed like a disgusted millionaire, and praying his horse wouldn't trot. He was having a tough time staying on as it was. Silent Charlie, who speaks every now and then (mostly then), relinquished his title and was heard throughout Prospect Park shouting "Giddap!" When O'Connor got off his horse he was swaying from side to side. The cause of the reaction was, he said, "I've covered twenty miles on that nag, but I'll be darned if I know what the other side of the bridle path looks like. The darned horse has been running in circles since we hit the park." Gugliemotti, after trying to get O'Connor's horse started, had a tough time getting his own to go. Cameron thought he was a cowboy, while Luongo gave imitations of how a jockey should not ride. This poor reporter, jouncing up and down on his nag's back, would make a Mexican jumping bean turn green with envy, and also wishing he had never come. Several days later Luongo invited the boys for another ride. A few minutes later a U. F. 6 card was being made up. The surname was Luongo.

Board of Estimate and Apportionment kindly take heed of Edwin Crane's suggestion that "all stanchions should be made of rubber so that they bounce back into shape after being hit by careless motorists." They should also be painted with radium, making them self-illuminating after sundown, thereby saving the city a wad of money.

John J. Lee, sitting in the back room one late tour, pondered over this question: A dub golfer on his first shot drove the ball through a pane of glass. Could he be charged with reckless driving? If not, why not? Well, John, what is the answer?

Dominick Lombardi was heard one day passing the following remark as he was about to place his tiny body in the radio car: "It's a good thing this isn't an Austin." If you ever got into one, Lombardi, it would be a good trick.

Speaking of radio cars, Joseph Gonzales asks: "Why don't the announcers break into song while making tests, instead of that 1-2-3-4 business.

Members of this command hope that Frederick Koelch and Ernest Bodenburg, now in the hospital due to unfortunate accidents, will soon be back with us.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. Charles Keenan

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed Hennely
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

Prospective ball players, get in touch with John Langan or Charles Donoghue.

John Copeland, while operating his radio car, made a good arrest. He was sent to a certain address and found the perpetrator of the crime gone. He and his partner, Charles O'Connor, later arrested the guilty party in a gas station. He was identified by the complainant and everything is fine.

OBSERVATIONS—PLACE, SHEEPSHEAD BAY

Henry Puck with a new pair of shoes, and giving the pair with the three ribbons to Rubertone.... Watts and Daly using mange cure to save the last few hairs. Page George Derleth and Lindquist.... McGowan wearing a smile....Bergen in conversation....Milt Wolf singing "My Wild Irish Rose" with both hands covering his nose....Joe Duggan with a twin baby carriage; we wonder....Joe Doris on a diet eating jelly rolls and ice cream sundaes.Tarzan Higgins behind a wire mask....The light in Connelly's eyes after a trip to Yorkville.... Gardiner on a run....Schaffel and Messal with the album of their younger days....Tim Ryan doing a flat foot clog for two hours....Garvey crooning on the wrong beat....Popeye acting as toastmaster ducking the confetti thrown his way....Kerner and Danaher in the middle of 15 beautiful chickens.... Evers driving the car after the chickens got out.... Ball of the unemployed giving the teletype a roll.Moan putting the new hack drivers through a drill. ("Now listen to me.")....Hartery and Jim Collins when not in conversation....Johanessen and Bolen when last seen were standing at the altar.The 61st baseball team at play, and being unable to say what I think.

There is little time left to prepare for the Captain's Examination. The FUTURES of the 11th Division are certainly burning the midnight oil. During the day all you hear is, "Hey, Jack, is this true or false?" or "Say, Charlie, classify this!" or "Wait until Morris comes in, he should know." Then, "Oh, Morris, your breaking my heart," steps forth and ends all discussions with a snappy answer. The boys sure miss "R & R" Paul Lustbader. He could find more tricky ones than "MIKE D" himself.

Lieutenant Jack Sutter, one of the aspirants, makes his evening dash from Brooklyn to the Bronx in nothing flat. The officials from the Olympic Committee should snare him for the dashes. One evening last week Jack was taking his DAILY shower, and when he started to soap up he found he had forgotten to remove his tortoise shells; no doubt trying to find out what was meant by the new Captain's chart, or one of the changes in the rules.

Charlie Kuhnemund, bubbling over with pep, is hard at it. You can see him any nice evening strolling along the sea wall with a big book, motioning with his hands and etc. The neighbors and neckers think he is rehearsing a part in the "Shore Road Frivolities," he being quite a soft shoe dancer; but, as he himself says, "you get nowhere without a try."

Our dapper young Supervising Lieutenant, Morris

"Heart Breaker" Coon, is telling the world what he would do with a few more years seniority. No doubt he would be in the money. The boys think, however, Morris is plugging on the Q. T.; that also goes for his side kick, Silent Ed Siegenthaler.

Here's one for "Ripley": Detective Marco Solfi, alias "Alien Jack Mitchell," 82d Squad, speaks seven languages, understands two and writes only one. Jack's favorite expression to criminals and aliens is: "Don't come over the boundary line." Have you still got the Tux you wore to the Elks, Jack?

Surprise of the year: Sergeant Charles Hanneman, known as Leaping Charlie, joined the Elks. It must have taken the old 77th Division to get his initiation fee.

Detective James Cunningham, graduate of the Cute College, occasionally drops in to relate his experiences in Ole Adam Street.

A new face has been added to the 82d Squad. Detective Horace Watson, known in the 66th Squad as "Hawkshaw." Criminals beware when "Quick Watson the needle" is on day or night duty. He carries a false mustache for a disguise.

Lots of smoke around the 82d lately. Detective Horace Renz and his famous cigar is around. A good ad for Wite Owl.

Two new chestnut peddlers are on Fulton Street. Sergeants Damiano and De Martino. Bob Hock, get your summons book ready.

Our second Max Carey, Sergeant John O'Neill, 82d Squad baseball manager, has his team always on their toes.

Bob Richardson won the one-mile race, making it in nothing flat, and is still suffering from CONSUMPTION of the pocket book.

12TH DIVISION

PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Ghericich
69th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Hitz

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

The 75th Precinct, led by Lieutenant William Ferrick, opened the 1932 season with a victory over the 63d Precinct by the score 13 to 3. For challenges turn to the Sporting Page.

13TH DIVISION

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

A few great scientists and their discoveries: Columbus, America; Madam Curie, Radium; Marconi, Wireless; and Sir Walter Nonski, "Loans and Credits."

Talking of volcanoes, we had a Vesuvius of our own on tother end of Pacific Street, a real "Hot-spot." Ask the Skipper or Fink, "Twenty words, no more, no less."

Jimmie Reilly, what a guy, got everything in the "dough" line, even "Matzoths," in Ireland. When there, he expected introductions to the Jamison, Hennessy and Bushmill boys, but papa "Mul" said "No."

The boys have been very much interested in canaries, especially "The Taxicab Corpotation of America" rear room officers. Larry Jamapeg has blown everything apart, even to the wet-wash on the line. Basler's due next year.

A certain Sergeant is down for a new-fangled lectric frigerator, to be delivered in the Ridgewood section. The main attraction being those ice cubes that glitter so nice in Shaughnessy's Spring and Fall water.

"Walter L" unfortunately broke his "G" string, for which we sympathize. But how about our "Ver-mont" syrup?

More lumber for the P. B. A.; Gussie Pedersin white pine in place of the hard wood club, made of coco bola.

Rockie is rarin to go with the lawn mower . . . P. B. with the grass seed . . . Mac with the coca-cola . . . Steinle with the rod and reel . . . Furious Lamb with Brattleboro . . . Connie with the "Old Timers" . . . Ninry with the "Holy Rollers" . . . Young with the tent, and Richard with the knot holes of Belmont for which nature intended his semi-epileptic springs.

Patrolman Duke Farrell picked up a few "Old Timers" in his 1923 Ford Super Six, and made a trip to that venerable hero, Gus Herr, the Big Boy and delegate of the 80th Precinct. They headed for the battle fields of Long Island with such celebrities as Schnozzle Abe Levy, Pop Sam Kaplan, warden and chief chef Abner Wegge. The Big Boy was certainly glad to see them.

The young old boy of the precinct, Jimmy Harvey, is doing well for his country. His wife presented him with a bonncing 14-pounder. That's No. 2. Good luck, Jim!

The baldiest man in the 80th, Frank Hank Smith, is still bothering our delcgate, Abner Wegge, about that last fishing trip, as to whether a pike is of Scotch or Irish parentage. Who wins?

Patrolman Abner Wegge, of the 80th Precinct, has made a request for a transfer to the 74th (Prospect Park) and gave the following qualifications: "I have studied botany, know how to grow trees and flowers, I own a house with a large plot of ground, and have a dog house in the rear."

What we'd like to see this season at this precinct is a good ball team. Sergeant Stuckle, get busy!

The Symphony Orchestra of the 79th Precinct will soon get under way and hold rchearals in the cellar of the station house. A band stand will be erected. Lieutenant Sharkey will conduct and play a solo on the left-handed violin. Patrolman Praetz will render a duct.

Everyone in Kings is solicitous for the recovery of Patrolman John W. Johnston, 88th Precinct. He is the kind of an officer that makes New York mean it when they call our department "The Finest." Patrolman Johnston was badly wounded when he frustrated a holdup by two armed bandits at Sears Roebuck Co. on February 23d last.

Louis Levine, Vincent Sabatella and Charles Borgia were seen in a huddle very much excited over the fight in Congress about the Veterans' Bonus. All set for the big Pow Wow at the Legion Convention.

Louis furnishes the plans and La Palinas, Vincent the auto and gas, Charles takes the megaphone and explains the scenery by permission of the copyright owners. Three Musketeers of the 88th Precinct.

15TH DIVISION

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

103d Pct., Ptl. August Burger
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egan

Sergeant Seymour, of the 104th Precinct, has gone in training for his special act at the Circus. He introduced his trained sardines to Lientenant Joseph Green the other day and made them jump right out of the box. Thataboy old top, don't forget last year's pet, that young Elephant. Bring him over to the Circus and let him see his father work.

Smiling Bill Smith, the genial Hack Investigator, was seen smoking a Blackstone the other day after telling a Hack Driver the motto of this Department, "Always be courteous." That's the spirit, Bill, old boy.

Patrolman George Knobloch is the delegate for the Veterans, and expects to attend the coming convention if he can get away from his job as gardener at St. Johns Park, Middle Village, where he helps cut the grass and push up daisies. He says that he can't trust such delicate work to his side-partner and neighbor, Patrolman Klaukemeyer; he might turn it into a sauerkraut farm.

Patrolmen Wamester and Fredericks received the big Bermuda onion that was given as first prize for the best fish stories. They both claimed they used some of Tony Roth's limburger sandwiches as bait for the two barrels of flounders they caught.

The boys in the "Back Room" have been seen chipping in for a "Foott-Ball" for our Mercer Street Attendant, Patrolman Joe Loeffler, who is always kicking. The only time he doesn't kick is when Smiling Joe reaches home, and the little Dogs on the front lawn greet daddy Joe with "Here comes Papa" . . . Wuff Wuff . . . Bow-Wow.

On May 4, 1932, the 105th Precinct Baseball team opened the new season in a blaze of glory by scoring their first victory over the fast moving Astoria gang of the 114th Precinct, at the Adelphi College field in Queens. At the signal, "Play Ball," Captain Hugo O. Wunsche, of the 105th Precinct, threw out the first ball and the battle was on. Under the superb management of Sergeant Al Hoffman, and captained by Patrolman Al Ackerly, the inspired 105th team proceeded to annihilate the boys from the north side by the score of 10 to 5. The following line-up was used by the 105th: King, first base; Pacifico, shortstop; Koopman, third base; Wanck, leftfield; Borcharding, centerfield; Small, rightfield; Boylan, catcher; Chagnon, pitcher; Toomey, second base.

16TH DIVISION

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

The 111th Precinct closed out its bowling season on Monday night, April 25th, with a grand blow-out. The night was featured by Jacob's pipe. We all could stand the rubber bands he was smoking, but when someone mixed gun-powder with tobacco, he had the place all to himself. He still thinks the brand of tobacco is getting better.

The battling 9th Squad, consisting of Huber, Jacobs, Walsh, Barhold and Healy, who recently talked the 10th Squad into losing a game, got chesty and challenged the 1st team of the precinct. After taking a licking from the 1st, they took on the 2d team and got a worse shellacking. Then the rest of the gang made up a scrub team and licked them again. So that's the end of the 9th Squad, and also the end of the bowling season.

We now go from winter to summer sports.

You can't keep that 9th Squad down. Now they up and declare themselves in baseball, so Lieutenant McCoy, of the Detectives, with his force and the clerical force, including your correspondent, have banded together to teach the upstarts a lesson. Watch the next issue for details of this inspiring game.

The following appeared in the *North Shore Journal*:

BAYSIDE POLICE BEAT FORT TOTTEN

In a fast and interesting game featured by the pitching of Lewis, of the Police, who also slammed out a home run, the Bayside Police defeated the Fort Totten team by a score of 6 to 2 Sunday.

Preceding the game both clubs lined up and marched to the flag, the soldiers led by Lieutenant Colonel Carpenter with the Post Band, followed by the Police led by Captain Dinan and Sergeants Martini and Mach. Not to be outdone in the way of music, the Police were represented by the Bayside Boys' Band under the direction of Clarence A. Miller. The big crowd was entertained throughout the game by both the bands alternating with their pieces.

Former heavyweight champion James J. Corbett was present and threw out the first ball to start the 1932 season.

On Wednesday, April 27th, the team took on the 114th Precinct in weather which was better suited for football, and trimmed them 12 to 2.

WE DARE THE BIG TEAM TO PLAY US!

Lieutenant George Morrison, of the 112th Precinct, completed his twenty-fifth year in the department this month, and the boys gave him a surprise dinner. Roast turkey and all the fixings, and what a party it turned out to be. When Sergeant Pooler and Gus Roessler start singing and raising the old merry, you know that something is doing. Well, good luck, George, and we hope that you'll see at least twenty-five years more.

It's just one good dinner after another out here since the arrival of Patrolman Frank Loeffler. What a cook! The only fault found is by the wives of the bunch, who complain because the boss of the house can't eat when he comes home at night.

Patrolman Frank Smith doesn't get sore when you call him Bohack's watchman. It's a tough piece of bread, fella.

A likely looking bunch of ball players turned out for practice this week, and if we can arrange for them to be off on the days we play games, all you other teams better look out, that's all. Would especially like to hear from the 15th, 111th and 114th Precincts.—Patrolman McQuade, 112th.

Patrolman Andrew Merget and Patrolman Bennie Wozniak got quite a lot of publicity in the newspapers on their thrilling rescue of two young boys sinking in soft mud, in a marsh near Union Turnpike.

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

C—Latest excuse to get a day off by Patrolman Ovecka:

"Captain, I would like to get off two weeks from today as I want to attend a funeral."

How to cure a tough boss, by Patrolman Barto: Say it, but not out loud.

Senior Patrolman Burke can be seen any day giving Junior Patrolman Hager instructions on how to properly operate "Light Room."

Three cheers for Acting Sergeant Shiel—???

We don't know who wears the pants, but Tasty Yeast was not at the Blue Club ball.

Three guesses: Who is the busiest clerical man in the Department? Can always be seen running around with a piece of paper in his hand!

E—Under G. O. No. 6 recently issued, Patrolman John A. Casey, of Traffic "E," was the happy recipient of departmental recognition—EXCELLENT POLICE DUTY. The entire personnel of "E" congratulate you, John, and hopes your well merited reward will materially aid you to promotion to the Royal Order of the Chevron.

Patrolman Patrick O'Rourke enjoyed a pleasant

day off for duty well done in the vicinity of Broadway and 125th Street. Two gunmen, after a holdup, made the grave error of running into "Paddy," and were shaken so violently that a loaded revolver fell from one of their pockets. Hope, Pat, that you are cited for Departmental recognition in the near future.

Patrolman Patwell has received a new assignment, that of Aide-de-Camp to the D. O. We are reliably informed that "Dick," as he is familiarly known, has mastered the art of telephone call, roll call, etc., but he is at his best at dinner-bell call.

Motorists beware! Summons Patrolmen Weinbrenner and Evers have adopted a novel way of hooking "eight-footers." They measure the distance between the trolley and the auto. We hardly believe that one of them would be so heartless as to give one out for 7 feet 11½ inches.

F—The untimely death of Patrolman James A. Morrissey, through accident, while regulating traffic at Lexington Avenue and 58th Street, on the evening of April 20th, 1932, was received with profound sorrow by his fellow members.

We cannot express our praise too highly for the Wickersham Hospital, to which he was removed, where everything was done to make him comfortable, and the best surgical skill used to save his life. Dr. Browning and his staff labored diligently to attain this end. Chief Surgeon Donovan, Surgeon Riley and Honorary Surgeon Moorehead also gave their unselfish services.

The members of Traffic "F" wish to thank Fireman Arthur Fitzsimmons and Fireman Jack Wilson, of Engine Company No. 23, for the valuable assistance they gave in extricating the victim from between the two autos. No less than a dozen persons stepped forward to give their names as witnesses.

The actions of the citizens and the solicitation shown by the staff of the Wickersham Hospital prove that the public still likes a cop.

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

I. Ptl. James Kenney
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell
L. Ptl. Harry Hughes

M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

Mike Burns, O'Brien and some big cop with a very red nose must be training for the Olympics. They were seen running around in Prospect Park in the rain. Mike was leading till he started tossing mud in the other fellow's eyes. There was also a little man in a raincoat. He must have been the manager. Does anyone want a good press agent? Ask Ford.

Charlie Zeek wrote his letter to Santa Claus early this year. He wants to avoid the rush. All Charlie wants this time is a crying towel. Why, Charlie?

Sandy McTave is now a true sportsman. He has been seen yachting on Prospect Park Lake. And is his face RED!

Kennedy, the boxer, and Owens, the wrestler, will stage a bout any time and any place at the drop of the hat. Look out for the raincoat, Pete.

Harrington is not rooting for the Dodgers or the Giants. No, sir; he's for the Yanks—or whoever is leading.

Artie Ford may be able to draw, but try to find out what he drew from the man in the black suit with whom he had a long talk in the dark the Saturday before the communion breakfast.

THREE CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN RORKE.

Will some brave person ask Bill Hanvy to describe the cartoon which he tore up in such a hurry?But don't ask Lenny Hafner the meaning of "Oh, Boy!"While in the mood you might ask

Corporal Healy why a little thing like a radio nearly scared him silly.

Lieutenant Slattery has been retired and the boys will miss a good boss. We all wish him the best of luck and happiness for the future.

It has been rumored that John Parente is angling after the manager's job in Jersey City, the Brooklyn baseball farm. Talk to Carey, John.

Crying Harry L. is taking a course at the academy on how to wreck automobiles.

The other day an ambulance was called to the station house and the doctor had quite a job reviving some of the boys. He wanted to know what happened, and was told that O'Brien put on a new pair of pants.

K—Patrolman John Doris is after the culinary crown of Traffic "K." He succeeded in making dandelion soup the other day. This is a feat that even Louie Laut can't approach.

One of the handsome members of Traffic "K" registers a very stiff complaint on the laxity of the custodians of the Police Academy, who have neglected to put mirrors in the building. How is this fellow going to keep up his sex appeal if he hasn't the necessary preparation.

No matter how much eye paint you use, a shiner will always show itself. Even if said black eye is due to a bump while sleeping.

Patrolman John Costigan and his big black shiny sedan is all set for the summer. John should get in touch with Sergeant Eckert, who is our official route guide. Anywhere from Canada to Florida.

Jim Kissane is back and forth between the stanchion shop and Traffic "K." Jim is one of our most popular members. A big smile and sunny disposition.

L—Patrolman Carney reported back from sick leave all smiles. "It's a boy!"

Patrolman Henning, the big game hunter, will soon be on his way into the wilds of Dutchess County. Woodchucks beware!

Gentleman "Gong Gong" McGonigle is just as spick and span as ever. Ladies behave!

Lieutenant Gnotosky states that the life of an Acting Captain in Traffic Precinct "L" is just crossing one bridge after another.

Sergeant James Collins is not feeling very well of late. The Germ of "Fordedus" has attacked him very severely. It won't be long now.

Patrolman Walter Budd has been a "Knight of the Pick"; he can always dig up a new hard luck story.

Patrolman Raymond Waterbury, a man of few words, insists that \$2.50 is \$2.50 either in Ireland or the U. S. A.

Join the "Foreign Legion" and get a post on the bridge and see the ships go to sea. Consult Commodore Lo Presti, of the 6th Squad.

Tom Harrington, one of the scribes of 3d District Traffic, is complaining of sore feet. Tom must have the gout from eating too much of Gobel's bologna.

Larry Doyle, the other scribe, can't go home early. The wife won't let him in. So says Harrington.

Mel Smith, the genial messenger, is losing weight since he fell out with the honorable messenger of the 11th Division.

Since Lieutenant Tom Goodman joined the "Foreign Legion," he has been hoping for his ship to come in, in the shape of a high percentage for the coming Captains' exam. See Mahatma Gandhi, Tom, he will fix you up.

Matt Craven, better known as Mahatma Gandhi, the first broom in Traffic "L," is trying to solve the mystery of the missing gas stove.

Lieutenant Burns was received at Traffic "I" with

open arms. We hope you have come for a stay and not for a visit, Lieutenant.

Wasn't it terrible? Even the clerical staff of Traffic "J" were held in reserve May 1st, and Captain Hackett lost another day off. 'S tough.

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1 PTL. CARL J. FRITZ

Joe Koncilick, Eddie Farnum, Toby Goodman and Joe Clark all got married recently. Best wishes from the gang to each of you, and may you all raise some future motorcycle cops. (Couldn't you take Harry Doyle or Gus Pollion with you?)

Seems funny all these weddings took place shortly after the breakfast at the Hotel Astor. Wonder what the final count on the silverware showed.

Eddie Hefferman, coming late to the breakfast, said: "The priest just let me out of the confessional to go and eat; I have to go right back."

We're all glad to see Bert Wray up and around, and hope that he'll be back with us soon.

Did you hear about "Patty" Soroghan, the A. and P. clerk, running into the Columbus statue? He said it wasn't his fault, as it walked right into him. It's a good thing he's not in the Harbor Squad, or we'd feel sorry for the Statue of Liberty.

Charlie Gentner and Al (How the dickens do you spell your last name?) are out quite often these days teaching the worms how to swim.

Don't ever let Sergeant Fellingham test your meals to see if they're hot. Boy! What a system he's got.

Hey, Johnnie, who's the woman that stopped me and asked, "Do you know Officer McCann? I think he has lovely blue eyes."

"Montana Pete" Bonds, the shepherd, wants a kitten for his baby. Why not give the kid a baby lamb?

After riding a motorcycle for a couple of years, Jimmie Loughlin just found out that it has a third speed. So you won't get a headache looking, Jimmie, we'll tell you—there is no reverse.

BUREAU OF CRIME PREVENTION

PTLW. IRENE A. PETERS

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Sam Levitt returns from his honeymoon a little bewildered but otherwise O. K.

"Aunt Sarah" Ahern gets her Irish up regular nowadays.

Tom Gordon casts envious eyes at Johnson and McGraw since he became "Director" of Police Athletic League.

"Frozen-Face" Koch was actually seen to smile the other day.

On Saturday evening, April 30th, a bachelor's party was given to Edward Fitzpatrick, better known as "Chops," attached to Unit No. 1, Crime Prevention Bureau. A good time was had by all, with no casualties. He is to leave the ranks of single blessedness on June 11, 1932. We all wish him good luck. He was presented with a silver service set and a rolling pin after a presentation speech by the Rev. Father Murray. The party was held at the Bay Ridge Country Club in Brooklyn.

Tom O'Brien was observed recently entering the "Home of Blue White Diamonds" with a serious look on his face. These facts were rumored about by the old Sleuth, John O'Shea. It won't be long now, Tom.

By the way, O'Shea, why not give Tom a break and sell him the one you have at a reduced price.

"Gus" De Simone says he had no difficulty while in Traffic in subduing the fair sex. In fact he had them eating out of his hand. But there seems to be something wrong with his technique because recently he was turned down flat after bidding a young lady to a social gathering, only to have her turn around

and accept an invitation from Tony Duffy to go to dinner. Ho, hum.

POLICE ACADEMY

On April 2d, while assigned to the 13th Detective District in plain clothes from the Police Academy, Patrolman Abraham J. Gordon and Probationary Patrolman August Hirsch performed meritorious duty in connection with the hold-up of a butcher store located at 210 Lewis Avenue, Brooklyn. The above patrolmen, while assigned to patrol duty from Gates to Lexington Avenues, on a 6 to 12 P. M. tour, observed three men enter the above butcher store while another remained at the wheel of an auto outside. Their suspicions were aroused, so they followed the men into the store. One of the men ran out and started firing, as did the one in the auto. The officers returned shot for shot and were able to subdue two of the bandits, whom they brought to the 79th Precinct Station house. Both had long criminal records, and one of them, Peter Beckling, had killed a fellow prisoner in Auburn prison. A third member of this gang was captured later.

Congratulations, men, and may this be the stepping stone towards a successful career in the Department.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1

PTL. BERNARD CONNORS

The exceptional talent displayed by several of our handsome troopers at a recent social gathering sure was a surprise, and elicited many admiring comments on the part of the audience. In particular, we heard mentioned the exotic and Oriental dancing of Arthur "Vegetables" Cordes, whose only drawback was that he had to report home at 9:30 P. M. Mike Murtha was a riot in his interpretation of a Spring Fantasie from the 18th Hungarian movement of that great composer Thomashefsky Arnaiziskovitch; but, and all agree, the sensation of the evening was little Tommy "WHOA, NICE HORSIE" McElliott, who demonstrated how the boys in the old country shake a mean leg.

Elmer "Two-Gun" Parker was assigned to the Horsemanship School recently for a week. The sad part of the story is that Elmer, in endeavoring to display his equestrian ability, pulled a Prince of Wales, right before his missus.

Ludie Frank, that popular and handsome trooper of "B," received notice recently from the Municipal Civil Service Commission to report and show his veteran's credentials. Ludie, simple soul, believed that he was already on the Sergeants' List, and immediately rushed pell mell to the trunk for the papers. In the resultant excitement he grabbed the wrong discharge, and reported there with his discharge from the German Army, where he served in his youth!

Here's a little dope on the "SUNSHINE COPS" (the Park Squad—Mounted). We are going to give a brief sketch of one member at a time, until all the dirt has been spilled. Therefore, here we go (with apologies to Skolsky):

Old Man "SUNSHINE" himself (Bill Brown), tall, handsome, athletic and possessing a Ford roadster of the vintage of 1902, which, next to his horse, is his pet hobby. Just loves to play croquet; likes lolly-pops (pistachio flavoring preferred), and will never pass a foot sergeant without giving him a—cheery good morning!

The man from Alabam', "Ham an' Eggs" Hamilton, who speaks with that slow, drawling tone of speech which has a charm all its own, and who is an expert on the new dial telephones (ask Sam). Will sit down any time, day or night, and as often as he's asked, to put away a dish of ham and eggs. Hence his nom de plume.

(Watch for our next issue.)

Artie Butler, the snappy, dashing Beau Brummel of The Bronx, has just purchased a brand new golf outfit for his yearly onslaught on the records of Sarazen, Bobby Jones, etc.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2

PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

Patrolman Dave Foster, the ROARING MARINE, was bestowed the title of FIRE CHIEF of Fulton Street, as Jim Byers, the old chief, has consented to turn over his laurels and fire hat to Dave. In addition to the above honors, he is Commander of Old Glory Post, V. F. W.

Patrolman Fred Fitzgerald is now the bed-maker of the squadron.

Patrolman Campbell is now Commodore of the Lone Basin Yacht Club, and is very proud of his new uniform, with its anchors, etc.

The contest between Bereczk and Campbell for the honor of carrying the bats for the Squadron No. 2 baseball team was won by Pop Eye Bereczk, and Oh, Boy! is he proud?

The boys of Squadron No. 2 are glad to hear that Patrolman Dobler, of Troop "E," is out of the hospital and doing fine. Hurry back, Eddie.

The Mayor of the Flatbush Extension (Hubert J. E. F. Claffey) is now assigned to Prospect Park.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Our good friend and side-kick, Patrolman Teddy Schreiber, of the Owners' Bureau (better known as Old Man Sunshine), retired the other day, and now for that anticipated trip to Bulgaria and the Princess, who will be waiting with open arms to greet him. Well, Teddy, best wishes for a long and happy retirement, and the sincere wishes for a pleasant trip from the gang.

Patrolmen Charles S. Brown, Bob Cousins and Frank Marshon, I understand, are just a few of the big shots of the Social Blue Club.

It is rumored that Patrolman John Hareke, of the Pistol Bureau, is going to qualify as a shorthand writer some day. About 1940.

It would take more than a jimmy to get into the combination of Downey and Donoghue, two professional hand shakers. What office are you running for?

Every time Julius Boeckler attends a P. B. A. meeting George Rogers is compelled to work overtime. George sure is a glutton for work.

Great how business keeps up. Patrolman Joseph Anselini has become a papa again. This time a boy. Congratulations, Joe.

The Hack Bureau bowling team defeated the team from the Church of Holy Redeemer in East 4th Street, Manhattan, in an eight-game series by 46 pins. Henry Buckley, the anchor man, rolled high score of 242. Sergeant Thomas Connors, the high average of 208. After the games, refreshments and entertainment took place. Music was furnished by Bill Ruddy and his Travers Island Four. Patrolman Frank O'Brien, manager of the team, issues a challenge to any bowling team in the Department.

Patrolman Bill Ruddy (Investigating Squad), better known as "Boom Boom Ruddy," the big ex-sailor, ex-singer, ex-ball player, ex-sugar weigher, etc., claims the record of being the greatest ex-man in the Department.

How do you like the way Lieutenant Jack Sheehan perambulates through the building with those manila folders under his arm?

A word to the wise: Please do not annoy "240" Casey of the Investigating Squad on Monday or Thursday.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 4

PTL. BARRETT

Some of the sayings heard quite often around quarters:

Patrolman Reu—Now about the bonus, Bill.... Patrolman Brandon—It's as good as gold.... Patrolman Curtin—Take a look at that leg and see if I don't get disability.... Patrolman Loss—All in, Sarge.... Patrolman Barrett—It's the brother-in-law's car, but I can use it.... Patrolman Batto—I'll get mad one of these days.... Patrolman Lyons—You ought to try this medicine; it's good for you.... Patrolman Huber—Hey! Lyons, did you look at Moe and Joe.... Patrolman Laibach—Who wants to buy a car.... Patrolman Hoffman—Why, I bought \$3.50 worth of worms and didn't get a bite.... Patrolman Reedy—When I worked for Edison.... Patrolman Danell—It's guaranteed to grow hair according to the label.... Patrolman Reilly—Hell-o, Mr. Seigel.... Patrolman Mullins—Oh, those taxicabs.... Patrolman Jones—Now this is a true story, fellows.... Patrolman Traficenti—Oh, Sarge, do you want spaghetti and meat balls?.... Patrolman Schleimer—Give your salute with a snap, like this.... Patrolman Pfleging—I'll fix it, Sarge.... Sergeant Seery—Gimme, gimme, what I cry for. (One more year to go.).... Sergeant Zwerling—Fall in according to size, follow me.... Sergeant Daly—Any of my reports come back?.... Sergeant Seebach—Very important branch of the service.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 9

SCT. JOHN T. EGAN

It was May Day, and the boys were all sitting down just about to eat a nice chicken dinner cooked by those famous French cooks, Casey and Clancy, when the telephone rang. The boys hopped on the truck and U-E Lynch, chauffeur de luxe, drove them up to Edson Avenue, way up in the wilds of the Bronnix, where, instead of a riot, they saw a little Austin peacefully swimming in a manhole. Patrolmen Metz and Repetti put on their divers' suits and grappled with the Austin for about an hour and a half; then they tossed it up to Russel Shopland (the famous story writer), who grabbed it by the rear end while Tiernan held it down in front. Patrolman Lind, formerly with Mosmopolitan pictures, took snap shots of the incident, after which they returned to their quarters and found that the chicken must have been good, for somebody had eaten it.

CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER BRUMMIERHOP

It seems that Chief Inspector John O'Brien cannot enlist cooperation between his staff. A challenge was made by one section of his office known as Captain Abe Brody's House of David baseball nine to play a game against Captain Charlie Donovan's Wildcats. Believe you me, there is bitterness in this feud. Captain Abe's outfit will don the prescribed faecal ornament, the beards made famous the world throughout, by the gentlemen in that famous institution from which this baseball nine has taken its name.

Captain Donovan, like ole Connie Mack, has little or nothing to say except that his Wildcats will be exceptionally wild when the whistle blows—and that's something—if you know this gang.

For details of this game see next issue of this magazine.

"Tame them Wildeats."—Abe.

"Hold them Beards."—Charlie.

MAIN OFFICE DETECTIVES, BROOKLYN

The members of the Main Office Squad wish to convey their best wishes for the continued success of Lieutenant Frank Lisante, who was "drafted" from the Main Office Squad to assume command of the 75th Squad. Crime will show a decided decrease in Brownsville, now that Frank has the reins.

Detective Harry (Legs) Morris also felt the "draft" when a good clerical man was needed in the new 106th Precinct. He can now wheel the perambulator (?) in Queens without citizens staring at him, and thinking the Empire State Building is out for a walk. Good luck, Harry, in your new assignment.

Acting Lieutenant John J. McGowan, of the Homicide Squad, was seen in the Equipment Bureau the other day looking at Acting Captain's bars. His secretary, Mu Chow, stood by with his pencil and notebook.

Lieutenant Thomas F. J. Kerrigan can be found on the bridle path of Prospect Park daily, astride his trusty Arabian steed. All he needs is the ten-gallon hat to be a dashing Don Juan.

Detective Charles (Saturday Night Sleuth) O'Malley was afflicted with the Christmas spirit last year and handed out pencils to each of the boys. Don't wait until next Christmas to give out another batch.

Detective Edward (Duke) Dearborn is contemplating his seasonal cruise. Don't pick the Gowanus again, Duke.

Detective Frederick (Hawkeye) Schwerdtfeger is welcomed as a new member of the squad. He is remembered as Brooklyn's rival of Eagle-Eye Gus.

Detective Edward (Moon) Moroney is still chasing errant husbands. Are they as futile as bubbles, Ed?

Lieutenant John Weisenreider is practicing for professional golf tournaments. Detective Corbooy please notice.

Acting Lieutenant Raymond Honan, of the Homicide Squad, again displayed extraordinary intelligence in buying his home in Laurelton, alongside the Long Island Railroad tracks. Depression or no depression, he'll have plenty of coal this winter.

What member of the Homicide Squad, while marching in the Holy Name parade, was disappointed when he couldn't get a "smile" from that "BLONDE." Even though he was attired in his Sunday snit, his 6 feet, 210 pounds, dark complexioned pugilistic features didn't seem to take.

6TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. CORNELIUS J. BROWNE

A rumor that spread in the 28th Squad says that Detective George Jonnides is now taking sun rays at the Luxor baths, so that he will be on time with his summer coat of tan. Why not have the eyebrows tweased, George?

Detective Frank McLaughlin, 23d Squad, was seen taking a bundle from his locker. I wonder what that bundle contained?

We have a reformer in the 23d Squad—Detective Larry Doyle. He has turned preacher and is giving his brother officers lectures on how to keep on the straight and narrow path. Well, they say the bad do change.

Detective Graham, of the 28th Squad, is now playing handball to reduce. He confidentially informed the reporter that he has taken off 40 pounds. He expects to bring his weight down to 145 pounds. Taking off 80 pounds is some reduction.

Detective John Dougherty, of the 23d Squad, who has charge of the squad records, says that business is driving him mad. John, look out for the white ambulance.

8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM SECOR

Conny Mancini pulled a Walter Winchell on Willic Secor, whom he discovered displaying his equestrianistic ability at a famous summer resort. "Bill" made the Prince of Wales look like an amateur. He couldn't keep off the ground. He's been eating his meals off the mantlepice ever since. Conny says

that Bill's one ambition is to be mounted in the Harbor Squad. Giddyap, Napoleon, it looks like rain.

10TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. FRANCIS X. GROTANO

Mrs. Grottano's bad boy Francis swings the hammer again by special permission of Acting Captain John J. Ryan, copyright owner.

We'll start off by offering the bouquet of the month to Detective Ambrose Rikeman, recently transferred from the District Squad to the 62d Squad. A square-shooting fellow who says what he means regardless of the time and place, and can be depended on when a fellow needs a friend.

That famous team from the 68th Squad has been broken up, namely, the heavenly twins, Detective Ed. Fitzgerald and Sergeant Frank McCarthy. Frank is now supervising the radio cruiser motor patrol in this district. Good luck with your new partner, Fitz, and to you in your new undertaking, Frank.

We suggest a reducing class for Detective Hansen of the 70th Squad, Detective Buckley of the 62d Squad, and Detective White of the 66th Squad. Those misplaced goitres don't look a bit attractive.

While practicing with the 70th Squad baseball team, Detective Jack Allen fell, and after vainly trying to get to his feet, a derrick was called from a nearby building job. In the same game, Detective Giery, who has always boasted about his hitting prowess, in five trips to the plate finally hit a terrific grounder. Stick to Rummy, Patty.

Some movie director ought to get a load of those two handsome sheiks, Detectives Baker and McCarthy of the District Squad.

"And so, little children," as a Bath Beach mother would say, "good-night, don't forget to load your revolvers and pull out the pin in your hand grenades."

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

Another Sadlo has joined the forces of the 16th Detective District. Yep, Anthony, Jr., is now driving Captain Burke around the district (and also a trifle mad). Every now and then the skipper has to send the "old man" out to look for Junior.

"Some of the boys," said Julius Steinhauser, "get a great kick out of the new radio patrol, especially the senior members of the unit; it gives them a chance to be boss of an outfit without competition." All day long Mickey Powers can be heard muttering "One-two-three-three-two-one," and ad finitum.

Charley Schlagel was married early this month, so the chances are you won't hear much more about him. His new wife is now the dominator. (In case you don't know what that is, Charley, ask any man whose wife is BOSS.)

W. & W. (Williams and Woods) are still wondering how much they will be able to spend on their vacation.... Frank Farley and Ed Hatrick, the two smiling demons from Maspeth, seem to get a great kick out of life. There seems to be only one answer. They must lead a happy married life, with good cooks in their homes.

There's a guy out in Newtown Squad named Mitchell, who seems to take exception to being called "Gallagher."... Big Dave Salter got a commendation the other day with Little Joe Burke and Tommy Layden. Dave got a bigger "kick" out of the capture than he did out of the medal.... Lieutenant John Stein was recently transferred into the Queens Borough Detective Office as an aide to Inspector Gallagher. He's a welcome addition. One of his first observations was that it was so quiet that several mice were running around, and he's now thinking of going in for animal training.

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Detectives Thesby Feltenstein and Patrick Noonan, 11th Squad, while on patrol at about 11 P. M., April 13, at Avenue D and 6th Street, saw two men acting in a suspicious manner. After being joined by a third man the trio proceeded to a dairy at 753 East 5th Street, where the detectives found them holding up the proprietor and his clerk. Upon being ordered to throw up their hands, one of the bandits obeyed. The other two attempted to fire at the detectives, and both were shot and wounded by Detective Feltenstein.

Patrolman Charles Malley, 30th Precinct, and Edward Meyer, Traffic Precinct E, while on duty at about 2:15 A. M., April 21, were informed there was a holdup in progress in a restaurant at 600 West 135th Street. The officers reached the scene as the two holdup men were leaving. One of the men carried a revolver in each hand and the other brandished a similar weapon in his right hand. In an exchange of shots one of the bandits was killed and the other seriously wounded.

BRONX

Sergeant William McCoy, 8th Detective District, Detective Michael Ferrick, 43rd Squad, and Patrolmen Thomas Montgomery and John Becker, temporarily assigned to the 8th Detective District, while on patrol in the district radio motor patrol car in the vicinity of Fordham Road and Grand Concourse, at about 2:10 A. M., April 16, received radio information that a man was seen crawling through an apartment window at 350 East 201st Street. The police officers immediately raced to the scene, where the man was found hiding in a clothes closet. The prisoner was later identified as John Longobardo, a second offender, and is now awaiting trial for first degree burglary.

Patrolmen Sidney J. Walsh, James P. McGannon, John J. Dermody and Arthur Seyffert, 48th Precinct, while on patrol at about 12:40 A. M., April 16, arrived at the scene of a fire in the basement of a four-story tenement at 1630 Bathgate Avenue. They immediately entered the burning building and assisted a number of the tenants to escape by way of the stairway and fire escapes. The fire spread with such rapidity that Patrolman Walsh, in attempting to guide from their smoke-filled apartment Philip Weinstein and his 7-year-old daughter, received burns necessitating his immediate removal to Morrisania Hospital. Weinstein, his daughter and four other members of his family also were removed to Morrisania Hospital, where they later died. The prompt and efficient action taken by these patrolmen undoubtedly prevented a larger number of deaths.

BROOKLYN

Sergeant Raphael De Martino and Patrolmen George Schmitt and Nicholas L. Sims, 82d Precinct, together with Detective Frank Ruddy, 82d Squad, were assigned on April 15, at about 11:12 P. M., to investigate the shooting of a man in an apartment at 79 Degraw Street. They questioned the wounded man, who told them his assailants were in an apartment across the hall. Upon being denied admittance to this apartment the officers promptly forced the door. Three men apprehended therein were identified by the victim, who later died from his wounds. A search of the premises revealed a .32-caliber revolver with three discharged shells.

At about 2:30 P. M., October 13, 1931, three armed bandits entered the Irving Trust Company Bank, 1823 Avenue M, and after discharging a revolver at George Scott, a special officer, escaped with \$16,830 in currency. Acting Captain John J. Ryan, 10th Detective District, later obtained information leading to the arrest on October 23, 1931, of James Skoblow, by Detectives John J. Baker and John H. McCarthy, 10th Detective District. Skoblow, under persistent questioning admitted participating in the robbery and named his two accomplices. One of these men, Jesse Levy, apprehended later in Florida, was returned to this city on November 19, 1931, by Acting Lieutenant Thomas M. Reilly and Detective William J. Enright, 70th Squad. Levy confessed and also admitted a previous holdup which netted him \$36,000 in checks. He also admitted having held up at revolver point on August 11, 1931, the cashier of the Brooklyn Trust Company Bank at 173-16 Jamaica Avenue, Queens, escaping with \$4,750 in currency. Both prisoners have pleaded guilty to robbery in the first degree and are now awaiting sentence. Cash amounting to \$9,120 was recovered.

QUEENS

Patrolman Andrew D. Hagen, 112th Precinct, while off duty and in civilian clothes, at about 10 P. M., April 10, saw flames coming from a two-story frame residence at 9513 Woodhaven Boulevard. Upon being informed that the second floor was occupied by an elderly, paralyzed woman, Hagen forced the front door and hurried to the apartment where he found Catherine Holden, 78, asleep in bed. Finding that the flames now made escape by the stairway impossible, the officer carried the aged woman to a rear room, where, to prevent her possible death by suffocation, he held her head far out an open window until both were resened by responding fire forces. The officer was himself so weakened by smoke inhalation as to require treatment by an ambulance surgeon.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER



DAVE BROWN (Negro)

DESCRIPTION—Age, 28 years; 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 165 pounds; professional ball player. 32d Pct.

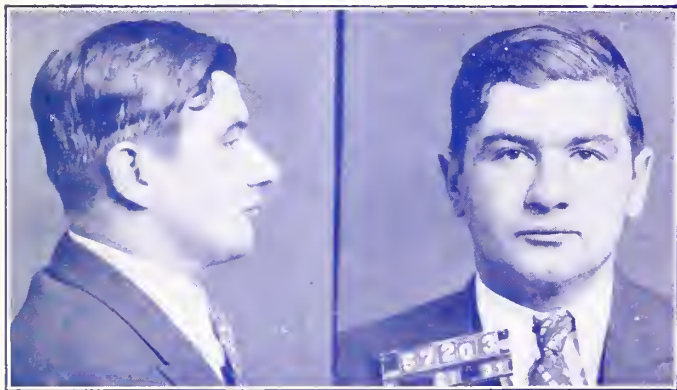
WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



EDWARD MCCARTHY,
aliases **FATS MCCARTHY** and **EDWARD POPKE**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 7½ inches; 167 pounds; blue eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium complexion; sign painter by occupation. 23d Pct.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



HUGO WILLGEROD,
aliases **HUGHIE WILLS** and **HUGH J. WILLIS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser. 17th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JAMES GARCIA, alias "BENITO"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair; wore a blue suit and light fedora hat. Porto Rican by birth. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.

Spring 3100



JUNE
1932

Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

VOLUME 3

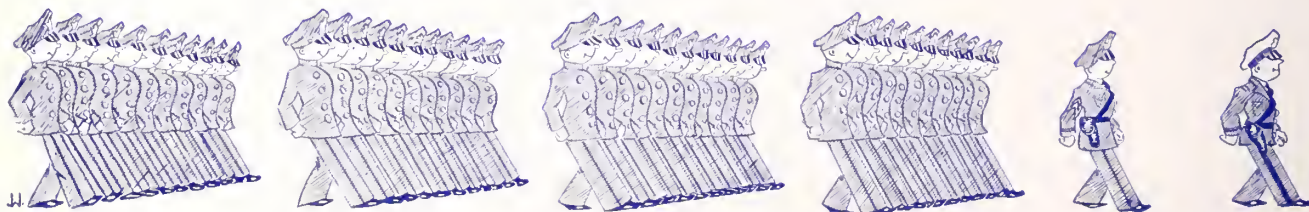
JUNE, 1932

NO. 4

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

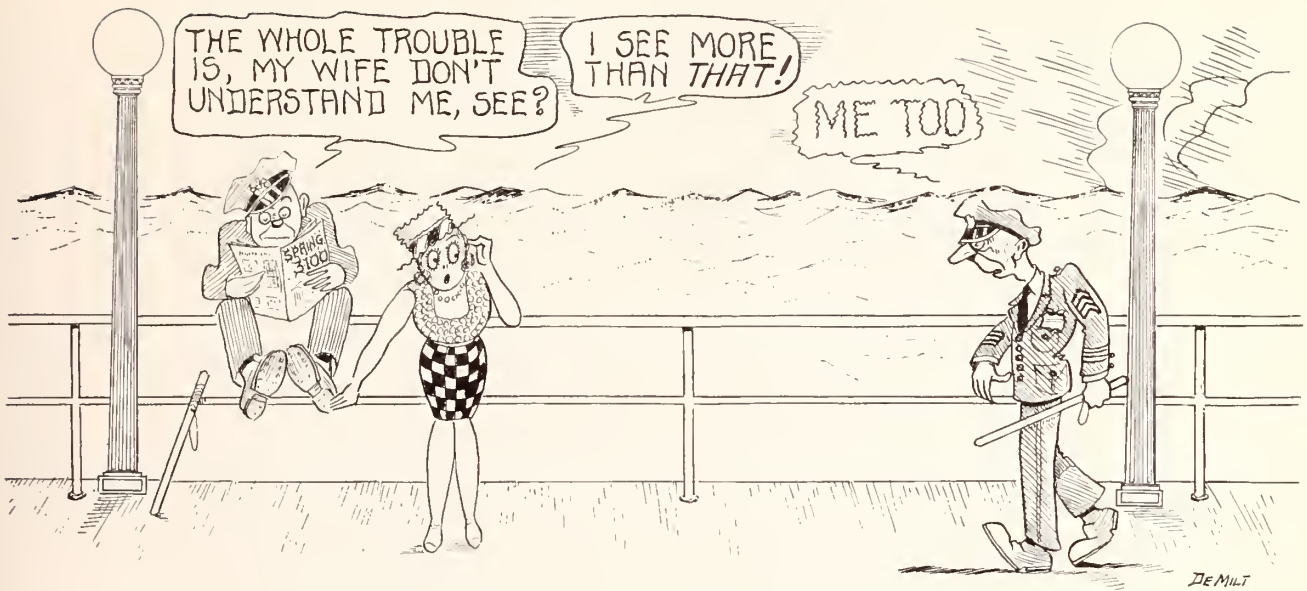
ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

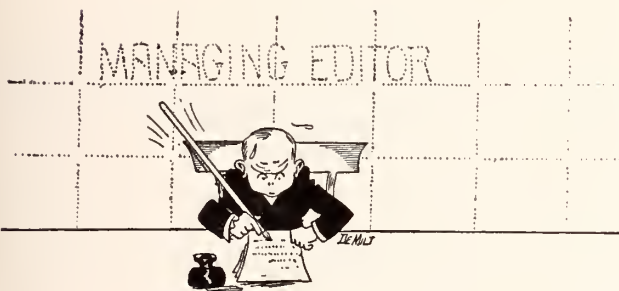
JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorial Page



A Few Sad Sees by the Sad Sea Waves



IF you are interested in either of the national conventions, the ending of the period of depression or the tariff rate, you may as well stop reading this page right now, for we have nought to do with any of the aforementioned affairs. We might say a good word for the effort to repeal the Prohibition Amendment if anyone drove up in an emergency truck and asked us to do so, but so far our views have not been sought.

So, having told you what we are not going to write about, we will now try some affirmative action. First of all, we wish to say a word of praise for the series of Day Outings for Mothers and Children which the Department is repeating this summer for the third time. All ranks of the Department, through their respective line organizations, indicated a desire for the continuance of this effort, and the expense, as usual, will be met by contributions from all members of the Force.

The first of the sixteen outings to be held this summer will take place on July 5th. The joy which these excursions bring to the poorer children of the

city and their mothers who would otherwise be unable to afford even a day's rest and recreation, cannot be overestimated. These outings have done more to convince the needy that the policeman is their friend than any other single police endeavor.

Hoping that the transition is not too abrupt, we will now discuss, not the needy, but the unfortunate, that is to say, those gentlemen who will take the captains' examination early in July. What with prickly heat and fallen arches, writers' cramp and eye strain, not to mention the mental agony undergone while preparing for and taking this examination and continuing until the results are published, the lot of the examinees is anything but enviable. However, let us hope that the gain will be worth the struggle.

The Junior Police Athletic League, organized by the Crime Prevention Bureau, to whom our cover this month is dedicated, is progressing splendidly. The registered membership during the three weeks in May since the opening game, mounted to the pleasing total of 2,596. These boys were divided into 200 teams, who played 400 games at which approximately sixty-five thousand spectators were present. Could anything be more promising than this?

Again apologizing for an abrupt shifting of topics, we beg leave to call your attention to the work of the Department pistol team, which has been shooting its way to victory in spectacular fashion in a number of meets. Further on in this issue we have a picture of the team receiving from the Commissioner a silver cup which they had won. And given our choice in a shooting match we will take their chances.

Sending the Bad Ones Home

By CAPTAIN MICHAEL F. McDERMOTT,
Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation

This is the first of two articles regarding the work of the Bureau of which Captain McDermott is the head. The second will appear in the July issue.



"Thou Art Not Fit"

"The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

THESE memorable words of Francis Scott Key might well be amended today by adding "For those only who obey and respect our laws."

That, in brief, is what the Congress of the United States intended when it placed upon the statute books that portion of the immigration laws which provides for the compulsory return to their native countries of foreigners found within our borders who do not see fit to obey the laws of our country.



The Government, through the efficient work of its agents in the Bureau of Immigration of the Department of Labor, has been rounding up and smoking out of their underworld haunts the undesirable aliens. But our Police Commissioner, Edward P. Mulrooney, with his long experience, readily saw that New York City, the gateway to the United States and the largest metropolis in the country, is the fertile ground to which flocks the foreign element, who have either criminal records, or who have entered the country illegally.

Therefore, having in mind, primarily, the protection of the life and property of the people of the City of New York, and at the same time wishing to co-operate to the fullest extent with the immigration authorities, the Commissioner established in the Police Department a Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation—the first such bureau in any police department in the country.

In order to function properly, the personnel of the Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation—better known as the Alien Squad—was necessarily composed of detectives who spoke various foreign languages. These men were gathered from different commands throughout the city and instructed in all the provisions of the immigration laws. The interest of all co-operating agencies was sought in aiding the squad in carrying out its purpose. A program was begun to educate and interest the judges of the various courts, the District Attorneys and their assistants, and the parole and probation officers in the means that could be used to rid the city and country of the undesirable criminal alien. A general order was issued to the entire force directing them to acquaint themselves with the immigration and

naturalization laws; lectures were given to detectives and uniformed groups attending the Police Academy; mimeograph and printed matter was distributed, and the daily press encouraged co-operation through their news items and cartoons.

The conditions that make an alien subject to deportation were the points brought most forcibly to the police and the co-operating agencies. There are two distinct purposes in controlling immigration. First, to obtain only a desirable class who would eventually become citizens. Second, to prevent a great influx of aliens who would deprive our own native laboring classes of work. It was explained that for that reason the entire matter of immigration was placed under the jurisdiction of the Department of Labor, to be enforced by the Bureau of Immigration.

It was shown that in order to control this immigration Congress passed a so-called Quota Act. This act divided all the countries of the world into quota and non-quota countries. All the countries of Europe and Asia were in the quota class; that is, only a prescribed number of their people were to be permitted to enter the United States annually.

Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, Cuba, and all the independent countries of Central and South America were non-quota countries; no restrictions being placed on the number of their citizens wishing to come here. The subject of passports was fully explained. All aliens, or immigrants, wishing to enter the United States must equip themselves with a passport issued by their own country. The stamp of approval, a visa, must be placed upon this passport by an American consul before the alien leaves his own country. There are exceptions to this rule such as those persons who wish to come into the United States from adjacent countries, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, etc., for just a visit.

The American consul's visa is given only after the alien complies with certain requirements of the immigration laws. These requirements are that the prospective immigrant is physically and mentally in good health; financially able to care for himself, or is to be cared for in order that he shall not become a public charge; and is of proper moral character. When this visa is granted, whether from a quota or non-quota country, and not before, the alien may then migrate to this "land of the free and the home of the brave."

The requirements show that not all who seek to come into the United States are permitted to do so. Thorough investigations are made by the American consuls, especially during this period of economic depression. The alien may not be able to pass the mental and physical tests; may not be able to care for himself financially; or, as happens in many cases, may have a criminal record and therefore be of bad moral character. Such undesirables are barred, and then resort to various ways of coming in here illegally. Where small quotas are provided, forcing the alien to wait possibly two or three years before his passport is visaed, the alien often resorts to illegal means of entering our portals. Since by an Act of Congress, those who came here illegally before July 1, 1924, cannot be deported for the illegal entry, this is the outstanding date in the

mind of an Immigration Inspector or Alien Squad member when dealing with an "illegal entrant."

The means most often resorted to by the undesirable who gets into the United States illegally is to "sign up" as a member of the crew of a ship and then "jump ship" when the boat reaches an American port. The immigration laws permit an alien seaman to remain "ashore" sixty days after the arrival of his ship. During that time, however, he must not engage in any other "calling," so as not to deprive our citizens of work. If he remains here over the sixty days he is here illegally. And, with the present depression period at hand, and numerous steamships "tied up" throughout the world, thousands of seamen are "stranded on the beach" all over the country.

These are the men who are driven to crime, very often by desperation. Foreign seamen, because of the lack of such laws in their own countries, do not regard seriously our laws against the illegal carrying of firearms or other dangerous weapons. When "out to do a job" they arm themselves and if someone is shot or killed, the foreign seamen, with their knowledge of ships, are often able to smuggle themselves aboard some ship, and the police authorities are left with an unsolved crime.

This class of illegally entered alien receives a great amount of attention from the Alien Squad. The attention of the uniformed force, detectives and desk officers cannot be called too forcibly to the apprehension and thorough investigation of seamen found under suspicious circumstances. A regular seaman is readily known upon a search of his person. He invariably carries his passport and "discharge papers" on him. They are his means of obtaining a livelihood.

The "stowaway" is another illegal entrant who tries to break down our barriers. This method is used, to a great extent, by the Asiatic races. And, from the stories related to the Alien Squad, one wonders how any human being can survive after having spent days in water tanks, anchor chain lockers, life boats, behind false ceilings, in oil barrels, coal bunkers, etc. Of course oftentimes there is collusion on the part of some of the crew. Stowaways in many cases pay large sums to be assisted into the country. Steamship companies, however, do everything possible to prevent this practice, in as much as a fine of \$1,000 is levied against the company on whose boat stowaways are found.

Another class of illegal entrant consists of persons who have their passports visaed supposedly for a "temporary stay" of six months or so, for the purpose of conducting business, for pleasure, or passing through the United States into some other country. This "temporary stay" is used as a subterfuge. The arrivals are lost among the millions of our population. When the Government feels that any such person may try to stay here indefinitely, a bond of possibly \$500 or \$1,000 is demanded. If the alien fails to leave at the end of the temporary stay the bond is forfeited. It often is a profitable investment for the alien to forfeit the bond. Eventually this illegal entrant, who must be an undesirable because he resorted to this trick of a temporary visit, comes to the attention of the Alien Squad

or immigration authorities. He may be arrested for some crime; he may be engaged in some practice in violation of law; an anonymous letter is "dropped on him," and in other ways he comes to the attention of the authorities. He is then deported.

"Border jumpers" form another class of undesirables coming into the United States. They arrive on presumably short visits, in farm wagons, airplanes automobiles, passing as American citizens, etc. For this class of entrants the Government maintains a large force of "Border Patrol Officers." Despite this precaution, some are able to enter, very often with the assistance of so-called "smuggling rings." Eventually they are "picked up" and sent back.

The most brazen deceivers of our Government are the aliens who come in on fraudulent papers. An American birth certificate is often sent to the "old country" and used by an alien to get a passport, alleging he is an American. A photograph of the prospective immigrant is sometimes sent to a "ring" on this side and substituted for the photograph in a legitimate American passport. The changed passport is then sent to the "prospect." Entrance on purchased "re-entry permits" issued by the Department of Labor in good faith to aliens who wish to make a visit "back home," is another form of deception. There are still other means of fraud and forgery. The Alien Squad has been active in co-operating with representatives of both the State and Labor Departments in these cases, the activity resulting in many arrests and indictments.

(To be continued)

PRAISE FROM JUSTICE FAWCETT

June 4, 1932.

Dear Commissioner Mulrooney:

Your thoughtful remembrance as evidenced by a copy of the Report of the Police Department for 1931, which you so kindly sent me is deeply appreciated. The magnitude and ramifications of this important branch of the Municipal Government is excellently portrayed in your valuable report, which I read with keen interest. It speaks volumes for your devotion to duty and the deep interest you and your vast army of minions of the law manifest in making this city a better and safer place in which to live. The efficiency and courtesy and bravery of the members of the Finest Police Force in the World are proverbial.

Your Department is more than a police agency in preserving order, for it has rendered incalculable benefits to mankind through its crime prevention bureau and in innumerable ways ameliorated the condition of the poor in these times when waves of distress beat upon and overwhelm humanity as never before and discontent and dissatisfaction haunt a large percentage of the population attributable to unemployment.

Accept a congratulatory handshake on your achievements for the honor and glory of New York City and the welfare of man.

With kindest regards, I am,

Cordially yours,

L. L. FAWCETT, Justice,
Supreme Court of the State of N. Y.,
Brooklyn, New York.

AFTER THE BALL

WHEN the last of the couples left the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Commodore in the early morning hours of May 21, there was brought to a close the third and most successful of the entertainments and dances given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Police Recreation Centre, of which Mrs. Joseph P. Moran is chairman. All during the night the men and women who have been guests at the wonderful police mountain resort had been entertained by vaudeville stars under the management of Harry Shea, or had enjoyed the dance music of the orchestra. The affair was held for the purpose of obtaining funds to complete the new reservoir at the Centre, work on which had begun a year previous, and a substantial sum will be turned over to the Police Commissioner.

The Police Recreation Centre, which opened its doors on June 20, looks forward to one of its most successful seasons. Already applications for reservations at the new Indian Head Hotel or the surrounding cottages or bungalows have been filed with John J. White, the manager, from every precinct, squad or bureau.

"The women who compose our auxiliary wish to thank all the members of the department for the interest they have taken in our efforts to make the Police Recreation Centre what we would like to see it," said Mrs. Moran to a group of policemen who, with their families, were present at the entertainment and dance. "We have been confronted by a shortage of water, and we have been able through our entertainments and dances to supply funds sufficient to create the finest system of fresh water supply to be found anywhere. The women who are members of the auxiliary have worked hard to make the three affairs held by us successful. They have had in mind only the future comfort of those who will be guests."

TO OUR JUNE BRIDES

The Arbiter in Blue.....	PTL. CHARLES HARROLD	Cover
Editorial Page		3
Sending the Bad Ones Home	CAPTAIN MICHAEL F. McDERMOTT	4
An Author Backs Up the Cops	CHARLES FULTON OURSLER	7
Police Leadership	DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JAMES S. BOLAN	8
A Tribute to Our Honored Dead.....		8
Recklessness—1st Prize Short Story	PTL. JERRY MEAGHER, 47th Precinct	9
Reading the Minutes—Old Man Sunshine.....		12
The Prize Winners.....		17
Real Organization Spirit.....		18
One Mistake—2nd Prize Short Story.....		19
The Finest Greet a Fine Class.....		20
Straight Shooters All.....		23
Sports	PTL. JOHN LENA	24
The Police Academy	DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	25

An Author Backs Up the Cops

THE work of the Police Department detectives, and incidentally the uniformed patrolmen as well, was defended by Charles Fulton Oursler, editor-in-chief of the MacFadden Publications, in a radio debate with Val O'Farrell, famous private detective, presented by WOR on the evening of June 9th. Mr. Oursler, who, under the pen name of Anthony Abbot, has written several detective novels in which the principal character is Thatcher Colt, Commissioner of Police of New York City, said in his speech that he considered Commissioner Mulrooney "the greatest policeman in America today." He also placed Detective Henry P. Oswald of the Homicide Squad as No. 2 in the list of the five great police detectives of America and Europe.

Mr. Oursler said:

"The truth is that the police constitute the standing armies of our cities. They are loyal and often heroic public servants. For us they work long hours at little pay, and at any hour of the day or night they may be called upon to give their lives in our defense. If you doubt this, go to Police Headquarters and read on the bronze tablet the ever-lengthening roll of names of police officers who have died in the performance of their duty.

"The question under discussion this evening is whether the official police are as competent to solve crime mysteries as the private detective agencies.

"We have nineteen thousand men in the New York Police Department, and their efforts are interlocked with the efforts of hundreds and thousands of others in towns and cities of this country, and with the highly efficient Scotland Yard of England, and the Continental police. To assume that all these highly developed agencies can be surpassed by smaller and more intelligent units is to shut our eyes to the facts.

"The resourcefulness of police detectives in seeking channels of information is often astonishing. Some years ago, the torso of a woman was found floating in the East River. It was wrapped in a pillow case. There were no laundry marks on the pillow case—did you know that every laundry mark in New York City is registered at Headquarters?—nor were there any identifying marks to tell to what perhaps lovely head that dismembered trunk belonged. Yet the New York police were able to reach the scene of the murder shortly after the discovery of the gruesome object. How? Solely through the outstanding virtue of the Police Department, which makes it superior to any private agency—the resources of a vast organization and an unbelievable capacity for patience, industry and perseverance. Detectives took that pillow case to every pillow case manufacturer until at last they located the factory where it was made. From this point they traced down all the dealers who had handled that particular line of pillow cases. And finally through these merchants they traced every purchaser—of which there were scores—until they located the actual purchaser of that one pillow case—got into the room where the crime was done and eventually put the handcuffs on the guilty man.



Charles Fulton Oursler

"I submit that a department of nineteen thousand operatives is more likely to get results than a private agency that may have composing its staff less than a hundred operatives, however skilled.

"But I know the question that must linger in your mind. Probably you are rehearsing one recent murder mystery after another—cases that have spilled their dark shadows across the front pages—and you are saying to me: Why have the police not solved these cases, if they are as competent and as clever as you maintain they are? And I say back to you, as citizens and taxpayers, and as patriots, if you please—that the fault is not theirs, but yours.

"Now, that may sound like an extreme statement. It is, and I wish it were not true. Many of the very cases that rise to your mind, as mentally you challenge me, were actually solved by the police. It is true that in many cases no arrests were made. It is true also that in cases where arrests were made there were no convictions. And again I say the fault is yours! The citizens are afraid to help the police!

"Fear has so intimidated the average witness to a crime, that because of his love for his family, or his concern for his personal safety, he will not dare the risk of telling the police what he knows, or of going on the stand to testify. The dread of retaliation from criminals has laid its dead hand on the citizenry, not only in New York, but throughout the land. The police have been able to discover the identity of the perpetrators of certain famous crimes in New York—but they cannot prove their case if citizens will not testify. The most elementary investigation will prove this. Knowing that a man is guilty, and convincing twelve jurymen of his guilt are different matters. Our courts properly demand complete testimony and evidence. A child may be shot down in the streets by gangsters with machine guns, and that crime may be witnessed by a block full of spectators, but all of those spectators have loved ones of their own; and when a policeman makes inquiries, no one will admit to having seen anything!

"I am not interested in talking to you tonight merely to provide entertainment or to tell you thrilling stories. If you want thrilling stories, read my books. If you want a good private detective, get Mr. O'Farrell. But if you want adequate police protection, back up your police department! Pay them better wages! Risk something yourself when the occasion arises! Do your duty as a citizen!"

Police Leadership

By Deputy Chief Inspector JAMES S. BOLAN



NO police force is higher in character or quality than the character or quality of its commanding officers. These traits, that is, the character and ability of a commanding officer are clearly reflected in the conduct and efficiency of his command. It is obvious, therefore, that if we wish to maintain a well disciplined and intelligent police force, we must continue to have competent policemen as leaders; officers who are possessed of initiative and understanding.

Good discipline, intelligently administered, is the first requisite for the successful handling of a command. The degree of its enforcement is an almost certain index of the character of work performed by the men in any particular unit. Pride in his personal appearance is a characteristic which goes hand in hand with good discipline, and a policeman who lacks it, whether he is an officer or a patrolman, is usually careless in other respects and less reliable in an emergency.

Police science is the application of common sense to the conduct of police affairs. High sounding terms and learned discussions of principles and maxims often enshroud police operations in mystery, yet police genius is really the capacity to understand and apply simple principles founded on experience and sound reasoning.

Finally, the successful commanding officer must have the qualities of forcefulness, persistence and personal leadership. When alertness, preparedness and loyalty are also added, all of these splendid traits are reflected not only in the spirit and appearance of each command, but in the morale and efficiency of the entire Force.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD



Commissioner Mulrooney places wreath on memorial tablet at Police Headquarters. The Rev. G. Caleb Moor shown at left. Chief Inspector O'Brien and the Rev. Father Joseph McCaffrey at right.

A SIMPLE and touching memorial service in honor of those members of the Police Department killed in line of duty during the past year and those who lost their lives in the World War was held on the morning of May 28th in the main corridor of Police Headquarters. The holding of this memorial service is an annual custom of the Department.

Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, the Rev. Father Joseph McCaffrey, the Rev. G. Caleb Moor, Police Chaplains, and Chief Inspector John O'Brien were the speakers at the service. Wreaths were placed on the two tablets bearing the local roll of honor and the list of the eighteen men who were killed in France. Taps were blown at the conclusion of the ceremony.

The organizations represented at the service included the Honor Legion of the Department, the Greater New York Police Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the New York Police Post of the American Legion and the William E. Sheridan Police Post of the American Legion covering Queens and Richmond.

Recklessness

By PATROLMAN JERRY MEACHER, 47th Precinct
First Prize, Short Story Contest



IT was the morning after the Fourth of July. The inspector had nothing specific for me to do, and if he had, after an insane and unsafe "Fourth" I was in no particular mood to do it. I began the day's work, however, by sauntering leisurely along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, stopping at Park Avenue to watch the passengers descend the stairs from the Grand Central Station. A tall, suspicious-looking character staggered down after the bulk of the passengers had disappeared. It dawned on me that I had seen this man before, but for the life of me I could not recall where. After I had scratched my head and consulted my memory for a few minutes it occurred to me that this shabbily dressed man was "Dick" Armstrong, and the place in which I had last seen him was the Rogues' Gallery. At once I decided to shadow him.

A native New Yorker, Armstrong had not seen his home town for five years. Forgery had made one a stranger to the other. After the ex-prisoner had extricated his aching body from between the brakes of a passenger train he avowed he was going straight. It felt so pleasant to be a free man he swore he would never be found within those grim prison walls again.

Though tired and weary, Armstrong set out immediately to seek employment. The places at which

he paused to ask for work testified beyond all doubt that he was willing to tackle almost any sort of a job. But the idea was not an epicurean one. Beyond bringing him to One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street and the Grand Concourse, his search for employment brought nothing but more hunger and an insatiable desire for a soft feather bed. His age, ragged clothes, worn shoes and sallow complexion did not recommend him to prospective employers. He was cold and hungry, and the minutest coin and himself were complete strangers. Something must be done, he resolved.

With an analytical eye he surveyed the adjacent possibilities. He decided that the place of his activity must not be further than two short city blocks. Probably his feet would rebel against further demands. All the while I kept close to him, without being so close as to arouse his suspicions.

With the air of a laundry man ferreting out a new customer he scurried up the stairway at 97 Grant Avenue, which happened to be my home address. I was compelled to cast my laziness aside. On the roof he crossed to the other side and made down the fire escape to a window leading to my apartment. My wife had gone shopping only a short while before, and, as was her custom, locked the window opening on the fire escape balcony. Armstrong, however, shimmied along the wall and entered through a second window, five feet from the fire escape balcony, a feat which can be accomplished only after some experience and not a little effort.

A few minutes later, my wife returned with the groceries and observed from the court the man prowling around her apartment. She telephoned to the police, and instructed the superintendent of the apartment house to permit no one near our apartment, lest the burglar might be disturbed and his departure hastened.

Two uniformed police officers arrived on the scene almost immediately; and, after receiving the

necessary information from my wife, one, with drawn gun, hastened over the roof, while the other unlocked the door to the apartment and entered feverishly.

Having taken a private oath that morning that he was going straight, it would seem as if the burglar believed that an exchange was not a robbery. A diligent search of clothes closets and beneath beds by the two police officers revealed nothing but a frayed suit, a pair of decadent shoes and a crumpled, greasy hat. Armstrong had exchanged them for my best suit, a new pair of Oxfords, a walking cane and a pair of gold-rimmed nose glasses I wore only on special occasions. Nothing else was touched. Armstrong had made his escape from the premises a few seconds before the police officer unlocked the door to the apartment, and passed the second officer on the stairs as he nonchalantly descended to the street, while I was waiting in ambush.

Armstrong, apparently with a bigger and more daring job in mind, swung his cane becomingly as he hurried towards the subway station. I remained a reasonable distance behind him with both eyes trained on my new hat and best suit.

As if afraid of decreasing the newly made crease on my trousers, "Dick" chose to stand on the car platform, lavishly admiring himself from head to foot as the train sped downtown. I took up a position on the platform at the other end of the same car, from whence I kept a close watch.

When the train reached Forty-second Street I stepped to one side to let a fat woman alight. For the moment I was compelled to take my eyes off Armstrong and, to my bewildering amazement, when I sought him again he was not there. He had gotten off the train. I was in a quandary. I tugged at the closed door, but without success. Fortunately, one of the other doors got jammed and the conductor had to open all doors to release it.

I was in the midst of a great throng now. I had lost sight of Armstrong, but I was positive that he could not have gone far. No one can make much headway at Forty-second Street. When I reached the street I had to decide whether I should turn east towards Third Avenue or west towards Fifth. Luckily, I chose the latter, for there was Armstrong in front of me.

After jauntily walking down Fifth Avenue, he paused to peer through the windows of the Franklin jewelry store. He entered. Many persons stopped to admire the diamond rings and watches, glittering in the sunlight, so that I had no fear of being detected. However, I lent one eye and one ear entirely to Armstrong.

"May I have your card?" he asked with the poise and ease of the well-bred gentleman.

"Certainly," replied the salesman, who, with the happy feeling that a healthy sale was forthcoming, was very polite and attentive to his prospective customer.

Peering through the gold-rimmed nose glasses which he magnificently drew from his inside coat pocket, the well-poised gentleman examined the name carefully. The delay, occasioned by Armstrong's difficulty in arriving at the correct pronunciation, caused the salesman no little discom-

figure. He feared that, may be after all, this particular and prosperous-looking gentleman would not accept his services. "You might wait on me, Mr. Brent," he finally assented.

"It will be a pleasure, I am sure, sir," returned the salesman almost obsequiously.

After leisurely looking over a number of rings the bespectacled gentleman finally decided on one two-thousand-dollar platinum diamond, and another fifteen-hundred-dollar one. "Please have them sent immediately to 50 Park Avenue," he ordered, as he elegantly returned his nose glasses to the case. "I represent Mr. Cooperfield. I am sure these rings are just the kind he requires. If I am not there to receive them," he added, "be sure your man returns them. I will not be responsible."

Presently Armstrong and myself were proceeding in the same direction, except that while he used the south side sidewalk I chose the uptown one.

"That's fine," he exclaimed, in a pleasant voice, a few minutes later, as the delivery man ran up the stoop to where he was waiting. "It certainly did not take Mr. Brent long to have those rings sent around. I am the gentleman who selected them."

The delivery man drew the package from his pocket. Armstrong moved forward to receive it. But, as the delivery man was in the act of handing the parcel to him, a sudden expression of uncertainty encompassed his face. He drew back the package. "How should I know?" he growled, as he rang the door bell and handed the package to James Fenton, the butler.

Quickly assuming "all is well" attitude, Armstrong swiftly turned the corner to Lexington Avenue. The telephone in the cigar store was busy, but the expression seemed in no particular hurry. He wiped a little sweat from his brow with my silk handkerchief as he waited.

Just then a thought occurred to me. I hastened to Mr. Cooperfield's home, and, after showing my police shield and explaining my business, was admitted. The telephone rang as I entered. I asked permission to answer it.

"This is the Franklin jewelry store calling," said a man's voice. "A parcel containing two rings was sent by us to Mr. Cooperfield's this noon. I am sorry, there has been a mistake. That is the wrong package. We are sending Mr. Brent, one of our salesmen around, and if you will please give him the package we shall send over the proper rings later. Mr. Brent will identify himself."

"O. K., Mr. Franklin," I replied, almost snickering into the telephone. "The package will be ready when you call."

I banged the receiver. "Just as I expected!" I exclaimed to Fenton. "That was Armstrong calling. He has the salesman's card, and he'll be here in a minute for the package. I want you to give it to him."

The butler was either afraid to take such a chance or feared that I was an accomplice. "I'll do no such thing!" he objected strenuously.

I begged and implored him, but not until Armstrong had rung the door bell, and the butler had taken another good look at my gold shield, did he accede.

"I'm Mr. Brent, the diamond salesman," said Armstrong, handling Fenton Brent's business card.

"O. K., Mr. Brent," returned Fenton, handing Armstrong the tiny package.

Armstrong, more jaunty than ever, and with a feeling of perfect security, hurriedly repaired in the direction of the Franklin jewelry store. I could almost kick him in the heels, so close had I kept behind him. He was a good eatch, and with thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in the trousers pocket of my best suit, I could take no chances.

As we were nearing the Franklin store I suddenly lost sight of him. I had taken my eyes off him for only a moment, but it might as well have been eternity. He was gone. Sweat poured from my forehead. I lost my sight. The avenue was crowded with shoppers, and everything seemed blurred. If the avenue had opened up and swallowed me it would not have caused a greater shock. The uncanny thief, I exclaimed in a whisper. What a chump I must be to let him get away, while I had several opportunities to arrest him. A thousand things flashed through my mind every second. The Forty-second Street Pawn Office. Well, I must have knocked down a dozen people in my mad rush to get there.

"I must get seven hundred for this one and five hundred for the other," he was telling the clerk behind the barred window as I entered breathlessly.

What a glorious feeling! A clever piece of detective work to let a simple ease of burglary develop into a high-class one of forgery, embezzlement. I'll

have to look up the Criminal Code to find out what I am going to charge him with. Promotion! Publicity! Oh, boy! And what a swell detective my wife will think I am. All this flashed through my mind as I rested against the counter. The clerk was testing the diamonds.

"A thousand dollars for both," he declared with an air of finality.

"Do you know this man with whom you are doing business?" I broke in, after having recovered my breath.

The clerk stared at Armstrong inquiringly. He shook his head negatively.

"Well, he is 'Dick' Armstrong, forger, burglar, embezzler, highway robber and what-not," I informed him. "You are under arrest," I informed Armstrong.

"Who tipped you off?" he asked with amazement.

"Tipped me off!" I echoed. "I could have laid my hands on you at any minute from the moment you dusted off your old 'duds' this morning. I let you go the limit—and you did. Come with me!"

"Where are we going—the Twenty—Precinct?"

"No," I replied, jokingly. "We shall go back to my apartment first, where you'll find your traveling suit in readiness. I think you'll find yourself more at home in it than in the one you have on."

Richard Armstrong blushed for the first time in thirty years. "Robbing a 'bull's' flat, eh?" he exclaimed as he viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had stepped. "If that wasn't the quintessence of recklessness."



Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All

THERE's going to be a vacancy above you later on. Some day you'll find the Sergeant or the Chief Inspector gone, And are you growing big enough, when this shall be the case, To quit the post you're holding now and step into his place?

You do the work you have to do with ease from day to day, But are you getting ready to deserve the larger pay? If there should come a vacancy with bigger tasks to do, Could you step in and fill the place if it were offered you?

Tomorrow's not so far away, nor is the goal you seek, Today you should be training for the work you'll do next week.

The bigger job is just ahead, each day new changes brings— Suppose that post were vacant now, could you take charge of things?

It's not enough to know enough to hold your place today, It's not enough to do enough to earn your weekly pay. Some day there'll be a vacancy with greater tasks to do— Will you be ready for the place when it shall fall to you?

GOOD morning, Lieutenant, the opening chorus of our symphony this month is directed personally to you.

How are you fixed for the Big Scrimmage next month?

And by the way, didn't they pick two goofy days upon which to hold it?

It looks to us like a patriotic gesture on the part of the Municipal Civil Service Commission.

They probably figured as long as we're to have fireworks on the Fourth, why not continue them a day or two longer?



And did it ever strike you that life in the Police Department amounts practically to one fool examination after another?

You experience your first baptism of fire upon taking the entrance test, and you continue hot and bothered right to the eventful day upon which you find yourself proudly patrolling a post.

Not a bad job at all, you figure. It was sure worth trying for.

Soon you get hep to what a nice racket the Sergeant has—as he strolls around at leisurely intervals—speaks his little piece and just as leisurely strolls out of the picture again.

And before you even realize it the seed of ambition has taken root.



Hopefully you sign up with that civil service school, buy up all the books in sight, burn the midnight oil for a year or two, and eventually find yourself battling again with those relentless civil service examiners.

The list is out at last! **YOU'RE IN THE MONEY!!! HEY! HEY!**

It was rough going, of course, but now you're sitting pretty.

You're all through with study, too. Enough is E-e-nough. Why waste your young life on books? It isn't fair to the wife, either. Let the other fellow do the worrying for a while.

With a magnificent gesture you throw the books into a corner. The "question and answer" sheets find a resting place in the garbage can.

Comes the proudest moment in all your life—the thrill that comes once in a lifetime—*your first promotion!*

You actually walk on air as you strut from the P. C.'s office with that gorgeous sergeant's shield pinned securely to your chest.

And you join feverishly in the mad scramble to the nearest uniform tailor to have those coveted chevrons sewed to your sleeves.

Everything sure is hotsy totsy. Now you have a real job, the wife has forgiven, and she's prouder of you than ever.

Time passes serenely. The flowers bloom bloom-fully. The birdies chirp chirpfully.

Comes the day the desk lieutenant unexpectedly develops a dizzy headache—induced no doubt from swivelling too energetically in the comfortable swivel chair with which desk lieutenants are provided.

He reports sick—and you suddenly find yourself assigned as Acting Lieutenant.

Nervously you park yourself in the swivel chair and try to act important.

And before the tour is half finished you feel like asking "Who is this mug Charles Evans Hughes, anyway?"

You rush home and tell the wife all about it. "That's the job for me," you declare as you all but tear down the house looking to retrieve those books.

And the very next day you dash home with an arm full of newer ones.

Now you're back to the old grind again. Seclusion—silence—motion pictureless nights and everything.

The wife doesn't dare talk to you for fear you'll start throwing the cut glass around.

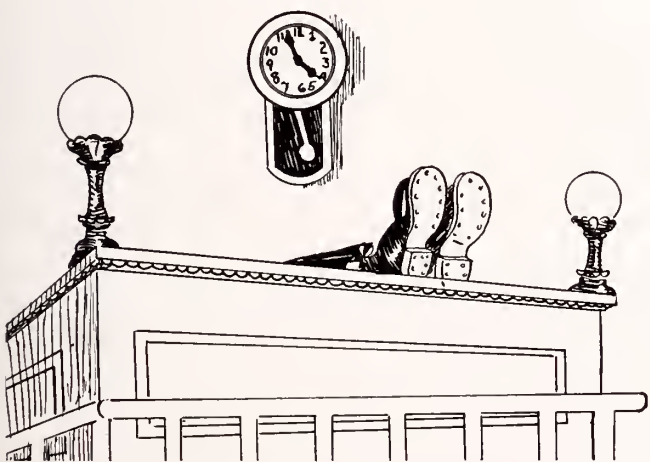
Virtually another period of depression for friend wife.

The months pass gloomily by. Another examination. This one proves a bit tougher, but you were well prepared—and you belted it unmercifully.

If they'd only rush those lists a bit. Ah! At last! Made it again, by heck! WHOOPS!!!

Swell new dress and more apologies for the wife. Gosh, how she can take it.

Again you accept graciously the P. C.'s warm congratulations as he decorates you with the much prettier shield of a lieutenant.



You really like your new job better. There is something dignified about it. And you're assigned to a nice precinct, too.

What a beautiful world it is—when you look at it through rose-colored glasses.

Time pauses not in its flight, the poet says, which is one reason why the first twenty-five years always prove the hardest.

Suddenly the skipper reports sick. In all probability the succulent lobster he'd lunched on hadn't acted over-friendly.

They make you Acting Captain, and for the first time you realize what a nice office the captain has.

You try out the shower and find it both delightful and invigorating.

The buzzer, too, intrigues you as you buzz it once or twice just to assure yourself that it really buzzes.

"That's the only job for papa," you confide that night as the wife wearily wipes her fevered brow and proceeds to dig out those hateful books again.

And again the flat is thrown into mourning—and AGAIN the wife is placed in cold storage until—



Ten minutes to go

The rest of the story, dear lieutenant, you'll have to make up yourself. We have brought you right to the spot upon which you stand today. It's now entirely up to you. Go in there on July 6th and 7th and bat 'em out like you never did before. And should you fail, as unfortunately a lot of you will, don't become discouraged.

Remember always that you have a pretty good job as it is.

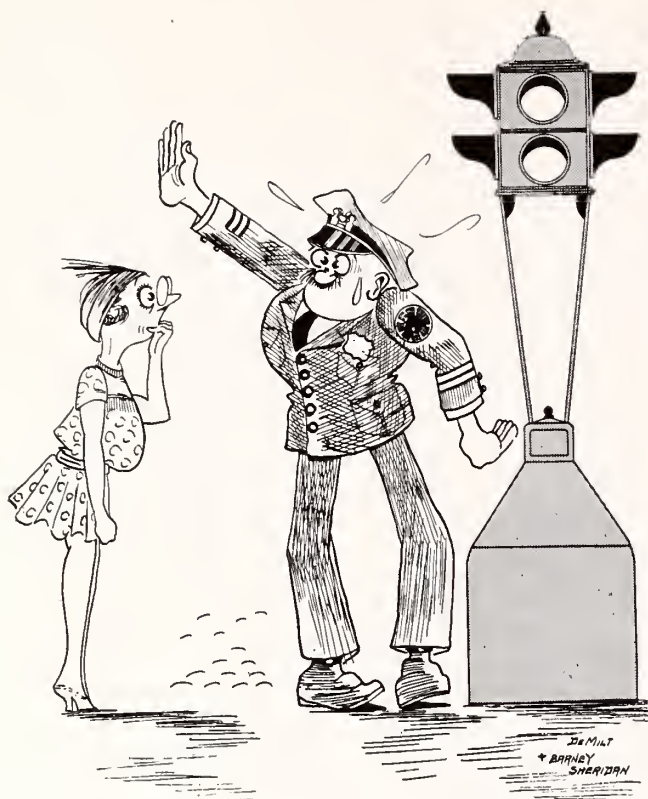
Good luck to you—and may the best man win.

ANONYMOUSLY we had wished on us the other day as sorrowful a bit of poetry as any to which this column has given space.

It depicts sadly the tragic finish of a traffic cop, proving conclusively that even the seasoned stop-and-go boys wind up behind the eight ball occasionally—despite the fact they may be pretty good on the bawl themselves.

For no good reason at all we showed it to Inspector Arthur Dodd, portly commander of the Bronx Traffic Division, who became so affected upon reading it that his upper lip trembled violently, disarranging frightfully the nicely manicured moustache Arthur sports so becomingly.

Read it yourself now and see if it doesn't affect you the same way.



"The deppo, officer, is it very, *VERY* far?"

A SAD FATE

An officer stood at the crossing one day who with answering questions was tired, when a beautiful maiden passing that way the road to the *deppo* inquired.

The weary policeman directed her straight to the street through which she'd have to go, when an elderly lady who seemed to be late for the train wished to find the *de-poe*.

Next a man with his arms full of eroekery-ware—cups, saucers, a pitcher and teapot, came up and inquired with anxious air the most direct route to the *de-pot*.

The officer gave the directions to these, though he was annoyed it was clear, then a rustic approached him and said "If you please, is it far to the *day-po* from here?"

A man in pursuit of a runaway pair came up with the speed of a hippo, and loudly proclaimed in stentorian tones that he wanted to get to the *dippo*.

The officer silently pointed the way, his mind was in sad tribulation, for then came an Englishman, asking "I say—can you tell me the way to the *station*?"

The officer's seen at the crossing no more for something's gone wrong with his brain, and his family has placed him his mind to restore in a home for the harmless insane.

To visit him often his old comrades go, and he seems to find some consolation, in asking them, "Say—is it *DEPPO*, *DE-POE*, *DE-POT*, *DAY-PO*, *DIPPO* or *STATION*?"

LAURA JEAN LIBBY in her most inspired moments never could have penned a more intriguing romance than the one which culminated on Sunday, June 5th, in a glamorous wedding ceremony in Greenwich, Conn., at the swanky Pickwick Arms, with Paul Whiteman himself directing the *Execution March*.

It was a typical Park Avenue gathering, the list of guests reading like a page from the Social Register itself, and included *Le Comte de la Charlesold* and the *Viscountess Ethnelson*, who acted as the cooing couple's Principal Supporters.

It started some three years ago in the romantic borough of Brooklyn, upon the debut at the Academy of Music of the loveliest young concert star ever to electrify a Metropolitan audience.

When the concert was over, and as the beautiful young star was in the act of entering her limousine, she unfortunately stumbled, and, as fate would have it—right into the eager arms of a handsome young patrolman assigned there that night to keep traffic moving.

There must have been dynamite in the young officer's strong embrace because shortly thereafter he was calling her up regularly, and upon her initial and subsequent appearances at the Metropolitan he never missed a performance.



Dan Cupid, of course, was responsible for the rest, and the lovely and famous Miss Lillian Anderson has now joined the ranks of The Finest.

So if you happen across a glorified young gentleman reporting for duty these days in a luxurious town car, with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel, you'll know it's Patrolman Christie Sold, an emergency lad of distinction, with offices at Squad 15 in Brooklyn.

Lots of swell luck, Christie, to you and the fair Lillian, and may all your future emergencies amount mostly to squalls—the kind that keeps the proud young papas on the hoof all night—if you know what we mean.



Turning out the Rattle Watch—1651

OLD MAN SUNSHINE'S great-great-grandfather popped in the other day with a copy of the *Rules and Regulations* in effect 281 years ago, when he first became a member of the New York Rattle Watch.

It was dated October 12, 1651. The boys were called "Watchmen" in those days, and for your special edification we present now a few of the more interesting rules under which their destinies were governed.

1. Watchmen to be on duty before bell ringing, under penalty of six stivers.
2. Whoever stays away without sending a substitute will be fined two guilders, for the benefit of the regular watch.
3. One guilder fine for drunkenness.
4. Ten stivers fine for sleeping on post.
5. If any arms are stolen through negligence of the watch, the watchman to pay for the arms and to be fined one guilder for the first and two guilders for the second; the third shall be discretionary with the court.
6. A fine of two guilders for going away from the watch, and one guilder for missing turn.
7. If any Watchman should lie still when people cry out 'val val,' or be otherwise disobedient, he shall forfeit twenty stivers.
8. Ten stivers fine for swearing or blasphemy.
9. For fighting or quarreling on the watch, two guilders.
10. Whoever threatens another watchman shall forfeit two guilders.

A *stiver*, in case you don't know, was the equivalent of two cents (no foolin'), while the *guilder* represented exactly twenty times that amount.

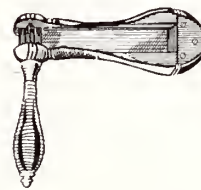
Take notice, please, that leaving post in the good old days was twice as serious an offense as getting plastered, and that hitting the hay while on duty amounted merely to a misdemeanor.

Wouldn't it be cute if we had rules like that today? And wouldn't it be a real comfort, any time you felt like breaking out in a rash, to know beforehand exactly how much you'd have to kick in—if you foolishly get nailed?

Immediately and joyously we could set a torch to the trial room, a measure we've advocated strongly for ever so many months past.

Trial Commissioners Nelson Rutenberg and Johnnie Leach are both lovely fellows, and while we'd hate to see them relegated to the ranks of the unemployed—or pensioned off, or something—the fact remains that such relegation or pensioning off would contribute immeasurably to the boys' peace of mind.

Getting back to our story, however, please don't run away with the idea that the fines in those days weren't heart-breakers. If you do you're silly, especially when you figure that but a comparatively short time before the whole of Manhattan Island was purchased for the staggering sum of 60 guilders (24 bucks in our language) with a cask or two of cheap rum thrown in to make the bargain more binding.



Ye Nightstick of Yesteryear

Instead of nightsticks, the boys were provided with *rattles*, exact replicas of which are still in use today, especially on such boisterous occasions as election night and New Year's Eve.

Yes, indeed; the boys back in 1651 sure had a rattling good racket.

WE ask you now, patient reader, to turn gently to the next page. Before doing so, however, we want to tell you of the severe criticism we've been subjected to the past several months for not giving the "girls" a better break in SPRING 3100.

Mrs. Acting Captain George Neary, of the well-known motorcycle Nearys of Brooklyn, expressed it aptly when she told us in Babylon a few weeks ago that all the pictures she ever sees in SPRING 3100 are those of cops—and still more cops.

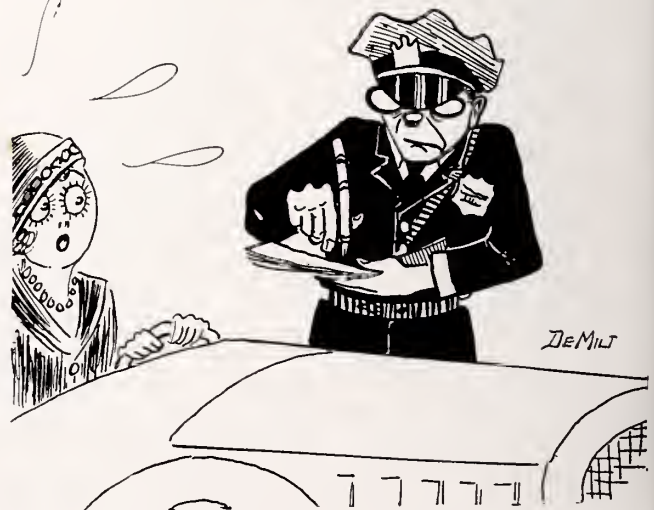
We are sorry, ladies, for having been so delinquent, and to square ourselves we have devoted an entire page in this issue just to the girls. Appropriately we have called it "*a page of charm and distinction*," as you can see for yourself now by turning carefully to the said next page.

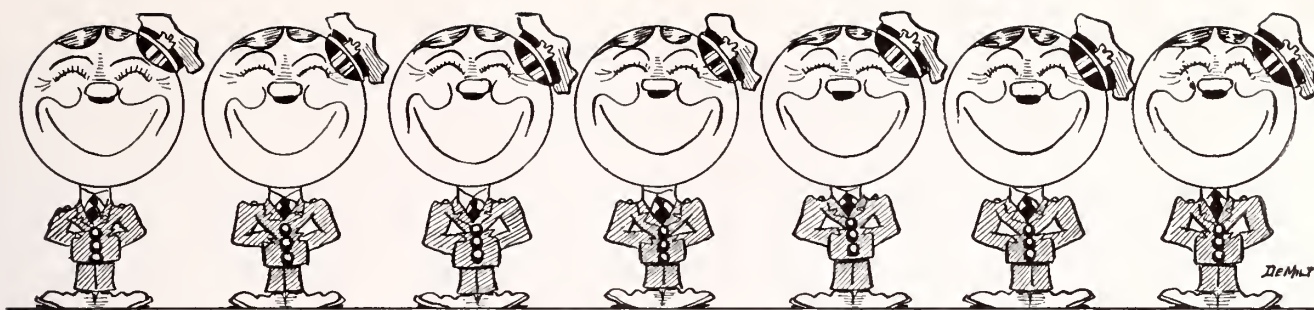
THE OUTDOOR GIRL

A page of charm and distinction—dedicated fondly to our Wives, Sweethearts and Girl Friends.

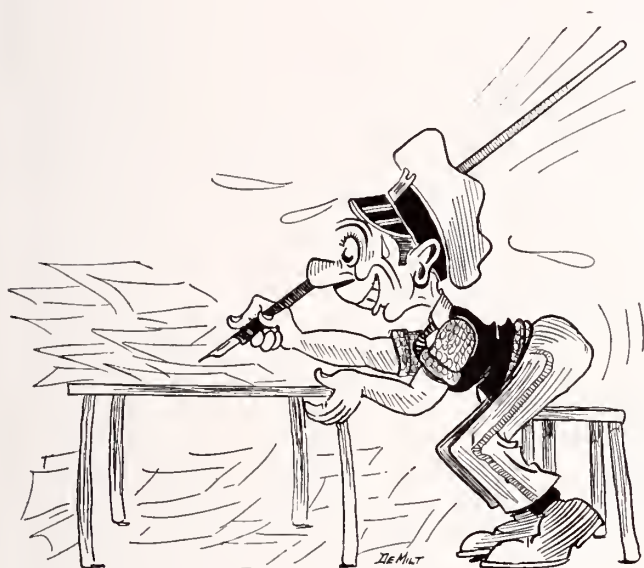


May they never meet!!!





The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Jerry Meagher,
47th Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Thomas Hackett,
4th Precinct

LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Harold E. Gaffney,
19th Division

We've raised Mac right up from the walk,
His next step now brings quite a squawk;
Our fan mail keeps cryin'

KEEP CHIEF JOHN O'BRIEN!

"For his slogan is 'Action, not talk'."

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Sylvester A. McCaskey,
Police Academy

"At last there is sense to their talk."

3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman Maurice F. Savage,
Emergency Squad 5

"And assure a Square Deal for New York."

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.
Patrolman H. Breunan, 92d Precinct.
Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."
Patrolman Olaf Wieghorst, Mounted Squad 1.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

First, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively, will be awarded for the three best original last lines for our monthly limerick.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than July 8th.

"MacSweeney has turned in his shield,
To old age he sadly must yield;
He still claims that rules,
Are promotion's best tools,
....."

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.



A Splendid Get-together.

Real Organization Spirit

ONE of the most remarkable demonstrations of organization spirit and fraternal fellowship in the Police Department took place in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Commodore on Tuesday, June 14. By pre-arrangement the organizations representing the inspectors and captains, the lieutenants, the sergeants and the patrolmen met for their regular meetings in various assembly rooms of the hotel. At 1 o'clock all assembled in the spacious Grand Ball Room for luncheon as the guests of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which had just finished its annual meeting.

Two hundred and fifty delegates of the P. B. A. were seated at the tables when Joseph P. Moran, their president, who presided, sent word to the sergeants. In a few minutes the members of the Sergeants' Benevolent Association headed by Acting Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons marched into the room as the delegates arose and applauded. Then a message was sent to the lieutenants and in another minute those superior officers with their president, Lieutenant Nicholas P. Sussillo, walked in, while the two subordinate ranks arose and greeted them. Next in order came the inspectors and captains, and as they filed into the room, headed by Inspector David Kane, the lieutenants, sergeants and patrolmen arose and applauded. The presidents of the organizations of superiors took places on the dais near President Moran.

After luncheon was served President Moran declared the purpose of the luncheon was to cement the ties of fraternal good will among all the ranks of the department and to urge that each of the organizations reach out for a one hundred per cent membership. The president told of the progress of the P. B. A. in membership, in treasury and in accomplishments, while openly appealing for better conditions for the entire force. He then called upon Joseph J. O'Reilly, social secretary of the P. B. A., who declared the meeting to be the most representative in his forty years of close observation of the Police Department. He told of the enactment of the many welfare laws and the part organization played in having them placed on the statute books.

Inspector Kane paid a tribute to organization and to President Moran, and recalled the time when he was a vice-president of the P. B. A. George Mulrooney, vice-president of the patrolmen, spoke at length on the steady progress of the P. B. A. and was followed by Lieutenant Sussillo, who referred to the booklet of welfare laws just issued by the P. B. A. as a crown with twenty jewels. He pledged the co-operation of his organization.

Inspector Kerr, commanding the Emergency Service Division, was called upon by President Moran, and he spoke on the fruits of organization and paid a special tribute to the leadership of the P. B. A.

One Mistake

By PATROLMAN THOMAS HACKETT, 4th Precinct
Second Prize, Short Story Contest



Steve walked out of the speakeasy well pleased with himself. The plan he had for staying near the scene of the crime had been with him since the last time he had been caught. He had paid five years for one mistake. That was trying to leave New York after holding up the Sanborn Trust Company. During those years in prison he had promised himself that it would never happen again.

The two men with whom he was to perpetrate the next holdup were well known in the underworld for just this kind of work. So Steve had been told.

The old man, who ran a profitable business even in the lean times caused by the depression, was a hoarder of money. He liked to be able to count the money that came in each week before depositing it in the bank. That there was an illegitimate business connected with the fur shop had been whispered about, and Steve believed that there would be enough to do him for a long while.

Steve had walked into the office of the fur shop on Fourteenth Street and on a pretext had seen the old man in person. That was a few days before he engaged the two holdup men who were to work with him. To Steve the place looked "soft," but when he saw the man counting his money, it had looked simpler.

The yeggman waited patiently for Monday to arrive. He had purchased a .45-calibre revolver in the meantime and passed his leisure hours oiling and re-oiling the mechanism.

It was Monday afternoon, fifteen minutes before two o'clock, and Steve was awaiting his colleagues outside the subway entrance as arranged. He planned to show them the loft that he had acquired. A few minutes before the hour the two men put in an appearance, and with Steve they walked down to Thirteenth Street, to the loft building, and ascended to the third floor via the elevator.

"Well, here it is. Sweet, eh, and we've got a bird's-eye view to watch the bulls as they search for us. We can't stay here long or we'll be late for our

(Continued on page 22)

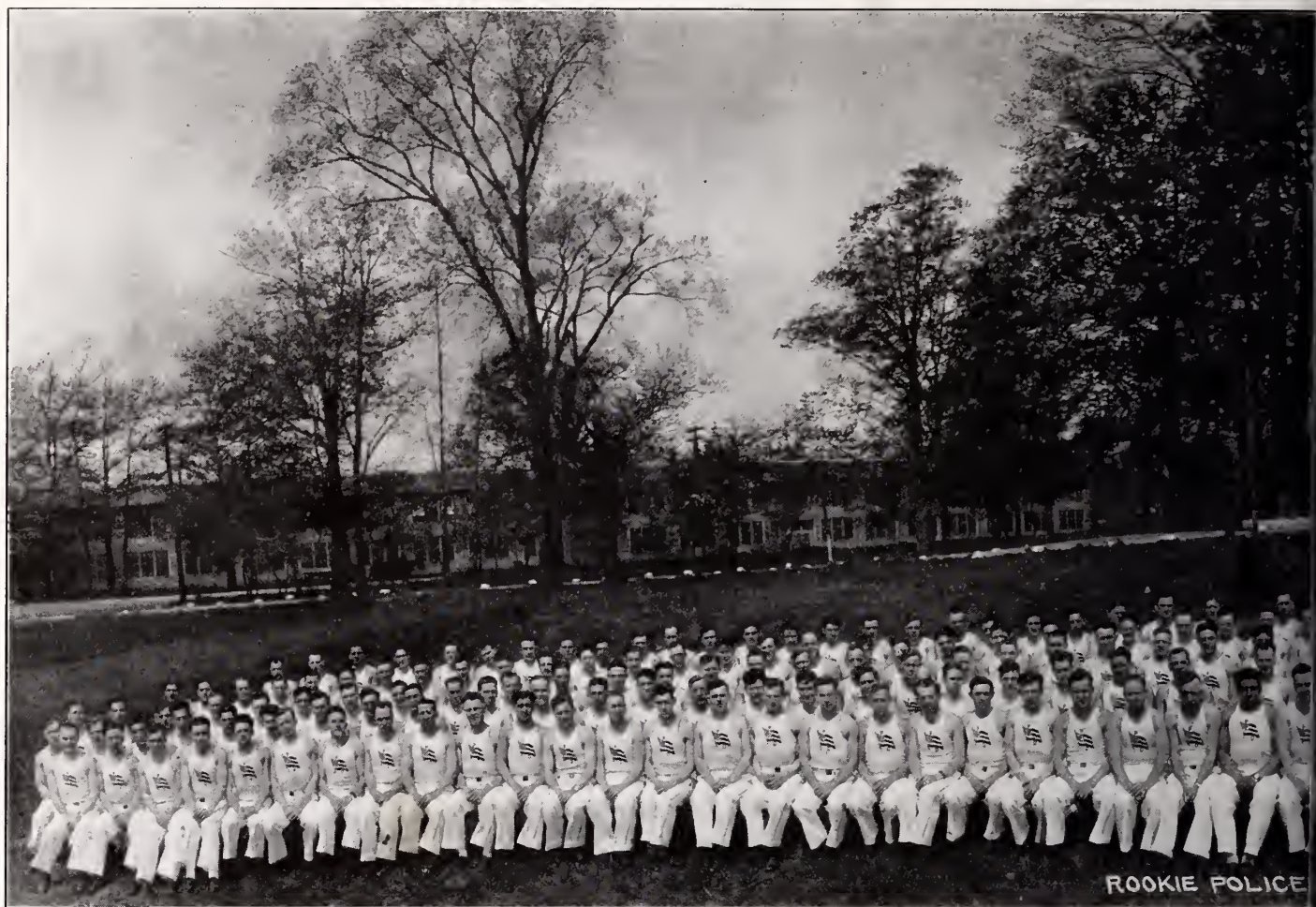
"IT'S a cinch, I tell you. The old boy keeps all his dough until Monday. He counts it in the morning and has it at the bank before three in the afternoon. All we gotta do is walk in about two-thirty, point a gat at him and he'll clam up."

"Yeah, as you say, all we gotta do is walk in and walk out, but where do we go after we walk out?"

"That's where I've got this thing tied up so there can't be a slip. Listen, you two guys had plenty of time to read while you were on your last vacation. The mugs who did all the work in this city while you were in the can took it on the fly after they made a haul, but not me. Those guys were always caught. Me, I'm gonna show you how we're gonna beat the bulls. Instead of scrammin' we're gonna be as close to the scene as possible. The job is on Fourteenth Street and when we grab the dough we go just one block away from the spot. I got a loft all set out so we can stay as long as we want to and move out when things are clear. See, the bulls always figger that the rods beat it outta town. We fool them and stay right under their noses and they can't see us."

"That sounds great. I think that last stretch of yours helped your brain considerable. We'll meet you Monday outside the subway station near the lay at two sharp. O. K.?"

"Sure. Well, I'm gonna scam now. I'll see you guys Monday. And mum is the word."



The Graduating Class.

“THE FINEST” GREET A FINE CLASS

GRADUATION exercises for 268 probationary patrolmen who had completed the six months' course of training in the Police Academy were held on the evening of May 25th before an enthusiastic audience of 20,000 in Madison Square Garden. Mayor Walker, who was the chief speaker of the evening, was cheered for ten minutes when he entered the Garden and was applauded continuously during his remarks.

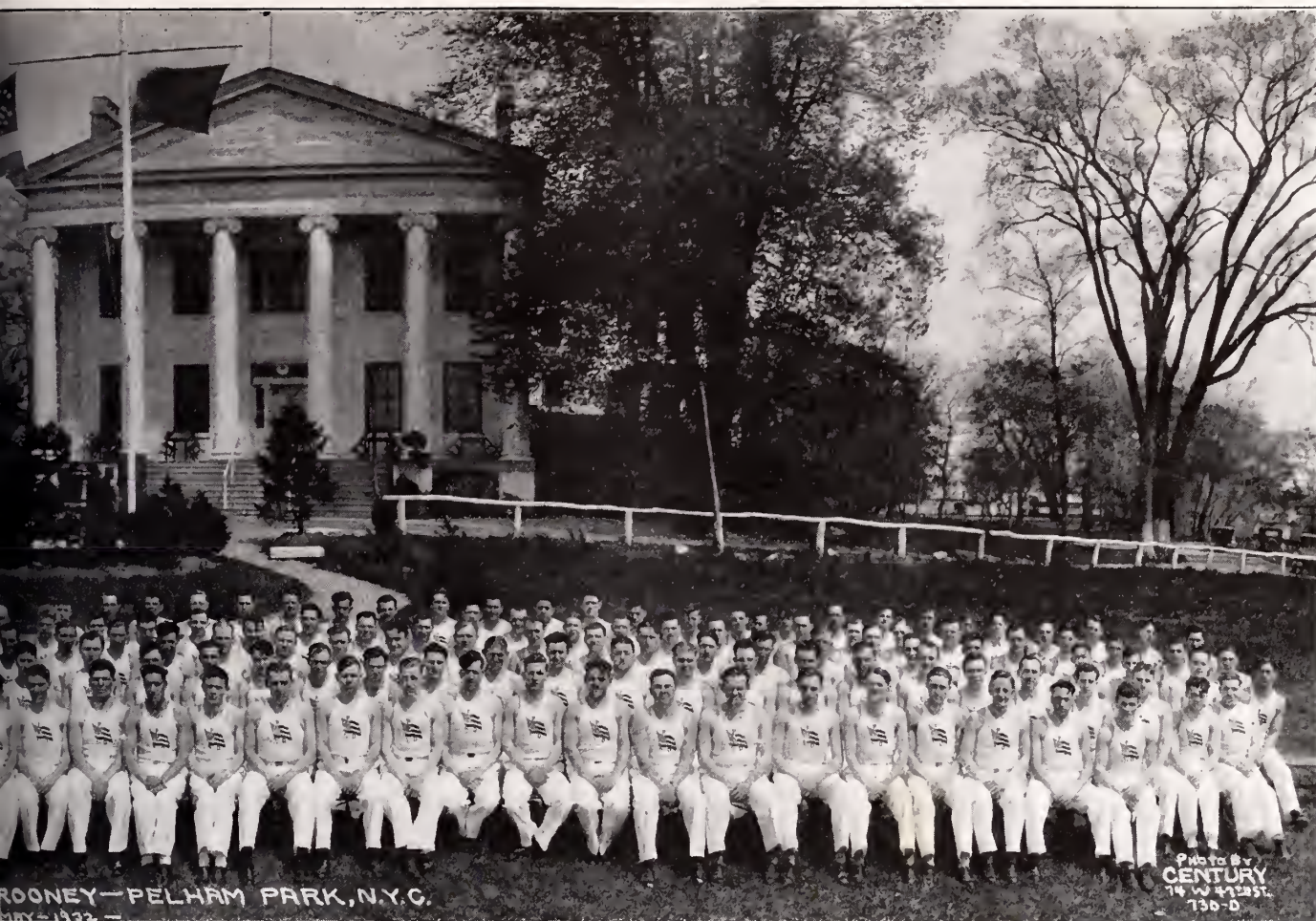
For more than an hour preceding the battalion review, the probationary patrolmen gave an exhibition which included calisthenics, jiu-jitsu, mat exercises, boxing, rifle calisthenics and rifle drill. The battalion was then inspected by the Mayor and the Police Commissioner and twenty-four Consuls General of foreign governments who were guests of honor of the Police Department for the evening.

Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, Commandant of the Recruits' School, who was in charge of the program, introduced a novel touch, in which mock policemen supposedly dressed to rep-

resent twenty-one nations were introduced to Commissioner Mulrooney and presented gifts to him. The Police Commissioner received a pistol with seventeen notches on it from a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, a rose from an English bobby, a beer stein from a German, and a parking summons from an American patrolman.

Chief Inspector John O'Brien presented the Hiram C. Bloomingdale Trophy, a regulation service revolver, to James M. Fisher, honor man of the graduating class. The Police Commissioner then introduced the Mayor as “the man loved by all the people in the city, his Honor the Mayor of New York.” The Mayor first congratulated the class on its physical fitness and spoke of the duties before it. The Mayor then continued:

“It won't be long until you, too, find out what criticism is. You, too, will find the same comfort in moments of criticism that comes from an easy conscience and knowledge within yourself that, whether misunderstood or not, you did the best you could.



—Photo, courtesy Century, 74 W. 47th St.

Two hundred and sixty-eight fine specimens of vigorous young manhood

"If there is one thing I can ask of you, and I believe there is, for I am still the Mayor of this city. I would say to you: Be not frightened by the rumors that have a tendency to break down the morale when the finger of scorn is pointed and one is accused of framing innocent women without one scintilla of evidence to support that charge.

"Do your duty and take your chances on your superiors protecting you in the performance of your duty."

Among those in Commissioner Mulrooney's box were Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, Colonel R. C. Hill of Fort Davis, Panama; Colonel W. W. McGammon and Captain C. F. F. Cooper of Governors Island, and Chief Inspector John O'Brien. Former Police Commissioner Grover A. Whalen, who was in a box adjoining that of the Police Commissioner, was praised by the Mayor for founding the Police Academy.

The list of graduates follows:

HONOR MAN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS
Probationary Patrolman James M. Fisher

Adamski, William V.
Alderstein, Louis
Ahle, John H.
Aldrich, Andrew M.
Anderson, Sigvald A.
Anderson, R. A.
Arnold, Thomas P.
Aschendorf, M. M.
Back, John A.
Bartsch, Herman J.
Bauersfeld, Matthew
Beneventano, J. A.
Bianco, James J.
Bobel, Louis
Bock, Herman C., Jr.
Bonner, William J.

Berruso, Vito H.
Bowens, Henry C.
Brauchle, Charles J.
Brenner, George D.
Brianti, Peter
Buckley, Francis J.
Burke, Howard F.
Burros, Joseph J.
Burton, Martin J., Jr.
Bushe, Benj. M.
Buzanga, Gaetano
Callahan, Walter F.
Cantwell, Thomas J.
Capobianco, V. J.
Carroll, Francis R.
Carroll, John B.

Casey, Timothy
Chiarello, Antonio
Cioffi, John J.
Clerke, Walter
Cohn, Ira
Colombo, Joseph J.
Conlan, John J.
Connolly, Harold M.
Cooper, Lawrence H.
Cossidente, S. G.
Courtney, Joseph F.
Cowan, James T.
Cox, John J.
Coyle, Philip J.
Cring, George, Jr.
Cristalli, Frank

Cronin, William H.
Cunningham, F. J.
Curtin, Philip J.
Daley, George A.
Davis, Benjamin
Davis, Clarence I. F.
Day, Frank D.
Day, George W.
Debar, Frank L. D.
De Biasi, Paul J.
Deegan, William P.
Dehler, George W.
D'Elia, Joseph J.
Dellomo, Anthony
De Masi, Vincent S.
Demsey, William

Descovich, Wm. J.
Dickhoff, Alfred C.
Di Giorgio, Peter A.
Doctor, Joseph
Doherty, Stephen J.
Dohrmann, Walter J.
Dolce, Terry
Donegan, Roger E.
Dutcher, Eddy L.
Ebert, George H.
Egan, Joseph
Eldridge, A. W., Jr.
Estabrook, Robert W.
Festa, Costanzo
Finn, Daniel L.
Fisher, James M.

Fitzgerald, Edw. F.	Jelinek, Edmond H.	Maguire, Patrick X.	Pira, Peter	Socha, Ferdinand A.
Fitzpatrick, Leo F.	Jenkins, Charles E.	Mahoney, John P.	Plansker, George H.	Spagna, John R.
Fitzpatrick, P. H.	Jensen, Einer M.	Malloy, T. F., Jr.	Plate, John T.	Stamm, Henry J.
Flanagan, James E. P.	Joehl, S. N. M., Jr.	Malmberg, Ernest W.	Powers, David T.	Stauch, Victor D.
Flynn, James J.	Johnston, William J.	Mancuso, Anthony E.	Pryal, Francis A.	Stirnweiss, Fred J.
Forino, Gaetano A.	Joyce, Francis P.	Marek, William G.	Punturieri, Peter	Straub, Edward F.
Freely, William	Kaliszewski, Joseph	Martin, Harold W.	Quinn, John J., Jr.	Sullivan, Sylvester J.
Fuchs, Frederick	Kane, John F.	Mattes, Peter T.	Rea, William F.	Sullivan, Timothy J.
Gaffney, Sidney P.	Kane, Joseph E.	Meade, James M.	Reinhardt, Henry H.	Sythes, John M.
Gallagher, R. H.	Keller, William	Millander, Isidore	Reynolds, John H.	Tempone, Francesco
Gentles, Thomas	Kelly, John J.	Miller, August	Richardson, Edw. J.	Thorn, William
Gilhuley, Joseph P.	Kelly, Raymond T.	Miller, Edward V.	Rickert, James S.	Tinnelly, James
Gillen, Dominic G.	Kennedy, John A.	Miller, Wilmot H.	Rieber, John T.	Townsend, G. W., Jr.
Gluchowski, F. T.	Kinsella, Gerald N.	Moeller, John	Riley, William J.	Troy, Francis J.
Goldstein, Max	Kitching, Harper T.	Monaco, Raffaele	Roach, Edward A.	Vacca, Angelo C.
Golly, John W.	Laino, Michael A.	Morschauser, Carl J.	Robertson, W. P. J.	Valentine, Edward J.
Gordon, Abraham J.	Larsen, John McC.	Mortensen, Carl B.	Roder, Harold T.	Vehstedt, Arthur J.
Grandolfo, F. L.	La Salle, Francis J.	Murdy, William G.	Rooney, George M.	Verderosa, William J.
Haarstick, Valentine	Lascher, Max J.	Myers, Thomas F.	Rosenberg, Benjamin	Vertefeuille, Thomas
Hamilton, John V.	Lee, William J.	Normandy, Emil	Rosenberg, Eugene J.	Vodrazka, Anton
Hamilton, Thomas J.	Lefever, Louis M.	Nugent, Michael S.	Rossel, James P.	Vrbinar, John J.
Hansen, Theodore F.	Letowsky, Samuel	Nunnally, Harry H.	Ruis, Michael S.	Walch, Henry F.
Haucke, Herbert A.	Leyes, Joseph J.	O'Brien, Francis J.	Rupp, Joseph H.	Waldschmidt, H. F.
Heapes, Wm. J.	Long, James P.	O'Connell, James F.	Ryan, James T.	Walker, William
Heath, Wm. J.	Lowe, Fred. W.	O'Connell, Philip L.	Ryan, Joseph R.	Waterhouse, H. P.
Heckert, Conrad J.	Ludacer, Hyman	O'Meara, Francis J.	Ryan, William	Weiss, William J.
Hegarty, T. F.	Lynch, John L.	O'Reilly, Edward D.	Sandberg, Morris	Wenzler, Anthony J.
Helferty, Rowan J.	Lyons, Joseph R.	Panzer, Henry G.	Savoy, Marius A.	Werdann, Albert F.
Heslin, Edward J.	McCann, James J.	Paolantonio, Rocco C.	Schmeltz, Henry	Whelan, John J.
Hirsch, August	McCarty, William J.	Parker, John J.	Schroeder, John	Wilkinson, Arthur M.
Hobarth, Gottfried	McElhone, Charles J.	Parker, Joseph E.	Schwartz, Louis	Wolz, Richard
Holden, James F.	McKeever, Felix	Parsons, John H.	Shields, Emmett J.	Wood, Harry L.
Huber, Stephen H.	McKenna, John	Pawlowski, C.	Simberg, Emanuel	Wray, Horace D.
Hurley, Edward G.	McLaughlin, C. J., Jr.	Perse, August A.	Simms, James S.	Wynn, James T., Jr.
Incantalupo, M. J.	McLoughlin, T. P.	Pettit, James P.	Smith, Frederick J.	Wynne, Peter A.
Isacson, Elnord A.	McManus, C. J.	Petty, Edward J.	Smith, Richard E.	Yeager, Adolph P., Jr.
Iversen, Joseph P.	McNamara, John E.	Phillips, Michael J.	Smythe, C. M., Jr.	Zakutinsky, A.
Jacobs, Marcus	Madden, Leo A.	Phillips, Robert C.		

One Mistake

(Continued from page 19)

appointment. Let's moscy over to the Square and wait outside the place until it's time. We won't be bothered. The cop on the corner will take us for Reds."

Two-thirty. Steve led the way upstairs to the small office above the fur shop where the old man was expected to be. At the door to the office the men drew guns and then sprang into the office. The old man was at his desk and was about to place his money into a bag. They were just on time.

"Up with 'em, Pop, and not a chirp outta you," commanded Steve.

The old man followed orders and watched the thugs depart with his money.

Out on the street again, the men walked leisurcly toward the loft building. Steve allowed a satisfied grin to spread over his face as they turned into the entrance of the hideaway. Once upstairs, the three men opened the bag and poured the currency on a rough table that was in the center of the loft. Three piles were made of the money and each man took his share. Steve, however, left his share on the table and walked to the window. Through the glass he could see the crowd gathering in front of the fur shop. He threw back his head and guffawed as he saw the old man waving his hands before a police-

man's face. He turned to draw the attention of his companions to the scene. They were gone.

Alarmed, Steve threw open the window and peered out. His confederates had just left the building. They sauntered leisurely toward the fringe of the crowd and then pushed their way through until they were beside the policeman.

Steve groaned. What saps they were, he thought. The old man was sure to recognize them. But then, the old man had only seen Steve, since it was he who took the money from the desk while the other two stood back to cover the escape. Something had to be done right away. If he stayed there and his pals were caught he was surc to be caught, too. And then an amazing thing happened. The policeman had turned and was talking to the two men who had been cohorts of Steve. Three other policemen joined the first and they started down the street toward the loft building. Steve's erstwhile friends had gone, lost in the crowd. The patrolmen were below the window where the astonished yeggman watched. He gathered himself and bounded toward the stairs. He heard the heavy pounding of a policeman mounting the stairs from below. The elevator stopped on the floor above and two policemen started down. His escape was cut off.

A few moments later Steve marched out of the building between two officers. He had made one mistake—again. He had trusted two men with his plans when he should have worked alone.



—Photo, courtesy The News.

Commissioner Mulrooney presents trophy to Police Pistol Team as Chief Inspector O'Brien (left) and Acting Deputy Chief Inspector Noonan (rear) look on. The team—left to right: Patrolmen Adolph P. Schuber, Charles Koehler, Arthur V. Sackett, John L. Wendell, Charles Migliorini, Thomas McGovern.

Our Victorious Pistol Team

OUR Police Pistol Team again proved its worth by winning three straight matches during the past month.

On May 27, with 19 teams competing, they annexed the Inter-State-Inter-Collegiate Pistol Championship in a match conducted by the New Jersey State Police at Trenton. The contest was shot under the U. S. Army "L" rules, at 25 yards. The scores of the five leading teams follow:

New York City Police.....	1,454
West Point Cadets.....	1,445
Baltimore Police	1,444
Delaware & Hudson R. R. Police....	1,442
New Jersey State Police.....	1,440

On Decoration Day, at West Point, the boys engaged the West Point Cadets in a special match under U. S. Army rules, at 25 yards, scoring 1,465 points as against 1,449 for the Cadets.

After the match the winners enjoyed a dinner given in their honor by the Athletic Association. More than 2,000 cadets attended and accorded the

boys one of the greatest receptions ever given to a visiting team.

Scorning to rest on its laurels, the team next visited Baltimore, where, on June 11, they engaged in a three-cornered match with the police of Baltimore and the Maryland State Police. This match was shot at 25 yards under the National Rifle Association rules, with the following results:

New York City Police.....	1,386
Baltimore Police	1,306
Maryland State Police	1,237

Commissioner Mulrooney, upon presenting the Inter-State—Inter-Collegiate trophy, complimented the members of the team and advised them to keep in good shape as there is a rumor afloat that Major General William N. Haskell, commanding officer of the National Guard of the State of New York, is preparing a team to take their scalps.

They'll have to be mighty good, SPRING 3100 opines.



W.

Sports

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



BASEBALL

Sergeant Otto Whitney was sort of dissatisfied with the way his big police team was playing, so he decided to take them on a tour of the precincts to see what the precinct baseball teams had to offer in the line of opposition, and also new recruits for his club. Against Sergeant Newberg's 109th Precinct team, who are considered pretty good, the Whitney men won, 18 to 2. Here the Sergeant picked up a good scorekeeper by the name of Patrolman Bill Barry.

The team then traveled to Fort Totten, where they met the 111th Precinct team, claimants of the precinct baseball championship. They are managed by Sergeant Charles Martini, who used to pitch for Providence in the Eastern League years and years ago.

The Bayside boys have a real good team and play heads up baseball, but they just weren't good enough for the big team, who won 11—0. Sergeant Byrne started in the box for the 111th, but was removed in the sixth inning to let Martini bat for him. Martini then took up the pitching burden and held his opponents to one run for the remainder of the game.

AT THE GAME—Captain Dynan, of the 111th, was an interested spectator....Martini had a wind-up like an alarm clock, but he's one fine pitcher.... "Swat" McAuliffe and Tommy Arnold of the big team looked like a million dollars around second and short.... "Tough" Tony Otskey, at third for the P. D., greeted Sergeant Byrne (an old basketball chum) with a homer.... That "Byrned" the sergeant up.... Spillett, of the 111th, let out a roar like "Tarzan" when the "ump," O'Hara, called a bad one.... "Dutch" Zitzelberger hit the ball all over the lot, getting three hits.... Weiler, at third for Bayside, knocked down everything that came near him (What a player!).... Kohlbrenner and "Lefty" Lowe pitched shutout ball for the big team, and McWilliams and Engel did the receiving.

These precinct games have developed a lot of good ball players and they are all given a chance to play on the big team.

So far the outstanding precinct teams in the Department are the 42d and 111th. We hope to get these teams together soon to determine which one is the champion. In the meantime, if any other precinct thinks it can beat either of these teams, let them get in touch with Sergeants Tracy or Martini, or this office.

TENNIS

PATROLMAN STANLEY POVEY, of the Hack Bureau, is playing a smashing game on the tennis

courts this season. Stan is the Department's leading net man. Playing at the Terrace Club in the Brooklyn tennis championship recently, he reached the quarter finals only to meet defeat at the hands of Percy Kynaston, one of the West Side C. T.'s leading players.

In the Metropolitan Clay Courts Championship Stan won his way to the third round, where he met Herbert Bowman of the N. Y. A. C. Povey's hard drives gave Bowman plenty of trouble, but his opponent won after an interesting match. Keep it up, Stan, you'll be picked for the Davis Cup team yet.

GOLF

Our good friend, "Jerry" Daly, who writes "Fire Crackers" for the "Chief," is trying to cause an explosion by mentioning in his column that it wouldn't be a bad idea for SPRING 3100 to start a POLICE-FIRE GOLF TOURNAMENT.

Well, "Jerry," we're not going to let that crack get by. We're going to take the matter up with the members of this Department, and if we can stir up enough interest you can expect a challenge any day.

NOTICE TO GOLFERS—Those of you who are interested in forming a team to play against the Fire Department, in accordance with "Jerry" Daly's suggestion, kindly drop a line to the editor of SPRING 3100.

HANDBALL

The finals of the four wall singles championship are scheduled to be played on the courts of the New York Athletic Club on June 20. A complete account of the match will appear in our next issue.

CHALLENGES

103d Precinct is looking for games. They say they are just starting. Get in touch with Sergeant McDonald, Tel. Republic 9-9850.... The 48th Precinct, under the management of Patrolman Louis Prochaska, defeated the 43d Precinct, 14—8. Patrolmen Berger and Rice hurled great ball for the winners. A good crowd watched the game.... Sergeant Thomas O'Neill's 52d Precinct team played six games against the 40th, 41st, 43d, 44th, Traffic "H." and Emergency Squad No. 9 teams and won all six. This team plays on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at Webster Oval in The Bronx.

SERGEANT MARTINI, of the 111th, comes back at Patrolman Ackerly, of the 105th, and says that last season the 111th defeated every team they met with few exceptions. He says that Ackerly makes no mention of that 23 to 2 defeat of the 105th by the 111th. This season the 111th team played and defeated the 114th, 75th, 105th and 15th Precincts by large scores. The games were so one sided that his club has to look for outside bookings to make it interesting for the spectators. On next Friday night the 111th will play the St. Luke's Club under the lights at Whitestone, L. I. (Wait until you meet the 42d, Sarge. You'll get opposition.)

THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

4. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

9. Jones is arrested charged with burglary and subsequently discharged. At the time of his arrest fingerprints were taken. A week after his arrest his attorney demands the return of the fingerprints, as follows:

a. Those on file with this Department.

b. Those which this Department transmitted to the Central Bureau of Criminal Information and Identification, Department of Correction, Albany, N. Y.

c. Those which were transmitted to the Bureau of Criminal Information and Identification at Washington.

What consideration would you give and what action would you take in this matter from a standpoint of law? Explain.

10. Name six crimes in which there are statutory provisions to grant immunity to witnesses.

11. The Penal Law of the State of New York provides that any person convicted of a misdemeanor under certain statutes shall for a second conviction of such offense be guilty of a felony and may be punished accordingly. Name four such crimes.

12. John Brown committed grand larceny in the second degree in June, 1930. In July, 1930, he committed burglary in the third degree. In September, 1930, he was convicted of the grand larceny and sentenced to State's prison for two and half to five years but the execution of sentence was suspended. In October he was tried and convicted of the burglary.

Could Brown have been convicted as a second offender?

13. What elements should be shown to substantiate a prosecution for unlawfully possessing burglars' instruments?

QUESTIONS FOR THE JUNE ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. a. X is in the county jail awaiting trial for the commission of a felony. Y, also in the same jail on a misdemeanor charge, in an attempt to break jail, which is unsuccessful, enables X to break and escape. What crime may Y be convicted of? Explain!
- b. Jones is convicted of a felony and sentenced to State's prison. He escapes therefrom. The statute under which he was convicted was subsequently to the escape declared to be unconstitutional. Is Jones guilty of any crime? Explain!
2. A boy of 15, while engaged in a holdup of a storekeeper shoots and kills the storekeeper. The boy was apprehended fourteen months after. Of what offense or crime could he be convicted? In what court would the trial occur? What evidence would be necessary?
3. X, an atheist, who conducts meetings on the public street and preaches atheism, contends that he does not need a permit. Is his contention correct? Does he violate the law? Explain!
4. When and for what purpose was the Commission on the Administration of Justice organized?
5. For some time an investigation and research into noise has been carried on. What body has done this work and describe briefly some of its determinations?
6. What law was adopted at the last session of the legislature to protect the public from operations of fraudulent dealers in stocks and bonds?
7. What procedure has the Department outlined and what additional steps have recently been taken to secure an improved observance of the ordinances relating to outdoor cleanliness? Name ten unclean practices which violate sidewalk and street ordinances.
8. a. What is the latest act for securing the attendance of witnesses in criminal cases?
- b. Upon what does its practicability and efficiency depend?

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

In Memoriam

Ptl. James J. Burns	Meycle. Sqd. 2	June 4, 1932
Sgt. Robert J. Mahon	88th Pet.	June 6, 1932.
William J. Fallon	18th Div.	June 9, 1932.
Ptl. Julius Cohen	18th Div.	June 12, 1932.
Ptl. Joseph P. Burke	32nd Pet.	June 18, 1932.



ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. a. Y may be convicted of a felony.

"A person who aids or assists a prisoner in escaping, or attempting to escape, from the lawful custody of a sheriff, or other officer or person, is guilty of a misdemeanor, if the prisoner is held under arrest, commitment, or conviction for a misdemeanor, or upon a charge thereof; and of a felony if the prisoner is held under an arrest, commitment, or conviction for a felony, or upon a charge thereof."

It has been decided by the courts that a person confined for a misdemeanor is guilty of a felony if as a result of his attempt to escape a felon escapes. This will be so, even without any prior agreement between the two prisoners.

- b. Jones may be convicted of a felony in violation of Section 1694 of the Penal Law. A person who has been sentenced to prison may not escape and avoid punishment merely because the law under which he was sentenced is declared unconstitutional or because conviction was voided.

The arrest was lawful. The escape is a new offense and is not merely incidental to the punishment for the offense for which the prisoner may have been confined.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. The boy in this case could be convicted for:

- a. Murder—first or second degree, or.
b. Juvenile delinquency—for attempted robbery and for possession of the firearm.

The charge of murder in the first and second degree would be tried by and after indictment in the Court of General Sessions or in the Supreme or County Court. The juvenile delinquency charge would be tried in the Children's Court.

For the indictment for murder first degree it would be necessary for the prosecution to establish the following:

- a. Death of the deceased.
b. Death caused by act of child.
c. Intent to kill.
d. Deliberation.
e. Premeditation.

For the indictment for murder in the second degree it would be necessary for the prosecution to establish the following:

- a. Death of the deceased.
b. Death caused by act of child.
c. Intent to kill.

For the juvenile delinquency it would be necessary to establish the following:

- a. Age—7 to 16 years at time of commission.
b. Possession of firearm without license.
c. Act done with intent to commit what would be robbery if committed by an adult.

The Court of Appeals has just held that to convict a child presumed to be criminally responsible of murder in the first degree you must have more than the killing while in the commission of a felony. Every essential element of the crime including felonious intent must be established.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

3. Contention is correct. Section 20, Article 3 of Chapter 23 of the Code of Ordinances prohibits a person from collecting or promoting any assemblage of persons for public worship or exhortation, or under any pretense therefor in any park, street, or other public place, except that a clergyman of any denomination or person responsible to or regularly associated with any church or incorporated missionary society, or any lay preacher or lay reader may conduct religious services in any public place if a permit is issued to him by the Police Commissioner.

Collecting an assemblage of persons in a public place to discuss atheism is not collecting for public worship or exhortation but is just the opposite.

Worship means "An act of paying divine honors to a deity." There might be a violation under Exhortation but practically every address amounts to exhortation.

The aim of the ordinance was to require all religious services held in public streets to be held under a license by some responsible delegate of a properly constituted church or missionary society.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. The New York State Commission on the Administration of Justice was organized by the State Legislature in 1931. Its purpose is to investigate and collect facts relating to the administration of justice in this State and make constructive recommendations for improvement.

There are 16 persons on the Commission, mostly lawyers with a strong contingent of laymen. It will report to the Legislature in 1933.

The Commission has planned to study problems dealing with administration of civil law, procedure and rules of evidence; the Code of Criminal Procedure, the Penal Law, especially in regard to perjury; and automobile litigation as one of the largest factors leading to congestion in the courts. The Commission is interested in the feasibility of installing business methods in the administrative work of the courts. Research will be made on constitutional, procedural and administrative problems in the hope of developing a uniform city court act for the State and also modernizing methods of operation of the Justice of Peace system in rural areas. The Commission will operate in close cooperation with the Bar Association and the courts. It is hoped that the Commission will prove to be a channel through which practical suggestions of changes in the law and procedure may reach the legislature. In many instances nowadays litigants have to wait three or four years for cases to come to trial. If the litigant cannot wait he may be forced to settle or drop the case. It is believed possible to bring about a good deal of reformation in the administration of the existing regulations.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. The New York Committee on Noise Abatement. This Committee found that 36% of the noise in the City was chargeable to traffic and 16% to transportation. The balance was due to various causes, many of which are referred to in the Manual of Procedure. While deafness is not a common result, auditory hyperesthesia is a common consequence, also middle ear inflammation; many people develop noise habituation to whom silence is actually oppressive. Disagreeable noises have been shown to speed up the heart and respiratory functions. It is also alleged that there is no doubt that a significant part of the rising increase of mental disease can be charged to noise. It has also been determined

that noise has a disastrous effect on the ability of school children to think.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. An amendment to the Martin Act requiring every broker before offering any securities for sale to the public, to file a verified statement disclosing whether the dealer has ever been convicted of a crime or enjoined from the sale of securities, or whether any license held by him to sell securities has ever been revoked, together with full information as to the dealer's activities in the previous five years. Corporations dealing in securities must set forth the name of each stockholder owning ten per cent or more of their stock. Failure to file a statement is a misdemeanor. False statements made are violations of the section.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. Orders, instructions and prescribed forms to members of the Department for observing, correcting and reporting unsanitary conditions. Cooperation with other Departments, associations and persons. Enforcement of laws and ordinances relative to littering the streets with dirt, dust, ashes, garbage, etc., which menace health and safety. Contractors, builders, excavators, etc., are required to observe the laws, ordinances and regulations having to do with public safety, health and traffic facilitation.

A survey of the street and sidewalk conditions on each post is made by patrolmen assigned to patrol duty during the day time each Tuesday. Each patrolman lists on a prescribed form various unsafe and unsanitary conditions caused by ashes, garbage, filth, decaying fruit or vegetable matter, obstructions, dead animals, etc.; warns offenders to correct and to comply with the laws. The object is to get results without court action with its attendant economic loss. These reports are delivered to the desk officer at the station house upon completion of the tour and checked. The commanding officer causes sergeants on duty on the following Wednesday and Thursday to make observations of posts and conditions reported to see that violations have not been overlooked and conditions corrected.

The assignment of an additional patrolman in each precinct to secure a better observance of the laws and ordinances with regard to outdoor cleanliness. Seventy-seven patrolmen were so assigned. Cooperative arrangement made with the Department of Education whereby these officers met in conference with the District Superintendents of the public school system, the principals of the elementary schools and arrangements made for round table conferences with presidents of the various classes to secure cooperation of the children and having the children enlist the cooperation of parents or guardians. This was followed by the specially assigned patrolmen addressing student bodies of the various schools at general assemblies with the same end in view. Likewise, conferences were held with the Catholic Educational System in the various boroughs and arrangements made for the officers to follow a similar plan in the Catholic schools.

A course of instruction was given and a symposium held at the Police Academy to the patrolmen specially assigned to this work and to Inspectors of the Department of Sanitation.

Unclean practices that violate the ordinances:

1. Throwing, casting or laying in streets and sidewalks, fruit skins, ashes, garbage, litter, refuse of any kind.
2. Sweeping dust, dirt, etc., from sidewalks into roadway after 8.00 A. M. or after first sweeping of roadway by Department of Sanitation.
3. Placing ashes or garbage in other than metal receptacles or failing to provide such receptacles.
4. Failing to securely tie in bundles, papers and light refuse or to place it out at proper time for removal.
5. Permitting dogs to commit nuisances on sidewalks, etc.
6. Failing to protect food stuffs placed on sidewalks from dogs and other animals by keeping it at least two feet off the street surface.
7. Owners and drivers of dirt trucks permitting the material to spill on street.
8. Uncovered garbage trucks and trucks containing swill and dirt.
9. Making street fires and leaving the waste and ashes on street.
10. Spitting on sidewalks or on floors of public buildings and vehicles.
11. Shaking mops outside windows and causing dust to fly into other apartments.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8

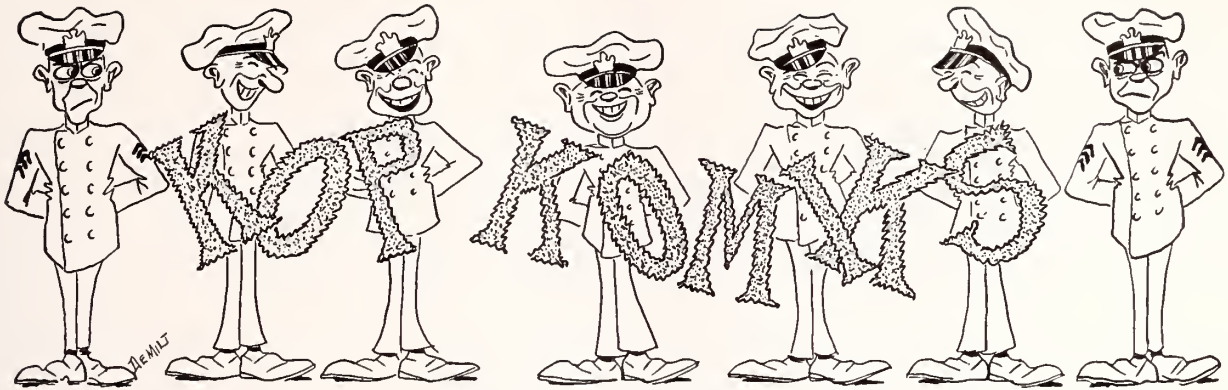
8. a. Section 618a of the Code of Criminal Procedure: If a judge of a court of record in any state which by its law has made provisions for commanding persons within that state to attend and testify in criminal prosecutions in this state certifies under the seal of such court that there is a criminal prosecution pending in such court, that a person being within New York State is a material witness in such prosecution and his presence will be required for a specified number of days, upon presentation of such certificate to a judge of a court of record in the county in which such person is, such judge shall fix a time and place for hearing and invite the witness thereto. Upon determination that the witness is material and necessary and that it will not cause undue hardship to attend and testify in the prosecution in the other state that the witness will not be compelled to travel more than 1,000 miles and that protection from arrest and service of civil and criminal process be secured to the witness, the judge shall issue a subpoena, with copy of certificate attached directing the attendance of the witness. If witness after being paid or tendered by properly authorized person the sum of ten cents for each mile to and from the court where prosecution is pending and \$5.00 for each day of travel and attendance, fails without good cause to attend and testify, he will be punished for disobeying a subpoena issued from a court of record in this state.

The Code of Criminal Procedure also has a provision for witnesses from another state, subpoenaed to testify in this state which follows the procedure outlined above and affords exemption from arrest and service of process, civil or criminal, in connection with matters which arose before his entrance into this State on a subpoena.

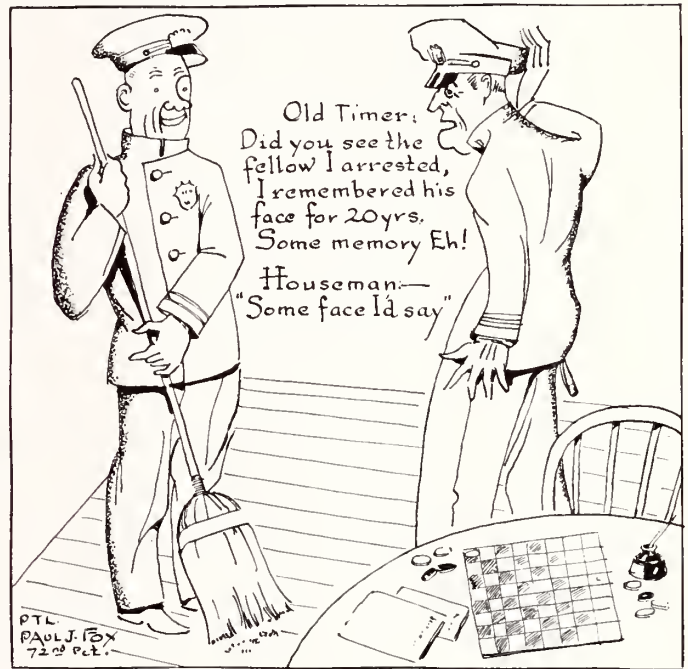
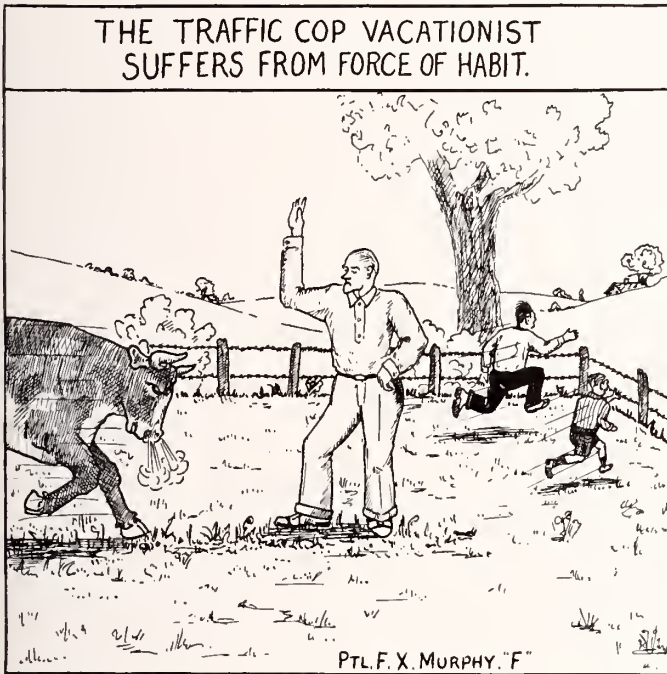
Section 618-a of the Code of Criminal Procedure shall be so interpreted and construed as to effectuate its general purpose to make uniform the law of the states which enact it.

- b. Its practicability and efficiency depends upon the other states adopting a similar statute.

(Continued on page 38)

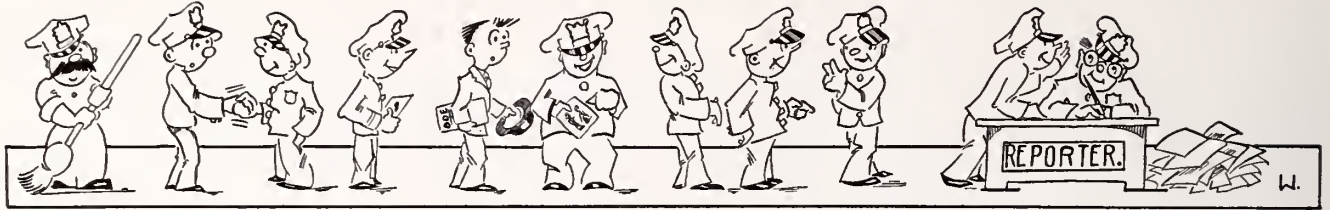


PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch
6th Pct., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, Pete Monahan is the only cop ever nominated for the Presidency of the United States.

Nice work, "Mike" Kelly, grabbing that stick-up man in West 4th Street.

According to his pal, Jimmy McMahon, dapper John Maguire is about to elope. Good luck, John and Louise.

Eddie "Pepsodent" Renschler and Joe Obermeyer will do the highways and the byways by automobile on their vacation.

Patrolman Lo Frisco fixes his tie and combs his hair about a hundred times a tour. "Isn't he the cutey?"

And Oscar Staber's father wanted him to be a plumber.

Sam Rosner has gone High Hat since he worked on Park Avenue. He orders caviar and rabbit when eating out. We still hear he tears a herring in private.

"Scotty" Dotti will spend his vacation hitting the movies.

Speaking of dark horses, the darkest of the dark favors Radio Frank Scaglione.

Eddie Moore—"I see they have a new vitamin 'C.'"

McEvoy—"Yeah; I suppose they'll put him on the day squad, too."

Patrolman Lundberg, on Box 4—"I just shot a mad dog. What shall I do with him?"

Patrolman O'Neill on the switchboard—"Bring him in to the detectives and have him fingerprinted."

(Editor's Note—Eddie Kelly, you have been unanimously elected.)

2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed Shoemaker

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

The 9th Precinct welcomes Sergeant "Gentleman Joe" back from his long absence as Desk Officer; but the jig is up, Joe must stay at the job for at least another month. Joe said he wouldn't mind if the job was steady. Listen, Joe, the experience was good and the list still has two years to go. Don't worry, some day you may be Captain.

At about 4:15 A. M., June 6th, Adam K. Macagna was sitting at an open window of his apartment, 400 East 12th Street, when he observed a man smash the glass door of a barber shop directly opposite. Mr. Macagna immediately 'phoned the police. When he returned to the window he saw the thief emerge with his loot and enter the hallway of the adjoining building. Four radio patrol cars and a commandeered taxicab arrived on the scene in a few minutes. Among those answering the alarm was

Lieutenant Walther, supervisor of patrol. They were informed by Mr. Macagna where the burglar had gone. After a search the thief was apprehended. Mr. Macagna stated that the time elapsing between his alarm and the response was not more than three minutes. **HOW IS THAT FOR EFFICIENCY?**

3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

Burned noses were pre-eminent at roll call when "Ryeloaf" Glick, "Blue Plate" White, "Puffed Wheat" Nullet, "Goo-Goo" Johnson, "Three Round" Stanton and "Tootsie" Bohan returned from their tour of festive emporiums at Miami Beach, Havana and points south. White had his wife frame the pictures they took. What a framing!

Our Captain George Marxhausen has been wearing a great big smile for quite a while. This is due to the number of good arrests made. Boy! how the commendations are piling up. Eddie Clark is kept working overtime on them.

The rumor persists that "Darling" Jack Elliott has or is about to take the fatal step. Come clean, Jack, let the boys in on the know.

Patrolman Agnew, first broom, wants to know how the lamps can be kept clean with three day men gone. Patrolman Trepal suggests they be left for Nally, he having the inside information on the method.

Patrolman Garret (Sunny) Golden has been awarded a medal for his capture of two bandits, and his diligent aid in the capture of three others.

Caretaker Cy Harris wants to know how the house can be kept clean with the painters around. The Captain caught Cy with a broom in his hand the other day.

Barney McGowan, our amiable eligible for the Captain's examination, better rest up. The other day he showed up for desk duty on his day off. Sergeant Barney Walsh saved him from mailing his check to the Reception Committee of the Mayo Football Association, when what he meant to send was his regrets.

Harry Rodgers was sporting a beautiful shiner recently. Harry claims he received it playing ball. Well, boys, **"BELIEVE IT OR NOT."**

Ed Lewis thinks he is getting back his boyish figure. Not while you weigh 253 pounds, Ed, say we.

Arthur Burns is the proud father of a baby boy. Mother, baby and father are doing swell.

Mike Boyle, the genial Sergeant, invites all his friends to his summer place at Huntington Beach. See the reporter for the address.

Just imagine:

John Seaman in a silk shirt...Anthony Vecchi-one posing for the body beautiful...Jimmy Sherlock preaching about his good looks...William Hilgeman with silk undies...Milton Hintze taking

his lessons in manicuring....Frank Heusel pulling his upper lip to make the hair grow....John McCoy selling hair tonic....Frank Melly with a smile on his face....Pete Moffitt with his false teeth in backwards....And yourself trying to win an argument from the Boston lawyer, Jim Murphy.

Observed during the Memorial Day parade: Chris Cheney and his "barking pups"!....Ernie Freeberg, looking like a Spanish War vet....Mike De Luca looking young and spry....Charlie Trainor, Nat Greenhouse, George Healy and Tom McCormack with their tongues hanging out, and agreeing with John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Lieutenant Edwin McGrath, 6th Division "Aviator," had a near riot on his hands at the 23d Precinct the other night, when a teletype order came up reading as follows:

"A sufficient number of enrollment blanks to supply all members of the Department in each command with a BLOND will be forwarded."

Peace was restored when the operator quickly corrected the word "BLOND" to read "BLANK."

"Handsome" Louie Waxman, the 23d's young Hack Inspector, will enter his flivver in the rodeo when it comes to town. The wheels are always off the ground, but it has yet to throw Louie, so he should cop the "Bucking" prize. Patrolmen Murray and Hamilton are to be used as ballast.

On a recent fishing trip members of the 23d Precinct did well. Schmucker caught a cold. Strakosch took a baby eel from its mother. Kelly caught a lot of seaweed. Thielman caught a good case of sea sickness. Martin caught "Hell" for coming home late, and Baer caught the first train home.

Patrolman John "Uncle Jack" Cummings, the silver tongued orator, now holds the children spell-bound telling them of the evils of filth.

Patrolman William Burke is in Ireland, picking up the lost threads where Lieutenant Raftery left off. We hope he brings back some of the "Old Sod" everyone speaks of.

The Day Squad ball team tried to book a game with the House of David, but the Children's Society would not allow it.

Patrolman Bill Fancher's wife presented him with a baby boy. (But this is not news, it's a habit.)

Good old Sergeant John W. Butler, 25th Precinct, retired from the Police Department last month after 38 years of faithful and honorable service. The Sergeant spent 15 years in this precinct, and we are sorry to see him go. John, we wish you the best of luck. Drop in and see us every now and then.

Patrolman George Heim, alias "Maxie," also retired. Maxie's record is unique, due to the fact he had spent his whole 25 years in the 25th Precinct. Good luck, George, we also hope to see you often. Especially Lieutenant Kelly.

We are challenged from everywhere, because up to press time we have yet to win a ball game. It takes a good man to admit it; but we hope to have good news for you in our next issue.

Here's wishing good luck to Lieutenants Mensch-ing, Reit and Kelly in the coming Captain's examination. May they finish one, two, three.

Thank you, Sergeant Isaacson is doing nicely and we haven't a thing to say about him this issue. See, Max, I told you everything would be O.K. this month.

Like every other precinct, the 25th is getting the 5 R's ready for the outcome of the Sergeant's exam-

ination. We mean by that, Revolver, Roof, River, Rope and Razor. Some of the boys we know, however, fear nothing. Let's hope so.

With poor old Patrolman Engelman it's one thing after another. If it isn't the 5th Prison it's the 23d Precinct, the 14th or the 1st, or then it is raided premises. Look at all the experience you're getting, and you need it.

Patrolman Joseph Finnegan, 28th Precinct, sailed to attend the Eucharistic Congress in Ireland. All the boys who were off duty were down to see him off and wish him luck. The famous Glue Pot Club gave Joe a traveling outfit as a token of their esteem, the parting oration was made by Jim "Chauncey Depew" Kellcher. His eulogy brought tears to the listeners' eyes. Bon Voyage, Joe.

Patrolman Neil Hughes and Charlie Meyers, recently observed a taxicab weaving suspiciously in and out of traffic, they followed, and in the course of the pursuit two men suddenly jumped from the cab and entered a hall on Manhattan Avenue. The patrolmen followed and after a battle captured the two men. Investigation proved they had held up a place at 116th Street and 8th Avenue, killed a man and robbed the patrons. GOOD WORK, BOYS; KEEP IT UP.

Lieutenant John Burggraff has left us and we will miss him for his kindness and readiness to lend a helping hand. The 32nd Precinct is sure lucky to get him.

Lieutenant George Rensselaer is a very proud man these days. His son, George, Jr., was awarded the gold medal on his graduation from New York University. Just watch the Captain's list. The 28th Precinct is willing to bet the Lieutenant will follow in his son's footsteps and head the list.

The Demon Domino players have started their summer tourney with 60 entrants. The first complaint registered is that Sergeant Meyer is always playing for Sergeant Hopkins. Sergeants Enright and Pembroke have protested, but to no avail. Sergeant Meyers simply says: "I'm playing for you, Johnny," and hands it to him.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

A taxi driver handed Jimmie Hughes a couple of Canadian dimes in change. The next time he rode he handed one back as a tip.

Patrolmen Bachman and Hinkens would like to have all electric clocks fitted with loud alarms.

Patrolman Thomas Sheridan, returning from a fishing trip on his 32 off, asked every one to slap him on the back. All he caught was a sunburn.

Patrolman Hirschorn called the Sergeant on the signal monitor and said, "Sergeant, my meal period is 10.00 A. M. I don't like to eat so early, so please give me a later meal time."

The 40th Precinct ball team lost a tough 13 inning game to the 42d Precinct, 7 to 6. The refreshments after the game made us forget our loss. Some one called the team captain, Jimmy Dillon, a versatile player; he said he was doing his best, and didn't deserve to be called names. Then we all blamed it on Patrolman Charley Smith's charley horse.

Henry Ahle, 41st Precinct, said his name came in handy during the Beer Parade.

Sergeant Mat Logan is taking a course in typing but complains the letters don't run the same as the numbers.

Frank Beaman is not in the honey business.

House Detective Milton Berke, also known as "Dick Tracy," changes his hat every day. He is now looking for a straw.

The fishing club got started the other day headed by Ed Muth and Henry Weiland. They decided a prize should be awarded for the largest fish caught. Weiland claimed it, but it was discovered he was standing on the flounder, and the judges ruled that feet don't count.

When it comes to holding good hands, Fred Diehl can hand them out.

The regular attendant and the aviator are getting a set of books for "Chief" attendant Gibson. He can then write in them all he wants done.

With names such as Freudenvoll, Goetschkes, Wagenblast, Merckenschlager, Schermerhorn and Saltamacchia on the roster, Lieutenant Arthur Dallas remarked a few more such, and the blotters will have to be enlarged.

Have you got a cigar by Smiling John Scannell, or who put the rubber band in mine.

Tony Goshony, who speaks 12 languages, has built a house at City Island and is inviting the gang up to look at it. Jake the Indian said it looked like 165th Street.

If Hy Massett wants to go mounted he should try the merry-go-round at 169th Street and Intervale Avenue.

Since Ball Allison left the day squad he is pushing the broom on all tours.

Our twirler, Ed Dougherty, was good when he was young; but Joe Coggins said he would get more satisfaction sitting on the side lines now.

Well, Oscar (we mean Walter Kuntz), you cannot keep your promise. We lost Pugsley Creek, now you find us a new one. I was out all night.

Bert Treiber says he remembers when there were horse cars in the Bronx. Felix Taggart went him one better. He said he rode in stage coaches.

Sam Huston, "Tex" the cream puff passer, said the reporter would get nothing on him to write about. We don't need the radio, we can tell when he is about by his round-up laugh.

We are all hoping for Joe Weinbaum's speedy recovery, and hope to see him back swinging the old night stick soon. Good luck, Joe.

Wanted by Sergeant Gruber: a Stanley Steamer to be operated solely by water. Recommendation of Patrolman Piser. "Moto X-pert," M. T. M. S. No. 2.

Patrolman—"Pinsker, going to 0000 Doe Avenue."

Sergeant—"What's that, a personal?"

Patrolman—"No, a bakery."

Sergeant Foster, who has been receiving medical attention, is now "O.K." and happy as a lark.

Art Davies was seen coming from a nearby tailor with an armful of sport clothes, including a couple of pair of knickers. Vacation time is drawing near.

Since Patrolman Rappaport has been elected OFFICIAL LOUD SPEAKER he has developed ear trouble, but his vocal cords are O.K., according to the boys on patrol.

There has been no stopping Jimmy Nugent since he acquired that new ROLLS EASY. And how proud he is of it.

Patrolman George Bell has returned from sick report and is assigned to light duty. George's only complaint is, he can neither stand up or sit down—"Oh, my operation."

Patrolman Tom Mason, our Holy Name delegate, had a good representation at the Holy Name Rally in Central Park.

Lieutenant De Witt was delighted to see his name in print, and has been traveling about the station house in high gear ever since.

Lieutenant Paul Del Gardo is our only contestant in the coming Captain's examination. Good luck, Paul.

Tom Tully is studying for promotion to first broom. But when a drunk is brought in he wants to know whether he or the Patrolman who produced the drunk is to clean up.

The boys wish to know if their reporter fell off a high chair when he was small. No, boys, he got that way helping Sergeant Sweeney get around answering communications.

The 48th Precinct ball team has taken everything from the 43d but their uniforms. We traveled to Harts Island recently, lost a close game, but were royally entertained by Headkeeper McDonnell and the boys. We are open for games with other precincts.

Those two fellows seen coming out of Loft's at lunch time work in the 48th. They diet on Angel cake.

Jack Ryan would like to get the single men to play the married men, but he didn't say who was going to get the married men out. (Go and speak to their wives, Jack.)

8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlett
46th Pct., Ptl. Arthur Maver

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

Lieutenant Tom Brown, Sergeant Joe Brink, 46th Precinct, Sergeant John Morrell and crew, including Patrolmen Land, Hartling and Carlson, of Emergency Squad No. 8, shoved off one beautiful, fur coated day, last month, on a fishing trip to Oyster Bay. Well, me hearties, the splendid assortment of fish caught, were used as postage stamps and mailed to their friends, but shiver me timbers for the Lukie is some fisherman, between cold, shock and excitement, he came near being laid low on sick report. Blow me, he's cured, no more fishing parties for him. For replacement on the next trip, Lieutenant Conroy has been elected.

9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossan

Seven minutes after receiving a radio alarm for a stolen car, Patrolman Charles (Eagle Eye) Franklin, 123d Precinct, got his man. He was a Harlem Negro who had come to Staten Island to ply his trade, much to his sorrow. His record disclosed a 5-year sojourn at the Big House for the same offense. Nice work, Charley.

Grandpop O'Gara, an experienced hand, recently gave a lecture on square clothes, pins, waterproofing and baby food to a class consisting of Patrolmen Lloyd, McSheehy, Winters, Payton, Keely, Bruns and Gruenberg, all of whom expect big things in the near future.

Our efficient clerical staff, Edward (Keyhole) Streeter and his Assistant, Robert (Pen Wiper) Peyton, have the welfare of the men at heart. They see that the (SENIOR) men get the (BEST) vacations, posts, details, etc. They are advised of the men's wants by our able P. B. A. delegate, Arthur (Schwartz) Huber, who fights for the men fearlessly. "Oh, it's a system, boys. Please don't wake me up."

Booth 15, 123d Precinct, located at Outer Bridge Crossing, is a long way from home. Recently Patrolman Jimmy Smythe was being relieved. The man who brought the relief started back without our Jimmy, who, in despair, grabbed the phone and shouted: "Oh, Sergeant, I'm being abandoned by Patrolman Franklin, he won't ride me in. What'll I do? Oh, Sergeant!"

Dan Thorsen lost his temper when Herb White made a sailor of him by reversing his sky piece. Patrolman Molloy is going to get some heavy summons cases; he used to be a "Defective." Ed Streeter knows he is the best clerical man the 123d ever had. Frank Ballweg says he is the poor man's friend. Is he sure?

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis C. Regan
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

Jim Byrnes took his vacation in February, so as he can now care for the flower bed in front of the 66th Precinct. Jim raises everything on his little plot, even the flag pole; also Hell if you trespass.

Fred Pulsifer won the title of "Big Eater" without a contest. Patrolmen Blanchard, Guider, O'Neil and Detective Louie White defaulted to Fred... Patrolman Ed Myers is the go-getter of the 66th, with Sergeant Looss a close second. These two boys keep going along in great style. Keep it up, boys... The shooting scores of the 66th Precinct show the boys figure 1 or 2 days' vacation is worth shooting for... Our genial clerical man, George Mahoney, is planning his vacation; we wish him a good time. Why not take a trip around the world with Bull McCormack?... Dave Gandolfi has his cottage ready for the summer; we are all invited, boys, if you bring your own food and cots. Thanks, Dave, nice of you; we'll take advantage of your invite... Patrolman Morriarty is thinking of buying a new pair of shoes. Patrolman Selig advises him to buy rubber boots, so as not to keep the people on his post awake with his squeaks... The inventors of the Edison and Victor talking machines should have known Sidney Selig, he could give them pointers on the talking business... In spite of the depression Steve Hennessy says his business is picking up... Patrolman Rosenthal is thinking of renting a houseboat on Gravesend Bay, and invites Patrolman Greenberg to drop in.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. Charles Keenan

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed Hennelly
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

The 11th Division and other members of the force at Bergen Street and 6th Avenue have at last found what has been annoying Louis "Bubbles" Reiger. Brother Lou purchased a nice BROWN suit in preparation for the Easter Parade. Then the girl friend "Hey Lou, it's Schmaltz" gave thumbs down on the nice BROWN suit. Now, Lou thought highly of that BROWN suit, and his dreams of leading the parade were shattered.

Bubbles next got himself a second hand dealer's license and tried peddling the suit throughout the building. Some one suggested the curb market over on Hester Street, but Lou became very indignant, saying it was a nice BROWN suit, bought on the ground floor and not one flight up. If he didn't go to the roof he was stuck. At present the whereabouts of the BROWN suit is unknown. Rumor has it that Bubbles has commissioned a nearby tailor to get it off his hands.

Sergeant Mitchell (Max Carey) and Sergeant O'Dell (Casey Stengel), 76th Precinct, are welding together a ball team, and the stars say even the Philadelphia Athletics will not be safe when they start to function. **THE PENNANT WILL FLY OVER TODD'S FIELD AT THE END OF THE BASEBALL SEASON.**

Detective Blum and Patrolman Heedles are using the same hair tonic and keeping it a secret... Who

is the detective in the precinct known as "COME TOMORROW JOHNNY"?... Patrolman Elder is overjoyed—a baby boy has arrived at his house. Mother and son are doing nicely... Since Detective John McTiernan became a Grandfather he has taken the rubber band off the Bank Roll. **THIS DEPRESSION WILL SOON BE OVER WITH JOHN'S DOUGH IN CIRCULATION...** Patrolman Hambrecht sneaked away and got married on the Q. T.

Lieutenants Berg and Nulty at the Butler Street house are proud owners of new Chevrolets. Lieutenant Driscoll would like to get one, but feels his 1918 sedan is good for a few more years yet.

Patrolman Henry McCloud, our genial attendant, is to be congratulated upon his son's elevation to the Priesthood. Henry feels he can now retire from the department and enjoy himself.

Patrolman Roach, our young substitute, aspires to McCloud's job as attendant.

Sergeant Charlie Aichman has a touch of the wanderlust. Each day off finds him in Boston, Philadelphia, etc.

Phil Malone and Edward Byrnes, patrol wagon drivers, are both awaiting the blessed event. When will it stop?

Sergeant Jim O'Donnell, the buttermilk addict, complains he is only a babe in arms when traveling with Bill Troeller.

12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherich
69th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Hitz

PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

The big noise out at the 75th Precinct on July 4th will be Mary's boy, Willic, leaving the state of Single Blessedness. Our big worry is how will the ball team get along while Willie Neilan is honeymooning. Lots of luck, Bill.

Patrolman Heilig is to be congratulated for his co-operation with the circulation department of SPRING 3100.

The 67th Precinct ball team under the artful guidance of Sergeant Tommy (Knickers) Price, have played the best teams in this neighborhood, in and out of the department. They have won 5 out of their last 6 games, the only team to take their measure was the 61st Precinct. They evened that up later by trimming them 15 to 7. If you think you can beat us, get in touch with Sergeant Price.

Dan Cupid has taken an awful wallop out of this precinct. Reynolds, Simon, and Moanahan have slipped. Maher and Asklund are on the brink.

We have a new radio combination in the 67th, Margolies and Register. What chance will the radio announcer have? When Register worked with Lou Moore, poor Lou had to buy cotton to stuff up his ears.

Moore and Register made a good collar before they parted. They received a radio alarm of a stick-up on Church Avenue. A few minutes later they had the bandit on his way to the station house. Louie Moore cornered him in a cellar and relieved him of a .38 calibre revolver.

13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

Ralf Underziattio, 77th Pct., the outdoor cleanup man, reports somebody had the assignment before him, and the works are as clean and free from dirt and paper as Nick's B. R.

"Castoria" John has gone in for heavy stuff other

than Delehanty's. He now manipulates hoists, derricks, cranes and other impedimenta, mostly the latter.

Sisters of the Skillet, Adam and Pat, the market busters, "first nighters" of the Ladies' Auxiliary, are together in the thick and thin of it.

We'll be in time with our good wishes to the "Ole Marine" in his efforts to establish his right to a Captaincy in our army. Also the best of luck to King Richard. We know he is a sure shot and a favorite.

Since all "encumbrances" have been removed from the radio entertainers, agitation is afoot for distinctive uniforms and equipment.

Sergeant Pat Garner is so adept at getting out from under that it has been said if he were alongside the Woolworth Building, and it fell to the ground, our genial Patrick would step from under the debris unscathed.

The reason for Patrolman Braverman's recent chest swelling is the arrival of a seven-pound bouncing baby boy.

The Holder-Wertz feud has broken out anew. The keys for the commissary are still missing. A recent peace conference was a total failure.

Patrolman Feeley, 79th Precinct Cleanliness Squad, after two days and nights of study, made a beautiful speech the other day. In fact, he made it backwards. More power, Bill, and don't forget an acceptance speech for Patrolman Browne when he is handed the gold shield.

Our "Old Man Sunshine" Pop Ernst has been telling so many fish stories at the 80th recently that he awoke with a start the other night and cried: "There's a crab in my bed!" It turned out to be a pincapple.

Lieutenant Bownes, 80th Precinct, who has tried all other solutions of his economic problem, has been forced to declare himself off the gold standard.

Still they fall! The latest to take unto himself a wife is Sam Kohn; also, a prospective cop was presented to Patrolman Schaeffer recently.

Patrolman Max Bauersfeld, 81st Precinct radio operator, complains he can't sleep nights. Max says: "If you had in your head what I have in mine, you couldn't sleep, either." We had them, Max, but got rid of them. Quick, John Nichol, the "FLIT."

Lieutenant Trabert is at present enjoying a much deserved vacation.

Patrolman Sam Kohn, the sheik of Fulton and Rockaway, is sorry he got married so young. So are the fair ones, as Max is a One-Lady Man.

Just a little bit of baseball from the 81st. We issue a challenge to all precincts, so communicate with Patrolman Harry Skeggs, our shortstop. Patrolman Garvey is buying a new glove; his old one must have a hole in it, judging by the way he misses the ball. We are proud to say that John Buthman, slugging infielder of the P. D. team, is a member of this command.

Patrolman Liebfried, our handsome attendant, will soon request an audition over the air. The boys of the 81st now call him SINGIN' SAM, THE BACK ROOM MAN.

Patrolman Shaver is getting the ball club into swell shape. Let's hear from some competition.

Several good arrests have been made by members of this command. Our old timer Joe Laux captured a couple of gummies who were about to hold up a drug store. Patrolman Gibel, not to be outdone, grabbed three holdup men on Broadway. Nice work, boys.

14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

90th Pct., Ptl. Emmanuel Uhlfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry V. von Hasselt
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

The boys of the 83d Precinct extend to Dan Custy and Bill Murphy best wishes, and hope they enjoy their pensions for many years to come.

Joe Shepherd, the chief patrol wagon operator of the 83d Precinct, has just passed the quarter century mark in the job. We hear Joe gave a surprise party, so he thought, to his relatives and old-time friends, but they put one over on Joe by presenting him with a gem studded miniature shield. Joe is very proud of the shield, and is showing it around like a youngster with a Christmas gift.

Sergeant John Merwede tried on several occasions to instruct Lieutenant Henry Schmidt in the art of making a beef stew, as August Schimp makes it. The receipt was too long and the pot too large. Out on the farm it may be O. K.

We hope the dentist doesn't keep poor Emil Schermeyer waiting too long for his store teeth. Emil often longs for a big juicy steak, the kind he ate when he worked in The Bronx. He is tired of eating soft mush; it makes him feel like a baby. Of course, Nathan's cream contains good nourishment.

The only qualification needed to be motor operator in the 85th Precinct is "big feet." The qualified operators' list resembles the casualty list of the Lost Battalion.

We almost had to buy flowers at the 85th Precinct when Patrolman McDougal bet John Coulter a nickel that he could keep his head under water longer than John. Only for Fred Koch they both would have been drowned.

Patrolman Rath is so proud since he got his new overcoat that he passes all his friends with his nose pointed to the sky. He is thinking of giving his old coat to Mobey Dick for next winter.

When Lieutenant Emmet Farrie gets his new store teeth and a new toupe, we'll all see that old smile once again.

Martin Howley was requested to blow an extra high note on his oodle oodle at the band rehearsal. He will now need a month of light duty to get back into shape.

Members of the 85th Precinct extend their deepest sympathy to Lieutenant James McDade for the loss of his mother in Ireland.

The 87th Precinct baseball team is going good under the able guidance of Sergeant John Cronin. They have won 8 out of 10 games against precinct teams. Precincts desiring a crack at us get in touch with Sergeant John Cronin.

Patrolman Eddie (Lip) Blasie, 90th Precinct, has been seeing his friends to try and get him back on the Fliver. Eddie's dogs can't stand the hard pavement. They are barking so loud they keep the neighbors awake. He was offered the radio car, but refused, saying one loud speaker in a car was enough.

Patrolman Sam Hogan, 7th Squad, the crying towel of the squad, always looks for a soft job, such as a Sunday detail from 6 P. M. to 10 P. M. He likes to look at the love pictures at Loew's Broadway, but hollers like a stuffed pig when assigned to raided premises.

Patrolman Jack Kautz, 6th Squad, the wandering lumberjack, will spend his vacation in the north woods learning to handle lumber again. He seems to have lost the knack, but ask him to tell of the fish he caught. He still has that knack.

The 92d Precinct and the 14th Precinct Junior Police baseball teams crossed bats at Chelsea Park recently before a crowd of 3,000 people. The Williamsburg boys conquered their New York rivals,

1 to 0. The scoring came in the second inning on a hit by Savage and a hit to center field by Otsky, scoring Savage. The pitchers, Smieszek of the 92d and Friedman of the 14th both twirled good ball, allowing but two hits apiece. Sixth Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon and Inspectors Costuma and Walsh witnessed the entire game, and were pleased with the fine showing of both teams. Lieutenant J. Putz, in charge of the 92d Precinct team, hopes to bring the league championship to Williamsburg.

The 94th Precinct baseball team won six games in a row in the past two weeks. Teams desiring booking kindly get in touch with Patrolman Bill Real.

Patrolman Frank Klein has filed his application for retirement, after 25 years faithful service. Frank was the attendant, and many of the boys are throwing their hooks out for the job.

John Tweitman visited his folks back home at Calicoon, N. Y., on his vacation. He was just in time for the summer season. They put John to work milking the cows.

Omar Fonda, formerly of Schoharie, N. Y., said: "I had enough farming and will spend my vacation in the city."

Detective John Gryzinski, 94th Squad, reports he is on the trail of the one who stole Larry Webster's straw hat. Suspicion points to Carlin, Real, O'Brien, Foley, Innes, Walsh and Metzger. The motive is unknown.

Patrolman George Morano is losing his hearing, but he is still able to hear Acting Attendant Early tell how much work he is doing.

Tom Vicat and Howard Dawson are the minute men of the 94th Precinct. The men, in company with their pal, radio car 694, have made some good arrests.

Arthur Mahon, temporarily assigned to the Sanitation Squad, is making speeches to the school children on cleanliness.

15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

103d Pct., Ptl. August Burger
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egan

Scandals of "Little Germany of 1932."

The dressing quarters of the lieutenants at the 104th Precinct are being used as a music studio by those talented brothers, Lieutenant Cuozzo and Sergeant Sabatino. Lieutenant Cuozzo, who has just become a grandpa, croons that wonderful song "I'm on my pins and needles now"; he also tries his hand rocking an old-time baby carriage. He has been called Russ Columbo's nearest rival. Sergeant Sabatino tries out those high power songs to sing to the lady fair, every time he reaches the garden gate, at his own domicile. Believe us, this is one act that should be on the big time.

Patrolman Harry Johann displayed his army training recently while acting as station house attendant. He lowered the colors, in his own inimitable way, and then made a couple of bows to the onlookers.

Patrolman Dwyer, only in the precinct five months, speaks German fluently. A certain young lady in Richmond Hill upon hearing this said to the above-mentioned ROOKIE: Honey, dear, it's about time now that we walked down the aisle. You passed inspection, and now you need someone to sing that little song "Button up your overcoat, you belong to me." He fell right in line.

Patrolman Fetzner likes his assignment to the radio car, but complains that his driver, Patrolman Roth, has too many friends near Bohack's warehouse, who feed him with limburger cheese sandwiches,

and he has no way of tuning out this odor. On one occasion it overcame him so—that he was under the doctor's care for asphyxiation.

The boys of the 104th have noticed that Patrolman Blozsis, the beau brummel of Myrtle Avenue, has his photo hanging in the photographer's with a piece of mistletoe over it. They claim they can see lip prints on the window.

The members of the 103d Precinct baseball team have been successful in subduing the following teams: Title Guarantee and Trust Co. of Jamaica, Jamaica National Bank, Anhuser Busch Ice Cream Co. of Brooklyn, and several outlaw teams of the 103d Precinct.

Sergeant Conley, of the 103d Precinct, played a wonderful game of ball on one of the outlaw teams and the members of the original team wish to congratulate him.

Sergeant Byrnes, the star of the "All Stars," another of the outlaw teams, played a very good game against the precinct team managed by Sergeant McDonald, but, of course, the 103d won. Sergeant Byrnes will no doubt admit we are good. We thank him and send him our congratulations. We won't publish the score, we don't want to make any one feel badly.

See Sports page for challenges.

The 106th Precinct, located at 103-51, 101st Street, Ozone Park, has been officially opened for the past two months with a happy personnel under the guiding hand of Captain William F. McKiernan, formerly with the 3d Precinct, and everything seems to be FINE. His assistants are all very able and don't need much mention. They are Lieutenants Brady, Neary, Zimms and Wallace, and as we go down the line we find some more good fellows who deserve a little space, and they are the Sergeants, such as Walsh, Lang, Taylor, Stiefvater, Schlipf, Ermisch and Higgins. Now that they all have been properly introduced, we still have the clerical man, Harry Morris, and Charles Pyle, in charge of the unemployed.

The second squad has started a baseball team under the supervision of Captain DeGuili. All bookings will be made through official channels.

Our 1st Grade Detective Dilhof is still up to his old tricks of sleeping in the station house. What's the matter, "Al," aren't you allowed home yet?

Patrolman John Kuntz has taken up the art of painting, and did a sample of his work in the rear of booth 37. Estimates on interior decorating will be cheerfully given.

Patrolman Reinhardt: "Why don't I get this on the 8 to 4's and 4 to 12's?"

16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio
111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

Conversation in the back room of the 112th Precinct drifted to tombstones the other day, and the boys all thought that a fitting and proper tombstone for Sergeant John Francis Pooler would be an automobile radiator because of the motherly interest he takes in the autos assigned to this command. One wit remarked that if he knew anything about Pooler there would be steam coming out of the radiator cap for a long time.

Smiling Joe Gonden, the old war horse, is still out playing ball on the regular team. His hair may be turning gray, but he still keeps himself in the pink.

The depression has the boys worried, and Knutson and Finnerty think the examiners will MARK DOWN the ratings on the Sergeant's test to keep

abreast of the times. Well, that will be a good alibi, anyway.

McQuade takes up so many collections these days that he feels if ever he loses his job he could make good as a first-class insurance agent.

Patrolman Teddy Fedor joined the ranks of Benedicts. Good luck, my boy.

Sergeant "Floyd Gibbons" Cunningham approves of modern jazz music, and had a lengthy discussion with Sergeant Malcolmson, who raves about the classics. Malcolmson won the debate by reciting.

Leas, Hrubant and Doolan, with an outboard motor, lines, bait, tackle and bags, went fishing. Result—no fish.

Hack Inspector Judge is improving from a serious operation. The boys hope to see him back soon.

Mike Gallagher is still picking chicken from behind his ears after attending a party recently. He thought it was an eating contest.

The boys of the 114th wish Lieutenant "Rocky Point" Cook their best in the coming exam. It is rumored that Sergeant Henry has been looking over some diamond rings. Ho-hum, strange things are bound to happen.

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

C. Patrolman Nelson won't wear rubber heels for fear they will give.

Blimpy Walters, the Sunnys Squad pride—in a blimp he almost had a ride.

Jimmy Lent is taking up a collection to buy Ed Miller a crying towel.

Those of you who like frog's legs, see Walters. The swamps in back of his house are filled with them. He calls the swamps small lakes.

By order of Klegel Dyrle, Patrolman James Lent shall be known as Jimmy Bent.

The loading zone men request that Patrolman Donohue get a new watch.

All members of the Blue Club are invited to Patrolman George Deno's house to help him dig up a garage in the back yard.

E. Patrolman Eddie Meyers was the outstanding hero of Traffic Precinct "E" during the past month by his capture of two daring holdup men. Eddie has endeared himself to the entire personnel of "E," and we know that in due time he will be adequately rewarded.

Patrolman Rudolph David, while regulating traffic at Broadway and 157th Street, observed a suspicious character hurriedly boarding a taxicab. Rudy, sensing that something was wrong, sprinted after the cab, jumped to the running board, opened the door quickly and disarmed a felon carrying a brand new automatic. Good work, Rudy, and we hope you may enjoy a Sergeant's vacation.

Happy to report that Lieutenant John T. Higgins has secured a Master Buick for a week-end visit to his summer mansion at Lake Como. We are reliably informed that the "Master" has only seen 10 winters and 11 summers, so if John doesn't arrive back in time for Monday's roll-call we will not worry, as we know it's a long trip by the Dan O'Leary route.

Saw Lieutenant Jim Reed of Traffic "F" enjoying himself at a recent dinner tendered to a Mountain Climber. Gee, how Jim loves his scallions. Sergeant Mike O'Callaghan was also very conspicuous with the Camel's milk.

Recently learned that our former pal, Sergeant George Cooledge, frequently reports late for duty at

Traffic "F." We are informed that this is due to the paving at Throggs Neck, which resembles a dug-out in Flander's Fields. He can't get his flivver working. A gentle tip, George: get rid of the flivver and hire a row-boat.

Guess who was ably assisting a traffic officer at 60th Street and 2d Avenue during his day off last week; none other than that lovable character, champion clerical man and scribe for SPRING 3100 from Traffic "F," Mike Connolly. Mike recently came to work covered from head to toe with Mercurochrome, because of scars received while trying to free a sewer pipe in Queens after a cloudburst.

2ND DISTRICT TRAFFIC

LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

G. Ptl. Gene McGuinness

H. Ptl. Narcisse Gervais

The Traffic "G" ALL-STAR Baseball team, comprising the following members: "Dazzy" O'Connell P., "Hack" Sullivan C., "Speedball" McMahon, "Soup-Chicken" Regan, "Dynamite" Jack Cohn, "Bullet-proof" Brohm, "Bozo" Schneider, "Swift" Cawley, "Cannonball" Downing, "Lefty" Hickey, and managed by "Chick" O'Hara, would like to hear from some lively teams, such as "House of Calvary," "Fordham Morgue," "Pat English's Sanitarium" or the "Woodlawn Cemetery," if they can dig up a lively team. Communicate with manager.

Tom Waldron's feet are starting to flounder around a bit from pounding the parquet in the early hours of the morning. The reason is, Tom's baby is cutting twenty-six teeth, and all at the same time. "Ain't dat somethin'!"

John Brown joins the ranks of married men in June. Good luck, John, may all your troubles be little ones.

James "Bowlemover" Riendeau, our champion bowler, recently knocked over quite a few at a local alley in the Bronx.

John Nealis will be heading for the Rockaways soon, with "Broken Time."

Eddie Curtis would like to buy a vest-pocket typewriter.

Abel was seen purchasing a wedding band, and upon going for the license asked the clerk for a "low number." What is the license number, Abel, and when does it expire?

One of the most popular policemen in the Bronx is Marty Barrett of Traffic "H." Every time he sees a brother officer out walking with his lady friend, Marty has a mischievous habit of calling out. "Don't forget to invite me to the wedding." By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett just celebrated their tenth anniversary. Congratulations, "Red."

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

I. Ptl. James Kenney
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell
L. Ptl. Harry Hughes
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K. Tom Kearney's wife had a visit from the stork last month. This time it was a boy. Tom is also the proud father of three girls... Frank Seaman, his brother-in-law, is still stopping runaway horses.

Tom Hogan was seen in Winthrop Park attired in the latest in knickers. Were those your beach pajamas, John?

Bill Augustine has acquired one of the latest toys to amuse the children.

Tom Kelly, over in the Traffic School, is always ready to do a friend a favor, and it sure is appreciated.

The boys lost a tough game to the 94th Precinct by the close score of 3 to 2. Said defeat could have been avoided if Jake Hoenighausen would only stop

swinging at the ball after it lands in the catcher's mitt.

BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

Many forms of sport have been fostered recently in the Department, such as baseball, basketball, boxing, golf and other athletic sports.

No thought has ever been given to ROWING.

Patrolman Greenberg grasped the idea of a RACE BOAT CREW. He consulted with other members of the Squad, with the result that a crew was immediately formed, and all purchased ROWING MACHINES. All are now busily engaged in using them on their time off—getting in trim.

It is rumored that some time during the water regatta to be held in connection with the Washington Bicentennial the boys are going to stage an aquatic exhibition in the waters of Gowanus Canal (Lavender Lake), where they will compete in a race with the Marine Division in oar-propelled boats.

Here is the line-up for the RACE BOAT CREW:

Carraher—Coach; Greenberg—Coxswain; Spatz—Stroke Oar; Baumritter—Bow-Man; Morahan—Life Saver; Campion—Ballast; Zito—1st Oar; Meehan—Ballast; Colston—Small Oar.

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1 PTL. CARL J. FRITZ

"Baby Face" Powers and Mike Ryan are out looking at baby carriages and cradles. You guess why?

You should have seen Jimmie Reynolds' face light up when the Indians passed by in the beer parade.

Is it because he doesn't get heartburns that Darienzo orders three portions of chicken from a certain restaurant on the West Side.

Toby Good-man took home a big bag of popcorn to his wife the other day.

How would those feet of "Jiggs" O'Brien look chasing an unmuzzled dog around the "Mall" in Central Park?

Pierce: That's a nice suit you have there! Giederman: Yes, it's nice, but I don't think the tailor made very many. Look! The vest has an extra button on the bottom and the top has an extra hole. (Call the wagon.)

Nick Tobano and his partner were going fishing, so they took a ride on South Street to see what fish look like.

"Wolf" Harmon sent his coat to the cleaners, but first removed the stripe. He said he didn't want that cleaned. He wants it to look as though it's been on a long time.

Just a few of those fellows: Johnnie Smith, Hoering, Harmon, Bonds and Siegel.

"Big Bill" Metzaleer is riding that new wheel, with his legs on top of the handle bars.

Is reading this column the best exercise you fellows get? Let's have a baseball team, handball team or anything you want. Let's go! Sec "Si" Goldstein as soon as possible, so we can get started.

CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER C. BRUMMERHOP

Well, the ole ball game between Captain Donovan's Wildcats and Captain Brody's House of David nine was played and won by Donovan's Cats by a score of 10-9. Whatta game! Bennett and McCarthy—Quirk and Dunbar were the batteries for the winners. Two (2) unknown whiskered individuals were the batteries for the losing team. A little loose fielding on both sides accounted for so many runs.

SAM GOLDHUBER, Brody's ace shortstop, took his game very seriously.

JOE LYNCH, Brody's crack left fielder, played a fast game.

JIM KENNEDY was the duly appointed manager of the Cats, and believe you me, Jim did more hopping around than a chicken with its head off. He had to make many changes during the game and finally agreed to help the cause along by playing center field himself.

BILL BURKE, recently recovered from an attack of la grippe, very generously gave his services and unpiped the full game. Did a nice job, too. Thanks, Bill.

GILLIGAN played a nice game, too. John got hold of one, and boy, you should have seen that dust fly. He only got a triple out of it, which was good for two (2) home runs in any man's league.

DEVERY, the losers' right fielder, was all over the diamond (on his back). He certainly gathered plenty of dust on his body.

BRUMMERHOP'S legs got twisted up in his arms at one time and ole stretch was laying all over the diamond, the result of an unsuccessful bunt, by orders of the manager.

JIM CANAVAN says that his legs are too wide, and will endeavor to have the condition remedied.

JIM DUNBAR arrived a little late, with mask and everything, and did nicely behind the bat. Come often, Jim—for many reasons.

QUIRK and BENNETT, the twirlers for the Cats, did a nice job between them.

The HOUSE OF DAVID crowd failed to don their disguise, and it evidently had something to do with their playing. Only one lived up to the "bewhiskered reputation," and he was trimmed neatly. We are referring, of course, to the Captain himself—ABRAHAM BRODY.

A light lunch followed the game and was real tasty. Tom Fay and Jim Dunbar entertained with a few songs; Sam Goldhuber chirped a few ditties; Bing Lynch let loose with a few Scotch and Irish melodies (mostly Scotch—WHY?); Jim Canavan's imitation was good, and the many speeches of the day's doings were well rendered. Lieutenant Bennett (heretofore referred to as BENNETT) was the toastmaster, and seemed well pleased with his boys. Johnny Smith's oration was a masterpiece. We missed our ole friend Sergeant Thomas W. (Whipper-in) Gray. "Cutie" Loures didn't show up. A great believer and admirer of the Crime Prevention Bureau, this boy. A HOWLING SUCCESS!

7TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOSEPH MCCOURT

Detective Otto Franz, 40th Squad, who has been written up quite often in the *Bronx Home News*, etc. (good press agent), relative to his activity (mostly the Schutzen Bund), failed to have his name appear in print for one of his recent captures.

A man walked into the station house and stated that he was an escaped "Nut" from Central Islip. Our Otto, who hears and sees all, reached out and said, "Your mine, the batting average isn't so good this month."

However, upon arriving at Central Islip with his "prisoner," he was informed that the man was sane and had been discharged three months ago.

The nurse then looked at Otto and stated there was a nice room for him to stay for the "Night."

But Otto, suspecting that something was up (detective like), grabbed the next train back to New York. He was taking no chances.

Detective George Mutchler, 41st Squad, is now a proud father. The boy's name will be Emil.

Detectives Caso and Mara, 42d Squad, entered the Squad office the other day and rushed to the radio thinking that Floyd Gibbons was speaking. They were surprised to find that it was only Lieutenant Koehman giving the boys some orders.

8TH DETECTIVE DIST. DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

Bill Fallon, liked by everybody, a good soldier, cop and detective, passed into the great beyond; but to those that are near and dear to him, let us say that he will be missed. Words cannot express our sympathy, and this little message expresses the thought of the boys from the 8th Detective District and all his friends. While it was a hard blow, there is a lot of consolation in the fact that he led a clean life, was a good husband, and will find true comfort in the great beyond.

If you want to hear a funny story, get Lieutenant Charley Armstrong to tell you the one about the "CARPET BEATER."

This is off the record, but it should be brought to the attention of the Quartermaster's Department. The chair behind the desk in the 46th Precinct is too short. There's 3 telephone books, 3 cushions and what not, for the little men that sit on it.

Mike Foley finally put the store teeth in. Maybe SPRING 3100 had something to do with it.

Bill (Georgiana) Hyland has a new car, and it has a radio in it.

Johnny Halk also has a new car, "but he no speak english," in so far as music is concerned.

Lieutenant Tommy Neilson got "hitched." Good luck to the Missus and to you, Thomas.

Tom Thompson is always giving ideas about who should be in SPRING 3100. Well, if any of the boys know anything about the happy bachelor, will they kindly get in touch with the reporter? He's forever putting you fellows on the pan.

If you want to see a good looking mob, go up to the 47th Squad and take a look at Mike Carroll, Pete Murphy and the rest of the crew. Most of them have that iron gray hair, and you know how the ladies go for that. I hope their wives don't get sore.

Albertina Rasch Sweeney and not Daniel Patrick Sweeney has a flivver, and from the looks of it, it must have been in the Battle of the Marne. These Sweeneys come from the 50th Squad.

In so far as names are concerned, how would you like to have a name like Constance Joseph Mancini, Paul Vito Condese Bufano, or Louis Adolph Gobel Hollmann? Any nationality or any length.

The 45th Squad opened up with Lieutenant Willie McCoy in command, and take it from me, things will get off on the right foot. "Bill" is well liked. Success.

15TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. AL WING

This is the season now, maties, and when that golf bug bites, it sure gets a tight hold on the fans. But what this guy, Father George Bishop of the 11th diocese, doesn't know about golf isn't worth knowing. That's what *he* says.

The other day he sojourned to our balliwick for a few rounds. Someone in the party, we believe it was big Jim Meehan, asked if Father George brought any tees with him. George answered, "Why talk about tees now? Who wants to eat? I came to play golf."

He came to play golf all right, but the officials of Westbury wished he hadn't. They claim the course looked much like a porous plaster when that squad retired. They wanted to know if Father George was using a nightstick instead of a niblick.

Big Jim was tickled to death, however, to play with a partner so shady as Father George. It was a terribly hot day. Weather prognosticators tell us that the sun was stronger on that day than on any of the year. But Big Jim didn't mind in the least. He followed Father George over the course and stayed out of the way of old Sol, because of George's size.

Someone told the caddie that Inspector Bishop was a priest. That crimped the whole works. Poor George was out in the cold as a result of that—because he couldn't swear. He does on the job, though.

In the clubhouse at the end of the day Father Bishop was asked as to the result of his game. "I made it in 68," said he, but was interrupted when he was asked, "How did you make out on the second hole?" (That's one for Sergeant Flanagan.)... Detective George Widmer of the 105th Squad sure gave his commander, Captain Graham, a pane recently. No, it's not what you think. He brought Cappie a piece of glass for the top of his desk.

This next is on the "in" and we got it from those on the "know." We understand that Captain Graham is to buy a bungalow in some new fangled realty development. Maybe Hook Creek, who knows. They also tell us that it's a portable one. One of those affairs built on four hinges. Maybe Widmer will supply the windows, while the Captain will try out some of those famous knots that he talks about.

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN WERLE

Big Dave Salter casts an awful big shadow, but when you see the little shadow he always has with him, it's Vince Treanor. Just watch their smoke, boys; a good big man and a good little man.

Paul Montgomery, the apparently meek (?) clerical man, who aims to be (and is going to be) in the first two hundred on the sergeants' list, gets an awful kick out of Dave and his shadow. His face lights up into a broad grin when they come into the office... Old Man Sadlo, the big pipe man, rounded out his first twenty-five last month... His partner respects his age, and is always preaching to Junior Anthony that his father is a fine old man and should be humored... A new way has been found to get Captain Burke's nanny. All that is required is to suggest a fishing trip. If Henny Wittel wants to go fishing hereafter he had better go quietly, and without any pre-comments, says I.

Inspector Gallagher has finally lost his temper!... It takes much to ruffle him, but a newspaper reporter did it, because he wouldn't let the "Big Boss" (in Queens) get away with an act of charity... I'll get in bad myself if I broadcast the occurrence, but I have to remark that similar occurrences are NOT UNUSUAL in this department, and are frequent with John Gallagher... I KNOW.

I notice that the 15th Detective District has again been neglected by their scribe... I heard that Jack Hurton quit the job in disgust at my jibes, and someone else was delegated to take over the job... I'll promise I won't harass the new reporter if he gets busy and lets the world know about the good work being done by Captain Graham's men... Lieutenant Joe Donelon, of the 114th Squad, knows his onions, and also his men. He says he can get them all the time and never miss. He always could "get his man"... Lieutenant Stein, aide to Inspector Gallagher, eats a lot of cheese trying to keep up with Mickey and Tilly Mouse, who amuse him daily... Lightning Lew Cornibert says he wishes it was after the fifteenth of July... He wants to buy a straw hat... They're usually marked down then.

Wesley Juber bought one in a restaurant the other day, a nice new panama....He looks good in it, too....Tom Gallagher, of the (in) famous team of Gallagher and Gayne, says that Mitchell of the 110th Squad should be flattered to be called Gallagher—that the Gallaghers always had the Mitchells on the run....Gosh, maybe the fur will fly now! Both of them have fighting names.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

It sure was good news to the members of the Boiler Squad as well as many members of the department to hear that former Sergeant John J. Padian was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Our sincere wishes and congratulations, Lieutenant, that you will soon reach the next rank with high honors.

Flushing, Long Island, agrees with Patrolman Joseph D'Azavedo. He is always in good spirits, especially lately, since he became the proud father of a nine-pound baby girl. Congratulations to you and yours, Joe.

A busy season ahead for the Isaac Walton Club of the Hack Bureau. Pete Rowland was elected Commodore. There wasn't any opposition because Pete, you know, is the owner of the good ship "Daybreak." The other members, you can see, are as foolish as a fox.

Patrolman George Hammond has reformed at last, and has abandoned the gay night life. His latest speed is giving parties for his two-months-old granddaughter and playing checkers. Jack Maloney sure is outlasting him and going very strong at present. Well, George, it must come sooner or later.

Our Romeo, Patrolman Jack Gevin, was refused a dance at the Commodore the other night. A little tip, Jack: They still like them young.

It is rumored that Patrolman Henry Buckley obtained a furlough from his Commander-in-Chief at home last week and did a wonderful cellar painting job for one of the boys in the front office. Please don't ask who it was because it might embarrass Henry.

Patrolman Stanley Povey, our Tennis and Handball Champ, says it's alright to take a cold shower after a workout, but not while you have your underwear on.

Certain members of the drivers' bureau would like to know who the good fellow is who is handing out those 4th of July cigars. A word to the wise: Don't get caught or else you will work Sundays and holidays for a long time to come.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1

PTL. BERNARD CONNORS

On Sunday, June 5, Troop "B's" ball team traveled up to City Island and took the Troop "D" team over the hurdles to the tune of 19 to 9 in a seven inning game which was packed full of thrills and laughter. Troop "A" will play Troop "C" in the very near future, and the winner will then meet Troop "B" in the play-off for the 1932 Championship Pennant, to be hung in the Barracks of the winning Troop.

Incidental to the ball game, several races were run off, with valuable prizes going to the winners. Bill Meyn is still trying to find out who tripped him in the Special Invitation 100-Yard Dash, open only to Lieutenants and Sergeants, ruining his Sunday suit. Wonder what "Ducky" Holmes had to do with that???

After the ball game and races a big dinner was served on the lawn, and the prizes awarded both to victor and vanquished—Johnny Meade got a nice baby carriage, Dave Levy a garden set, while "Ducky"

Holmes, the losing manager, won a "poor fish" (all obtained at great expense in Woolworth's). Many others, too numerous to mention here, received valuable prizes, and all present went home happy in the thought of a day well spent, and eagerly planning for the next jamboree.

Frank Geoghegan, our ardent fisherman, ran into a bit of ill luck on a recent fishing trip, due to casting his line into a restricted pond. "\$12.50 and costs," said the constabule. Frank intends to stay home hereafter and do his fishing in the aquarium!!!

"Stretch" O'Rourke, one of our newly married Romeos, announces the arrival of a little "Stretch" (weaker sex) and is now a full-fledged "Floor-walker." Come on there, Arnaiz, Incao, Robbins and Parker et al., get in the swim.

FAMOUS SAYINGS WE'VE HEARD

Lee Howard: "The old arm was working great, and I 'trunned' him out at second."

"Rabbit" McDermott: "Yeah, I used to play in the old Three-I League, but the brain is slow now, and the back weak."

Ludie Frank: "Lieutenant, when I'm gonna get my three hours off."

Dave Levy: "No, I'm not studying, but I'll give it a whack anyhow, and I'll bet a straw hat that I'll be somewhere on the list." (What list, Dave?)

Tommy Byrnes: "Little order, please."

Jack Leahy: "Vizzi left for home."

Olaf "Swede" Wieghorst—Born in Denmark, raised in Finland, married in Sweden, migrated to U. S. in 1919; swell horse trainer; really good amateur artist; rumored to sleep with his spurs on; always dresses like a riding master, and loves charlotte russe for his breakfast.

Johnny Buckley (4135), known as "The Kid"—No relation to his namesake in the 48th Street Stable. Has a penchant for wearing corduroy reinforcements in his riding breeches; staunch advocate of hip boots for the Park Squad; once essayed a mustache, but it didn't grow enough to show; tickles the typewriter and has caused many a fair equestrienne's heart to flutter. Just a handsome young trooper!!!

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2 PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

Captain Miller is walking around these days with a great big smile. Sh!! the secret is, the Captain's the proud grandfather of a baby girl.

The members of Bar No. 1-F are delighted with their new quarters. Facilities being great for both rider and horse.

Sergeant Shaw refused to give a young man dressed in a loud green sweater, with knickers to match, and shush! yes, a brand new mustache, his June 16th pay check. The young man said, "Believe it or not, Sergeant, I'm Patrolman Henry Johnson. Don't let my handle bars deceive you."

Joe Henry says that the balmy air of Flushing works wonders with his nerves. He shot 99 at the pistol range.

Barney Schaeffer, the silent trooper, was seen at the cemetery trying to locate grave rails for his new Chevy.

Charlie Decker, the sheik of Flushing Bay, is spending his vacation at Bayville, L. I. The sailor that tied up the U. S. Navy is now tying up a row boat.

Philips is now the proud father of a bouncing 12-pound baby girl.

Bill Lenihan has taken up bicycle riding since he got off the horse. He was recently seen on Ocean Parkway with green knickers and a red skull cap.

Benny Leffler went over the top with the remarkable score of 100 at pistol instructions. Some shooting.

Our own "Eagle Eye Gus" Norval Creamer sure is making some record in recovering stolen cars.

Terry "Brakeman" Jennings is in great demand since so many of the boys moved to Long Island. They're all asking for instructions on how to flag a train.

All the troopers are rooting for the recovery of Jack McDonough, who is on sick leave at Watertown, N. Y.

Barney Butler is back on the job and in charge of the Rockaway barracks for the summer. Good luck, Barney.

Duffy, Quinlan and McHugh, who call themselves Irish tenors, and who make up in volume what they lack in quality, were to go to the Eucharistic Congress, but Duffy must paint his house, McHugh bought a car, and Quinlan needs new rubber for his car. So the boys will stay home and entertain us???

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 8

PTL. JAMES A. SHEPPARD

The boys of this squad are keeping physically fit by practicing artificial respiration and first aid, under the able supervision of Sergeants Morrell, Kavanagh and Ringeisen. After a tough tour, if able to stay awake, Foxy McGuire and Tubby Brooks hike to the Jersey cliffs to build a house. Swat Hartling, with the aid of Moon Mullins and Bush Sparrow, dope out the squad's ball team. Polly Dudley and Ike Innenberg pick dandelions. Mano Land, Scrub Mills, Baldy Carlson and Parson Light fish from a rotten rowboat. Bezzer Petrenchick gets a sun-ray lamp tan. Jimmy Cagney Lynch reads love stories. Moe Kreiser skins cat fish. Prunes Maddock and Fiddle Meyers solo as aviators. Scratch Ryan washes his ears after telephone calls. Sleepy Egan does the household chores. Harry Sheppard catches billiard balls with his mouth, and the rookies Jumbo Gallagher, Schnozzle Hennings, Lazy Weiss and Barrymore McGrath toss for the extra watches. I'll say these be hard times at this squad.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 9. SGT. JOHN T. EGAN

Rock's all stars won another game, due to the wonderful playing of Harry Rock. Harry's "inspiration" was at the ball game, and her name is Lena. She's got Harry eating limburger sandwiches. Only the other day her father sent him a nice piece of Strussel Kuckin. It won't be long now.

Casey has nothing to say lately. Shopland does all of his talking since the exam... "Gallons" Repetti and "Bottles" Clancy, those two former glass blowers, are seen together quite often... King and Markham, those two radio experts, became very excited recently when they thought they had a distant station on their short wave set; all they heard was the bells of a two-alarm fire... Sergeant Mike Sullivan, the famous cat catcher, is resting up in preparation for some big jobs... Sergeant Edwin England, the famous story teller, is the proud possessor of an engraved fountain pen that he won in a pistol tournament at the Crescent Athletic Club quite some time ago... Sergeant Egan has a bee hive in the back yard, and he's nursing along very nicely... Otto Schroff still yodels on late tours.

OFFICE OF THE P. C.

PTL. LEGGETT

In the May, 1932, issue your able reporter of the Chief Inspector's office made reference to a game between Captain Donovan's "Wildcats" and Captain Brody's "House of David" nine. Briefly, the "Wildcats" won two in a row from the "Davids," with the result that they thought they were good—very good.

On June 9th, in Central Park, the "Wildcats" played a pick-up team from the Police Commissioner's office, assisted by the Department Secretary and two men from the Chief Clerk's office and the Accountant's office, and learned to their sorrow that they should have stuck to inter-office contests. Final score, "Pick-ups" 27, "Wildcats" 12.

Gilligan, of the "Wildcats," was influenced by the proximity of the cricket games to use his shins for stopping balls at 2d base, with fair results as to the game, but not to his shins.

Many casualties resulted on both sides. Fay, of the "Wildcats," a broken finger; Randall, a broken back; Goldhuber, a wrenched "schnozzle." East, Clancy, Morgan and Leggett, numerous lacerations and abrasions for the "Pick-ups."

Mr. Titus played a corking game for four innings at third base, subbing for Mr. Neary, who was unable to get away in time for the game.

THE POLICE ACADEMY

(Continued from page 26)

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 9

9. Fingerprints and photographs and photographic plates and duplicates thereof must be returned to a person who has been arrested charged with a crime, on demand, after he has been discharged or acquitted. The Department will not return others, if there be such, lawfully on file.
 - a. After investigation and the fact determined that Jones has been discharged or acquitted, refer the Attorney to the office of the Chief Inspector at Police Headquarters, Manhattan, to make application there for the return of the defendant's fingerprints, etc. An investigation is then made at the Bureau of Criminal Identification, and if the defendant has been found to be discharged or acquitted, report is made to the Chief Inspector. Thereupon notice is sent to the defendant to call for the fingerprints, etc. This is in accordance with the provisions of section 516 of the Penal Law.
 - b. As the fingerprints were forwarded to the Central Bureau of Criminal Information and Identification, Department of Correction, Albany, N. Y., in accordance with law, refer the attorney to make application to the Department of Correction at Albany, N. Y., for the return of the fingerprints, suggesting that a certified copy of the final disposition of the case be forwarded.
 - c. Refer the attorney to make application to the National Bureau of Criminal Information and Identification, Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., suggesting that a certified copy of the final disposition of the case be forwarded.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 10

10.

Anarchy
Bribery
Bucket Shops
Conspiracy
Riots
Disturbing lawful meetings
Election Laws
Gambling
Unlawful disguises
Prize fighting
Duelling
Certain violations of the insurance law, receiving rebates
Perjury
Sabbath laws
Certain violations of law relating to real property

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 11

11. Carrying or possessing a revolver or other firearm or weapon prohibited by section 1897 of the Penal Law.
Making, mending or possessing burglars' tools under circumstances evincing a desire to use them in the commission of crime.
Violation of certain provisions of the Election Law.
Violation of section 483-b of the Penal Law—Carnal abuse of female child over ten years of age and less than sixteen, by a male person of the age of 18 years or over.
Violation of section 437-a of the Penal Law—Selling or offering for sale, or manufacturing for human consumption, any beverage containing wood alcohol.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 12

12. A person is not a second offender unless he commits a felony after having been convicted of a felony in this state or an act out of the state which if committed within the state would be a felony. In this case Jones committed two crimes of the grade of felony but the second one was not committed after conviction for the first.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 13

13. Elements of possession of the tools, the adaptability of the tools for the commission of the crime of burglary and an intent to use or employ the tools or allow the same to be used or employed in the commission of the crime, or knowledge that they are intended to be used for criminal purposes.

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolmen Edward J. Callahan and Anthony DiMaio, 11th Precinct, while on motor patrol duty at about 1:15 P. M., May 15, heard cries from a man struggling in the East River off East 3d Street. Callahan, discarding coat and cap, jumped into the water, swam to the man, and in the struggle to reach the pier was struck a severe blow on the nose causing the blood to flow. DiMaio then jumped into the water, and after a hard struggle the officers managed to swim with the man to safety. The man was removed to Bellevue, where he proved to be a religious maniac, with a suicide complex.

At about 8:15 P. M., May 23, a radio message that a man was drowning in the East River off East 3d Street was received by members of the gun squad on motor patrol in the Second Detective District. Without waiting to remove his clothing, Detective Francis Naughton jumped into the water, swam to the man and brought him to the pier, where both were pulled to safety by other members of the squad. Both were removed to Bellevue suffering from submersion, and Detective Naughton also suffered multiple lacerations of the legs.

BRONX

Detectives Frederick Kroener and Joseph MacDonnell, 44th Squad, while on patrol at about 12:30 A. M., May 8, became suspicious of the actions of two men whom they observed alight from a taxicab at 167th Street and Jerome Avenue and enter a restaurant at 54 East 167th Street. The men ran as the detectives entered the restaurant, but were captured after a short pursuit and arrested. Each prisoner was armed with a loaded revolver, and both were later identified as the perpetrators of twenty recent robberies in Bronx County. They were convicted on June 1 and sentenced to from four to seven years, and fifteen years, respectively, in Sing Sing.

BROOKLYN

Patrolman Joseph W. Kruse, 72d Precinct, while on patrol and trying the door of a confectionery store at 560 Fifth Avenue, observed three men in the premises attempting to force a safe. Breaking the glass in the door with his nightstick, the officer entered with revolver drawn and ordered the men to surrender. Pointing a shiny object at the officer

one of the men ordered him to drop his revolver or he would fire. In response, the officer opened fire, killing one of the men and wounding another. The prisoners later admitted several other safe burglaries of recent occurrence.

At about 9 A. M., December 4, 1931, Leroy Ferris, of 1995 West 13th Street, was held up in his residence by three armed bandits, who escaped with \$6,500 in cash and jewelry. Investigation resulted in the arrest of one of the men on January 5, 1932, in Florida. Upon being returned here, and after constant questioning by Acting Captain John J. Ryan, Lieutenant Frank Bals and Detectives Charles A. Boyle and James McNally, all of the 10th Detective District, the robber admitted participating in the crime and named his two accomplices. Further investigation led to the arrest of the two men, as well as three others with whom they worked in eleven other holdups. All six have been convicted and are now awaiting sentence.

QUEENS

Patrolmen Thomas J. Purcell and Albert J. Leary, 100th Precinct, while patrolling in a radio motor patrol car at about 4:40 A. M., May 27, received a radio alarm for the apprehension of two men in a Studebaker sedan, license number unknown, who had just held up several milk wagon drivers. A short while later, observing a car of the above description pass by, they gave chase and overtook it at Beach Channel Drive and Beach 105th Street. After questioning the two occupants they brought them to the 100th Precinct station house, where they were identified by four different complainants as the holdup men. All of the stolen property was recovered.

Detectives Patrick Brennan and Harry Roge, 102d Squad, arrested on May 9 one of the men responsible for a holdup on March 21 in a restaurant at 8326 Myrtle Avenue. Patrolman Harry V. Sheehan, 102d Precinct, off duty and in the restaurant at the time, was shot three times in attempting to arrest the bandits. Sheehan was removed to Mary Immaculate Hospital in a critical condition, but is now convalescing. The arrest of the second bandit is expected.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER



DAVE BROWN (Negro)

DESCRIPTION—Age, 28 years; 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 165 pounds; professional ball player. 32d Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



EDWARD McCARTHY,
aliases **FATS McCARTHY** and **EDWARD POPKE**

DESCRIPTION—28 years; 5 feet 7½ inches; 167 pounds; blue eyes; dark chestnut hair; medium complexion; sign painter by occupation. 23d Pct.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



HUGO WILLGEROD,
aliases **HUGHIE WILLS** and **HUGH J. WILLIS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser. 17th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JAMES GARCIA, alias "BENITO"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair; wore a blue suit and light fedora hat. Porto Rican by birth. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.

Spring 3100

JULY 1932



Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

VOLUME 3

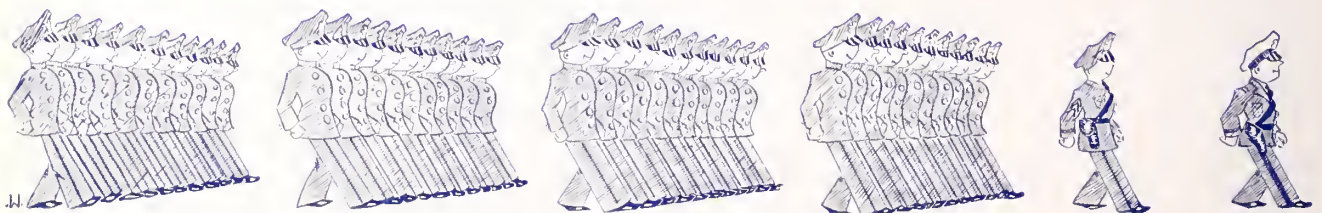
JULY, 1932

NO. 5

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



— EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

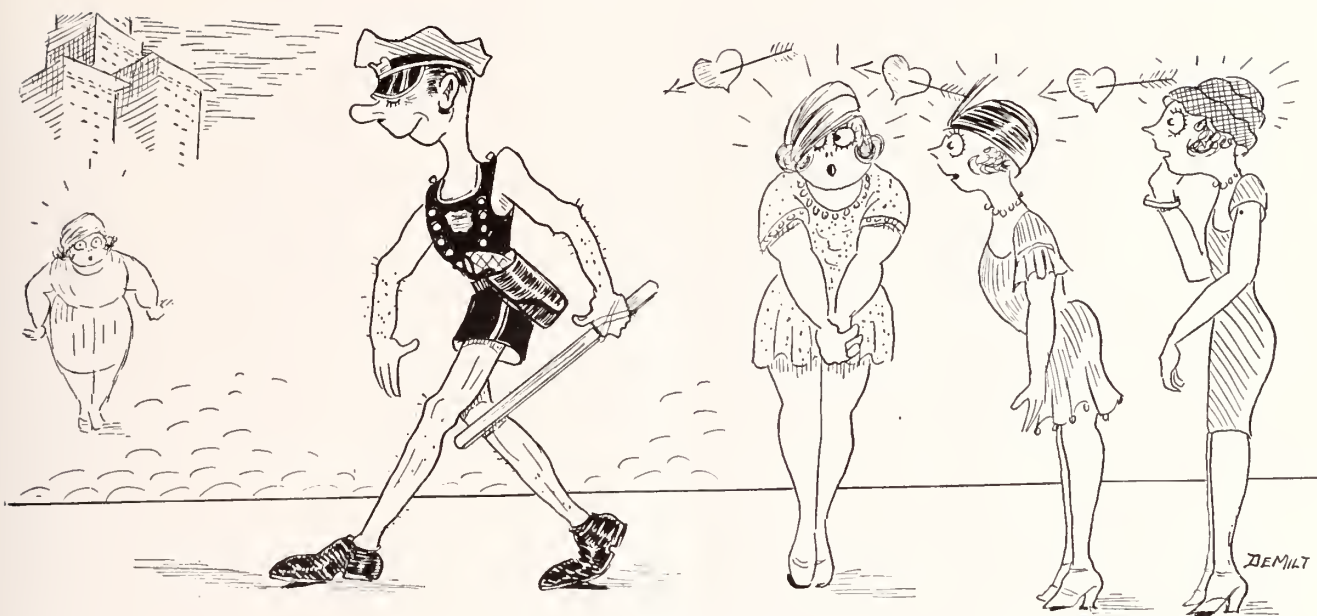
ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorially Speaking



A Warm-Weather Suggestion



WELL, dear fellow readers, let us commence by stating first of all that you are much luckier than we are. We have to write this page, in fact the printer's devil is now waiting for it. The aforesaid remark gives us a chance to pun by saying for you that the page is fit only for the devil, and speaking for ourselves to retort that your luck consists in not having to read it unless you wish to do so, while we have to write it anyway.

Thus our first paragraph is on its way to the composing room. This leaves us free to say that we have never known anything quite so splendid as the way Detectives Harold F. Moore and Thomas J. Riggs put an end to Fats McCarthy and the remnants of the Coll mob of killers early this month. We know that we speak not only for the entire Department, but for all good citizens as well when we say that everyone wishes Moore who is still in the Albany hospital, recovering from wounds suffered in the encounter, the best of luck. The Police Com-

missioner has already rewarded the detectives for their sterling work in this case, and sends a message to the Department through this magazine that it's the old never-say-die spirit that wins.

Turning from the recording of punitive actions to the chronicling of humane ones, we beg leave to remark that the outings for the needy mothers and children are proceeding as well this year as they did last summer and the summer before that, and that this is the highest praise we can bestow upon them. We also present further on in these pages some first-hand evidence from the mothers and children themselves as to what they think of the outings.

Reaching around to pat ourselves on the back we hereby give notice that the summer heat was made more endurable today when we read in Damon Runyon's column in the *New York American* that SPRING 3100 was a dandy little magazine. We think quite a lot of Mr. Runyon, his writings and his opinions, so much so in fact that we are reprinting in this issue a column of his regarding the Junior Police Athletic League.

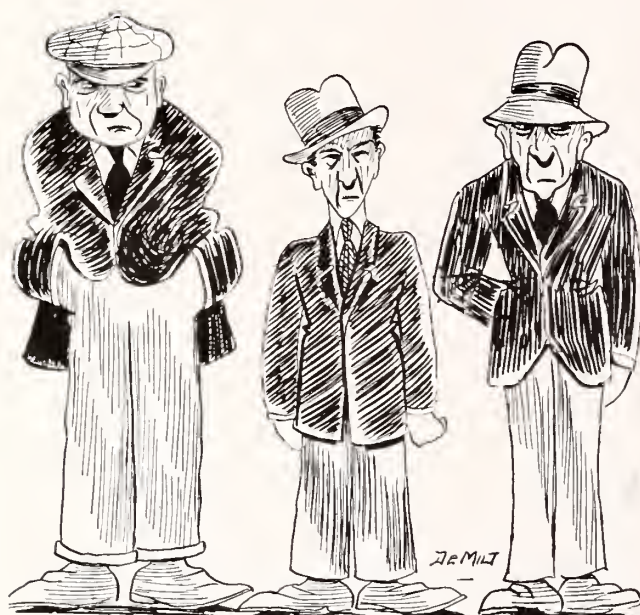
Joe Moran, the president of the P. B. A., just dropped in to ask us to remind all members of the Department that the Police Camp is a grand place for a summer vacation. Joe told us all about a lot of improvements which have been made at the camp, which are too numerous to relate, but the gist of his conversation was not to forget to make your August reservations early.

And, anyway, it will probably be hotter then than it is now. So long until next month, and may you enjoy your vacation.

Sending the Bad Ones Home

By CAPTAIN MICHAEL F. McDERMOTT,
Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation

This is the second of two articles regarding the work of the Bureau of which Captain McDermott is the head. The first appeared in the June issue.



Types

MY first article described the various methods of effecting an entrance to this country used by undesirable aliens unable to obtain a visaed passport to enter the United States. If the alien arrived here before July 1, 1924, he is not deportable—unless—and this—unless—is how we rid ourselves of the alien who turns to crime after his entry.

All aliens, as long as they remain such or until they are naturalized, are practically on probation in the United States. In other words, because of certain derelictions, they may be sent back to their native countries as being undesirables. Moreover, this probationary period, as it were, is stricter during the first five years of their admittance than thereafter. This applies particularly to those aliens legally admitted on a visaed passport after examination by the American Consul. When naturalized as citizens, they are adopted by the United States and cannot be deported.

If this legally admitted alien “within five years of his entry is convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude AND sentenced to a period of over one year” he is subject to deportation. Three main

points are required—the conviction must be within five years of entry; there must be the element of moral turpitude in the crime; and the sentence must be for a term of more than one year.

“Moral turpitude” is thought by some people to apply only to sex. On the contrary, turpitude means depravity, vileness or baseness. Therefore, without going into the legal definitions as laid down by the courts, anyone convicted of practically any crime whereby one’s character becomes depraved; burglary, robbery, larceny, assault, arson, etc., is subject to deportation. The only crime for which the Alien Squad has not been able to have a criminal alien deported is on a conviction of our dangerous weapons law (Sections 1896-1897 of the Penal Law). The reason for this can be seen in the fact that such a law is not nationwide. The other crimes are a violation of law in all states of the Union.

“Sentenced to over one year.” Judges, in their sentencing of undesirable aliens, have aided the Police Department and done much to help rid the city of this class of criminal. Not only are straight sentences (5 years) or indeterminate sentences (2½ to 5 years) taken as a basis for deportation, but indefinite sentences are also used for that purpose. An “indef” to the penitentiary carries up to three years; an “indef” to the workhouse up to two years; to Elmira Reformatory up to two years. It is the maximum penalty that can be given on these indefinite sentences that is used for deportation purposes, regardless of whether a Parole Board releases such a prisoner on parole before a year has been served.

Thus it may be seen that judges who might have given an undesirable alien perhaps six months in the penitentiary or workhouse, help rid the country of this class of criminal by an indefinite sentence of more than one year.

What additional things must an alien do after he has passed the five years’ probation, in order to make himself deportable? He must be convicted **MORE THAN ONCE** of one of the moral turpitude crimes and sentenced in each case to a period of over one year. Both of these convictions, however, must have been after May 1, 1917; that being the date upon which the Act of Congress providing for the deportation of undesirables became effective. This is another outstanding date to be kept in mind—May 1, 1917. Any convictions against an alien before that date cannot be counted against him for deportation.

There are also certain crimes and conditions that make an alien subject to ejection from this country "at any time after entry."

If an alien is convicted of or implicated in any way in the crime of prostitution he is subject to deportation. The immigration laws are quite lengthy regarding the various persons who may be gotten rid of because of prostitution. They include one who keeps or maintains a place of prostitution; one who procures men or women for such a place; one who lives off the proceeds of this crime; one who knowingly resorts to a house of this kind, and the prostitute herself.

The law defines a prostitute as "one practising prostitution," and the courts have held that "practising" means more than once. Therefore the prostitute must be convicted more than once before being deportable. All others, however, no matter how long here, if engaged in or convicted of this offense, may be sent back to their native country. In these cases there need be no certain sentence after conviction. If the alien receives a "suspended sentence," that is sufficient. All we need is a conviction. The Alien Squad seeks the co-operation of "plain-clothes men" who work on these vice conditions.

The next classification is that of "any time after entry." Those aliens who advocate the overthrow of this Government, or any Government, by force or violence; or are members of any association, society or group that so advocates such overthrow, come under this heading. We members of the police force, with our knowledge of the laws against anarchy, immediately feel that this applies only to anarchists. It does not. It also applies to others who don't class themselves as anarchists. I refer to the communists, a number of whom the immigration authorities have been able to deport for this very reason—being members of a group that advocates the overthrow of government by force or vio-

lence. And how does the Government do this?

The Bureau of Immigration shows that the one under investigation is an alien and a member of the "Party" or some of its affiliates—Trade Union Unity League, Needle Trade Workers of America, Workers' Ex-Servicemen's League, Food Workers of America, Unemployed Council, International Labor Defense and others. With these points established they then read into the record of the hearing, portions of this program laid down in Moscow which advocates the overthrow of the "bour-

geois by the proletariat" by use of force and violence. Deportations made for this reason have been upheld by the courts. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the case of Yohkinen, the Finnish janitor of a communist clubhouse in Harlem, included in its decision this sentence: "It is a known fact that the Communist Party advocates the overthrow of the Government."

Another class of aliens deportable "any time after entry" are those who are convicted of violating any of the Federal Narcotic Acts. This section of the deportation laws became an act in February, 1931. The Federal Narcotic Acts referred to are the Harrison Act, the Miller-Jones Act and the Porter Act. Conviction alone makes the aliens subject to deportation, regardless of the length of their sentence.

The order establishing the Bureau of Criminal Alien Investigation (now Section 18c of Chapter 12 of the Manual of Procedure) provides for the sending of form "D. D. 96" to the Alien Squad when an alien subject to deportation has been arrested or when it is known that such an alien is engaged in any practice in violation of law.

The Communist International at Moscow is the parent body of communists throughout the world. It provides a certain program that is to be followed. In that program the International permits of sec-



"WELCOME"

Uncle Sam is always happy to welcome to our shores the foreigner of good character and law-abiding nature.

No finer hospitality is offered anywhere in the world.

tions being established in the various countries. So, in the United States, we have the "Communist Party of the U. S. A." The program provides that each section must have an "organ," a publication. For the "Communist Party of the U. S. A." the organ is "The Daily Worker." Under the title name in every issue of this paper may be seen "Organ of the Communist Party of the U. S. A., Section of the Communist International." That is proof that the section in the U. S. A. is a part of the group in Moscow and must follow the program.

The members of the Alien Squad interview these aliens either at the daily "line-up" at Police Headquarters, in jails awaiting hearings, in courts or other places. The information on the "D. D. 96" as to the alien's date and place of birth, date of arrival in U. S., name of ship (if a ship), port of entry, whether entered as a seaman or passenger, etc., is verified.

If this questioning shows the alien to be an "illegal entrant," a "warrant of arrest" is requested from the immigration authorities. Upon receipt of this, it is "filed against him" if he be in jail, or if he be out on bail, he is re-apprehended on this warrant and taken to Ellis Island where he is available for production in court for the crime for which he was arrested. If subsequently he is released after a magistrate's hearing, or the grand jury fails to indict, or for some other reason he is not held for the crime charged, he is taken to Ellis Island for his illegal entry. If he is convicted and sent to some penal institution, the warrant "goes with him," to be executed when he has completed his sentence. In either case he eventually arrives at Ellis Island.

If the alien, investigated as the result of the "D. D. 96" form being sent to the Alien Squad, has come legally into the country, he then falls into the class that has violated their "probation." Their previous criminal record, if any, is gone over. This present arrest may be within five years of entry, or it may comprise the second arrest after May 1, 1917. In either event a report on D. D. 4 is made of his case, and the case watched until it has been concluded. If the alien is discharged and, therefore, not subject to deportation, a report on D. D. 5 closes the case. If he is convicted and, therefore, subject to deportation, a report is submitted to the Police Commissioner who, in turn, brings the case to the attention of the Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island. Inspectors who visit the penal institutions then take the proper action to bring about deportation.

All aliens subject to deportation, whether they are at an immigration station—Ellis Island—or in some penal institution, are given a hearing by a board of inquiry consisting of three representatives of the Bureau of Immigration. The entire record of such hearings is transcribed and forwarded with recommendations to the Secretary of Labor at Washington. If the recommendation is that a warrant of deportation be issued, it is so issued by the Secretary and then "filed against" the alien.

If he is out on bond, which is permissible, he is ordered in to prepare for deportation. A passport is obtained for him from the Consul in New York City of the country to which he is to be deported.

All who go to another country from here, even deportees, must have a passport. Upon the issuance of a passport, a ticket is purchased by the Government, and he is deported. The Government sometimes permits aliens to "depart voluntarily," the alien paying his own way out. Again, if the Government can show that the steamship company which brought in the alien was negligent, they may compel that company to take the alien out at the expense of the steamship company.

Aliens deported for criminal cause cannot again return to the United States. Aliens deported for other causes, illegal entry, may return after one year with the permission of the Secretary of Labor and after complying with the regular requirements of an immigrant from a quota or non-quota country.

It was previously stated that passports must be obtained for all prospective deportees from the Consul of the country to which they are to be deported. We all know that the United States Government does not recognize the United Soviet States of Russia. Because of the lack of such recognition, there are no Russian Consuls nor an Ambassador here. Likewise, there are no such representatives of the United States in Russia. However, people from Russia can be deported.

Such an alien might have come from Russia when he entered here, but as a result of the war that part of Russia where he was born might now be Poland, Finland, Esthonia, Riga, Latvia or one of the other small, independent countries now recognized by the United States. We can deport aliens to these countries, and it is, therefore, important in questioning one who gives Russia as his place of birth, to find out if the place he came from is still Russia. In numerous cases it is not.

Another class of persons who should be closely questioned as to their nativity are those of the Spanish countries—Mexico, Spain, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Peru, Chile, Argentine, Paraguay, Uruguay, Colombia and other countries of Central and South America. Such aliens will very often say they were born in Porto Rico. Why? Because Porto Ricans are American citizens and are not deportable. Therefore these others give Porto Rico as their birthplace to "beat" deportation. But close questioning of them as to the town they were born in and as to how far that is from some other town, etc., may bring out the fact they are not Porto Ricans. Play safe and send in a "D. D. 96," and let the Spanish detectives of the Alien Squad decide what they are.

Prisoners should also be closely questioned as to whether they have full citizenship papers or only "first papers"—declaration of intention to become a citizen. First papers do not prevent deportation, and if those first papers are over seven years old, they are no good whatsoever.

The Alien Squad has been able to function efficiently since its creation. However, it would not have been able to make any headway without the full and hearty co-operation of all the members of the Bureau of Immigration, from Secretary of Labor Doak himself, down through his Commissioners and Assistant Commissioners, to the lowest clerk. For this co-operation we are heartily thankful.

The End of Fats McCarthy



Detective
Harold F. Moore

The Police Commissioner, through Spring 3100, sends to the members of the Department this message concerning the breaking up of the Fats McCarthy gang by Detectives Harold F. Moore and Thomas J. Riggs:

"While this case stands out because of its intelligent and splendid handling, it demonstrates most clearly that tenacity of purpose is the foremost police virtue. Moore and Riggs never gave up, and so in the end they conquered."



Detective
Thomas J. Riggs



EDWARD McCARTHY,
aliases FATS McCARTHY and EDWARD POPKE

THE newspapers often unwittingly do the police grave injustice. They did so in their accounts of the breaking up of the Fats McCarthy gang in a spectacular gun battle on the Albany-Schenectady Post Road on July 11th. For the newspapers though generous in their praise of Detectives Harold F. Moore and Thomas J. Riggs who with Sergeant Walter F. Riley and Private Winston A. Chesterfield of the State Police, killed McCarthy and captured two of his henchmen, attributed the tenacity which lead to this spectacular victory of law and order as due to the fact that McCarthy and his men were wanted for the killing of a policeman and a detective.

Such was not the case. The tracking down of McCarthy and his associates, the remnants of the late Vincent Coll's mob was begun when five year old Michael Vengalli was shot and killed on West 107th Street in Harlem last July by members of the Coll mob who were hunting Joie Rao. That McCarthy was suspected of killing Patrolman Brosnan, and is known to have been concerned in the slaying of Detective Gaetano Pessagno nine months ago only quickened the search for him.

Moore and Riggs were never ceasing in their pursuit. For seven years Moore had had a splendid

record in the Department including three commendations and three citations for excellent police duty. Riggs was a young man who had yet to win his spurs which are now golden. We will only say that the end of the chase came with startling intensity on the afternoon of July 11th.

The detectives had learned that the gunman and his gang were living in a bungalow about five miles north of Albany. The house was on a hill and commanded a clear view in all directions. The two New York detectives with the State Troopers closed in on the house with Moore, Riggs and Riley disguised as house painters. Chesterfield, who was in uniform, was sent to the rear to cut off escape. Now let us take up the story as told by Detective Riggs in his report to the Police Commissioner:

"In my painter's bundle I had two .45 calibre army guns and my .38 police revolver strapped on my belt. I was driving the automobile. With me were Moore and Sergeant Riley riding in the old flivver.

"We got there at 10 o'clock Monday morning and it wasn't until 5 that we located the house we were looking for. We separated. Trooper Chesterfield, who was in uniform, stayed in the rear. Harold Moore was lying in the grass watching the house

through binoculars. I was in the rear of Moore, 100 feet to the left.

"Just then two neighbors' kids noted Moore and ran towards McCarthy who was in a car driving it backward and forward in front of the house as though he were learning to drive. At the same time I spotted Basile in an upstairs window.

"Moore ran towards the car and Fats fired from the driver's seat. Harold broke the rear glass and fired at Fats. I never saw a gamer man. The gun was shot out of Moore's hand, but still he kept pumping bullets with his other.

"Basile was in an upstairs window in the front firing a shotgun at Harold.

"But Harold got Fats three times, once right between the eyes. I saw Harold fall and roll down an embankment. I had my automatics out and fired at Basile. I heard him shout, 'I am coming down—I give up.' I knew Fats was finished because no more shots came from the car.

"Sergeant Riley, with his gun in his hand, looked like a tower coming towards me—he was fighting mad. He pushed me aside, ran for the closed door, slammed his weight against it and broke it open.

I was right behind him and we saw Basile and Kelly coming down the stairs behind him.

"Kelly had a .45 calibre gun in his hand, and he ran for the rear to get away. Kelly made a rest out of his left arm and pointed his gun at Trooper Chesterfield, who was guarding the rear. Chesterfield fired six times and Kelly went down wounded in the leg. Basile then turned towards us, threw his shotgun aside and said, 'I give up.'

The Police Commissioner promptly promoted Moore and Riggs to the rank of first grade Detectives and also praised Sergeant Riley and Private Chesterfield of the State Police. Moore is still in the hospital at Albany suffering from his wounds but our Chief Surgeon Dr. Daniel Donovan reports that he has an excellent chance for recovery unless complications develop. Another member of the gang, James Moore, 28 years old, of 1606 First Avenue, Manhattan, was arrested in a bungalow at Broad Channel, Queens, on the day after McCarthy was killed.

Spring 3100 feels that the Commissioner's message at the beginning of this article covers the case clearly. It was the "never-say-die" spirit of Moore and Riggs that ended Fats McCarthy's criminal career.

LT. POLIGNANI, POLICE HERO, DIES



ACTING LIEUTENANT AMEDEO POLIGNANI, an outstanding hero of the New York Police Department, for his work in foiling an anarchist plot to bomb St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1915,

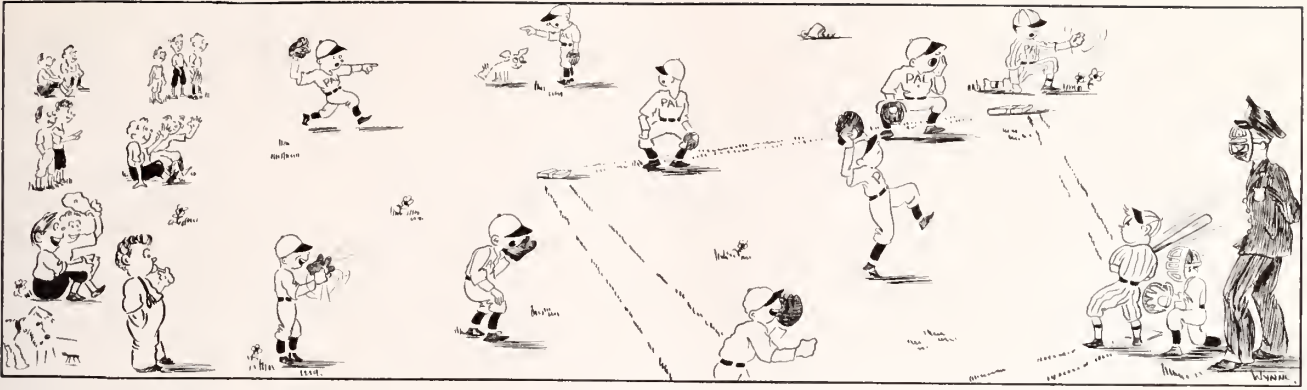
died July 13th in Manhattan General Hospital. He was fifty years old.

Lieutenant Polignani, who was a patient in the hospital for a month before his death, underwent four blood transfusions, and on the day on which he died a dozen members of the police force were on hand to give their blood as needed. Two weeks before Lieutenant Polignani's death, Commissioner Mulrooney visited him at the hospital and gave him an honorary promotion to Acting Lieutenant. This was the first promotion ever made in the Department under such circumstances, and it was decided upon as a means of possibly prolonging the patient's life.

As a young policeman back in 1915, Lieutenant Polignani won widespread commendation when, working under cover, he mingled with a band of anarchists in Harlem, learned their plans and caused their arrest as they were about to bomb St. Patrick's Cathedral. Lieutenant Polignani was a member of the Bomb Squad working out of Police Headquarters.

FOR JULY

"Oke, Jimmy, it's Oney the Cop".....PTL. CHARLES HARROLD COVER	For Distinguished Service.....	13
Editorially Speaking	Reading the Minutes.....Old Man Sunshine	14
Sending the Bad Ones Home	For Mothers and Children.....	18
CAPTAIN MICHAEL F. McDERMOTT	The Prize Winners.....	20
The End of Fats McCarthy.....	A Woman Scorned—2nd Prize Short Story	
Mr. Mulrooney's Baseball League.....	PTL. WILLIAM MEYER, Emergency Squad 8	21
"P.S. He Got the Medal"—1st Prize Short Story	The Police Academy	
PATROLWOMAN GERTRUDE WINTERHALTER	DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	23
Radio System Huge Success.....	Sports.....PTL. JOHN LENA	25



Mr. Mulrooney's Baseball League

DAMON RUNYON, famous Broadcastite and sporting commentator of the New York American, thought so much of our Junior Police Athletic League that on July 7 he wrote a column about it entitled, "Mr. Mulrooney's Baseball League Is Big Success." And we think so much of Mr. Runyon and his column that with his permission and that of the New York American, we are reprinting it in full.

Incidentally, Mr. Runyon, in his letter granting us permission to reprint the column, wrote:

"By the way, accept my felicitations on the excellent magazine you are getting out. I manage to get nearly every issue and I think it is a corker."

By DAMON RUNYON

In our town we have a Chief of Police who has evolved the unique theory that the good old game of baseball is an excellent crime preventative.

Moreover, he is proving his theory.

I refer to Edward P. Mulrooney, Police Commissioner of the City of New York, who is achieving fame as the big town's all-time Greatest Policeman.

A quiet, thoughtful man is Mr. Mulrooney. A cop most of his life, he today perhaps is the highest type of metropolitan policeman in the land. He has no illusions about crime or criminals. He doesn't pretend that all crime can be eliminated in any community, no matter how many cops it may have on the job, human nature being what it is.

But he does believe that by constant and conscientious effort, the crime problem of New York and other cities can be brought nearer a solution by taking in hand the kids running the streets and directing them to wholesome recreation before there is an opportunity for them to go wrong.

The constantly increasing youth of criminals in New York, as indicated by the headquarters "line-up" has long disturbed Mr. Mulrooney, and he has given particular attention to the problem of the kids. He realizes that the gangster of tomorrow is playing on the streets of the city today.

And thinking over what to do about this young fellow, Mr. Mulrooney's mind went back to the love of his own New York youth, which was baseball. He was an inveterate big league fan from boyhood,



Damon Runyon

and he decided that he might interest the youngsters of today in the game and give them something to occupy their minds besides hanging around street corners.

The result was a sandlot league, organized under the auspices of the Police Department. It has an official name—The Junior Police Athletic League, and it has been a tremendous success from the start.

Part of the Mulrooney theory with reference to the relations between the members of his department and the New York youngsters is to dispel any idea in the minds of the kids that the cops are their traditional enemies. Shades of the Dirty Dozen, back in my old home town out West, who used to start galloping the instant they spotted a cop's cap in the distance!

Mr. Mulrooney wants the boys to realize that the cops are their friends, and he has preached amiability toward the youngsters to his men until the kids are commencing to take all their troubles to the policemen. Presently the New York mothers will have to think up a new way of scaring their infants than telling them they will hand 'em over to a policeman. How about using Hoover for the boogie man?

Now about the cops' sandlot league. It is organized under the direction of the Crime Prevention Bureau of the Police Department, with a sponsoring

committee that includes such august members as Babe Ruth, John J. McGraw, Joe McCarthy, manager of the Yanks, and Max Carey, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Mr. Mulrooney is the honorary chairman.

It has over 200 teams, all made up of boys under 18 years of age, with such names as the Church Towns, the Cyclone Juniors, the Lion Juniors, the Yorkville Midgets, the Coco-nuts, the St. Alphonsos, and the Jasper Braves. Some of the teams go by the number of their police precincts.

They have played nearly 400 games, as this is written, and have drawn upwards of 128,000 in attendance. They play in all sections of the Greater City, and regular statistics on number of games won and lost, and all that sort of thing, are maintained. The Summer games will culminate in a championship series.

Incidentally, Babe Ruth and the three big league managers in New York are watching the games when they get the opportunity, looking for promising material for professional company, and aiding the young pastimers with expert advice.

The number of players is over 3,000 and constantly increasing. So successful has been the baseball that Commissioner Mulrooney is also turning his attention to boxing for the youngsters.

There are more boys of 15 playing in the league than of any other age, with the 14-year-olds second, and the 13-year youngsters third. Twenty lads of ten are in the league, and 35 of 18, the limit age.

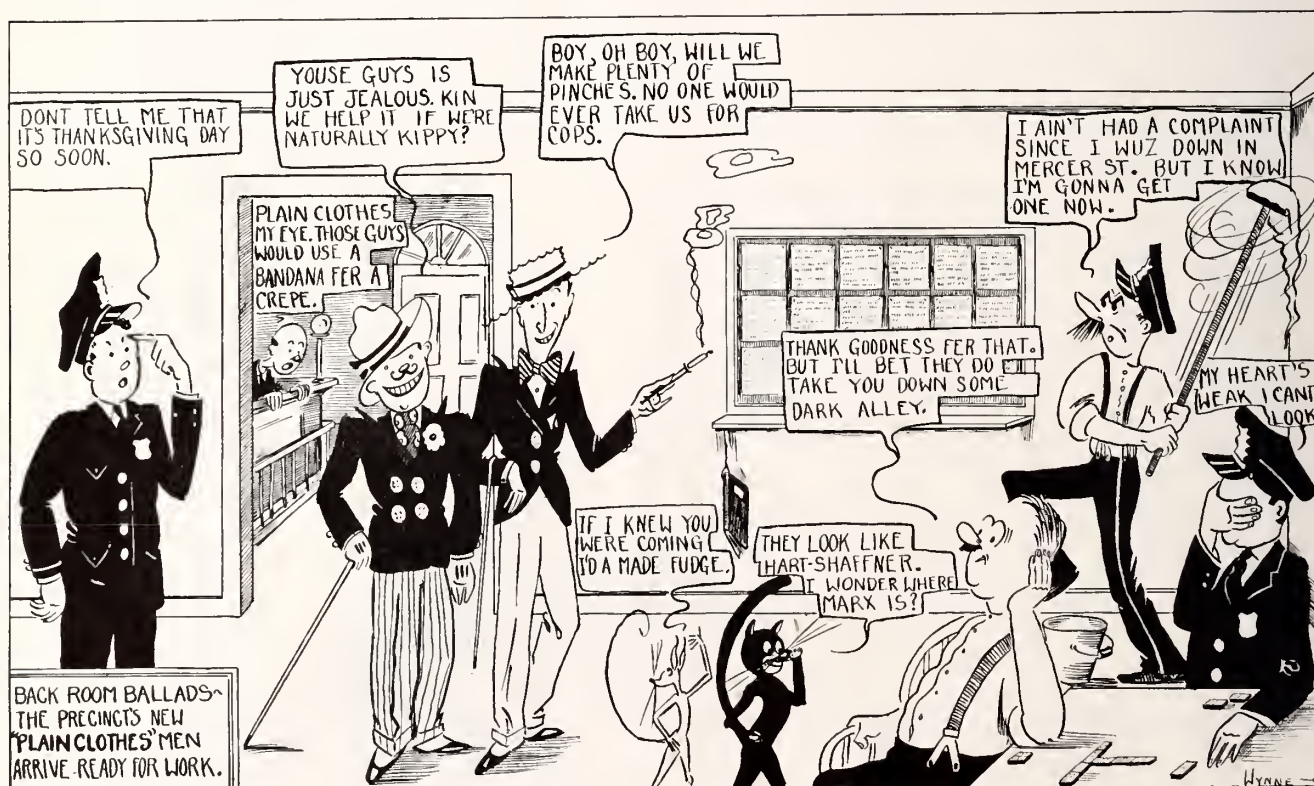
It seems to me that this league is something the big leaguers might watch with interest, and encourage in every way possible. The decline of major league baseball has been attributed by some experts to the fact that the kids had stopped playing on the sandlots of the land to a considerable extent.

They never did play much sandlot ball in the big town, mainly for the reason that they didn't have the playgrounds they have to-day. So Commissioner Mulrooney is educating a generation of new customers for the Yan-

kees and the Dodgers and the Giants, besides educating the kids to a recreation that will keep them out of mischief and the hands of the law.



Scene at Lewisohn Stadium, where on May 10 a crowd of 15,000 enthusiastic youthful fans attended the opening game of the Junior Police Athletic League.



"P. S. He Got the Medal"

By PATROLWOMAN GERTRUDE WINTERHALTER
First Prize, Short-Story Contest



Dan peered into the window of Stein's jewelry store.

"**T**WENTY-THREE years on the job and still a cop," mused Dan Kilgallen, as he walked a late tour, "and what's more, I never got the medal I promised myself."

Plenty of time to reflect in the small hours of the morning, when a hush comes over the city, the stillness unbroken save for the occasional rattling of milk wagons, carrying their precious cargo to you, and you, and you.

It all came back to him. His pride at being appointed to the "Finest." His aims, ambitions, and more forcibly—his failures. He recalled his boast to his pal, now Inspector Lawrence, that he would some day receive a medal for bravery. He further recalled how the Inspector ever so often reminded him that his quest for fame and glory was somewhat unsuccessful. True, he was only joking, but it carried a sting nevertheless.

Somewhat of a philosopher, Dan finally decided that it must be the luck of the draw, in the stars or whatever you call it, if you don't like to do a Shakespeare and have it thus: "There's a destiny that shapes our ends."

Always alert, even though "nothing ever happens," Dan peered into the windows of Stein's jewelry store, and as he did so he thought he was aware of a figure moving in the dim light, but on second



thought hadn't he seen the same thing a thousand times before and a thousand times found it to be only his imagination. He passed by, then decided to retrace his steps, carefully to be sure, for just another look.

To quote your favorite cartoonist, believe it or not, Dan saw double, two figures huddled in front of the big safe in the rear of the store. He almost shouted with joy—two of them—and they were not aware of his presence. Busy at the safe, they were oblivious to any danger.

Drawing his gun, Dan with almost the same motion crashed his nightstick through the glass door. Like rats, the two thieves scurried for cover even as his command to surrender must have reached their ears.

Immediately things began to happen. Shots were exchanged, with Dan at a distinct disadvantage, two to one, and he a target in the glow of a street lamp just outside the door. A bullet found its mark, Dan reeled, wavered and fell to the sidewalk, dazed, befuddled, everything seemed to be going around, an almost pleasant sensation, that split second before unconsciousness sets in.

The thugs dashed out of the store, fairly leaping over his prostrate body. The fog raised for a moment, Dan tried to brush the haze from in front of his eyes. "They're getting away—no, never, not from Dan Kilgallen while he has life in his body." Everything was clear again.

Taking careful aim, he brought down the nearest one and followed it up with another direct hit,

and now there were three sprawled on the sidewalk in the early morning. And only a few minutes before Dan was fairly convinced that nothing would ever happen.

Policemen came, crowds gathered as if by magic, detectives made their appearance, but Dan was not aware of this until sometime later.

When he was able to receive visitors, one of the first to call was Inspector Lawrence, who carried with him the congratulations of the Mayor and the Police Commissioner. He also brought the newspapers with their front page stories of Dan's heroism, the tabloids with his picture on page one, an old one to be sure, but then, what could you do with a man who hadn't been photographed in ten years.

"You are a hero, Dan," said Lawrence, "the whole department is proud of you. The Commissioner is going to recommend you for a medal. You certainly got your man."

Dan looked up at Lawrence and said:
"Hell, Inspector, I got both of them."

Radio System Huge Success



Photo courtesy Evening Sun.

THE Police Commissioner, in reviewing on July 14th the work accomplished through the radio-equipped police car system which was inaugu-

rated on February 25, termed it "a wonderful success." There are three broadcasting stations, the original one in Manhattan, WPEG, while WPES is in The Bronx and WPEE in Brooklyn. There are 230 police cars equipped with radio receiving sets in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens and The Bronx.

Continuing his discussion of this work, the Commissioner said that between June 15 and July 4, the police had answered 981 alarms in the four boroughs and had made 295 arrests. Of these arrests, 145 were in Manhattan, 112 in Brooklyn, 20 in The Bronx and 18 in Queens.

The Commissioner said that such a large number of arrests could not have been made without the radio system, and especially without the cooperation of citizens in telephoning tips. The Police Department has already distributed 50,000 pamphlets urging shopkeepers and others to telephone to the police any suspicious circumstances they observe so that the radio system may be used to the fullest advantage. When the schools open in the fall more pamphlets will be distributed and teachers will explain to the older pupils the working of the police radio system.

In the picture are shown standing, left to right, William E. Allen, Superintendent of Telegraph; Thomas W. Rochester, Chief Engineer; Police Commissioner Mulrooney. Seated: Gerald S. Morris, Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph. They are inspecting the newly installed radio apparatus in the operating room at Headquarters on the day the police radio system first went into effect.

For Distinguished Service

TWO hundred and forty-three members of the Department were cited for distinguished service in General Orders No. 18 issued on July 5th by the Police Commissioner. Seven men were cited twice. Of the citations, eight were Honorable Mention, seventy-eight Commendation, and the remainder Excellent Police Duty.

The citations follow:



Patrolman John Walsh

HONORABLE MENTION

(Name to be placed on Tablet at Police Headquarters)

Patrolman John Walsh, Shield No. 6947, Traffic Precinct C. At about 10 P. M., January 21, 1932, off duty in civilian clothes, attempted to frustrate a holdup at 206 East 88th Street, Manhattan, and in an exchange of shots with two bandits, Patrolman Walsh was killed.

HONORABLE MENTION

Detective James B. McIvor, 68th Squad, 18th Division; Detective Thomas H. Qualles, Jr., Main Office, 18th Division; Patrolman Francis M. Hackett, Borough Headquarters Squad, Manhattan; Patrolman Dudley P. Hanley, Borough Headquarters Squad, Manhattan; Patrolman Harry Bosson, 24th Precinct; Patrolman John W. Johnstone, 88th Precinct; Patrolman John P. Lovett, 5th Precinct.

COMMENDATION

Acting Captain John J. Ryan and Detectives John J. Baker and John H. McCarthy, 10th Detective District, 18th Division.

Lieutenant Patrick E. Sheridan, Borough Headquarters Squad, Bronx, Sergeant Thomas F. Delaney, Borough Headquarters Squad, Bronx, and Patrolman Wilfred J. Childs, 48th Precinct, and Thomas Scollin, 34th Precinct.

Sergeant Francis W. McCarthy and Detectives Menotti Bonanno and Edward V. Fitzgerald, 68th Squad, 18th Division, and Patrolman John J. Noonan, 68th Precinct.

Detectives William F. Fay and Donald L. McDonald, 1st Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Emil J. Chamer, 44th Squad, 18th Division; George A. Mutschler, 41st Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Robert Rehman and Joseph F. Shiroski, Shield No. 44, 48th Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Fred Koehler, Jr., and Peter A. Pfeiffer, Shield No. 1259, Main Office, 18th Division; Detective John J. Low, 9th Squad, 18th Division; Detective Charles J. Schlegel, 112th Squad, 18th Division, and Patrolman William J. Beck, Traffic Precinct O, and John C. Mayer, 110th Precinct; Detective Timothy D. Crimmins, 20th Squad, 18th Division, and Patrolman Terrence F. McDermott, 20th Precinct; Detectives Michael J. Foley and Christopher F. Carroll, 23rd Squad, 18th Division.

Patrolman Edward H. Green, 32nd Precinct; Patrolman Theodore J. Voneschen, 14th Precinct; Patrolman Alfred P. Wanamaker, 10th Precinct; Patrolman John P. Connolly, 40th Precinct; Patrolman James F. Dempsey, 81st Precinct; Patrolmen John A. Leonard, Borough Headquarters Squad, Manhattan, and Joseph W. Tubridy, 18th Precinct; Patrolman Walter J. Staib, 15th Precinct; Patrolman William J. Gaghan, 19th Precinct; Patrolmen Harry Jackson, George W. Fowler, 18th Precinct, and John J. Cusick, 122nd Precinct; Patrolman Robert A. Brown, 110th Precinct; Patrolman Thomas M. Fanning, 24th Precinct; Patrolman Edward O. W. Johnson, Traffic Precinct A; Patrolman Daniel J. Mullady, 77th Precinct; Patrolman George Gibbs, 9th Precinct; Patrolman Joseph A. Kusick, 46th Precinct; Patrolmen Milton A. Berke, 43rd Precinct, and Peter Sullivan, 41st Precinct; Patrolman Abraham Kessler, Traffic Precinct J; Patrolman Philip R. Burkhardt, 63rd Precinct; Patrolman William A. Cannon, Jr., Traffic Precinct F; Patrolman Anthony J. Pilewski, Jr., 87th Precinct; Patrolman John Doman, Traffic Precinct D; Patrolmen Frank J. Germano, Bernard Hayes and Carl Atwood, 23rd Precinct; Patrolman David I. Dunnigan, 13th Precinct; Patrolman Eugene E. Cartier, 28th Precinct; Patrolman Michael J. Hickey, 20th Precinct; Patrolman Joseph Keebler, 112th Precinct; Patrolman Earl A. Redmond, 32nd Precinct; Patrolman

Charles S. DeLeo, 64th Precinct; Patrolman Walter J. Connelly, 61st Precinct; Patrolman Sanford W. Johnson, 32nd Precinct; Patrolmen John E. Bealler, 14th Precinct, William J. Sheehan and John G. Graham, 18th Precinct; Patrolman Charles A. Perkins, 10th Precinct; Patrolmen Francis A. A. Juchter, Frank S. G. Hansen, 14th Precinct, and Reuben Kaplan, Traffic Precinct M; Patrolman Anthony Dotti, 6th Precinct; Patrolman Thomas Bunworth, Emergency Service, Squad No. 3; Patrolman William E. J. Riley, Traffic Precinct D; Patrolmen Harry A. Nullet, Matthew H. White, 20th Precinct; Patrolman John J. Mason, Motorcycle Squad No. 1; Patrolman Lawrence H. Webster, 94th Precinct; Patrolman James R. Robinson, 18th Precinct.

EXCELLENT POLICE DUTY

Acting Captain Richard F. Oliver, Main Office, 18th Division; Acting Captain Richard F. Oliver, Sergeant John H. F. Cordes, Detectives John J. Broderick, John J. Brennan, Francis D. J. Phillips, Raymond F. Maguire, Walter Casey, Raymond F. Henshaw and John A. McNamara, Main Office, 18th Division; Acting Captain John J. Ryan, 10th Detective District, Lieutenant Frank C. Bals, Detectives Charles A. Boyle and James C. McNally, 62nd Squad, 18th Division; Acting Captain Patrick F. J. McVeigh, Acting Lieutenant Michael F. McNamara and Detective Thomas F. Fitzgerald, Main Office, 18th Division.

Lieutenant Thomas F. Dugan, Detectives Cornelius F. Connelly, Arthur J. Silk, William F. Murphy and Thomas J. Devine, 19th Squad, 18th Division; Lieutenant Thomas F. Dugan and Detective John S. Moran, 19th Squad, 18th Division; Lieutenant John B. Leahy, Detectives William J. Czerend, Robert Sheffield, Frederick H. Sorger, 14th Squad, and Bardley Hammond, 10th Squad, 18th Division; Lieutenant John J. Mooney, Detectives Joseph A. Loures, Milton T. Moffett, Frederick F. Buckley, Narcotic Squad, 18th Division; Lieutenant Andrew J. Sarosy, Detectives Thomas J. Cavanagh and Edward G. Pailles, 81st Squad, 18th Division; Lieutenant William F. Lovett, Detective Michael J. Morris, Michael F. Reardon, Main Office, 18th Division; Acting Lieutenant John J. McGowan, Detectives John W. Muchow and Henry J. Senff, Homicide Squad, Brooklyn, 18th Division; Acting Lieutenant James E. Kinney, Detectives Charles Meuchner and Henry Jones, Main Office, Brooklyn, 18th Division.

Sergeant Francis A. O'Hara, and Patrolmen Thomas F. Kenny, Lester A. Walsh, Gun Squad, 19th Division, and Paul S. Earl, 60th Precinct, William F. Fruin, 63rd Precinct, and Richard J. Holland, 19th Precinct; Sergeant James J. H. Cox, 40th Precinct, Patrolmen Joseph J. Brennan, 7th Division, and Alfred T. Brown, Jr., 40th Precinct, Nathan Chezar, and William J. O'Keefe, 40th Precinct; Sergeant Francis A. O'Hara, Patrolmen John J. Meehan, Thomas F. Kenny, James M. Dunn, Gun Squad, 19th Division, and William F. Fruin, 63rd Precinct; Sergeant David Kilpatrick, Patrolmen Thomas M. Daily, and George F. Picard, 40th Precinct; Sergeant George B. Nolan, and Patrolmen Thomas Halligan and Peter J. DeMartini, Emergency Service Squad No. 3.

Detectives George Ballenstadt and Aristides Ramos, Main Office, 18th Division; Detectives Mark W. Redmond and Walter F. McCusker, 28th Squad, 18th Division; Detective Alfred T. Jeffries, 104th Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Thomas H. Hynes and Arthur J. Silk, 19th Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Michael F. Woods and Franklyn E. Williams, 112th Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Harry J. Eggolt and Howard R. Latting, Main Office, Brooklyn, 18th Division; Detectives John V. Halk, John T. Moffett and John J. McLaughlin, 46th Squad, 18th Division; Detective Charles Frank and Herman Schiesser, 75th Squad, 18th Division; Detectives George E. Lenihan and John H. McAlinden, Main Office, 18th Division; Detectives Charles H. McCarthy, and Charles A. Tracy, 7th Squad, 18th Division; Detectives Frank J. Crimmins, Joseph H. Arnold, William F. Kirwin, and Patrolman William H. McIntyre, 18th Division, Main Office.

Patrolman James H. Leary, 8th Precinct; Patrolmen John Gelke, 73rd Precinct, William J. Harrigan, 69th Precinct, and Emmett L. McCabe, 69th Precinct; Patrolman Dennis F. Brown, 19th Precinct; Patrolman John M. O'Shaughnessy, 25th Precinct; Patrolman Louis P. Muscatiello, 41st Precinct, and Harris Michaelson, 44th Precinct; Patrolman Timothy J. Supples, Traffic Precinct D; Patrolman John A. Kurtzke, 90th Precinct; Patrolman Albert E. Kretchman, 106th Precinct; Patrolman Julius D. Barth, 46th Precinct; Patrolmen James B. Martin, Traffic Precinct F, and Herbert A. Dowward, Emergency Squad No. 20; Patrolmen George Watkins, Joseph W. Fleming and Eugene T. Reidy, 67th Precinct; Patrolman Andrew J. Galeazzi, 10th Precinct; Patrolman Daniel J. Carlson, 72nd Precinct; Patrolman Gustav F. Gerstenkorn, Traffic Precinct F, and James A. Mackin, 17th Precinct; Patrolman John H. Robertson, 32nd Precinct; Patrolman Joseph F. Arnold and Vincent F. Hagan, 14th Precinct; Patrolman Thomas Hartman, 81st Precinct; Patrolman Andrew J. Galeazzi, 10th Precinct; Patrolmen Thomas J. Hall and John H. Hargesheiner, 9th Precinct; Patrolman George Watkins, 67th Precinct; Patrolman James T. McNulty, 41st Precinct; Patrolman Joseph J. Velton, 13th Precinct; Patrolman Clarence A. Schoesmith, Traffic Precinct B; Patrolman Lester Fink, 92nd Precinct; Patrolman Patrick J. McLaughlin, 87th Precinct; Patrolman William K. Happel, Traffic Precinct J, and Albert Adinolf, 72nd Precinct; Patrolmen James E. Ihurley and William C. Carroll, 28th Precinct; Patrolman Raymond A. Thompson, 28th Precinct; Patrolman Moe J. Wertheimer, 30th Precinct; Patrolman Bernard F. O'Reilly, 69th Precinct; Patrolmen Edward F. Orth and Ernest King, Motorcycle Squad No. 3; Patrolman John E. Norris, 5th Precinct; Patrolman Charles A. Stern, 68th Precinct; Patrolman Bernard J. Larkin, 85th Precinct; Patrolmen John T. Rowan and Thomas J. Burns, Jr., 64th Precinct; Patrolman Stephen V. Cwik, 13th Precinct; Patrolmen Michael Francavilla, 10th Precinct, and Walter B. Schenck, 2nd Precinct; Patrolman William L. McGowan, 61st Precinct; Patrolman John J. Creggan, 14th Precinct; Patrolmen Clarence Muhlheiser and George C. Mahnken, Motorcycle Squad No. 3; Patrolman Patrick F. Hughes, 70th Precinct; Patrolmen William A. Hudson, 28th Precinct, and John R. Ashworth, 25th Precinct; Patrolmen Thomas Groce, 32nd Precinct, William A. Gleeson, Traffic Precinct F, and Daniel S. Shea, 32nd Precinct; Patrolman Pasquale Di Pippo, Motorcycle Squad No. 2; Patrolmen James J. Brierton and Walter J. Laurie, 64th Precinct; Patrolmen George H. Smith and John P. Connolly, 40th Precinct.

Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All

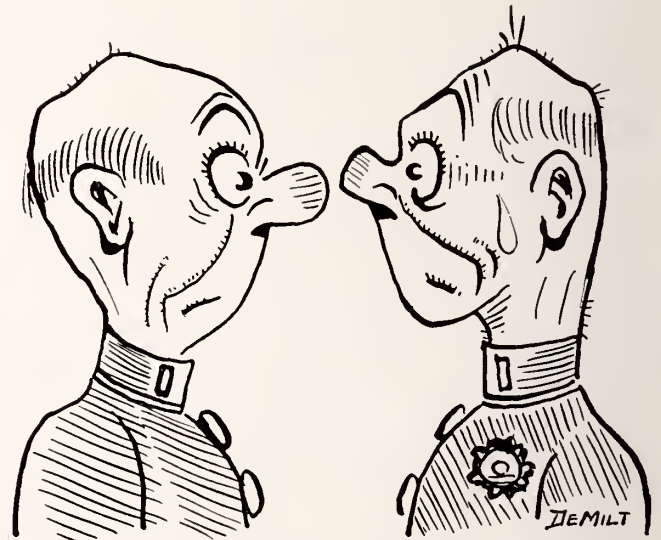


It was veritably a game of “*Button, Button, Who’s Got the Button?*”

Meaning you had to be a mighty prolific guesser to fathom what those fool examiners had in mind when they framed most of the questions.

The sad part, of course, is that the boys will continue in a more or less state of asphyxiation for the next six months to come—or until the list finally is promulgated.

And it’s an outrage, we claim, the way those examiners deliberately go to the trouble of digging up questions and problems the boys know least about.



“How’d ya make out, Luke?”

“MAKE out? I was CARRIED out.”

TAKING our trusty typewriter in hand we hereby rise in solemn protest against the mean treatment accorded those 414 brave lieutenants who early this month sweltered two harrowing days trying vainly to dope out reasonable answers to the silly questions put to them by those heartless examiners of the Municipal Civil Service Commission.

And we scream defiance to anyone who has read the questions and dares deny that the examiners who concocted them should not have been shot at sunrise.

Or at least as “half shot” as most of the contestants felt like getting when the final gong mercifully brought the festivities to a close.

As a result of that mad two-day scramble we now find ourselves with more dizzy lieutenants floating around than were gassed in the late World War.

No two of them, we understand, today agree upon the answers they offered, or the theories they advanced as an excuse for the said answers.

They hesitate at nothing to make things miserable for you, and if you’ve noticed they invariably pick a sizzling hot month to further their nefarious plans.

It is for this reason that Old Man Sunshine now suggests that the business of holding promotional examinations be abolished forevermore.

They make nervous wrecks of the boys, shatter their morale, and tend seriously to lessen their efficiency.

We have already taken up the matter with Commissioner Mulrooney, Mayor Walker and the noted Psychiatrist, Dr. Gregory, all of whom agree that drastic measures alone can remedy the situation.

Our plan is to abolish forthwith the ranks of patrolman, sergeant and lieutenant, *and immediately promote all men in those ranks to captain.*

A police department composed entirely of captains would add a distinctive tone never before dreamed of, and would prove another forward step in the revolutionizing of police efficiency in general.

The boys could take turns at running the various precincts, squads and bureaus, and could alternate at desk duty and in performing an occasional tour of patrol—a *splendid form of exercise especially recommended for those with sluggish livers.*

This system would do away with all duties of a supervisory nature and similar practices with which the boys today are more or less harrassed.

And best of all, it would abolish those nerve wracking promotion examinations that keep the boys continually running around in circles—and the radios at home stilled for months at a time.

Drop us a line sometime and let us know what you think of the plan, and if there is anything further you would like to have explained don't forget to enclose a one-dollar bill or two for return postage.

Never lose sight of the fact, too, that Old Man Sunshine is looking out for your welfare always, and that he will leave no stone unturned in order to further your happiness—or words to that effect.

DEPRESSION or no depression, it certainly takes the New York Police Department to do things in a handsome way.

Have you ever before heard of a \$75,000 banquet?

That's exactly what it cost on June 15th to entertain at luncheon those neighborly denizens of the deep residing in the Atlantic Ocean some four or five miles east of Sandy Hook.

Rear Admiral Jimmie Sinnott, as nautical a Deputy Commissioner as ever deputized for our Department, acted as toastmaster, and the menu, absolutely the most expensive on record, consisted of 4,402 revolvers and pistols, 638 shotguns and rifles and 340 other weapons, including several machine guns and a delectable variety of blackjacks, billies, bludgeons, brass knuckles, dirks, daggers, bayonets, cutlasses, swords, carving knives and similar tidbits generously contributed by criminals of all classes gathered in during the past year.

The speakers included Inspector Charlie Stilson of the Main Office in Manhattan, Sergeant Harry Butts, ballistics expert, Vincenzo Finn, secretary to Deputy Commissioner Sinnott, and Ted Sunderman, assistant property clerk.

With much pomp and ceremony they had shoved off from Pier A that morning aboard the tug Manhattan, commanded by Captain Charlie Ford of the Dock Department, a deep-sea sailor of experience, *who looked with askance upon our lads as they started devouring in tremendous quantities the luscious liverwurst and hot pastrami sandwiches with which they had supplied themselves plentifully.*

They didn't mind so much the gentle swells created by the Staten Island ferry boats encountered on the way out, but when the tumbling waters beyond Sandy Hook started tumbling them about a bit it became an entirely different matter.

And to Commissioner Sinnott's everlasting credit let it be recorded here and now that it was he, *in person*, who gallantly lined up the boys and as-

signed them to advantageous posts along the rail—every man for himself—no holds barred.

And if the fish didn't put on weight that day they have no one to blame but themselves.



Deputy Commissioner Sinnott, Inspector Stilson, Sergeant Butts and Mr. Vincent Finn (left to right) sketched from life aboard tug Manhattan at sea.

Our lads contributed their all. They gave, in fact, till it hurt.

When our old friend Christopher Columbus first set foot on these shores a few years back his first gesture of thankfulness, if you recall, was to embrace good old mother earth on bended knees.

Fervently and unashamed our lads, too, emulated Christopher's noble example, after which they made for divers beaneries in the vicinity in the hopes of recouping some of their lost poundage.

The New York City Charter is responsible for this annual ceremony of feeding the fishes with firearms, regardless of how it might affect their digestion, and the formidable number fed to them this year—5,380—approximating 14 a day, illustrates forcibly the part played by The Finest—year in and year out, in the never ending war on crime.

A NEW YORK cop can generally be depended upon to land right side up regardless of any emergency.

Take, for example, the case of Patrolman Francis T. Murphy, of the 10th Precinct, who recently returned from the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin with a tale of adventure as fantastic as any we've heard in some time.

It was the last day of his stay, and together with Miss Mae E. Smith, a charming colleen from Jackson Heights, he was speeding in a taxicab to reach their ship, the liner Saturnia, scheduled to sail from Dublin within the hour.

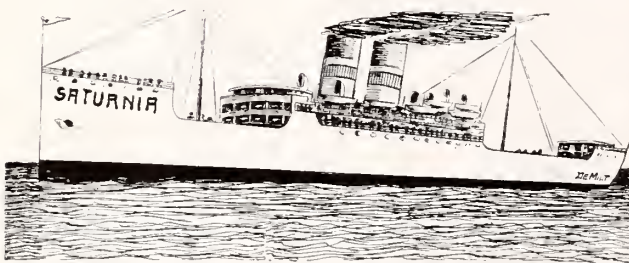
Came the inevitable smashup—then the ambulance—and when the birdies finally stopped chirping Francis and Mae found themselves comfortably parked—*though uncomfortably bunged up*—in one of Dublin's nicest hospitals.

They refused to stay, naturally, and after a good patching up they grabbed their things and raced in another cab to the pier, only to find the good ship Saturnia slowly fading into a blurred speck on the horizon—headed for England, where she was due for a stop at Plymouth before starting on her westward passage home.

Undaunted, they hired a swift motorboat, but after a spirited chase the pilot gave it up as a bad job.

Back on the pier and still undaunted. Into another taxi and straight to the consul's office where the officials, upon learning of their plight, graciously expedited for them passports permitting their entry into England.

Still another taxi and a mad chase to the Dublin airport, where they hired a fast plane, tumbled gracefully into it and shortly found themselves sailing dizzily over the Irish Sea—Plymouth bound.



Speeding along at 100 miles an hour, they soon overhauled the runaway Saturnia, saluted her with a Bronx cheer or two and continued on to Plymouth, reaching there, *despite two forced landings on the way*, four hours before the Saturnia docked.

And if that wasn't as delightful an afternoon as anyone would care to experience, *keeping in mind the fact that neither had ever been up in a plane before*, then please wire and tell us why.

And do you wonder why Francis confides to his friends now that breaking out of the Tombs is mere child's play compared with breaking away from the good old Emerald Isle?

On board also were Patrolmen Daniel Sheehan, Patrick Clancy and Daniel Geary, 19th Division, Thomas Tiernan, Emergency Service Division, Thomas Green, 60th Precinct, and Detective Charles Boyle, 62d Squad.

And what if the boys did stay up all that night celebrating Francis' safe return to the fold?

Surely, no saner or more reasonable provocation for a party could be expected.

And if the friendship between Francis and Mae doesn't soon ripen into something far more binding (comme il faut), then we're going to miss our guess—miserably.



MEET Miss Marylin Twohie, 17 months old, *our youngest subscriber.*

She's busily engaged in the picture reading her favorite magazine *SPRING 3100*, which she insists her daddy bring home each month so that she can keep up to date on things departmental.

She is the daughter of Patrolman Jim Twohie of the 17th Precinct, who tells us that the first thing Marylin does when she receives her monthly copy is to turn to the "Questions and Answers" page, which she looks over very carefully, afterwards cross-examining her daddy to make sure he's right up to snuff on things all good policemen should know.

She is proud, too, of the fact that her daddy gave Gene Tunney, retired heavyweight champion, one of his toughest battles while both were members of the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

So put this copy of *SPRING 3100* away very carefully, Marylin, and some day when you're a big girl and keeping steady company with some nice young policeman, as undoubtedly you will, you'll get a real thrill out of showing him the picture we published away back in 1932 of our youngest and loveliest little booster.

Just wait and see if you don't.

FARE THEE WELL—McSWEENEY



Commissioner Mulrooney Bids McSweeney Goodbye

SORROWFULLY and regretfully SPRING 3100 announced last month the retirement of Officer McSweeney, mighty hero of our current Limerick Contest, which, in this issue, we bring temporarily to a close.

McSweeney's meteoric rise in the Department has astounded practically the entire police world, and should long provide an inspiration for those ambitiously inclined.

He proved beyond a doubt that *hard work, strict attention to duty and absolute loyalty to the Department* constitute the only pathway to success.

Public opinion, we frankly admit, compelled us to force Mac's retirement at a moment when his next upward step—the *Chief Inspectorship*—appeared safely within his grasp.

En masse Chief Inspector O'Brien's loyal rooters arose in protest, and Commissioner Mulrooney himself, we understand, became perturbed not a little over the possibility of Mac usurping even the top job of all.

Certainly our hero did himself proud, and under SPRING 3100's able guidance acquitted himself nobly.

As an everlasting tribute to his genius, therefore, we present to you now a complete resume of his brilliant career—including the *winning last lines* that helped so much to put him over.

Read it carefully—and be guided accordingly.

McSweeney, the cop, took a notion,
To study real hard for promotion;
He soon knew each rule
Like Hoover knew fuel,
And proved you can't win with "Slow Motion."

McSweeney now rates a salute,
A gold badge and chevrons to boot;
He still claims that rules
Are promotion's best tools,
If the seed of ambition takes root.

McSweeney is now a Lieutenant,
His new shield is much more resplendent;
He vows he won't stop
Till he's hurdled the top,
As "Boss" from Chief down to Attendant.

McSweeney's advance hasn't halted,
To a Captaincy now he has vaulted;
His pace has been fast,
But he claims he will last,
So long as in rhyme he's exalted.

All records McSweeney is breaking,
For "Deputy" he's now in the making;
His attention to work
Was his only real jerk,
And a leaf from his book is worth taking.

A Deputy Inspector by rank,
And who has McSweeney to thank;
The old Penal Code
And the straight, narrow road,
Composed his victorious plank.

McSweeney is now an Inspector,
In charge of a very large sector;
He makes a swell boss,
But we're still at a loss,
As to who in the hell's his director.

Though it seems beyond human belief,
They've made Mac a Deputy Chief;
We now hope and trust
That his bubble won't bust,
And in next Spring 3100 he's Chief.

McSweeney is still flying high,
He's now the Assistant C. I.;
So strike up the band
And let's give him a hand,
He has shown what you get when you try.

We've raised Mac right up from the walk,
His next step now brings quite a squawk;
Our fan mail keeps cryin'
"KEEP CHIEF JOHN O'BRIEN!"
His slogan is "Action, not Talk."

McSweeney has turned in his shield,
To old age he sadly must yield;
He still claims that rules
Are promotion's best tools,
There's a tip to you boys in the field.



For Mothers and Children

THREE years ago the Police Commissioner, in a conference with the heads of the various line organizations of the Department, arranged a series of outings for needy mothers and children. The plan proved so successful that it has been continued ever since, and when SPRING 3100 announces that the outings are going along as well this year as they did last year and the year before that, it is the highest praise the magazine can bestow.

So far this year there have been five outings, on which 9,579 children and 5,655 mothers have been taken for a sail up the Hudson, a pleasant stop at Hook Mountain and a return trip to New York City. We must not forget to mention also the luncheon of sandwiches, cake, fruit and milk supplied by the police, nor the entertainment provided by the policemen assigned to excursion duty.

These outings are now almost an old story to the members of the Department. However, they will never become old to the mothers and children who benefit from them, nor will the letters of thanks received from the beneficiaries ever become trite. So we are going to let a few mothers and a few children tell what they think about these excursions by printing the following letters:



A THANKFUL MOTHER

Thursday, July 7, 1932.

244 West 62d Street

Mr. MULROONEY.

Dear Friend—I am now sitting down after a fine day's outing, so as to show you my appreciation by thanking you for the good time you gave me and my children. I also thank the officers who took part in it and also the whole police force, and may God help you all, for you made many a heart happy.

From a thankful mother

Resp.

BELLA ANTHONY.



FROM GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS
St. Cecilia's Nursery
221½ East 105th Street
New York, N. Y.

Mr. EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
240 Centre Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Mulrooney—July seventh was a great day for us, the boys and girls of St. Cecilia's Nursery, through your great kindness we have a wonderful trip on the boat "Clermont."

We enjoyed every minute of the day but most of all the good food and ice cream, candy and everything that makes us kids happy.

We want to thank you and all the kind policemen who made this day a never to be forgotten one for us. We will not forget to pray for you for your kindness, and Sister has made us promise to say a prayer every day for you.

We are all going to be good boys and girls so that we can go for a boat ride again if you will let us.

Yours very truly,

LOUIS ODIERNO,
And all the children at St. Cecilia's.



A TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL SPEAKS
73 Gansevoort Street,
New York City,
July 8, 1932.

Mr. Commissioner.

Dear Mr. Mulrooney—I am writing you this letter to thank you for the pleasant trip we had yesterday on the boat ride. And my mother and brothers and sisters also thank you as we enjoyed the trip and the lunches. As I am one of ten children and I am ten years old. Thanking you again, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

IRENE MCCARTHY.

THE 8TH PRECINCT MOTHERS

July 14, 1932.

Hon. EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Commissioner,
New York City.

Dear Sir—Allow us, the undersigned, to thank you and your "Finest" for the great treat and enjoyment you gave us on that wonderful never forgotten excursion of July 7, 1932. Events of that manner make us forget and care to live in such hard times.

We thank you and your "Finest" truthfully,
Very truly yours,

8TH PRECINCT MOTHERS,
Rosina Guida,
Rose Pizza,
Margherita Scillace,
Esposito Gabriela,
Rosa De Luca,
Tolanda Gigante.



GOD BLESS THE "FINEST"

321 East 83d Street,
New York City, N. Y.

July 5, 1932.

Dear Sir—Just a little note of thanks for the enjoyment your annual outing accorded my little boy and myself.

The kindness and generosity of your wonderful department is unequalled. I can never tell you how much you have done for us—but for your help I don't know what might have become of us.

So therefore it is but right that I should write and tell you how much I appreciate it.

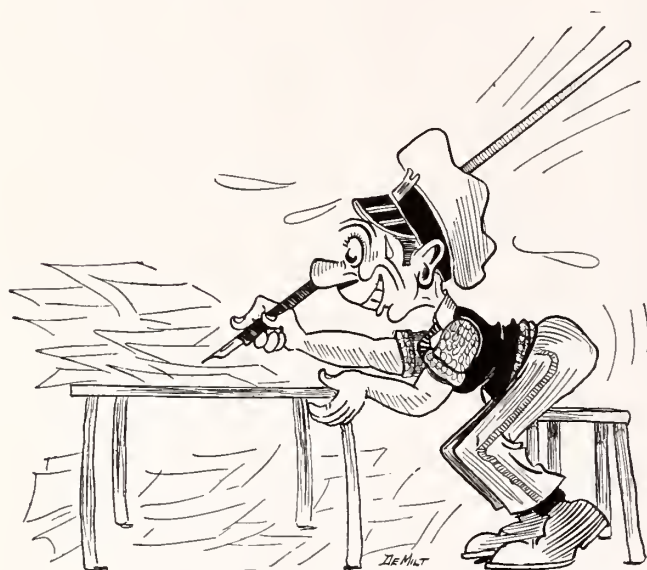
Thanking you again and hoping that God will bless yourself and everyone of your "Finest" for their great kindness, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
MARGARET E. O'NEILL.





The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolwoman Gertrude Winterhalter,
23d Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman William Meyer,
Emergency Squad 8

LIMERICK CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Harold E. Gaffney,
19th Division

McSweeney has turned in his shield,
To old age he sadly must yield;
He still claims that rules,
Are promotion's best tools,
"There's a tip to you boys in the field."

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Emanuel Barnett,
69th Precinct

"To 'collar a beat' on the field."

3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman James Corcoran,
23d Precinct

"For a 'Rook' with ambition to wield."

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.

Patrolman J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct.

Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than August 8th.

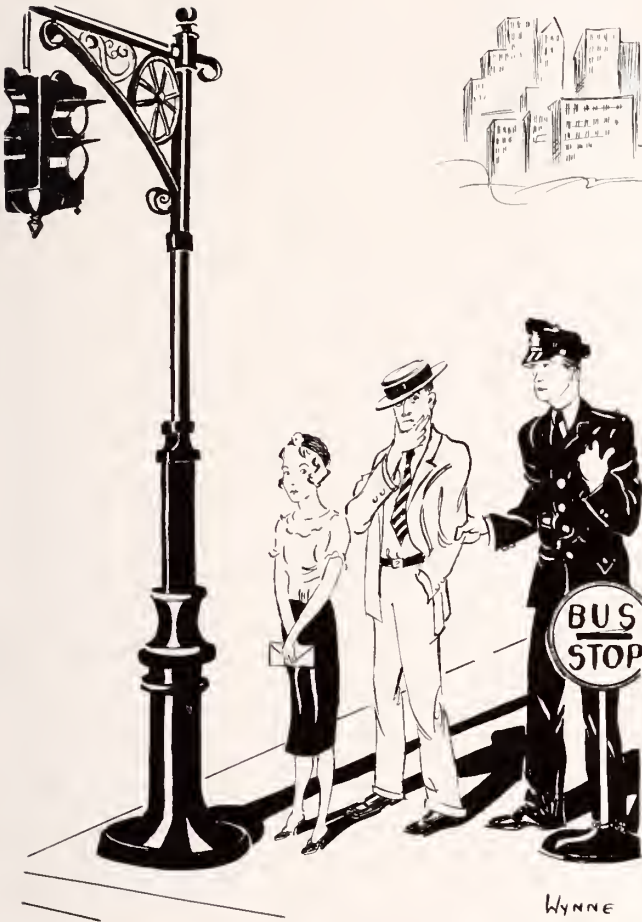
With the passing of the brilliant McSweeney, we bring our Limerick Contest temporarily to a close.

Further announcement on the subject will be made in a later issue.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

A Woman Scorned

By PATROLMAN WILLIAM MEYER, *Emergency Squad 8*
Second Prize, Short-Story Contest



"Scram"

FOUR o'clock came none too soon for Tom McGrath that day. It was a humdinger. Those fortunate were away on their vacations, sitting under some shady tree or enjoying a plunge in cool lakes or in the surf. McGrath figured that an icy shower was the best he could do and he lost no time checking in at the "Honse" and starting home.

As McGrath neared the corner where he usually caught the bus for home he noticed a girl who was evidently annoyed by the man standing next to her. He approached unnoticed and told the fellow to "beat it."

The girl, very much relieved, thanked him earnestly. She looked so small and helpless that Tom offered to see her home. They boarded the bus and after a few remarks about the weather Tom introduced himself. He found out the girl's name was Sally and that she lived a few blocks from him. They got off the bus and as Nediek's was on the corner Tom suggested they have an orangeade.

Sally would not let Tom take her further in spite of his request. She told him her cousin Jake, with whom she lived, forbade her to speak to anyone. Tom no longer insisted, and, after Sally had prom-



ised to meet him the following week when Jake was to be away, he bade her good-night.

When on post a few days later, McGrath saw Sally talking to a woman known as Gertie Dickson. McGrath had been told to keep his eye on Gertie as she was suspected of being connected with a gang peddling narcotics, although there was no definite evidence to convict her as yet. How Sally happened to know her Tom could not understand, but he determined to find out.

When they next met, Tom casually brought the conversation around to Gertie.

"Sally," he said, "last Monday I saw you on my post talking to a blonde woman, but——"

"Tom," Sally interrupted, "why didn't you speak to me? Gertie wouldn't have minded; she's not like Jake. I like her much better, too."

"Do you know her very well?" Tom asked, dreading, yet anxious for Sally's reply.

"Oh, yes, of course I know her. She's Jake's sweetheart," Sally replied, not suspecting the anxiety behind Tom's question. "Why, Tom, do you know they seldom see one another, Jake's so busy. He often sends me over with a box of candy or perhaps a book, though I'm almost sure Gertie doesn't read books."

"A box of candy, eh, or a book? Listen here, Sally, how long have you been playing messenger boy for them?"

"Ever since I came here to live, and that's about six months ago. But, why do you ask me that?"

McGrath, being a rather good judge of human nature, knew Sally was entirely unconscious of what her connection with Gertie and Jake might mean. He by now was convinced that Jake was the fellow the police had been endeavoring to locate. He was the center of the ring and if he were caught the rest of the gang could be rounded up easily.

He told Sally, as tactfully as he could, of his suspicions. Although she was very much frightened, she promised to do all she could to help Tom run in the gang.

Next day McGrath told the Captain at the Station House all that he knew and suspected. The Narcotic Squad was notified and they started investigating.

They found that Gertie was formerly Jake's sweetheart and they concluded he had probably tired of her, consequently she was living by herself.

They decided that the best plan was to make Gertie believe that Jake was in love with Sally—a jealous woman would give the show away.

On her next visit to Gertie, Sally managed to bring Jake into the conversation.

"Gertie," she said, "do you know I think I'll not live with Jake much longer. He's been acting sort of queer lately. I can feel his eyes follow me when I'm working around the house and it gives me a terribly uncomfortable feeling."

"Oh, don't mind that, kid," Gertie replied, trying to appear unconcerned, "he'd probably look at most any girl that way, though you are quite a pretty kid at that. Say, he hasn't been getting funny, has he?"

Sally, evidently withholding some of the details, continued, "Oh, he has told me that a charming girl like myself should have beautiful clothes and shouldn't live in a joint like ours. Really, Gertie, the way he keeps referring to my looks and figure lately has made me feel that he forgets I'm his cousin."

Gertie, not waiting for Sally to finish, cut in, "Listen, Sally, if that fellow is trying any funny stuff with me he'll be sorry. I've got plenty on him, and he'd better watch his step. Here he's been kidding me along. I couldn't live with him because you might be shocked. Do you know I was kicked out when you came? Guess I wasn't good enough for you to associate with. The dirty double-crosser. Sending me candy to cover himself up. That's funny. Even the candy was phoney." Gertie paused to catch her breath.

"Phoney, Gertie, why, what do you mean?" Sally waited for the reply she knew was coming.

"Mean? Why, that fellow is a coke peddler, if you know what that means. If he and his gang are caught they'll be in for a twenty-year stretch."

"But how is it they haven't been caught?" Sally asked this with apparent innocence.

"Because they've managed to keep under cover. You know when you come to see me, Jake is supposed to be away. Well, kid, sometimes they have a meeting in your flat. In fact, there's one going on right now. All the guys meet at Jake's, get their stuff, take it to their neighborhoods, and get rid of it."

Sally, who was walking around the room during this conversation, went to the window and drew up the shade. She gazed down into the street for a moment, then turned back.

The detective, who was waiting in the street, saw Sally's signal. He walked around the corner, jumped into the car with the Narcotic Squad and they left immediately to raid Jake's den.

They rounded up the whole gang, with \$75,000 worth of narcotics and equipment, thus helping rid New York of one of its greatest menaces.

SHOMRIM SOCIETY EXCURSION

At 9:00 A. M. sharp on Wednesday, August 3, the beautiful steamer *Susquehanna*, a twin-screw oil burner, steel hull, will leave from Pier A, Battery, with the members, families and friends of the Shomrim Society of the Police Department for the annual excursion of the society to Hook Mountain on the Hudson. The *Susquehanna* also will make a stop at 10:00 A. M. at West 132d Street.

Refreshments consisting of ice cream, soda, milk, coffee and frankfurters will be served free to ticket holders.

Music and dancing in the steamer's spacious dance hall, together with the splendid entertainment features scheduled will provide pleasure and merriment for young and old alike.

An excellent athletic program also has been arranged with many valuable prizes for the successful contestants, while the base ball game between the single and married men is expected to provide one of the high lights of the day, with the good wives rooting vociferously for their spouses and the lovely sweethearts screaming encouragement to their sweeties.

Sergeant Abe Braverman of the 25th Precinct is chairman of the committee in charge and he promises that this year the affair will surpass in splendor anything heretofore attempted, including many surprises the committee purposely has not disclosed.

The price of the tickets has been reduced this year to one dollar for adults and fifty cents for children under twelve.

All aboard that's going aboard.



"What number did you call?"



THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

QUESTIONS FOR THE JULY ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

1. What does police power embrace in a comprehensive sense?
2. Briefly describe procedure to be followed by members of the Force assigned to motor patrol sectors in radio equipped cars.
3. What presumptions are specified by statute in the Penal Law and Code of Criminal Procedure?
4. What is the law with respect to bail after conviction?
5. "A" possesses a slot machine which issues slugs after insertion of a coin and application of a lever. "B" who plays the machine has an understanding with "A" that the latter will redeem the slugs for money. Is the law violated? Explain.
6. After conviction for a crime and before judgment is pronounced the defendant must be asked by the clerk of the court whether he has legal cause to show why judgment should not be pronounced. What cause must the defendant show to stay judgment?
7. What kinds of evidence are the following:
 - a. Fingerprint of defendant found at scene of crime?
 - b. A spent cartridge shell found at scene of crime and a bullet taken from body?
 - c. A dying declaration?
 - d. Jones testifies at a trial for assault that he heard the complaining witness say of the defendant "I am going to beat him up when I see him." Defendant pleads self-defense.
 - e. Photograph of victim of murder in room where murder was committed.

**ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON PAGE FOLLOWING.**

MRS. MASSEY THANKS US

July 11, 1932.

Hon. Edward P. Mulrooney,
Police Commissioner,
New York City.
Dear Sir:

I am writing to thank you, Commissioner, for many courtesies extended me while on a visit to New York recently.

I have visited the city many times, and each time I have thought that I would write your office, and this time I am making my threats good.

I never once asked your policemen for information that it was not pleasantly given, and once or twice at 42d street a policeman left his beat to assist me across the street to my car. This was unnecessary, but none the less appreciated, and an act that should not go without proper thanks.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. W. E. MASSEY,
Recording Secretary-General,
United Daughters of Confederacy,
738 Quapaw Avenue,
Hot Springs, Arkansas.

In Memoriam

Ptl. Joseph V. Haley	52d Pct.	June 16, 1932
Lt. Herman H. Grieme	17th Pct.	June 19, 1932
Ptl. Thomas W. Campton	19th Div.	June 20, 1932
Ptl. Kiernan J. Doolan	114th Pct.	June 21, 1932
Sgt. William Prantner	18th Div.	June 21, 1932
Ptl. Martin Brennan	20th Pct.	June 22, 1932
Ptl. Louis Greenbaum	103d Pct.	June 28, 1932
Ptl. Frank J. Sussingham	43d Pct.	July 8, 1932
Ptl. Thomas J. Duffy	18th Div.	July 8, 1932
Ptl. Lester Logan	Traffic C	July 11, 1932
Sgt. Amedeo Pulignano	18th Div.	July 13, 1932
Ptl. Joseph M. Brown	71st Pct.	July 15, 1932
Ptl. William C. Whalen	18th Div.	July 17, 1932
Ptl. Arthur W. Ford	Traffic I	July 18, 1932

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1.

1. The system of internal regulations of a state or municipality by which it is sought not only to preserve the public order and to prevent crime but also to establish, for the intercourse of citizen with citizen, those rules of good manners and good morals which are calculated to prevent a conflict of rights and to insure to each the uninterrupted enjoyment of his own, so far as is reasonably consistent with a like enjoyment of rights by others.
The right to exercise this power cannot be alienated, surrendered or abridged by the legislature or by a grant, contract or delegation whatsoever because it constitutes the right to exercise a governmental function, without which the government would become powerless to protect those rights, which it is especially designed to do.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2.

2. Enter messages and their authority verbatim, with location of car at time message is received. Record time of message as given by transmitting operator. Only in extreme police emergency will car be left unattended. Keep receivers in operative position while in car. If car has to be left unattended place receiver in inoperative position by turning off switch on control head, except at scene of crime or emergency.
Respond to alarm or message on police emergency within radius of five blocks. Be alert and observant in effort to detect suspicious persons or vehicles coming from general direction of scene of emergency. Telephone full particulars of unsuccessful pursuit and apprehension of vehicles wanted in connection with crime. Do not use sirens unnecessarily while responding to emergency calls.
Do not wear gloves and carry revolver in hand when responding to scene of crime. If impracticable to carry revolver in hand, release it from safety holster, so that it is available for instant draw and use. If address given is not actual location of alleged crime make observations and inquiries to find same.
Absence from radio patrol car on meal period or personal necessity must only be within immediate call of member remaining with the automobile. Comply with rules and regulations.
Members recording messages will report arrests made by crew forthwith to radio dispatcher. Also nature and value of property recovered.
Do not unnecessarily remain in area within which radio reception is poor.
To place radio receiver in operation turn switch to "on," causing green light to show. Set sensitivity control at maximum sensitivity of receiver, then light red indicating light. If signals are not clear turn knob to diminish interference.
After passing interference zone turn knob back, when red light will again burn.
If no message or test signal is received in any half hour period, the recording member must notify radio dispatcher by telephone.
Upon completion of duty on message received, recording officer shall telephone radio dispatcher giving his rank and name; car numbers of department radio cars present; telephone number; location to which car responded; whether first to arrive; police action taken; whether superior officer requires car and crew longer at scene.
Radio sets will be kept operating while autos are being cleaned and receiving gasoline and oil, and shall be able to respond forthwith to emergency calls.
Do not fold an automobile top in which radio antenna has been installed.
Adjustment and repairs to radio equipment shall only be made by a department radio mechanic. The recording officer will receive alarms and messages during the repair period and check them with radio dispatcher upon completion of repairs.
Cancelled radio alarms and messages will be marked "cancelled" in memorandum books of members of Force assigned to record messages.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3.

3. Section 122, Penal Law, placing of circular or pamphlet in any newspaper, magazine, periodical, is presumptive indication that the person whose name appears thereon caused same to be placed or affixed with intent to profit.
Section 667, Penal Law. Knowledge of directors of corporation or associations if present at meeting of board. Liable for proceedings or omissions in violation of the provisions of the Penal Law relating to banking unless dissent is entered on minutes. If absent, deemed liable unless within six months dissent is entered on minutes if he is still a director.
Section 392, Penal Law. Written statement to be furnished. Failing to furnish on written demand of customer a written statement of persons from whom securities were bought or to whom sold within forty-eight hours is prima facie evidence of bucketing.
Section 815, Penal Law. Person is presumed to be responsible for his acts. The burden of proving that he is irresponsible is upon the accused person, except as otherwise prescribed in this chapter.
Section 816, Penal Law. Child under 7 years not capable of committing crime.
Section 817, Penal Law. Child of 7 years and under 12 years presumed incapable of committing crime. May be rebutted by showing capacity to understand the act of neglect and knowledge of its wrongfulness.
Section 925a, Penal Law. False statement regarding hotel coupled with suggestion to patronize another shall be presumptive evidence of intent to gain. Prior notice to defendant that person to whom money was paid or offered has at any time diverted patronage from hotel by means of false representation shall be presumptive evidence that defendant knew the diversion complained of was effected by false statements.
Section 975, Penal Law. The possession by any person other than public officer of any writing representing chance in what is commonly called policy or possession of any writing commonly used in such game is presumptive evidence of knowingly possessing and therefore a violation of Section 974 of the Penal Law.
Section 1308, Penal Law. A dealer in or collector of any merchandise or agent or representative who fails to make reasonable inquiry that the person selling or delivering any stolen or misappropriated property to him has a legal right to do so, shall be presumed to have bought or received such property knowing it to have been stolen or misappropriated.
Section 1312, Penal Law. Misappropriation of funds held in trust for certain real property. Failure to make, when due, delivery of deed or title presumptive evidence of misappropriation. (Misdemeanor under section 1313). Any impairment of property presumptive evidence of knowledge and intent on part of bailee.

Section 1342, Penal Law. Publication of libel is deemed to be malicious if no justification or excuse is shown.

Section 1400, Penal Law. The infliction of injury which would be maiming is presumptive evidence of intent to maim.

Section 1425, Penal Law. Possession by other than public officer of any flag, standard, color shield or ensign on which shall be anything made unlawful at any time by this section or of any article or substance or thing presumption of a violation of this section and was made, done, or created after September 1, 1905. (Subdivision 16a and b).

Section 1431a, Penal Law. The existence of meter with attachment to defraud is presumptive evidence that person who is at the time receiving gas, electricity, water, steam, caused condition with intent to defraud.

Section 1641, Penal Law. Platinum stamping. Proof that article is stamped in violation of this article is prima facie proof that article was manufactured after article became effective. (Violation of Section 1642—possession with intent to sell such article—misdemeanor).

Section 1752, Penal Law. Possession of narcotics or anaesthetic substance concealed or furtively carried on person is presumptive evidence of intent to use against another without other's consent.

Section 1898, Penal Law. Possession of weapon mentioned in 1896 and 1897 concealed on person or furtively carried is presumptive evidence of carrying, concealing or possessing with intent to use unlawfully.

Section 2414a, Penal Law. Possession or use of any device for weighing or measuring quantity which is false is presumptive evidence of knowingly using or possessing such false weight or measure.

Section 8, Code of Criminal Procedure. Certificate under hand and seal of Tenement House Commissioner stating that building in which a violation of law was committed is a tenement house, is presumptive evidence of that fact.

Section 389, Code of Criminal Procedure. Defendant in criminal action presumed to be innocent until contrary is proved. If reasonable doubt exists entitled to acquittal.

Section 393, Code of Criminal Procedure. Failure to testify in own behalf creates no presumption against defendant.

Section 482, b, Code of Criminal Procedure. Certificate of person in charge of fingerprint records stating records in his custody show previous convictions of persons whose fingerprint record is identical with those of defendant is presumptive evidence of previous convictions of such defendant.

Section 514a, Code of Criminal Procedure. Evidence of imprisonment and discharge from state prison upon a trial for second offense. Certificate of commissioner of correction or warden, chief officer or superintendent or other chief officer of penitentiary under seal containing name of person, statement of court, date and time of sentence, length of sentence, date of discharge, shall be prima facie evidence of imprisonment and discharge for second offense only.

Section 552a, Code of Criminal Procedure. The report of an official charged with that duty who shall certify in writing that the defendant whose finger prints have been so taken has previously been convicted of a crime or offense, shall, for the purpose of this and the preceding section be presumptive evidence of the fact of such conviction.

Section 746, Code of Criminal Procedure. Copy of minutes of conviction certified by clerk of court of special sessions, New York City, conclusive evidence of the facts contained therein.

Section 942, Code of Criminal Procedure. The report of the commissioner of correction certifying to the previous criminal record of any person shall be presumptive evidence of the facts so certified. (Fingerprint record).

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4.

4. After conviction of a crime not punishable with death or life imprisonment a defendant who appealed, and when there is a stay of proceedings, but not otherwise, may be admitted to bail.
 - a. As a matter of right, when appeal is from judgment imposing a fine only.
 - b. As a matter of discretion in all other cases, except that if the defendant convicted is a fourth offender under Section 1942 of the Penal Law, or if the defendant is convicted of a felony committed while armed with a weapon as provided in Section 1944, Penal Law, he shall not be admitted to bail.
 - c. If the appeal be from a judgment imposing a fine only, defendant may be admitted to bail on the undertaking that he will pay the same, or such part of it, as the Appellate Court may direct, if the judgment be affirmed or modified or the appeal be dismissed, or the certificate of reasonable doubt be vacated. If judgment of imprisonment has been given defendant may be released on undertaking that he will surrender himself in execution of the judgment upon its being affirmed or modified, or upon the appeal being dismissed, or if the certificate of reasonable doubt is vacated.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5.

5. Yes, a violation of Section 982 of the Penal Law.
It has been held that where the player and the possessor of the slot machine understand that the slugs will be redeemed for money such machine is a slot machine and possession is a violation of Section 982 of the Penal Law. This section provides that any person who has in his possession or under his control, or who permits to be placed, maintained, or kept in any room, space, enclosure, or building owned, leased or occupied by him, or under his management or control, any machine, apparatus or device, into which may be, or might have been inserted any piece of money or other object and from which as a result of such insertion and the application of physical or mechanical force, may issue, or might have issued, any piece or pieces of money or any check or memorandum calling for money and which machine, apparatus or device is commonly known as a slot machine, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6.

6. Defendant may show:
 - a. That he is insane. If in the opinion of the court there be reasonable grounds for believing him insane, the question of his sanity must be tried as provided by the Code of Criminal Procedure. If found sane judgment will be pronounced. If found insane he will be committed to the State Lunatic Asylum until he becomes sane, and when notice is given of that fact, he must be brought before the court for judgment.
 - b. That he has good cause to offer, either in arrest of judgment or for a new trial, in which case the court may in its discretion order the judgment deferred and proceed to decide on the motion in arrest of judgment or a new trial.

(Continued on page 26)

Sports

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



Lehner



Hart



Kelly



Cox

HANDBALL

MEET OUR NEW CHAMPION! PATROLMAN JOHN LEHNER, 25th Precinct, won the four-wall singles tournament when he defeated PATROLMAN WILLIAM HART, of the 41st Precinct, at the New York Athletic Club by the scores of 4—21, 21—8, 21—19.

DETECTIVE JAMES KELLY, of the 72d Squad, won third prize when he outsmarted PATROLMAN THOMAS COX of the 17th Precinct, 21—4, 21—8.

A good crowd turned out for the finals, each player bringing his own band of rooters. Hart started the game with a high lob service that took Lehner off his guard. He's used to a hard, smashing game. This service puzzled him to such an extent that the game looked one-sided and at the finish the score was 21—4 in Hart's favor.

The second game was bitterly contested with many good "gets" being made by both players. Lehner evened up matters when he won out 21—8. The game was much closer than the score indicates. Hart hurt his ankle in this game and had it strapped by one of the N. Y. A. C.'s trainers.

The third and final contest was one that will not soon be forgotten. Hart started in like a ball of fire. He used a lob service that barely came off the side wall and coupled this with a corner "kill" shot that he used to perfection. Lehner was bewildered; the score stood 19 to 3 against him—but, with a determined look and that "never say die" spirit he kept plodding on.

At this point Fate decided to take a hand in the battle when Hart sprained his ankle in trying to return a difficult back wall shot. He was in agony, but gamely continued on. Lehner then ran the score up to 19—19, while the spectators cheered lustily. Hart got up and valiantly tried for the last two points; his spirit was willing but his body was weak. He wound up a game loser, 21—19.

DETECTIVE JAMES KELLY, 51 years young, former holder of the world's handball champion-

ship, knocked the stuffing out of a young bruiser named Tommy Cox, to win third prize. The scores were 21—4, 21—8. After the match Tommy, who is built like the Chrysler Building, offered to wrestle Kelly, but Jim refused. He said, "I'm just a handball player."

SIDELIGHTS: John Lehner, the champion, is the son of Hans Lehner, formerly well known in wrestling circles as the "Bavarian Lion." (No wonder Jack played like a tiger.) ... Hart had plenty of "Heart," but what he needed was a couple of ankles. ... During the game between Kelly and Cox, Kelly started to take a bandage off his leg when Cox, who was getting an unexpected trimming, yelled out: "Why the devil don't you take the leg off?" The County Mayo Irishman just laughed.

BASEBALL

OUR BIG POLICE TEAM is making a fine traveling record this season. They've played in such towns as West New York, Phillipsburg, Poughkeepsie and Cedarhurst, and have more than held their own. Three of their games were lost by one-run margins. They made up for these losses by overwhelming such teams as the strong Marion Club from Bedford Park, the Florida Colored Stars, etc.

On July 31st they travel to Paterson, N. J., where they will help open up the new city stadium. Two games will be played.

The team is getting to be so popular that they have to play day and night baseball to please their admirers. (Just wait till they meet the Firemen!)

RIGHT OFF THE BAT

Frankie Risdell hit a terrific homer over the center field fence in Bedford Park. He's hitting and fielding like a leaguer this year.

Bill Barry complains that if Tony Zitzelberger doesn't chop his name in half he'll quit the scorekeeper's job.

(Continued on page 26)



Here is a beautiful view of the new reservoir recently completed at an expense of \$12,500, and which supplies with the finest drinking water to be had anywhere the Police Recreation Centre at Platte Clove, N. Y., in the gorgeous Catskills.

Together with many other notable improvements, the "camp" this year provides vacational comforts and pleasures unsurpassed in the field of summertime retreats.

It is located in one of the most healthful and picturesque spots in the mountains. Persons who have traveled the world over have declared it to be unquestionably one of the finest, and the view from the Indian Head Hotel, looking far to the east across the Hudson River, is a panorama noteworthy even for the Catskills.

If you have never visited the "camp" you are depriving yourself of a treat really worth while, as will be attested to by the hundreds of policemen and their families who look forward each year to spending a delightful vacation there.

SPORTS

(Continued from page 25)

Johnny Buthman looks very good at first base, and is hitting the ball all over the lot. He uses a new style bat.

GOLF

We've received 15 letters from coppers who seem more than interested in forming a team to play against the Fire Department. We want to advise these men to keep in shape, as we expect to call upon them to compete against each other in order to find out who are the ten best. The names of the golfers who submitted their names together with their precincts, follow: Patrolmen Arthur Hunt, "C"; Harold Southwick, 114th; George Doyle, 20th; James Nicholson, 109th; John Hareke, 114th; Philip Paladino, 18th; Anthony Huskiewicz, 105th; Joseph Buchalter, Bureau of Crime Prevention; Henry Chorman, 3d; Detectives Frederick Regan, William Hyland, John Moffett and Charles Nelson, 46th Squad; also Patrolman William Hart, 41st Precinct. It looks like the golf bug certainly hit these men

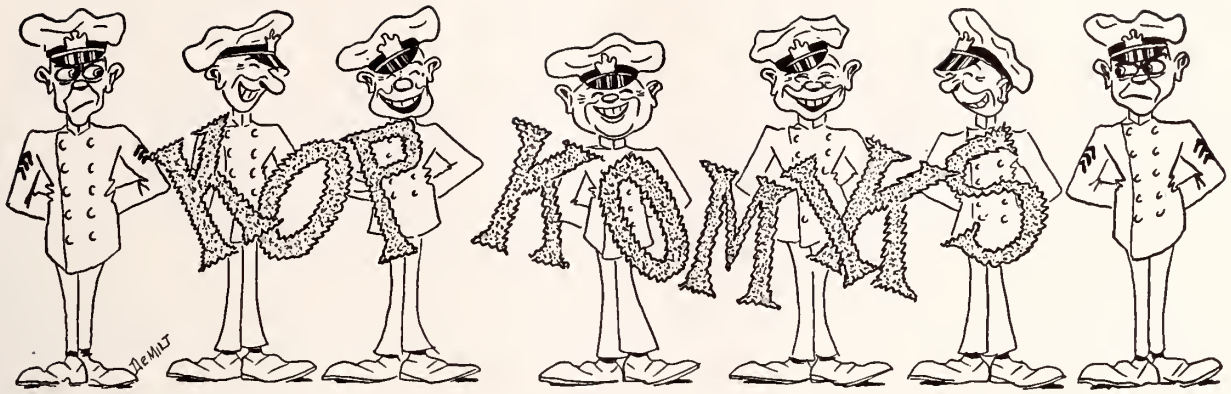
and we hope to see them soon (knickers and all) down the fairway trying to find the pellet. FORE!

THE POLICE ACADEMY

(Continued from page 23)

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7.

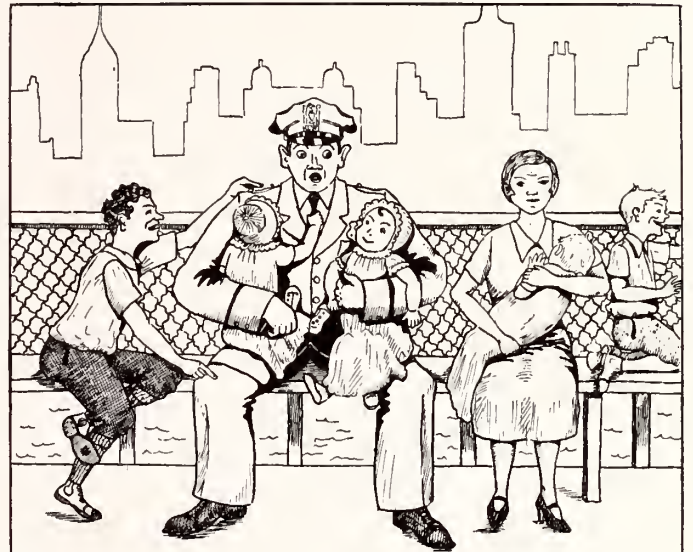
7. a. It is circumstantial evidence because some association with the crime may be inferred from the presence of the defendant's fingerprint. Circumstantial evidence is evidence of facts from which the existence of a fact in issue may be legitimately deduced.
- b. Real evidence. Instruments of crime such as bullets, guns, knives, and other weapons are admissible in evidence for the purpose of enabling the jury to use their physical senses in aid of their judgment as well as to hear the testimony of the witness. Here again the bullet and shells may be circumstantial evidence of some fact in issue. Real evidence is the presentation of the object itself to which the testimony of witness refers, for personal observation of court and jury.
- c. Hearsay evidence. Admissible under the exception to the rule, where a person making declaration has received a mortal wound and under a belief that death is certain and the declaration must state facts concerning the cause and circumstances surrounding the homicide.
- d. Direct evidence because the important question is whether the complainant made the statement. When that is so, any person who hears the statement may testify as he has personal knowledge of the threat having gained such knowledge by means of his sense of hearing. Direct evidence is evidence which tends to prove a fact in issue without the intervention of proof of any other fact.
- e. Documentary evidence and when properly authenticated by a person familiar with subject portrayed is admissible. Such evidence is usually for the purpose of better explaining the testimony of a witness and to enable the jury to apply the evidence. A substance upon which there is inscribed marks capable of being read is a document and when introduced for inspection by the court becomes documentary evidence.



PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



Patrolman: "Hands up, or I'll blow your brains out!"
Escaped Lunatic: Quit yer kidding Ha, Ha, Ha."



THE EX-PLUMBER
GETS A DETAIL
AT THE OUTING.

PTL. F.X. MURPHY 'F'



GOOD-MORNING
MRS O'TOOLE

HELLO YOURSELF JOE.
SHURE AN YOUR LOOKIN
LIKE YOUR OWN SELF
LATELY. YOUR A
DUDE AGAIN.



SHURE AND SINCE
THE SERGEANT CAUGHT
YE LAST WEEK YOUVE
BEEN **SUBDUED**-
AND MESELF
BEING A POOR
HARMLESS WIDOW.



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. Jahn Turley
2d Pct., Ptl. John Gaodlitz

PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch
6th Pct., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kahler

The thundering quartet of the 6th Precinct, Lieutenants Dave Sheehan and Jack Shevlin, Sergeant Lewis Hunt and Detective Stephen Devine, have adjourned their daily talks until the fall.

The St. Albans duo, Patrolman Pat Magner and his stooge, Bill McElroy, are shopping for a motorboat. The row boat they now own makes them miss their train.

Patrol Wagon Operator Willie Bushel, the Yorkville bunion man, traded his 1914 Ford for a bicycle. Now he can relieve Adam Rydel on time.

Sergeant "Handsome" Tommy Foster and Patrolman John Gribben are the neatest dressed men in this command.

Patrolman Glendenning, operator of radio car 1080, has to wear ear muffs since Jake (Sparkie) Kushner returned from his vacation. Who is that guy, Livingstone Manor, Jake is always talking about.

The hall room boys, Joe Walsh and Joe Iannone, worked overtime cheerfully to make the boat ride a success.

Sammy Fisher sprained his hand describing a collision over the phone to Lieutenant Patrick Sullivan.

Patrolmen John Wallace and Pete Monaghan, the guardians of the booth in St. Luke's Place, are still arguing about the Sharkey-Schmeling fight.

Patrolman Fred Egan, the most popular man on the day squad, is patiently waiting for the list to come out. We hope you are on top, Fred.

The stork was a busy bird around here last month. The new daddies are Knute Nelson, Walter Smith, Tim Waldron, Eddie Dickerson and Joe Iannone.

Pete Cusick, leading sharp shooter of the 6th Precinct, is also quite a golfer. He won a gold medal on July 4th down at Stapleton, S. I.

Jimmy McMahon is planning to spend his vacation at Lake Roxbury.

Our hero of the month was Patrolman George Schloemer. While on patrol recently he discovered a fire at 115 Charlton Street. He sent a citizen to ring the alarm while he rushed into the burning building and rescued an invalid man hanging from the sill of the top floor window. He then led four families out of the building to safety. His prompt and intelligent police action prevented a possible tragedy. Keep up the good work, George.

6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

To Mrs. Emily Burke and the bereaved family of our pal, the late Patrolman Joseph Burke, 32d Precinct, we offer our deepest sympathy. Joe was highly esteemed and admired by everyone that knew him. He will never be forgotten.

Captain Brady, of the 32d Precinct, complimented

Patrolmen J. Rhodes, P. Regan and Sumpter, and Sergeant L. Chisholm for their excellent police work in capturing the four gunmen who, in attempting to hold up a restaurant, shot and killed Patrolman Burke.

Patrolman Dominic Carcick also did a great piece of police work recently when he captured two hold-up men on two separate jobs within twenty minutes.

The boys wish to welcome Lieutenant Burgraff to the 32d Precinct as a regular. The rumor persists he is O. K.

Oh, yes; we are glad to have Patrolman Harry Sharpe back in our midst.

Patrolman Louis Laznovsky, 23d Precinct, has the boys up a tree. He received a letter addressed to "Count Alois Laznovsky." Now, perhaps, this will convince Eddie Smith that Louie is of royal blood, as he claimed.

The boys of the 23d Precinct would like to know who got the flowers Patrolman Jerry Stephen bought from that push cart recently.

Patrolmen Bloom, Basch, Howe and Klinck all went on a fishing trip. Basch, the ex-Marine, and "Emmy" Howe, the boy from up to hom, suddenly stopped bragging about their other seafaring adventures and lost all interest in the fish. They spent the rest of the day leaning over the rail, calling some fellow named "O'Rourke."

Patrolman William Bourbon was presented with a baby boy by his wife. Now he'll be doing late tours for some time to come.

Patrolman "Mike" Brennan is commuting again. When it rains Mike has to row to the train, after throwing the anchor out the back window to keep the house from floating away.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Banaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Canway

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

It's hard work to beat the Irish. The Shamrock baseball team played the 40th Precinct what was to be a seven-inning game. The Irishmen, finding themselves on the short end of a 7 to 4 score, insisted upon a full nine-inning game. The result was: Shamrocks, 13; 40th Precinct, 9.

The famous Gold Dust Twins of the 40th Precinct are at it again. Mike Curry and Ferdie Flick have been detailed to clean the house and are doing a good job.

Patrolman Stein wants to go to Coney Island for the summer and his "annual."

We have a corking pitcher in Patrolman McArdle, but he requires two weeks rest between games.

George Brown, upon being hit on the head in the last game, remarked: "I would rather have a ball than a bullet."

Welfare Lieutenant O'Sullivan's junior police team have won all their games to date by forfeiture. "Hurrah!"

The Sunshine Squad has challenged the Precinct team, but the captain of the team, Patrolman Patrick Murphy, wants a handicap of ten runs.

Lieutenant William O'Brien, the genial orator of the 40th Precinct, has been transferred to the 45th Precinct. Good luck, Bill, in your new assignment, and a cordial welcome to your successor, Lieutenant Clancy.

Ptl. Bachman has been leaving the station house after late tours with a small package under his arm. One of the 3d squad found Eddie swimming up and down the canal from 135th street to 138th street. Eddie is practising for his vacation job as a volunteer life saver. He'll probably spend all of his time upon a high chair with a sun umbrella over him, waiting for the call of "Help!"

We are all glad to see Bill Brady back from sick report. Look out for the knee, Bill; no more hook slides, you're getting old.

Latest report from Patrolman Chezar, on vacation, has it that Nate will not have to work his board out washing dishes.

Lieutenants Hill and Clancy have stopped burning the midnight oil since the examination. Here's hoping they are in the money.

Patrolman Hall, our temporary attendant, is having a great time keeping track of the gasoline disbursement. No one can put anything over on "Whitey."

The 40th Precinct ball team has won nine of their last twelve games. We would especially like another crack at Sergeant Tracy's 42d team, to whom we lost.

Patrolman Leo Lederer, 41st Precinct, took unto himself a side partner for life. He left the hall at 5 A. M. after seeing that all the boys were taken care of....Ed Platt has them all stopped at flavoring soup; he used after-dinner mints for lump salt....Sergeant Lynch always uses a fork when eating fruit salad, but could not find a way to dispose of his soup when told to inhale it....Joe Banner looked like a head waiter making the rounds to see everyone was taken care of. He, however, was missing when the plate was passed....Our chief 106 man became separated from his Missus. He was seen eating with his fingers while looking for Mrs. Kuntz....It is surprising the Radio World has not picked up Ed Dougherty before this. What a voice....Tony Goshony came all the way from City Island, night baton and all. He had to leave early to catch the "BUST," or else he would have to walk home....Pete Sharp tried to be Master of Ceremonies, but Daly told him the wedding was over....Henry Andrea sure has a long refreshment reach. He got his from two tables away....Ed Clifford arrived late as usual, with the same old habit of being hungry and thirsty....Bill Blanchard stayed long enough to say "hello" and "good-by."...When it came to dancing, the two dance hounds, Coleman and Beaman, never missed a dance.

Captain Noble always sees to it that everyone gets his copy of SPRING 3100, even the reporter.

Harry Ecks delights in telling the boys of the days when he was a Boy Scout. He still is one, only he changed the uniform.

Lieutenant Teddy Hilgeman has them all stopped at telling fish stories. He claimed he caught the largest fish on a recent trip. Henry Andres insists all he caught was sea weed and a rubber boot.

Sol Chesler and Bill Signor delight in wanting Brody to light the lamps on the merry-go-round at Intervale Avenue. The reporter wants his special messenger left alone.

Sergeant Groot thinks he has been neglected in

SPRING 3100. We herewith announce George has a new suit of knickers; all he lacks is the golf sticks.

Vince Day says he is not controlled by anyone, but it is noticed he gives up the key to his car without an argument.

Jim McDermott went looking for parked cars on his post. All he could find was a motorcycle.

Walter Rose said he couldn't find any parked cars on his post. No, Walter, cars are not left on docks.

To Tony Cravavetta: "Do you think collars last a week?"

Only one of our delegates does his work. Every time McMahon sees Sweeney, it's "Dan do this" or "Dan do that." The latest is that Dan is Mac's coffee sergeant.

Elkins wants the day squad to start a ball team. He thinks the excitement may cause some of them to retire, so he can move up in seniority.

We have not heard from our poet, Bill Kavanaugh. Get busy, Bill, and send in a few lines.

Pat Mulqucen has a new mascot to replace "Bum." His name is "Herman." He goes "Bum" one better. He takes a 32-hour swing every two days.

Bill Griffiths said the Boulevard "Bowling Alley" reminds him of lower Broadway, only it takes longer to get up there.

Ralph Del Monte says he is no relation to the well-known brand of fruit.

Sergeant Harry Lieberman has the 44th Precinct baseball team working smoothly. He is ready for all comers, Sergeant Tracy's 42d Precinct team preferred.

Charley Nickees is the team's chief booster.

The Captain, too, is a dyed-in-the-wool fan and turns out like a "regular" to root for the team. When the boys play at their home field, McComb's Park, the Captain has a grandstand seat, his own parlor window. Good SUPERVISION, we call it.

Detective "Ludvig" Lawton strenuously objects to his new given name as being most unkind.

Detective "Run 'em down" Miller can't take them when it comes to brickbatz. That's just why they come his way.

The detectives are eager and anxious to play on Sergeant Lieberman's team. They think he is a swell manager.

Sergeant Hoffman is the new manager of the 48th Precinct ball team. An addition to Patrolman Prochaska's family forced his retirement.

Good luck to the wife and the new arrival, Louie.

The new manager joins the throng in wanting a crack at Sergeant Tracy's team, without the aid of the 7th District detectives.

John Dermody has joined the great army of married men. (No wonder Love is asking John so many questions.)

Seigelman had a great time on his vacation. He claims Coney Island is getting better every day.

9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

"O! the O O of the 123d Precinct!"

Oh! where did Gypsy Kelly get that busted Schnozzle? Chopping driftwood on the beach. Oh yeah! Ask Socony, he's oil right.

Oh! girls; if you care to ride in Jimmy Smythe's 1932 8-lung sliver De Luxe Coupe, you have to bring a big box of lunch. For oh, how Jimmy can eat! His slogan is, "No eats no ride."

Oh! a new corporation has been formed, to be known as the "Tottenville Auto Weaklings Inc." The officers are, Manney, President; O'Donnell, Vice-President; O'Gara, Secretary; Conley, Treasurer;

White, N. J. Business Agent. They will make good as they know their flivver wrecks.

Oh! yes; here are the results of our ball games: Tottenville 10, Mt. Loretta 8; Tottenville 9, Perth Amboy 8; Tottenville 8, Perth Amboy 2; Tottenville 4, Bozos 9; Tottenville 9, Em. Squad 10-4. Where are your challenges, other precincts?

Oh! yes; Pop Wilbur still is the nattiest dressed hack inspector any precinct can brag of.

Oh! what bearcats Ballweg, Wall, Diggs and Martin are at stealing bases and throwing bats! They should eat Tasty Yeast for vim and vigor.

Oh! who wants to swap a 2-carat gent's diamond ring for a good safety razor, tooth brush, winter cap size 9 and 1/2, an old winter blouse and a complete set of Deleahanty's examination papers thrown in? Anyone wanting to take advantage of this offer, communicate with Jake Prestel, 123d Precinct.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schenpp
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

Well, boys, your reporter never fails. I promised to let the secret out as soon as I got the news right. It gives me great pleasure to announce that the boy wonder of Coney Island, Patrolman Eddie "Smiling" Fox, has married. And what a happy boy! He got married about two weeks ago and he pulled a fast one on the boys. He and wife honeymooned in West Point, and Eddie came back a blushing groom. Eddie is still receiving the good wishes of all the boys. I don't know whether Eddie can stand the joy of his married life. However, you've got to hand it to Eddie's wife—she knows how to pick her man.

Marriage is the rage in Coney Island these days. Patrolman Mark Coviello, better known as "Boom Boom" or the cop with the John Bunny physique, and best man at Eddie Fox's wedding, is now saving his pennies and will enter the state of matrimony sometime this coming spring. Keep an eye on future editions of SPRING 3100 for the event. Patrolman Dave Bailey, better known as "MULE," will be best man, and Pork Chops O'Neill will be flower boy.

Is Jimmie Murphy a happy boy? Yes, that little belle of Bay Ridge has won out again, and Jimmie is wearing a brand new mustache. They have patched up their little quarrel—the result of our Jimmie cutting his mustache off. Little belle didn't like the idea, with the consequence that Jimmie had to go to the extreme (and was it an extreme difficulty to grow a new mustache). Well, he did it, and now, after struggling four or more weeks, Jimmie has hopes that the darn thing will take. However, he and his little bella can be found any night down in Coney Island. Does he show that girl good times? The best at Nathan's, and takes her into all the rides and side shows (on free passes). Well, good luck, Jimmie, we are sorry you and girl fell out over mustache, but glad that it's all over. We don't mean the mustache.

There's a little boy in Canarsie, known as Billy Lutz. He is the cop's pride and joy. Does Billy like policemen? Why, Billy is the most disappointed boy when SPRING 3100 comes out, and he doesn't get one. He gets a big kick out of the magazine and shows it to all the boys in the neighborhood. Billy says as soon as he grows up he is going to join the police force and write for the magazine. He loves books, and SPRING 3100 is his thriller. And he wants to be mentioned as a great booster for the magazine.

Since the 62d Precinct has laid claim to the Baseball Championship of the Department, all the precincts want to play us. We have taken the measure of the 66th, 70th, 13th and 64th Precincts. For

games get in touch with Patrolman Ferrante of the 62d Precinct. A return game is especially desired with the 64th Precinct. Sergeant Devine says he will bet a "grand" on our ball club. On the diamond his favorite saying is, "Ditch the butts and get goin'."

Our Secret Service Squad has reported that "Mahatma Ghandi" Ravalgi has obtained an engineer's license to operate a peanut stand at Bensonhurst Park.

Harry Frumkin, the BULL thrower (AMERICAN BULL), is very active these days throwing the evil-doers in the can. He is also our star pinch hitter.

Our soda jerker is BO BO Collins. He dished Ed Hayes out of the job. Hayes is pretty sore, because BO BO drinks more than he hands out.

Herb Ethridge has new golf pants and a panama hat, a sure sign summer has arrived.

Patrolman De Guiseppe, 66th Precinct, wants to know if it is permissible to wear rubber collars, as at present he has to carry two spares.... Patrolman Dick looks good in the old-style baseball uniform; all he needs is the moustache. Maybe you can grow one for next season, Jimmy!... Our friend McFadden will be back to work soon, which comes under the heading of good news.... Patrolman Morarity asked me to lay off on his squeaky shoes, so I will not mention them. (Hear that, Selig?) Speaking of Selig, his arrest record is up two juveniles, both about seven years of age. Good work, Sidney.... Patrolman Defeis when assigned to the cemetery post always whistles while walking. He lost his whistle the other night and did not recover it until he found the "Ghost" to be a big white horse that had strayed from its stable.... Steve Hennessy was invited for a ride in a plane. He replied, "I'll go as high as the next one, but with one foot on the good old sod."... Our noble attendant Byrnes has two flowers in his garden that are as high as the flag pole. What do you call them, Jim?... The desk officers, Father and Son, buy their shoes in the Father and Son shoe stores. Where do you buy your slippers, Son?... Patrolman Krawczak was seen in earnest conversation with a Chinaman on New Utrecht Avenue. He is trying to get his collars done wholesale.

The 70th Precinct offers heartfelt sympathy to Patrolmen William Ecks, William Burke and Sergeant William Doyle, who have suffered the loss of beloved ones in the past month.

On a hot day recently, James Powers, our red-headed cop, stood in the centre of Ocean Parkway and removed his hat to wipe the perspiration from his noble brow. A woman driver brought her car to a sudden stop within inches of him. Powers asked her what was the idea? She coyly replied, "Pardon me, sir, I mistook your head for a red light."

The boys were down on the target range practising diligently to become pistol experts. Captain Himmel inquired as to the cause of all the diligency. One wag announced they were trying to perfect a shot that would make two hits at one time. One bright boy vouchsafed he could already do it. The Captain skeptically asked him for proof. The bright one remarked that when he fired a shot it would hit Entwistle and the flower fund. Cute, eh?

Anthony Beres, the Rego Park Bailiff, now owns a 1919 Hudson Chattering Six. The adjacent precincts have received numerous complaints from citizens being disturbed by the terrible clatter of junk whenever Beres passes through. Recently, upon being stopped by an officer, he had to talk himself blue in the face to convince the law he wasn't driving a

concrete mixer, and thereby did not require a certificate of fitness.

Patrolman Edward Entwistle was seen walking out of the station house with several pairs of sports trousers. Sergeant Harry Martin got off the following smart crack: "That's all right, fellows, the Baron of Barren Island is on his way to attend the Royal Court at Westminster Abbey."

John Copeland has been diligently looking over road maps. The boys figured he was going on a long trip. This reporter collared John looking over the maps and marking them with a pencil. When I asked what he was doing, Copeland advised me he was seeking the shortest route from Hollis, L. I., to the station house. Get a compass, John.

John Pierano and Vito Luongo, of Parkville, have shown athletic ability and may be sprint threats in the coming Olympics. They were arguing the other day as to who had more hair on their cranium, when a listener told them of a place nearby where they sold stuff that would grow hair on a billiard ball. I didn't have a stop watch to time them, but they ran so fast that the present champions may look to their laurels if these boys enter the dashes. Albert Pitts is also in training with the above mentioned.

I wonder what patrolman is taking a correspondence course in short stopping? After that I'll say Olive Oil until next month.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. John Murray

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennely
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

Sergeant George Nadler, of the 13th Emergency Squad, should take up baseball for a livelihood. He can run the bases on his hands and knees; that's better than the Big Leaguers can do.

Harry Waitward, our attendant, has started an economy campaign at the 76th Precinct. When asked for a match he will light the match and walk around with it to see if any of the other boys want a light before throwing it away.

Poor Patrolman Thomas Ruff is losing his memory. He could not remember where they moved signal box 13. He had to ask the people in the vicinity of Court Street and Hamilton Avenue if they had seen it.

Patrolman Ed. Briglio, of the Police Sanitation Department, and Ed Smith, in charge of the Food Department, look so much alike the people of Red Hook take them for twins.

Patrolman GONG GONG McLaren runs wild through the streets at the sight of a motorcycle. (IT WON'T BE LONG NOW.)

When Sergeant Charley Aichman, 82d Precinct, set out on a recent fishing trip, the old salt wore two overcoats, boots, a raincoat and carried an umbrella. He was accompanied by Patrolmen Charles Kopke, Tom McConnell, Jim Murphy and Ed Siebert of the Brooklyn Telegraph Bureau. They caught 450 flounders and had a 25-cent pool for the heaviest fish caught. Sergeant Aichman was greatly embarrassed when the boys caught him feeding his prize sinkers. He got the biggest fish anyway; he stole it from one of the others. The Sergeant took 150 of the flounders to distribute among the poor, and also for his brother Sergeants. Sergeant De Martini rises to announce that he didn't get any of Aichman's fish.

Lieutenant Behan, of the 72d Precinct, now manages the baseball team and is anxious to hear from all the players.

Patrolman: "I have a report of an aided case——"

Sergeant: "Well, what is the diagnosis?"

Patrolman: "Here, I'll spell it, P U-N-M-U-N-N-I-U."

Sergeant: "Just a moment, perhaps it's pneumonia."

Patrolman: "No, Sarge, it can't be, because what the doctor has written starts with a P."

Patrolman Cullen has another addition to his family, which reminds us of Patrolman Ryan's christening party.

Ninth Street and Second Avenue looked like the North Woods to Patrolman Engh the other day. Entering a building he was confronted by a big black bear. Without hesitating, he began grappling with the animal using all his wrestling knowledge to good effect. The spectators claim you couldn't tell which was the bear. Engh finally pinned the bear down and held him until the emergency crew arrived. Patrolman Ludwig, our famed bear hunter, said he wished he had been there to draw a bead on him.

Patrolman Thomas Sullivan says he intends to spend his vacation at Honolulu. It looks like those trips to the beach at Coney Island last year spoiled Tommy.

13TH DIVISION

75th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

Movie Moguls are beseeching Shimmy Reilly to go to Flickerland and rival "Schnozzle" Durante. In the event he turns the offer down, the boys have purchased a football nose guard, so he can still remain in the mud.

When Tony Monturee advances to the rank of Sergeant, all matters will be complete if No. 450 is pinned on his chest. Both are extensive explorers, one by land, the other by air.

The Boy Scouts have requested Tip O'Gradee to address them at the Froebell Academe, upon hearing of the wonderful scouting ability he used for Kacee, Bearee and Laree, when Stinelee, Doortee and Nanree were afootee, late touree.

Patrolman Centrello, 79th Precinct, wishes to dispose of his 50 rabbits, 60 canaries, 20 rose bushes and 8 fig trees to the highest bidder. (Advertisement.)

To go from Woodhaven to Floyd Bennett Field, take the Woodhaven Boulevard bus to Queens Boulevard; the Queens Boulevard trolley over Queensboro Bridge; the Seventh Avenue subway to 34th Street; the Hudson tube to Bayonne; cross the Outerbridge to Staten Island (a pleasant walk through Staten Island) to St. George Ferry; the ferry to 69th Street, Brooklyn; Shore Road to Fort Hamilton (where a polo game may be enjoyed); thence to Coney Island; to Plum Beach; then swim to Barren Island and the Airport. FOR FURTHER DIRECTIONS SEE PATROLMAN GRANT.

Abner (Scotch) Wegge, delegate at large and chief attendant of the 80th Precinct, always coveted having his own monogrammed cigarettes. Pop Winters tells us the doughty Scot will shortly make application to the Supreme Court to have his name changed to Chesterfield.

Members of the 81st Precinct are glad to see Patrolman Joseph Depre return to work after being on sick report for seven months.

The Precinct baseball team is playing bang up ball at present and the manager expects a great record for the coming month.

We gave Lieutenant Edward Trabert a happy send off upon his retirement from the department. We wish him luck, happiness and health for years to come.

Patrolman Theodore Steinblinck has been transferred from the 88th Precinct to the Mounted Squad.

The precinct is losing one good fellow. Crying towels are limited.

Matthew Moran, temporarily assigned to the Sanitation Squad, leaves the precinct every morning with a book under his arm. The boys are wondering if he is studying for the next Sergeant's examination so soon.

14TH DIVISION

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quina
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

90th Pct., Ptl. Emanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry F. von Hasset
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Benny Tisk, the sensational second sacker of the 85th Precinct ball team, hit what looked to be a home run recently. As Benny neared second base, however, he developed housemaid's knee and had to be carried from the field.

Patrolman Schwartz, the first name Otto, has had an Oval named in his honor. When popular Otto of post 1 was asked to make a speech on the occasion he said, "Aw Nertz."

Sergeant Jackie Coogan, advocate of the famed bloomer, still tells the outgoing platoon to keep on the job. He has yet to miss.

During the hot weather Patrolman George Lotterhos was seen washing his socks in Newtown Creek and hanging them on the backstop at Schwartz's Oval to dry.

Patrolman George O'Keefe has twice been taken for the Goodyear Blimp in the past week.

The talk of "repeal" has broadened Lieutenant Connelly's smile. Patrolman George Waters let us in on the secret. The Lieutenant has been working on and has perfected a collapsible beer can.

Chubby Shannon, of the 84th Precinct, has a new pastime playing with black cats. Take care, Chubby, cats are as dangerous as Babe Innes.

The 94th Precinct baseball team defeated the 111th Precinct 15 to 1 at Bayside. Good work, boys, even though they had their own umpire.

Peter Metzger, our temporary Sergeant, loves to do telephone switchboard duty. Cheer up, Pete, hotter days are coming when you are a regular Sergeant.

Tony Walsh, Captain of the motor boat "YITZICK," and deckhand Charley Carlin are to leave 85th Street dock and voyage up Whale and Newtown Creek on their vacation. They are trying hard to have "Bill" Bischoff join them. Wise guys; Bill is an excellent chef.

Received a card from John Rasch. The spirit of good fellowship still exists. John and Frank Klein recently retired and are up at Moose Head Lake, Maine, enjoying themselves.

Did Charlie Bollier use his head? I'll say he didn't. Charlie escorted some school children to the Mount Vernon replica at Prospect Park. The teachers and their charges filled the bus and left Charlie on the sidewalk. He phoned the house and asked for instructions, and was advised to sit on the roof. Charlie was dejected. At last he decided to sit with a child on each knee. On the way Charlie had to get out and move a wrecked car from their path. In the process of removal, poor Charlie found himself wrapped around one of the doors, his feet caught in the cushions. His next assignment was to a ball game. This annoyed him greatly, as he was not supplied with Flit. By the way, Rogers and Bollier are not talking.

Buck Thompson got up late one morning and his frau said, "You had better shave," which command he obeyed like all married men. In his hurry he used tooth paste instead of soap.

Jack Buckley and Norman Speilberg, the Prince of Wales boys of the 83d Precinct, happened in for their checks during their vacation. When the boys

went to work on them for the regalia they wore, Buckley replied, "You fellows don't know dress when you see it." Several in the audience agreed.

McKelvey and Hill were in the far north. We received postals from them after they had returned to the city.

Anthony Herzhauser is taking music lessons and has a personal friend teaching him. Tom Mills is anxious to know who the teacher is.

One of our mirrors has to be resilvered, due to being worked overtime by the unemployment and outdoor cleanliness boys. One is a simonizer who has his wife put his hair up in water waves.

Before Harry Klein left with the veterans recently, Charley Wells was greatly interested in his welfare. Harry expects to get hitched in the fall, and Charley was the matchmaker. Both are having a hard time finding a tailor to outfit them for the occasion.

Some of the boys went on a trip and took the guy with the big glasses along. He was assigned to cook spaghetti. The guests said he put too much water in the sauce.

The 87th Precinct ball team has some record. They won twelve of their last sixteen games. The 94th Precinct had better look to its laurels.

The 90th Precinct has a ball team composed of men with twenty years or over in the Department. We challenge any precinct having a similar aggregation. Get in touch with Manager Boo Boo Kennedy, Hack Bureau, 90th Precinct.

Lumberjack Jack Kautz, the best fisherman of this Precinct, went on a trip with the boys, one of whom found a dollar and was honest enough to inquire for the loser. No one came forth, so the lad bought cigars for all. On the way home Kautz discovered it was he who had lost the buck. There will be a benefit out here for the big-hearted lumberjack.

15TH DIVISION

PATROLMAN AUGUST BURGER

100th Pct., Ptl. James Honnigao
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

103d Pct., Ptl. August Burger
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kolbocher
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egon

Sergeant Casey, of the 104th Precinct, had to refuse a number of requests to go on fishing trips with the limburger brigade of the precinct, namely: Patrolmen Commerginger, Dearcopp, Mielenhausen, Hoffmann, Klaukemeyer, Reicherter, Knobloch and Wamester. The Sarge says there will no corned beef and cabbage on that boat.

Patrolman Hegarty is the shining light of the outdoor cleanliness squad and has done his share in trying to make this town spotless. The various civic organizations have voted to make him a Knight of the Old Paper Can and place his photo alongside that of Patrolman Blozsis, on Myrtle Avenue.

Members of this Department who wish to see one of the most thrilling races of the season should get in touch with the manager of the Mineola Fair grounds. They will see one of the most daring exhibitions of speed, skill and endurance ever exhibited. The thoroughbreds will be:

Late Tour—Ridden by Jockey Patrolman Quinn.

Early See—Ridden by Jockey Patrolman Loblein.

Special Post—Ridden by Jockey Patrolman Roland.

Patrolman Loblein while training for the above event pulled a perfect Prince of Wales; he fell off the horse and came up with a beautiful egg plant on his head. Patrolman Roland likes to ride with his putties shined up. Patrolman Quinn has a special hammock he will use for a saddle. Patrolman Doyle is open for wagers on the outcome of the race.

The gang missed a little more scandal when they failed to accept the invitation that was extended to

see Patrolman Stattmiller's daughter married; also to lamp Brother John in his hired full-dress suit. Some sight, oh boy! The waxed moustache looked cute.

"Happy days are here again" was heard from the back room of the station house where Patrolman Edward O'Connor was observed taking the rubber band off his green-moulded bank roll. The last time this was done was in Ireland.

Another good man gone wrong. Latest reports say that Patrolman Roach has gone into double harness, following the footsteps of his classmate, Rookie Dwyer.

Patrolman Doherty is sticking out his chest and bragging about his new-born son.... Patrolman Freddy Arnold is getting very thin these days playing handball on Central Avenue.

16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

We are happy to report that Patrolmen Silke (Two Gun) and Happy Bill Quinn are the proud daddies of two little gals.

How about it, George Povelak? Any chance of taking you to the aquarium to take some fish?

Henry Hohm, the monotony man, has returned from his vacation looking as brown as a berry.

Schultze, Cullinan and Kaufman are enjoying a wonderful vacation in the sticks.

Our Hero this month: Patrolman Victor Caliguiri, who apprehended three stick-up men on July 4th. Some fireworks, eh, Vic?

Glad to see Bill Smalling back with us after his recent illness.

Young Matty Herberich had a narrow escape recently when he almost had his ear shot off. Hold everything, Matty.

Patrolman Schmidt, our beau brummel, is reported engaged. Who is she, pal, not one of the lovely McLaughlin sisters?

Sergeant McGovern is spending his vacation in the wilds of St. Albans, while Sergeant Andy McKeon is up in Canada enjoying the sights.

Look out, Bill Quinn! Dinny, the terrible Gannon, is at it again!

Young Jackie Lowe, son of the well-known pitcher of the Police Department Nine, Walter Lowe, is following in his dad's footsteps as a ball player. Jackie is known as one of the best juvenile players in Bayside.

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schall
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

C. Three guesses: Who begins his famous stories with "That reminds me"? (Tight shoes.)

By order of Holecek: Patrolman Bogan shall be known as Attendant McMahon's supervisor. Effective forthwith.

Advice to rookies by Patrolman Hayes: On a cold late tour all that is needed to keep warm is a vest and two cakes of Tasty Yeast.

How to tell when the Captain is off: Holecek can be seen running around without his piece of paper in his hand.

When bigger cops are made, Nick Huth will make them.

When looking for a favor from Patrolman Hitzler, tell him you are a friend of Patrolman Goulds and everything will be?

Traffic "C's" new club, "The Nerts Club." Bamberger, president, and Somers, vice-president.

Rookies should see Ed Miller on all matters per-

taining to seniority. It is rumored he came in the job with one ribbon.

E. Returning from two strenuous days at the Captain's exam, Lieutenants John Higgins and John Kelly looked very well pleased. No doubt a few months hence we will have the pleasure of saluting two new lovable commanding officers.

Sergeant "King" Doyle pinched hit in the Bronx during examination days. The "King," who is about to be made a "Looie" himself in the very near future, says that the Bronx is the land of milk and honey, and he hopes to land there after promotion.

Sergeant Bill Mulry took his wife and fleet of little Mulrys to Ideal Beach, on the shores of New Jersey. After a few days sojourn Bill returned alone. He says he doesn't care whether he works all day or night now, as keeping a bachelor apartment is sort of a lonesome job.

Sergeant Joseph Meade has started a tour of the good old U. S. A. Joe, we hope your wife and youngsters will enjoy the scenery along the Bronx River Parkway.

Sergeant James Mohan has changed his address for the summer and can be reached on the ocean front at Coney Island.

Patrolman Thomas Lancer recently distinguished himself by the capture of two notorious hold-up men in the vicinity of Broadway and 72d Street. Good work, Tom, and have a good time on that extra day off.

Recently was informed that our sheik of Traffic "E," Patrolman Gerald Grojean, stepped out and took unto himself a better half. The only thing Gerald smiles at is the big clock in the vicinity of his post when it arrives near quitting time. Gee, isn't love grand!

Patrolman Barney Heustis, credited with the most perfect Roman nose in all of Traffic "E," bumped into Jimmy Durante, of Hollywood fame. We are glad to report that after both "Schnozzles" had been properly measured, our dear Barney won.

B. Patrolman Thomas Rail, the June groom of Traffic "B," and his pretty bride, Katie O'Donnell, celebrated with a honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls. Congratulations.

The featured bout between Patrolman (Gas-house) Mundhenk and Patrolman Peter Devaney has been indefinitely postponed. Devaney contracted a severe case of sunburn while summering at Coney Island.

Lieutenants Thomas Ryan and Dick Reynolds have their hats in the ring for the shield that carries the two bars. Both report progress in the recent examination. Lieutenant Patrick Crowley, the unofficial referee, declares them both winners. Good luck.

Sergeants Patrick McGuire, President, Patrick Burke, First Vice-President, and Michael J. Maunion, Secretary and Treasurer of the "Head-Hunters" Association, are observed holding daily conferences. From inside information they expect the list to move shortly.

Patrolman Frederick (Herman) Baner, No. 2 chauffeur of Ford No. 879, reports car in good condition; battery clean.

Patrolman Clarence Shoesmith has been promoted since he caught a burglar in his home town, Flushing. He now has two piers for a post instead of one.

2D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

G. Ptl. Gene McGuinness

LT. THOMAS EAGAN

H. Ptl. Narcisse Cervais

Ed Gallagher has just returned from a visit to the home of "Anne Houser Bush," in good ole St. Louis. Ed says he expects her to return to us soon.

The Traffic "H" baseball team is just about rounded into shape. Manager Fighting Jim McCarthy says his boys are as good as the best. The first combat of the season was with the 52d Precinct. The massacre lasted till late in the afternoon and had to be called in the 7th inning, at which time the score was somewhere in the neighborhood of 140 to 80. Anyway, a good time was had by all.

We have good reason to believe that our own little Willie Richards is about to become engaged, married or something of the sort. Whatever it is, Willie, we wish you luck.

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

Lieutenant Arthur Strachan is said to have danced right through the Captain's exam, and without the KILTS. More power, Seottty.

I. Attendant John "Patches" O'Brien, the beau brummel of "I," was seen talking to the "old clothes man" of the 78th Precinct. Wonder what the conversation was about? Maybe John was trying to get a new pair of trousers in exchange for the ones he is wearing.

John "Max" Carthy, the humorist, and Arthur "Blushes" Ford, the cartoonist, are strangely silent lately. "Crying" Charlie Zeeck must have taken a fall out of them.

The cooks and waiters of Traffic "T" seem to be going out of their way to invite the bosses to eat lately. We wonder whether the coming Sergeants' list has anything to do with this.

J. Harry "Meandogs" Tice is walking much better since the horse stepped on his foot. The sudden jolt must have raised his arches.

Tom McWalters has the chevrons all ready to sew on. "Windy" Keliher, Martin and a few more of the bossy better look out.

Sandy McTave, of summons renown, is walking around these days wearing a smile that won't rub out. A new young lady arrived a few weeks ago at the Tave domicile. He already has two future "rabbis."

Ruddy Faust is kind of nervous lately.

K. Patrolman R. Cook purchased an aeroplane last month and wants to take some of the boys up for a ride. Any volunteers?

Patrolman L. Laut lost a big bet on the Sharkey-Schmeling fight. Milmerstadt says the amount of the bet was \$2.50, which he claims is big for Louie.

Looks like Mike Gully has the only steady post in the precinct.

The golf bug certainly took a good bite out of Sam Oldham.

Patrolman Bauerschmidt was relieved at 5:30 P. M. instead of the usual 5:58 one Sunday last month. Didn't get over it yet.

What patrolman picked himself a nice cool berth for the summer? Smart fellow that Charlie.

Silent Markowitz will take care of the traffic situation down at Coney Island this summer. Keep everything under control now, "Cornelius."

Lieutenant Jere Daly is back from the Theatre Zone. Welcome back, Jere, we hope you have come to stay.

Dave Maun has grown a few shades paler. He's worried fearing Charlie Bumberschute will soon be his boss.

Handsome Ed Donlan, the snappy Sergeant from Traffic K, pays many visits to Canarsie. What's the attraction, Ed?

L. We heard Sergeant Egan talking to himself when American Ice was selling at 35. Since the crash we occasionally hear him whisper.

Fred Opperman, the "Boy Cop" of "L," could not resist the spell of leap year and was captured at an unguarded moment.

Bill Luttge, Head Chef of "L," has a mania for Mama Cookies. What are you saving the coupons for? New china?

Sayings of the great men of "L." They are as true today as the first time they were uttered. Craven: "Many great men were once poor boys."... Thomsen: "A girl whose words I cannot trust cannot be my friend."... Babyface Ryan: "Love all. Wrong none."... Pop Dolan: "Captain Kid became a pirate. I became a cop."... Jimmy Hayden: "I saw many varieties of wild flowers going through the woods."

4TH DISTRICT TRAFFIC

Patrolman Bill Kearns has not been very active as a reporter lately. The cause of the delinquency is that he spends all of his time washing that new Buick... We are also informed that Patrolman Phil O'Brien has not yet paid for that American Legion uniform.

6TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. CORNELIUS J. BROWNE

The members of the 23d Squad are at last convinced that Detective William Quaine is a confirmed bachelor, as he was seen purchasing a poll parrot to keep him company in his lonesome minutes.

The detectives of the 6th District have made baseball history. They defeated the crack team of the 25th Precinct twice this season, by scores of 10-0 and 12 to 1. Sergeant Braveman, who manages the losers, was struck out three times in the first game and twice in the second game. They've dedicated a poem to him, "When Sergeant Braveman of the 25th Precinct strikes out."

The detectives were ably managed by Lieutenant Appel, and his work was perfect. Rumors went around that an official from one of the major leagues was looking him over. Who can tell? Maybe he'll be at the Polo Grounds next season.

Acting Lieutenant John Shields, in charge of the 23d Squad, is on his vacation at Belle Harbor, and believe me what a play the boardwalk will get when he starts strutting his white flannels. He is also a passionate golfer, and one of the best in the department. One of our undercover men followed him over one of the courses in Nassau County recently, and reported that John had a perfect 128. Look to your laurels, Sarazen.

Detective John Dougherty, who has taken charge of the 23d Squad during the absence of Lieutenant Shields, had a telephone installed in his bedroom so that he could have 24 hours' service.

Lieutenant Henry Devlin, of the 28th Squad, says that he has a 100 per cent. record in keeping his name out of SPRING 3100. Look out, Henry, your reporter is on the scent and looking for a little story.

8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM SECOR

Johnny Collins, of the 47th Squad, tells a story about a man who left a will (but who didn't have a cent) which read something like this: He bequeathed the limbs of the trees to the birds to sit on; the streams and rivers to the fishes to swim in; the fresh air to the humans so that they could breathe. What got John's wrinkle, was that the person who left that kind of a will must have been very busy, had a lot on his mind and was very generous.

The mob in the 8th District have come to the conclusion that Morry Tobin is very witty, because every time you see him and Rudy Schnitzer, you always see Rudy laughing. Maybe it's just one of those perpetual smiles.

Conny Mancini tells a story about when the 18th Amendment was put through. Everybody was

shouting "No beer—no work." Now, he says, we have no beer and also no work.

Johnny Bunchrow, of the 47th Squad, is on his vacation, but you ought to see the nice coat of red sunburn that he has. He is one of those "guys" that doesn't tan, just burns.

Speaking about the pronunciation of words, Frankie Lenihan wants to know how to pronounce ACCLIMATED; is it ack-climated or a-climated? He is one of those gents that can always give you a sticker when it comes to the English language.

Johnny Ragtime Collins is a very good copper and good automobile operator, but when it comes to managing a ball team, Phooey!

Since Lieutenant Jimmy Dinan and Lieutenant Tommy Neilsen got hitched, there is quite a nice, look on their faces. Why doesn't Tommy Thompson and the rest of the bachelors take a try at the marriage department.

If you want to meet an obliging team come up to The Bronx and meet Henry Miller and Louis Hollman. No kidding, either. It's a pleasure to work alongside of this couple. Lots of luck to Hen and Lou of the 47th.

Bobby Reers is not fat, as some one told the reporter. In my opinion he is more than fat. He is stout in spots. What a front porch! Everyone wants to know where the devil did Ogden get those black sneakers that he wore at a certain ball game. He looked like a night man in the upper Bronx.

Jimmy Hartington is on his vacation. Everyone hopes that he comes back with a good coat of tan, or his nose peeling, or maybe a little fatter.

Tommy Williams, of the 47th Squad, was sick for quite a spell, but he is now up and trying to get back to his former self. His wisecracks and ready smile are needed away up here in the sticks.

Al Dittmar is still one of the doubting Thomases of the district. You can't tell him anything; he always has to look up the Encyclopedia first.

15TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. AL. WING

We have some constant readers in the commanding officers of the Police Departments in the neighboring towns of Floral Park and Bellerose. In Floral Park we are fortunate in having the genial Jim Humphreys as Chief of Police, for his greatest pleasure is derived from assisting the members of this Department. The only fault that can be found with Jim is his selection of a detective, in having Frank Magner as his ace sleuth. Frank is a good man in picking parlays, and this will be attested to by my partner, the ex-reporter for this district, Jack Hurton.

Bellerose is to be congratulated in having for its commander-in-chief Lieutenant James Murphy, as the new lieutenant is a demon for work. His only fault is his constant use of one of his senses, namely, speech. However, it must be written here that both of these men are a credit to their communities, and it is a genuine pleasure to have them as our neighbors.

Detective Sam Clark, of the Queens Homicide Squad, who is by now a famous photographer, was observed the other day cleaning his service revolver. He uses a whiskbroom.

Our clerical man, Detective Lester Morris, is considered one of the sheiks of this office. All honors go to Mrs. Morris, however. She's his guiding light.

Detective Jack Hurton, former star reporter, was seen wearing a hat two sizes too small. He refused to explain where he got it on the grounds that it would incriminate him.

Lieutenant Edward Moore wants to know why the 106th Squad is always getting the Gun Squad. He states that now that mosquitoes are in bloom in Ozone Park he will train some to be detectives.

Lieutenant Henry Flattery, of the 103d Squad, has been doing light housekeeping in the station house since his wife and family went to Ireland.

Acting Captain Graham is carrying a squeal himself, having made out a D. D. 4 (but to date no 5, although five days have elapsed) for four towels that he claims someone confiscated from his office. Morris will be after him for a 5 soon, but can tell more about the towels if questioned closely.

Detective Boyman, of the 104th Squad, is still looking for a nice poodle, and if anyone has one to sell, communicate with Herman.

Detective Ike Jacobs is still in command of the 104th Squad in the absence of Lieutenant Stein, and Ike says it isn't a bad job at all, but that he would appreciate if someone would tell Hughes that he is the boss.

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

Acting Lieutenant Hughey McGovern, who is "way up" on the lieutenants' list, is very solicitous about the health of all the Inspectors, Captains and Lieutenants in the job. Every once in a while he blurts out to one of the "big" bosses: "You don't look so good; have you been ailing recently?" A certain member of this district told me confidentially that he had recently received from one of the prominent hotels in New York an announcement of some new details that were added for the comfort of its transient patrons. He said that he had never stopped at THAT hotel in all his life, and he wondered if Joe Burke had been using his name. I wonder! I can prove this, Joe.

Jack Dust, of the 114th Squad, nicked a piece out of the ear of one of our new members, Matty Heberich. An accident, of course, which might have had serious consequences, and really nothing to joke about—but the life of the average cop means to take things as they come and laff it off. Well, Matty did, and continued right on the job after being dressed up in the hospital. By the way, Matty is a pretty boy and uses Glostora. He's also single.

Occasionally a fellow has a chance to go out fishing, and Henny Wittel has proved that two or three times this year. That is, he proves it by his statements; no one ever saw any of the fish. Why not try the "Tall Story Club," Henny?

Garibaldi Negri and Fascisti Grottano, of the 114th Squad can knock off a corking duet—but since they are 100 per cent. cops no one suspects anything wrong. This squad also boasts of a perfect husband. WHEN Mickey Powers is off he's always out with the family. Wotta man! (I'll bet the other married men in the squad will be afraid to take this copy home. What do I get for this, Mickey?)

Ed and Tom (Gayne and Gallagher) are looking forward to vacation days... Things have been happening so fast and so often that laying around in the sun once in a while is going to be appreciated... "Major" Dale, commander of the 112th, would dearly love to take one of those very cheap European trips that are advertised, only Europe is too far away from the 112th... "Smilin'" Ed. Hatrick has a new rival (Matty Heberich), who also has a dimple that radiates good nature. Hey, Matty, if you catch up to Ed. Hatrick in detective work you'll please the C. O. (Captain Burke)... Once in a while Dan Grey smiles, too—mostly on pay days, BEFORE he goes home... Lieutenant John Stein also took the exam. for Captain and has already bought the additional bar. Lordy, if he leaves here Mickey and Jennie Mouse are going to starve to death... I ran across "Bomb Squad" McCartney the other day and he said that he reads this column regularly. I hope I may be pardoned for mentioning him here, but I just want to say that he can find his way without a guide—in Queens.

CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER C. BRUMMERHOP

The baseball team alleged to represent the Police Commissioner's Office, but comprising mostly, as stated by that office's capable reporter, of "outsiders," evidently must think pretty well of the team from the Chief Inspector's Office. That fact being based upon the oratory which has been forthcoming from various representatives of said office praising their initial victorious exploit; and judging from the manner in which all concerned have leaped upon the bandwagon singing these praises, it certainly must have been considered quite an achievement to have conquered the Chief's team, which, I might add, comprised members of the Chief Inspector's office ONLY. We COULD get together again!

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

The reason that Ray Downey is taking such an interest in handball is that his "Lady Fair" gets a great kick out of watching his brawny arms and biceps that became wonderfully developed through this pastime.

Bill Casey and Stanley Povey, our big shots, attended a basket ball game up at Hudson the other night, after which they visited some of the night clubs and looked over the lovely fillies that entertain so graciously. A good time was had by all.

Walter O'Connell had a slight mishap the other day. He sprained his index finger.

Next bout on the program, eight rounds, both members of this club, Bill O'Neill and Hymie Gordan. This event will not take place in the cellar, but in the open, up on the roof.

I wonder what happened to Sergeant Eugene Dunn of the Bureau of Information. He sure has gathered in a lot of bedtime stories recently.

"My pent house up in the sky," sung by McIntyre and Hunt.

It's a wonder the boys wouldn't keep quiet when Bill Thompson is talking to his boss over the phone.

Retired Patrolman Orrin H. Crosby, former Boiler Inspector, is expected to pay us a visit from St. Petersburg, Fla., now his home town. Orrin wants to say "Hello" to some of his former side-kicks. O. K., Orrin.

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1

PTL. CARL J. FRITZ

The two letters received by this office from the well-known "Subway Pat" Sorogan were very well written, especially the one addressed to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Pat wants all the horses kept off the streets so that they won't get tangled up in his motorcycle. The Society is giving this matter consideration.

Mike Ryan is the proud papa of a baby boy. Congratulations from the gang, Mike. Mike says he is going to make a fighter out of him. If he inherits Mike's pep he will spend most of his time on the canvas like this ———.

Come on, Harry, tell us why you wore those sun glasses last month—and leeches can be had so easily.

Oh! for the life of a butcher boy. Is that why you wear that white coat when you drive your car, "Bill"?

Is it true that Jimmie Reynolds turned in a fire alarm on Broadway and after an investigation found it was just a reflection of the many colored lights around 44th Street?

Eddie Heffernan is spending his vacation shooting wild ducks on his spacious estate at Mastic, L. I.

He was tendered a magnificent sendoff at the swanky Park View Inn, which was attended by many celebrities, including his faithful laundry man. Don't forget to bring back a few ducks, Ed.

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 2 PTL. EUGENE DEVINE

Now that Motorcycle Squad No. 2 has a substation on pier No. 13, Staten Island, it is rumored that "ROPE WERNER," the first broom, will start a ferry to Brooklyn, using his sea-going tub, the *Mary Ann*. Jesse Bedell, the old, toothless fisherman from Long Island, is to be Werner's first assistant. What a break for Staten Island.

Since N. T. G.'s Hollywood review left the St. George Theatre, Patrolman Surko has been seen walking around wearing smoke-colored glasses; he saw the show seven times.

On the Captain's day off Patrolman Hubbard was seen using the bum arm.

If you want to go fishing, see Sergeant Cornell. His friend has a boat and all's welcome???

When the dinner bell rang, Smiling Harry Schreiber was seen running. If Dr. Moorehead ever knew that.

Patrolman Edward Lang was married on June 16. Good luck, Ed.

Bill Parks was seen walking down Fourth Avenue wearing a cocoa-colored coat with white pearl buttons, white duck pants and white shoes. What a man!

Bill McAvoy, our clerical man, may be seen on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City any Sunday. What is the attraction?

Since Freddie Maehr, our German mechanic, bought a house in Flatbush he refuses to buy cigarettes, and all we hear is "Give me a butt."

The problem now discussed at Motorcycle Squad No. 2 is, where did Captain Nearey and his outboard motor spend their vacation?

Motorcycle Squad No. 3 is boasting about one of its members who is the son of a judge from Wisconsin. We wonder who he is. Maybe our old friend Lieutenant Leininger will enlighten us.

If you want your car simonized see Patrolman Goodyear. He will be glad to do it on his day off.

CORRESPONDENCE ROOM

DET. MATTHEW SHEEHAN

"Cannonball" Sheehan pitched his second victory for the Correspondence Room by defeating the Police Commissioner's Office at Corlears Park by 9 to 0.

Bunching hits and runs in the fifth inning, the CORROOMS won their tenth straight game. "Cannonball" Sheehan was in great shape, fanning twelve, and bringing his strike-out record up to 105.

The bulk of the CORROOM'S attack was furnished by Kiefer, Bowes and Bogus. The spectators and members of the Correspondence Room were disappointed by the poor showing of the POLCOMS. Manager Cavanaugh, of the POLCOMS, attributes the poor showing of his team to the loss of their heavy-hitting fielder, Tim Hickey, and on Saturday, as in the past, when Hickey was out, the POLCOMS lacked the pep that is necessary to put over a win.

Rumor has it that the real winners were the Park Department.

Correspondence Room

Police Commissioner's Office

	R.	H.	E.		R.	H.	E.
Travers, c.f.	0	1	0	Bloomquist, 3d b	0	1	0
Murphy, 2d b.	1	1	0	Kiernan, F., 1st b	0	1	0
Whalen, 1st b.	1	1	0	Little, 2d b.	0	1	0
Bogus, c.	1	1	0	Howard, s.s., p.	0	0	0
Mulligan, s.s.	2	1	0	Joyce, l.f.	0	1	0
Kiefer, 3d b.	2	4	0	Condon, p.	0	2	0
Bowes, l.f.	1	2	0	Kavanaugh, c.f.	0	0	0
Gribbin, r.f.	1	1	0	Kiernan, W., c.	0	2	0
Sheehan, p.	0	1	0	Clancy, r.f.	0	0	0
Total	9	13	0	Total	0	8	0

Home Run—Bogus. Two-base hits—Murphy, Whalen, Mulligan, Sheehan and Condon. Hit by pitcher—Travers.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2

PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

Butler and Daly were disappointed at not being detailed to Coney Island this summer. They miss the tomatoes.

Professor Wieland is in training for the coming wrestling season.

Willie Ryan deserves great credit for his constant snappy appearance. He is the "Tiffany" of Squadron 2.

Jim Byers has not been enjoying the best of health lately, but appears to be coming back strong now. The boys are rooting for you, Jim.

The members of this squadron wish Lieutenants Brown, Klicpera, Lenihan, McGowan, and Acting Captain Miller good luck in the recent examination for Captain.

James Brennan recently completed twenty-five years' service in the Department, and also used up his last summons book. He was heard to remark that he hopes the new one lasts as long as the first one did. (It looks as if MAHATMA GHANDI will be with us for another twenty-five years.)

A ghost appeared at Bar 2 E in the person of Fred Donnelly, after completing a six weeks' assignment at the Remount Depot under the careful supervision of Sergeant Gannon. Fred now claims to be the runner-up to the Mahatma, who says that he can take a bath in a fountain pen.

Watson appears to be going into the lumber business on a large scale. He was observed saving clothes pins. Let's in on it, Lee.

Everybody in Prospect Park calls Burns "Kaiser." Now, Frank, keep cool.

Morrow is known as the cigarette. What's it all about, John?

Claffey leaves his house early on Sunday so as to catch a store open in violation of the Sabbath law.

Jim Duffy is some social lion. One cup of coffee and two glasses of near beer at a party and he goes fast asleep.

Sergeant Markey hid all the tie ropes as he heard that the Sergeants' list will soon be out.

BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

Word has reached my ear that my good friend and co-worker, the estimable limb-of-the-law, Patrolman John Woods, better known as the "Connection-Man," strained at his connecting ties, far and near, to have the writer exposed in the columns of the magazine.

The article, I understand, was contumelious, disdainful, idiotic and ridiculous, the composition being that of a nincompoop.

Thanks to the super-intelligence of the staff of our wonderful magazine in not having published it. Why subject this organ to mockery by such an article?

John, in the writing field you are, in my estimation, a neophyte. If your article had been published I would have felt terrible. I would have resorted to crapulent adventures and the contents of carboys. I would, in all probability, have been stultified.

As far as writing articles is concerned, John, believe me, the strenuousness of preparation is no sinecure, and whoever attains the maximum point, that is, "getting the article published," should be the cynosure of the world. For what a guerdon you would have won. What encomiums you would receive! With what an accolade you would be greeted by my well-wishers!

But the editors, John, are my friends; no hortative influence can move them; no chicanery circumvent them; no smiling sycophant can win them. They are remotely frigid and imperturbable where

connections are concerned; they surpass the planet Pluto, which was at least discoverable. They wield a truncheon that hits the weak, but not the strong.

John, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. So, Auf Weidersehn, my friend John.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 2

PTL. RAYMOND J. TAYLOR

Sergeant McWilliams, the poet of this squad, wrote a swell poem about Sergeant Moore, also of this squad, who was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant on May 2, 1932. Sorry, Sarge, but it was a little bit too long. Here's another one of his efforts:

THE BLUE PILOT

Standing around the hangar at dawn,
Listening to experiences of his brothers in blue,
Stood a stalwart rookie, gazing down at the lawn,
Wondering if everything they said could be true.
A windstorm was blowing, as he pulled down his cap.
And jerked at the buttons, replacing the flap
Of his uniform coat, with a sigh of relief,
When the telephone rang, it was not his belief
That a duty came over which he could pursue
In a fearless manner, as most of them do.
The message, deciphered, had finally read:
"Smugglers; over Narrows; in plane painted red."
The rookie leaped as a lion at its prey;
In the cockpit he landed, with agile display:
The propeller was humming, all ready to start.
And the ground men were running, as from earth it
did part;

Aloft the plane raised, with splendid ascent,
Piloted into space, to the Narrows Hell bent:
The red plane was sighted soon after arrival,
And pursuit was begun, with the culprit his rival,
Over the Hudson the contest was held,
A shot, a scream, and the smuggler was felled;
With accurate timing, at this altitude,
And visions of praise for his fortitude,
The day's work was done, an arrest had been made,
But later he learned the penalty was paid.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 4

PTL. CARL L. REU

Truck No. 4 was in a movietone film. The camera man claims that Maurice "Chevalier" Barrett sure put it over when it came to character acting. The speed demon, Patrick P. J. Lyons, sure maneuvered the "Green Monster" in and out of traffic, while Louie Cardosa did his best posing of the year. Well, we'll be seeing you in the movies.

Talk about Harry Richman "putting on the Ritz," the Volga boatman, Tony Batto, now comes to work in his "Yatch." He cruises down to 86th Street dock and then struts through the main stem in his "Commodore" outfit. The gigolos envy him.

Will someone who is acquainted with the new model Fords kindly let Patrolman Reedy know where the oil indicator is on his car? He had us all worn out looking for it, and then he found that it had been left out.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 5

SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

The rejuvenated Squad No. 5 baseball team coached by Smiling Jim Gaffney, that popular Sergeant from the 30th Precinct, who used to play alongside of Honus Wagner in the Mosquito League, took a trip up to Dyckman Oval where they met and annihilated Sergeant Goldberg's "ham and egg-ers" from the 34th Precinct by a score of 30 to 5. Patrolman Edward Pascocella, the ex-sailor, pitched a wonderful game for the winners. He just played with his opponents, and they couldn't "take it," in fact, they quit cold in the fifth inning, when Ser-

geant "Rube" Goldberg called the roll and marched his boys home, new uniforms and everything.

Smith and Young made a lot of noise for the losers, but noise don't win ball games. "Swat" Mulligan, of Squad No. 5, hit a terrific homer, and was the leading batsman for the winners. Confetti caught a sweet game. "Red" Cudahy, formerly with the "House of Refuge," played a swell game at first base. The emergency boys expect to play the 34th a return game and all of their stars have promised to bat left handed so that the game will be close.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 6

PTL. JAMES A. SHEPPARD

Just a bit of poetry:

When there is brass to be cleaned and floors to be scrubbed,

And errands to be run and the windows rubbed,

The boss looks around for some volunteer,

Then a strong, booming voice pipes up from the rear:

"Not me, Sarge, I'm the chauffeur."

When our time is up and our checks we've cashed in,
And St. Peter questions us as to how we did sin,

He looks all around and all you could hear

Was that same familiar voice roaring out from the rear:

"Not me, St. Pete, I'm the chauffeur."

And later on to our places we're sent,

And we're handed shovels, all worn and bent,

"Come on and get busy," old Satan did roar,

And that same old voice cried out as before:

"Not me, 'Red,' I'm the chauffeur."

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 7

SCT. JOHN E. COX

Patrolman Janda, after many months of effort, has come to the conclusion that it is impossible to get more than twenty-four hours' service out of the radio in any one day. He is now working on his automobile, which, due to it being constructed of various parts of other automobiles, pushcarts, bicycles, etc., has become known as the "Melting Pot" of the vehicle industry. The knipling pin dropped out of the cohoffingboffum, causing an extensive shock to the structure of his car. As a diversion Joe frequently bangs and lacerates his fingers to give himself practical experience in rendering first aid.

Word has been received from Sergeant Crowley that there is an abundance of Jirgasticutus and Colodianasperaticus where he is stopping on vacation. Anyone desiring to enjoy this phenomenon can obtain the address at this squad office.

Patrolman Thomas McHugh, of Emergency Squad No. 10, is bursting with joy. He's the proud father of twin boys.

BUREAU CRIM. IDENTIFICATION

Forty fearless men of the B. C. I. hiked to HUGO'S INN at College Point on Monday, July 18, with the following casualties: The Fingerprint Experts are alright in their place, but as ball players they rank merely secondary to the Clerical Staff of the same department who gracefully took them over the hurdles in a well-played game to the tune of 11-8. Ed Ryan managed the affair, and the success attained now makes it a semi-monthly fixture for the balance of the season. The game was featured by some fine pitching by Nagle and Severance, and heavy hitting by Whalen and Cashman, each of whom made a home run and a three-base hit. Frank Flynn also shined with 4 hits—a perfect day. The Bureau has some wonderful Ballyhoo Artists who not only excelled on the field, but did even better after the game, extolling their various virtues to all who would

listen. John (Maxie) Leffler proved the real hero of the day. He acted as Chairman of the Refreshment Committee—and HOW!!! Captain Bill Raftis' Nimble Pickpocketers will meet the Fingermen at the same place on Monday, August 1. WATCH YOUR ROLL, BOYS!

POLICE ACADEMY

PTL. SYL. A. MCCASKEY

As you know, this is the season when grandmother, whose demise occurred some time in the remote past, is being surreptitiously resurrected and consigned once more to the great beyond by the unscrupulous office boy, bent on making his way to the nearest ball park, there to pay homage to his favorite, or to indulge in a few innings of recreation himself.

Not to be outdone by these juvenile exponents of our national pastime, some of the boys of the Police Academy banded together and endeavored, on Saturday, July 16, 1932, to emulate such scintillating contemporaries of the diamond as Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, et al., and went forth to battle, without the customary rigors of pre-season training, against the alleged formidable opponents in the form of the Quartermaster's Division. Through the untiring efforts of Patrolman Malloy of that Division, and his shadow, Patrolman Higgins, the arrangements for the day's recreation were *par excellence*. However, their season's ambitions, or dreams, would have been complete, only for the fact that the boys in the Police Academy showed them how to play ball by scoring 11 runs against their 6. Never mind, Eddie, the next time you want some real ball players make out a QD 45 and have Patrolman Donnelly exert his efforts to see what he can do for you.

It was conspicuously noticed, with pleasure, that our worthy catcher and elongated slab artist, Patrolman Reynolds, is passing unscathed through the stage of adolescence and is about to enter the ranks of the benedicts (it looks that way), for after each inning he immediately joined a certain ginger ale blonde who was witnessing the game and exerted particular effort to see that she was enjoying herself. (By the way, this blonde works on the seventh floor, Police Headquarters Annex.) We trust that after next month he will not "waist" his arm to such an extent as to render him *hors de combat* for ensuing games. Atta boy, Eddie, don't forget the engagement party—soon.

Patrolman Malloy, the noted thespian, prior to going to bat, endeavored to arouse some of the spectators by commenting bitterly on the recent uncalled-for attack made upon the drama of New York, at the same time launching into a tirade against what he termed the insidious present-day methods of broadcasting. He astonished his listeners with his eloquence (including Patrolman Higgins) by asserting that if some of the stuff being sent out into the ether these nights was music, then "The Face on the Barroom Floor" is an autobiography of Longfellow. Subsequently he gave a review of a treatise by himself, entitled "Creation by Means of Thought Waves," at the conclusion of which his listeners agreed that if such a lamentable prediction should ever become a reality, they would migrate to some clime where the old-fashioned practices were still observed. Ed, your versatility surprised everyone of us. Congratulations.

Many other amusing tales might be narrated as the aftermath of a thoroughly enjoyed afternoon, but time and space will not permit. We look forward with pleasure to the next gathering of this little coterie of fun makers, so until then good-bye and good luck.

Don't forget, Eddie, make out that QD 45.

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolman John O'Connell, 24th Precinct, while on patrol at about 10:35 P. M., June 26, was informed there was a man discharging a shotgun on the fourth floor of premises 73 West 90th Street. Proceeding to the scene, the officer confronted the man and ordered him to drop the weapon. Instead of doing so, he took deliberate aim, pulled back the hammer and threatened to kill the officer who thereupon discharged one shot, wounding the man fatally. Subsequent investigation revealed that he had purchased the weapon with the intention of killing his wife and five brothers.

On December 10, 1931, detectives of the 19th Squad arrested on the roof of a private residence at 924 Fifth Avenue one Robert Russell, charged with attempted burglary. Painstaking investigation later resulted in the arrest of two accomplices who had assisted Russell to dispose of property stolen from various Park Avenue pent-house apartments prior to his arrest. Further investigation led to the arrest a short time later of three men charged with receiving the stolen property. Four of the band have already been convicted and sentenced to long prison terms. Property valued at \$80,000 was recovered and returned to the owners.

BRONX

Patrolmen Herman Dohrman and Andrew Nelson, 47th Precinct, while off duty and in civilian clothes in the neighborhood of Gun Hill Road and White Plains Avenue, at about 11:55 P. M., June 20, heard the sound of shots coming from a restaurant at 3550 White Plains Avenue. Proceeding swiftly to the scene, they encountered a man backing out of the restaurant with a repeating shotgun in his hand. They disarmed the man and upon investigation found he had just shot and killed another man during an altercation. The prisoner has been indicted for first degree murder and is now awaiting trial.

BROOKLYN

Patrolmen Luigi Cardille and Francis Griffith, 68th Precinct, while on patrol at about 3:35 A. M., June 17, received an alarm for the arrest of two men who at revolver point had just committed a robbery in a restaurant at 4605 Fifth Avenue. Searching the neighborhood, the officers became suspicious of the actions of a man in a passing taxicab, and after a short chase in a commandeered car overtook the taxicab and brought the man back to the scene of the crime where he was identified as one of the bandits. Patrolmen Patrick Maher and Arthur Heine, also of the 68th Precinct, a short while later arrested the second man at Eighth Avenue and 62nd Street. Arraigned in court, both men pleaded guilty and are now awaiting sentence. They admitted to eight other similar holdups.

QUEENS

Patrolman Theobald Schmidt, Mounted Squadron 2, while off duty and on his way home at about 5:20 P. M., June 15, observed a man running apparently from a grocery store at 9056 210th Street, Creedmore. The officer overtook the man after a short pursuit, disarmed him of a .32 calibre automatic and upon returning with him to the store found that together with an accomplice he had just held up and robbed a clerk.

Through this arrest three men and two women responsible for more than 100 previous holdups were later taken into custody by Detective Coffrey, 103rd Squad, and Detectives Collins and Scheerer, 105th Squad. The prisoners have been held in \$150,000 bail for trial.

Detectives John P. Werle and Anthony Sadlo, 108th Squad, while on patrol at about 2:30 P. M., June 4, observed two men walking on Grand Avenue, Astoria, who fitted the description of two men wanted for a holdup on May 30 in a store at 3413 Broadway, Astoria. Upon questioning the men one was found in possession of a loaded .45 calibre automatic. They later admitted the crime and confessed also to eight other previous holdups. They also implicated five other men, who likewise were taken into custody. Each is being held in \$25,000 bail for trial.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER



DAVE BROWN (Negro)

DESCRIPTION—Age, 28 years; 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 165 pounds; professional ball player, 32d Pet.

WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap, 10th Pet.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**ARTHUR LOFFREDO, alias
EDWARD LOFFREDO**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 194 pounds; brown eyes; black wavy hair; stocky build; dark complexion; clean shaven, 2d Pet.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



**HUGO WILLGEROD,
aliases HUGHIE WILLS and HUGH J. WILLIS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser, 17th Pet.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JAMES GARCIA, alias "BENTO"

DESCRIPTION—29 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 155 pounds; blue eyes; medium brown wavy hair; wore a blue suit and light fedora hat. Porto Rican by birth, 10th Pet.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—41 years; 5 feet 4½ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker, 13th Pet.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.

Spring 3100

AUGUST
1932



CHARLES
HAROLD

Spring 3100

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

VOLUME 3

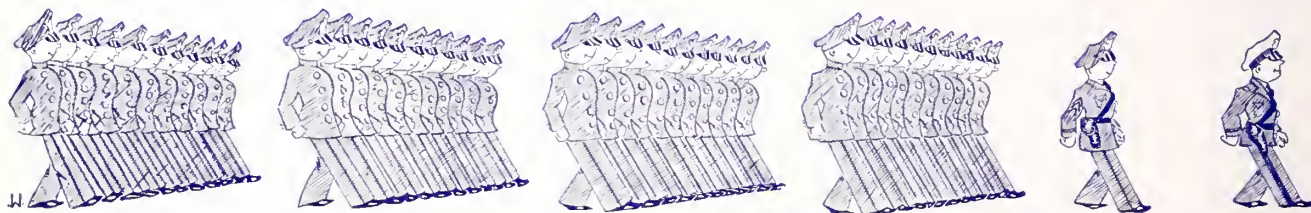
AUGUST, 1932

NO. 6

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorially Speaking



Looking over the Law



THE second great question now before our august assemblage, dear fellow club members, is whether the Brooklyn Dodgers will cop the pennant, flag or bunting, in the National League and thus provide us with a World Series which may be seen at the trifling travel cost of a five-cent fare. You will note that we said nothing about the American League contest and that is because our editor, the Police Commissioner himself, says the Yankees are in, and the Commissioner, as is well known to all and sundry, is a cautious and reticent prophet.

So placing the second great question on the table for the nonce, let us consider the first great problem, to wit, who will win the Mulrooney Little World Series, as a Herald-Tribune reporter has christened it. For the Police Commissioner, probably because of his uncertainty about the big World Series, decided to have one of his own, which may be seen by the boys, yes, and the girls too, of our fair city at the total cost of the fare to the Polo Grounds, and in many cases even transportation will be provided.

What we started out to say was that as a fitting climax to the great opening baseball season of the Junior Police Athletic League, sponsored by our Crime Prevention Bureau, we are going to have a World Series game of our own at the Polo Grounds on Friday, September 2d. The contest, struggle, battle, or engagement will be between an all-star team selected from the 5,000 boys in our Junior Police Athletic League and the nine of the St. Mary's Industrial School of Baltimore.

Of course, looked at in these terms, the odds seem somewhat against St. Mary's—but remember that "Babe" Ruth is an alumnus of St. Mary's, and Brother Benedict, who is athletic director there, says he has almost equally good players on his team. Anyway the "Babe" will play a few innings for his old school and for further particulars about this affair, you must look further on in these pages.

Shifting our attention for a moment, so as to include the consideration of the mothers with that of the children of this city, we wish again to state that the outings for the mothers and children are progressing most successfully. There have been fourteen of these all-day excursions so far this season, and they have been attended by 42,671 guests, of whom 27,800 were children and 14,871 were adults.

It is simply impossible for us to stop talking this month without complimenting Deputy Inspector Louis F. Dittman and Patrolmen Edward Kiernan and John Wynne of the Emergency Service Division, whose intelligent and heroic work on August 12th in recovering the body of a patrolman's son from the Delaware River is told at length in this issue. And while we are distributing bouquets, how about at least a rose for Inspector Daniel A. Kerr, commanding officer of the Emergency Division, whose studious foresight and planning was the basis for this incident.

The Radio Motor Patrol

By WILLIAM ALLAN, Superintendent of Telegraph, and
GERALD S. MORRIS, Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph.



William Allan

The establishment of a system of radio motor patrol, which began on February 23rd of this year with the opening of WPEG, the Police Department's main radio station at Headquarters, was described by Thomas W. Rochester, Chief Engineer of the Department, in an article published in the February issue of Spring 3100. Since then two supplementary stations, WPEF in The Bronx and WPEE in Brooklyn, have been opened.

The results achieved through this radio motor patrol system are told in the following article by William Allan, Superintendent of Telegraph, and Gerald S. Morris, Assistant Superintendent of Telegraph. The article is based on a report made by Superintendent Allan to Chief Inspector John O'Brien, on August 10, 1932.



Gerald S. Morris

AT 4.15 of an August morning, one of the few good citizens abroad at that early hour noticed a man moving about in a candy shop at Howard Avenue and Fulton Street, Brooklyn. The observer decided without hesitation that the man in the shop was a burglar and accordingly notified the police. Then, his citizen's duty performed for the moment, the discoverer moved into a safe observation post and awaited results.

He didn't wait long. The instant the message was received at Headquarters it was flashed by radio to the motor patrol cars of the Eighty-first Precinct in which the shop was located. Now there are lies, damn lies, official reports and statistics, but at least the official police reports have the merit of brevity. Therefore we will conclude our discussion of this particular case by citing the report on it, which states:

"At 4.20 a. m. the crew of radio motor patrol car 658 of the 77th Precinct reported that responding to above alarm Patrolman Francis Lutz had observed that the burglar was still at work and commanded him to surrender. On his failure to do so the prisoner, Garrett Prendergast, 92 McDougal Street, Brooklyn, 29 years, was shot in the stomach. Prisoner removed to St. Mary's Hospital in a serious condition."

The elapsed time between the reception of the original message concerning the burglar and the report of his capture was five minutes, or less than

that required for two rounds of a prize fight. This is the average time for such cases. Sometimes we complete them in three minutes and sometimes six minutes are required.

Let us look at some of the three-minute cases—or, to lapse for a moment into the language of the ring,

the ones in which the knockout comes in the first round or just about as you have comfortably settled into your seat. There was, for example, the one in which the report states:

"1. At 1.49 p. m. the following alarm sent over Bronx station WPEF:

"'Cars 605, 608, 97, go to 1060 Clay Ave., 42 Pct. Man with gun. Sig. 30.'"

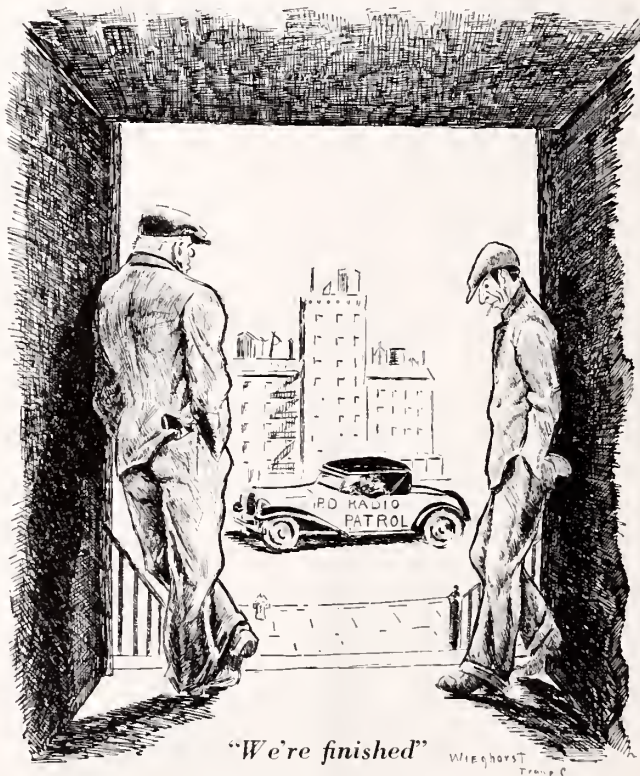
"2. At 1.52 p. m. Ptl. Fox, shield 14080, and Tait, shield 15496, attached to RMP 608 of 42nd Pct., reported they had arrested John J. Petell, 2126 Newtown Ave., Astoria, 48 years, who had threatened the complainant, F. Rubinstein, 1060 Clay Ave., saying he would shoot him.

"3. Prisoner booked at 42nd Pct. charged with intoxication."

This was speedy work, all right, but sometimes the men of the radio motor

patrol are so smart that they take their prisoner before an alarm has been sent out for him. No fooling, as Captain Frank Hawks, the famous flier, says. Just read this report:

"At 7.30 p. m., April 13th, while on patrol in radio motor patrol No. 1074, 8th Pct., going south on Third



"We're finished"

Wiegman
Tramp

Avenue, observed a man running from No. 34 Great Jones Street. The man was told to stop and when he refused he was pursued and caught, and while being questioned, the following message was received by radio:

“Car 1074-211-507. To 34 Great Jones Street. Signal 30. Authority Tel. Bur. Time 7.35 p. m. WPEG. Operator 17.”

“This man was then brought to 34 Great Jones Street, where he was identified as the man who shot one Louis Truhaust, an employee of the restaurant at the above address. The shooting occurred when the employee recognized the defendant as having robbed the restaurant once before.

“Defendant identified as Tony Vaccaro, 23 years, 57 Pitt Street, Manhattan. Charged with felonious assault at the 8th Precinct.”

The boys of the radio motor patrol are not too

won, although this is written without any desire to reflect on the B. M. T.'s service.

Patrolman Ohlman boarded the train at the Union Street station and Patrolman Hendrickson again raced the train, this time to the Pacific Street Station. Once again the automobile beat the underground train. We will conclude our report of this energetic and intelligent bit of police duty by reciting that:

“Ptl. Hendrickson met Ptl. Ohlman at the Pacific Street station, where the following men were placed under arrest: Lee Foo, 17 Doyer Street; Tom Bong, 26 Pell Street; Jim Wing, 12 Pell Street.

“Proceeds of robbery, \$47.10, were recovered and a Smith & Wesson .38 calibre revolver.”

These cases have been picked almost at random from the files of the Telegraph Bureau, but each one seems to typify some particular phase of radio motor patrol work. These incidents could be duplicated almost indefinitely, but if our readers will pardon

PHONE THE Police

If you see a crime -
or if
DANGER
threatens you
TELEPHONE!

**THE POLICE
RADIO
SYSTEM**
*Brings you
help in a hurry*

HELP FIGHT CRIME

EDWARD P. MULROONEY
POLICE COMMISSIONER

240 CENTRE STREET
MANHATTAN

proud to exchange the automobile for the subway if it seems best to do so when pursuing a suspect. There was, for instance, a case in Brooklyn on July 28th, when Patrolman James Hendrickson, shield 17238, and Christian Ohlman, shield 18050, in radio motor patrol car No. 636, were called to 509 73rd Street, near Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, by the radio report that a hold-up was in progress there.

The address proved to be a Chinese laundry, and the patrolmen arrived just as three Chinese ran from the shop and escaped into a subway where they boarded a train. The policemen then raced the subway train to the Union Street station of the Fourth Avenue B. M. T. subway line—and the radio car

us, we will say that we must get down to cases and give you some figures—and you may remember how affectionately we referred to figures earlier in this article.

Therefore we will now state that between February 23rd and August 8th the crews of the Department's radio-equipped automobiles responded to 5,685 calls and made 377 arrests in 233 cases. The valuation of the property recovered by these crews is available only for the period from June 6th to August 8th, but in that time it amounted to \$34,650.

The recovered property included twenty-nine automobiles, clothing and jewelry. Some of the automobiles were recovered within a short time after they had been used in the commission of a crime and therefore were valuable as clues.

The recapitulation of the cases shows:

Recapitulation	Total No. of Cases	Total No. Prisoners
Crimes:		
Assault and robbery.....	25	58
Felonious assault	17	19
Simple assault	10	10
Burglary	58	91
Burglars' tools	1	1
Grand larceny	23	30
Petit larceny	11	29
Homicide	4	5
Homicide material witness..	1	1
Passing counterfeit bills....	5	6
Counterfeiting	1	7
Possession revolvers	31	49
Possession dangerous weapons	1	5
Robbery	3	4
Unlawful entry	1	1
Disorderly conduct	15	25
Leaving scene of accident...	3	3
Operating auto intoxicated..	4	4
Juvenile delinquents	14	29
Miscellaneous:		
Attempted suicide—s a v c d from drowning	2	..
Rescued at fire.....	2	..
Artificial respiration—from gas poisoning	1	..
Grand Total	233 cases	377 arrests

If someone thinks there is a disparity between the number of calls answered and the number of arrests made, let us offer this explanation: The radio motor patrol car crews co-operate with other members of the Department, both of the uniform and plain-clothes units, in performing a variety of duties.

Some of these tasks are the preservation of evidence, apprehending material witnesses, making inquiries at hospitals and physicians' offices for criminals who might apply for medical attention after escaping from the scene of a crime, and making inquiries at garages, parking spaces and other places where automobiles, trucks or stolen merchandise may be stored.

The car crews also notify members of the Department assigned to traffic duty within their sector, of details of alarms received by radio; investigate suspicious persons and conditions to prevent crime, search buildings for escaping prisoners and render first aid. The value of these activities cannot be computed, but, nevertheless, some of the over-all efficiency of the Department is attributed to this work.

There are approximately two hundred radio equipped cars with crews totalling about 400 men, on radio motor patrol duty at all times. The Police Commissioner has praised the results of this system and has now started an educational campaign to obtain greater co-operation from New York's citizens in the telephoning of information to Headquarters concerning crime or attempts at crime. Let us all try to do our share to increase the efficient use of this splendid new method in the policeman's ceaseless warfare against crime.



Phone the Police!
the **NEW**
POLICE RADIO SYSTEM
brings **HELP** in
a **HURRY!**



HELP FIGHT CRIME ~

EDWARD P. MULROONEY
POLICE COMMISSIONER

An Emergency Service Epic

THE body of twelve-year-old George Martin, son of Patrolman Felix Martin of Traffic "L," who was drowned on August 11th at the Delaware Water Gap, where he was attending a boys' camp, was recovered the following day from the Delaware River bed by members of the Emergency Service Division in an incident which forms one of the epics of the New York City Police Department.

Inspector Daniel A. Kerr, commanding officer of the Emergency Service Division, just before noon on August 12th received from Chief Inspector John O'Brien a telegram which had been addressed to the Police Commissioner by Chief of Police Fred Decker of the Delaware Water Gap. The telegram read:

"Request your aid in searching for the body of George Martin, drowned here yesterday. Five grappling ropes, ten hooks, four boat hooks and heavy lines and a diver if possible with men to operate them. Train 25 or 5, Lackawanna, today."

Inspector Kerr, carrying out the orders of the Chief Inspector, sent Deputy Inspector Louis F. Dittman of Emergency Service Division with Patrolmen Edward Kiernan and John Wynne of Emergency Squads Nos. 18 and 5, respectively, to the Delaware Water Gap in a department automobile driven by Patrolman Dineen. They took with them equipment consisting of a self-contained breathing apparatus, grappling hooks, wading boots, searchlights and 400 feet of rope.

The party arrived about 4.30 P. M. on August 12th near the spot where the Martin boy had sunk in the Delaware River. They found at least 2,000 people gathered on the roadway and so much automobile traffic that three state highway policemen had to be called to regulate it at this point. Perhaps the best way to tell the rest of the story is to quote from the report submitted by Deputy Inspector Dittman.

"From the roadway to the shore was a drop of approximately 150 feet, which necessitated the use of ladders and ropes for the purpose of getting men and equipment to the shore. Immediately upon arriving at the shore front Patrolmen Kiernan and Wynne started grappling in the Delaware River, which at this point was approximately 750 feet wide, and from the information available had an extremely hazardous bed and contained a channel about 35 to 40 feet in depth. Grappling was continued by these two patrolmen for about 45 minutes for a twofold purpose, first in the hope that the body might

be recovered this way, and second, to secure some worth while information as to the character of the river bed.

"The survey of the conditions having been completed by Deputy Inspector Dittman, Patrolmen Kiernan and Wynne were called ashore, and after a consultation was had and a reconsideration of all the instructions and safety factors considered, Patrolman Kiernan, adjusting the mask to his face and with a life line of approximately 200 feet attached to the mask, entered the water approximately 200 feet distant from the point where George Martin was last seen.

"Patrolman Wynne, feeding the line to Patrolman Kiernan, prepared to give or to receive signals indicative of progress or of danger. Deputy Inspector Dittman was meanwhile holding the watch for the purpose of properly timing the under-water stay of Patrolman Kiernan, this being an extremely necessary condition if a person entering the water with the mask is not to suffer any serious physical ailment.

"After ten minutes of immersion Patrolman Kiernan was signaled to return to the shore, bringing with him at this time a couple of grappling hooks which had reached the river bed as a result of efforts made to grapple for the body prior and during our early arrival. A position was then taken approximately 20 feet up shore and after a rest period of about ten minutes Patrolman Kiernan again entered the water, covering an area at the end of this 200-foot rope of approximately 50 feet east and west on the river.

"Again he came up with no success indicated. Hot

coffee was served for the purpose of stimulation and warmth. He was carefully covered with robes to prevent any bodily chills, and after another ten minutes' rest Kiernan, under the same conditions, again entered the water and remained there for approximately 13 minutes. A signal had been previously given to Kiernan to ascend, the safety time limit having been reached.

"Upon his arrival he was asked why he did not return upon receiving the signal, and his explanation was that he failed to receive the signal due to the fact that his life line had become entangled between rocks in the river bed. Cool and collected as he was he did the only thing possible to do under the circumstances, outside of entirely divesting him-

(Continued on Page 24)



Ptl. Edward Kiernan and Ptl. John Wynne

The Mulrooney Little World Series



St. Mary's Industrial School Band, Baltimore, Md.

A JUNIOR baseball championship game, to be played at the Polo Grounds, at 2 P. M., Friday, September 2d, between a team from the St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, of which "Babe" Ruth is an alumnus, and an all-star team chosen from the 5,000 players of the Junior Police Athletic League, sponsored by the Crime Prevention Bureau of the Police Department, has been arranged by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney. "Babe" Ruth will attend the game and either play a few innings with his old school's team or act as an umpire, said the Commissioner.



Brother Benedict

Brother Benedict, athletic director of St. Mary's, will arrive in New York at 11 A. M., September 2d, with a party of fifty boys from the school. They will go directly to the Hotel Commodore, where they will stay while in the city, and after an early luncheon will be taken to the Polo Grounds. The visitors will include not only the school's baseball team, but its band, which accompanied the Yankees on their western trip in 1920 and won the National Band Championship in Class B in 1928.

A group of thirty players selected from the Junior Police Athletic League teams throughout the city, will be in the All-Stars' dugout on that day and it is hoped to use nearly all of them in the game. The average age of the opposing teams will be sixteen years. Major league umpires will officiate at the contest and representatives of the Yankees, the Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers will be on hand to scout any promising players.

A handsome silver trophy representing a pitcher delivering a curve, and silver medals for the visitors and the local players, have been donated by former Assemblyman Phelps Phelps. The trophy and the medals will be presented by Mr. Phelps at an informal dinner at the Commodore after the game, and this will be followed by a theatre party.

On Saturday morning, September 3d, the St. Mary's boys will be taken on sightseeing trips about the city. They will depart for Baltimore on an early afternoon train that day.



Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon receives the winner's trophy from Former Assemblyman Phelps Phelps

(Continued on Page 24)



"BROTHERS ALL"

MORAN HEADS STATE POLICE CONFERENCE

JOSEPH P. MORAN, president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, has become president of the State Police Conference, and New York City has been selected for the 1933 convention of seventy-two organizations with a membership of more than thirty-two thousand, stretching in a continuous line from Buffalo to Nassau County. It was only six years ago that Moran, following a P. B. A. reception at Madison Square Garden, invited to a conference the executive heads of police groups of the Empire State. Five responded. The talk was on police topics and the future. How far Moran dreamed of that future only Moran can say. But the fact is that the need for a medium by which there could be a closer and better understanding among peace officers everywhere enforcing the same laws was apparent to all five.

So the conference grew as the months passed and when the leaders met at Buffalo a year later and adopted a state-wide card of membership and laid down a policy there were five new organizations represented for every one that had responded to Moran's call. The understanding that the president would be the head of the local group of the city that won the convention and that the secretary would be designated by the president worked well, for it found Carr of Buffalo, Schwab of Rochester, Jewett of Syracuse, Ferrara of Utica, Flynn of Schenectady and Quigley of Albany, great leaders in their own cities, taking the helm of the State Police Conference and guiding the big ship of organization steadily along the river of progress and brotherhood.

And so having seen what so many policemen had dreamed of become a fact, the fifteen members of the Board of Officers of the P. B. A. of this city mingled with three hundred other delegates from every county at the Albany convention of the State Police Conference which ended a four-day session on August 6 and witnessed the selection of New York City by unanimous vote as the convention city of next year. They heard Quigley, president of the Conference and head of the Albany policemen, loudly applauded when he mentioned the head of the P. B. A. of this city as a "far-seeing" leader who brought to his membership and to the entire Police Department of New York City a greater reward for loyalty to organization than had any leader in recent history. He spoke of salaries advanced steadily and then protected by rigid laws following successful referendums and pension time decreased. The steady growth of the Conference, the chair declared to be

the direct result of the wisdom and encouragement given to it by the man who headed the New York delegation, and he asked Moran to come to the platform and take the gavel in the closing minutes of the last session.

President Moran said he accepted the State Presidency with a full knowledge of the obligations of the office. The state organization had in the years since its inception in the metropolis become one of the largest and most influential groups. It had brought together the police of the cities, counties, towns and villages into one brotherhood the emblem of which, the state card, had already been recognized in every section. Referring to the decision of the convention to father no new legislation but to concentrate upon opposition to any repeal or amendment of the mandatory laws, Moran said:

"You may be sure every honorable means will be used to hold what we have obtained by law. We believe the policeman should obtain the very best a community can give and that means adequate wages, pensions and hours of duty. The P. B. A. of New York City has always tried to create the highest standard for its members so that by such standard our comrades in other localities might be benefited."

The convention adopted the report of the legislative committee which declared "that the coming year will see an extraordinary effort to enact hostile laws and suggests that the Conference refrain from introducing any new legislation in order to safeguard what we have."

That the policemen of the State have not forgotten the many friendly acts of the Mayor of New York City was indicated by the unanimous vote to adopt a resolution offered from the floor by a delegate from Buffalo and seconded by another from Troy which declared:

"Whereas, After a quarter century as an assemblyman, senator, and Mayor of the City of New York, in which period he proved himself the consistent friend of policemen, charges have been filed with the Governor against Hon. James J. Walker, upon which his removal has been asked, be it

"Resolved, That the State Police Conference in convention at Albany this sixth day of August, 1932, records the confidence of more than thirty thousand policemen of the State of New York in the honesty, integrity and efficiency of the Mayor of the City of New York."

The Sightseer Has Fun

By SERGEANT WILLIAM P. FLAHERTY, *Emergency Squad 18*
First Prize, Short Story Contest



"Pleased to meet you, King"

"WHERE is the Harlem Cabaret, officer?" Adam McKnight, dexterously swinging his nightstick, looked down into the hazel eyes, still filled with the wonder of the tall buildings and strange city. The questioner was obviously not more than twenty.

"Two blocks over to Lenox Avenue, in a basement," replied the policeman.

"Thanks," murmured the stripling. "I wanta hav' a good time before I get the midnight excursion home."

The eyes of the law lingered on the pleasure-seeking boy until he had disappeared.

Selecting a seat in the far corner of the hilarious cabaret, the sightseeing visitor spiritedly ordered a highball. With a sharp glance, but no comment, he was served. Paying for the drink from a large wallet, he leaned back, sipped his drink and listened to the music.

The orchestra was led by a burly negro trap-drummer, whose voice had the deep, pulsing quality for which his race was famous. He led the others in the most extravagant syncopation, weaving what



melody there was into such vagaries of time and key that it was almost lost. But, somehow, he contrived that there should beat, in the drums under his hugely fluttering white-gloved hands, in the banjo and the piano accompaniment, a throbbing insistent rhythm like the pulsation of a high fever.

This big Negro seemed to dominate the place. Graceful, in spite of his bulk, he seemed to radiate good humor. He chuckled. He swaggered with a frolicsome air, flashing strong white teeth and showing much white of eye. Sometimes, as if in sheer exuberance, he would spin his drumsticks to the ceiling, always catching them deftly in time to give added emphasis to the rhythm he enforced. But beneath all the jocularity there was something diabolical and cruel.

While Virginia, a high-yellow, sang, the hospitable head waiter with a cauliflower ear came to the sightseer.

"Boy, how is you enjoyin' yourself?"

"Dandy. The noise makes me feel as if I were in the jungle." The voice of the young man in the garments of homespun and innocence was soft and clear.

"Stranger in the city, boy?" observed the head waiter.

"Ye-ah," was the ready reply. "Just came from Blackduck. My name is Clarence Hall. But I have heard King Solomon broadcast."

Warmed by such innocence, as a leech is warmed by hot blood, the cauliflower-eared one said: "Yes, sar. The King will be glad to meet you. Drink up and have one on me. We all aim to please, boy. Enjoy yourself."

Soon the head waiter returned, accompanied by the giant trap-drummer.

"Boy," said the cauliflower-eared one, "meet the famous King Solomon."

"Pleased to meet you, King!" greeted the sightseer with alacrity. "I heard you over the radio in Blackduck. Jazzy band you got, ain't it?"

"Glad you like it," responded the King with an obsequious bow.

"Excuse me for intruding, King," said a white-

faced man as he hustled between the Negroes and put a squat, black box on the table. "I want to let you in on a chance to make some easy money."

"Hello, Dave!" greeted King Solomon, with an affectionate slap on the newcomer's back.

"My pal works in the currency-printing department down in Washington," explained the white-faced man.

"Yeh," grunted the waiter with the cauliflower ear. "This is one o' them money machines, heh? I heard o' them."

"You ain't heard o' this one," said the businessman, with a glance at Clarence Hall. "My pal has the job of cracking up the old money plates, so he slips aside some tens, front and back, and hooks a supply of the paper. See?"

The white-faced man glanced suspiciously around, as if in fear his secret might be overheard, then he drew from his pocket a banded package, slipped the band and produced a wad of paper threaded by red and blue. He flipped open the top of the box and dropped the wad into a compartment just large enough to receive it. He closed the lid, chatting meanwhile, pressed a lever to the right, which produced a faint light in a window near the mouth of the machine—a slit cut about an inch below the lid. Then he turned a metal wheel attached to the left side of the machine.

"You got to turn this wheel half way 'round, first," he said. "That prints one side. You let that dry about five minutes. Then you turn the wheel the other half."

He ordered drinks and explained more about his pal in Washington.

The two Negroes' apparent skepticism gradually succumbed to the smooth recital. King Solomon's dusky jowls drooped beside a gaping mouth. The head waiter probably had received numerous opportunities to cash in on alert deals with his clientele, deals no more or less illicit than the cabaret business, but he was registering interest in this one. The sight-seer was sitting upright, amazed. Under the stimulus of the Harlem emboldened spirits, everything took on a friendly appearance.

Finishing his second drink, the white-faced man resumed:

"Next, turn this wheel in reverse, and see what happens."

Through the slit beneath the lid an edge of paper protruded. The demonstrator secured that edge with a well-manicured hand. The wheel ground and there emerged a brand-new, coyly crisp ten-dollar note.

The note was examined with careful curiosity by the listeners.

"I'll sell the whole works for five hundred dollars," said the white-faced man.

"That's the most wonderful thing I ever did see yet," said the burly trap-drummer with enthusiasm. "If I had the money, gents, I wouldn't hesitate. Excuse me, Virginia is going to sing."

The cauliflower-eared waiter tried the machine. Five minutes of patience produced another paper edge in the slot, which turned out to be a ten-dollar note.

Clarence Hall tried it. He pressed the lever, turned the wheel half way and whiled away five minutes in silent wonder at the mysterious simplicity

of the contraption. He turned the wheel half way again, waited, then reversed it a full revolution. An edge of paper protruded.

"It's magic!" yelled the boy joyfully. He repeated the process. The lever turned on lights—dim, mysterious lights in the midriff of the box. The wheel turned. He waited. Turned the wheel again. Waited. Reversed the revolution. Again a ten-dollar note, bearing unmistakably the likeness of Hamilton. He was in the act of repeating the operation for the fifth time successfully when the cauliflower-eared waiter spoke:

"I'll take that machine, bo." Visible cupidity glistened in every pore of his dusky countenance as he produced an enormous wallet. "But I've only got four hundred cash," he added significantly.

The white-faced man deliberated. He regarded Clarence appraisingly, as the boy folded the bills lengthwise and sent them across the table in airplane fashion. "How much would you give for it, son?" he asked.

"Got only three hundred with me," the youth replied, dickering.

"I'll get you another machine," the white-faced man told the head waiter. "The boy doesn't get 'round these parts often."

The head waiter argued with energy and relented only when assured of another machine next day. Then he leaned a muscular arm on Clarence's shoulder and said:

"Boy, let us see the money."

The band began playing a lively tune. Virginia was singing from the platform, as dancing couples footed past the band. Every time he glanced in the direction of the money machine, the trap-drummer's grin had widened. He nodded and rolled his eyes delightedly and sent his drumsticks up to the ceiling in a succession of rapid twirls. He seemed overjoyed. His exuberance amused every one. The dancers moved with buoyancy; Virginia put her head back in frank, open smiles.

Suddenly the white-faced man grabbed the money machine and darted out of the room. The cauliflower-eared waiter looked up and saw Officer McKnight approaching. He lifted an empty tray and retreated.

"I was wondering if you was scalped yet," remarked the policeman to the sightseer. "This dive usually sends suckers home in a barrel. Come, it is time mama's boy went back to the farm."

The cauliflower-eared waiter whispered in the trap-drummer's ear. The latter seemed suddenly stricken. The drumsticks fell to the floor. Silence hung like a pall. The band stopped playing. Virginia stopped singing, and with the halted dancers looked about in astonishment.

The policeman led Clarence Hall by the wrist as the latter waved the crisp greenbacks gayly at the crowd.

"Good-bye, everybody!" he shouted in farewell. "I had a lovely time!"

"Bo, there goes forty dollars of our investment," mumbled the forlorn King Solomon. "But I is glad the youngster enjoyed hisself."

The committee in charge of the recreational activities of the Holy Name Society announces that during the summer fifty boys and twenty-five girls, sons and daughters of members, have been sent to camp under the auspices of the society for a two weeks' vacation. The boys have attended Camp St. Agnes at New Paltz, N. Y., and the girls have enjoyed their vacation at Camp Sunset, Plattekill, N. Y.

The examination for the high school scholarship which was held at Xavier High School on Saturday,



Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



dustry with this remarkable announcement and would have succeeded but for the fact that O. O. McIntyre, noted columnist of the *New York American*, on August 15th printed in his column the following item, which no doubt many of you have read:

"Movies have made numerous offers to Daniel A. Kerr to portray George Washington roles on the screen. In white wig and knee breeches he is an amazing likeness. But he will only appear at charity shows. In professional life he is a police inspector, and was once exalted ruler of New York's Elk Lodge No. 1."

Mr. McIntyre, of course, was working only on rumors and he will be pleased when he reads this to know that actually he came across with a perfect bull's-eye.

So get ready, everybody, to welcome late in November our newest cinema star—the only man in the history of the Police Department ever to scale histrionically the heights to fame and fortune.



“YOU can't keep a good man down” is an adage as old as King Solomon's first wife would have been had that good lady still remained in circulation.

And paraphrasingly speaking, you can't keep Inspector Dan Kerr down, either, as is amply evidenced by the fact that our **BIG EMERGENCY MAN** has just been signed to play the part of George Washington in a super picture to be produced this fall by Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer.

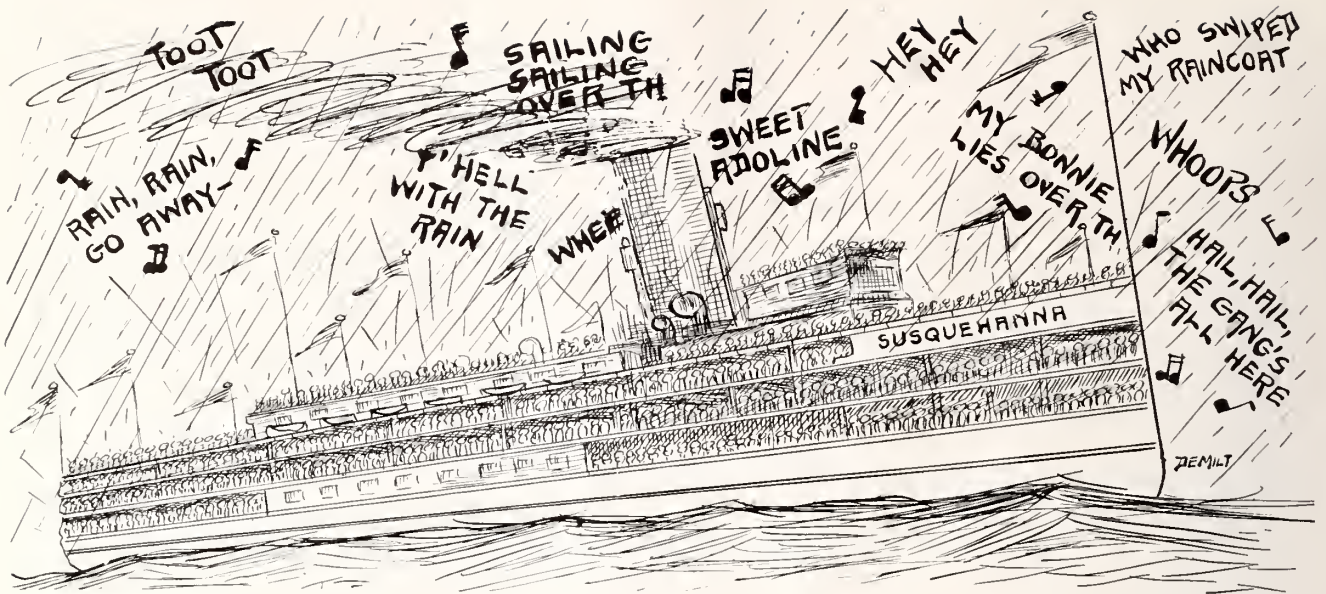
At least rumor so has it.

It is not generally known that Dan is a thespian of considerable ability and an honor graduate of the National Conservatory of High and Applied Dramatic Arts, where he studied for six years.

He has long been famous for his striking resemblance to the Father of Our Country, whom he has portrayed frequently in historic pageants, both here and along the Jersey Coast.

We had hoped to scoop the entire newspaper in-

In the picture Dan is shown practicing George's dramatic crossing of the Delaware in one of the Y. M. C. A. pools uptown. The ice for the scene was donated by Tony Baranogolmarino, Dan's ice man and one of his staunchest admirers. The other lad in the picture is neither Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr nor Ben Turpin. It's Lieutenant Bill O'Brien, one of Dan's sturdy Emergency Men, whose expression bespeaks: *"Hey, Inspector, what t'hell kind of an emergency do you call this?"*



Rain, Rain, Go Away, Come Again Some Washin' Day

THAT'S all you could hear on the morning of August 3d as the palatial steamer "Susquehanna" ploughed its way majestically up the Hudson—Hook Mountain bound.

Jupe Pluvius had tantalizingly voiced his disapproval earlier in the morning with a drenching mantle spread gloomily across leaden skies.

BUT HE FAILED DISMALLY IN HIS EFFORTS TO SPREAD A WET BLANKET OVER THE THOUSAND OR MORE MERRY SHOMRIMITES ABOARD.

"Those loweriag skies overhead ain't gonna help much," someone said to Inspector Archie McNeill, who in full uniform and sans parachute, was on the job at the West 132d Street pier to see the folks safely off.

"Can't prove it by me," sang Archie through the rain drops, "I've never tried lowering any."

And despite old Jupe's perverseness it turned out to be as delightful an indoor excursion as anyone would care to attend.

A FEW HIGHLIGHTS

Sergeant Abie Braveman, as brave a young bachelor as this Department boasts, was the cynosure of all eyes as bedecked in a Rear Admiral's uniform he proudly strode the decks with the lovely dark-eyed Seena on his arm. Who is the lovely dark-eyed Seena? You'd be surprised. Anyway, we expect it won't be long now.

Rushing hither, thither and yon was that estimable young patrolman known as "Whistlin' Willie Nachmann," who also doubles in his spare moments as president of the Shomrim Society.

Willie whistles winsomely. He whistled all over the boat, in fact. And for the reason that proper lubrication is as necessary to a whistle as it is to a car. *Willie paused frequently in his rounds to wet his whistle.* Yes, indeed.

Sergeant Max Isaacson won the 100-yard dash by a nose. He was disqualified, however, when it was discovered that he hadn't run at all. He merely stretched his neck a bit—and with the help of those few extra inches the well-known Isaacson proboscis reached across the finish line easily.

Upon re-running the race Chaplain Isadore Frank, who refereed, decreed that Max, in fairness to the other contestants, run the race backwards. Max this time finished last—ingloriously.

Patrolmen Bill Drettler and Irving Bloom harmonized so beautifully between dances that an N. B. C. official aboard immediately signed them up for the air waves. (*Lieutenant Paddy Fitzgibbons of the Glee Club please take notice.*)

When the boys started to pass around the hat, however, everyone suddenly became interested in the scenery, which at this time of the year is very interesting indeed.

Captain Louis Stillman, too, baritones magnificently. Accompanied by Lieutenant Joe Reit, Harlem's favorite trombonist, Louis rendered "Eli Eli" in *Swedish*, and in response to tumultuous applause repeated it in *Italian*—a feat noteworthy even for a Shomrinite.

Patrolman Bill Wittenberg was in charge of the refreshment counter, a job he handled with a technique worthy of Harry Stevens himself. When the word was spread that the hot weenies were ready, the ensuing rush recalled vividly the last bargain day we attended in Gimbel's basement.

Bill was mightily fortified, however, and no one went weenieless.

Congratulations, Shomrimites, for putting over so successful a party under such adverse conditions. Everything was kosher, and you proved beyond a doubt that—

*It's always fair weather,
When good fellows get together.*



MEET Acting Sergeant Ambrose J. Haddock, LL.B. (*no relation whatsoever to the fish market haddocks*), a young barrister-police-man of note, whom the P. C. signally honored on July 20th by appointment to the uniformed leadership of the Legal Bureau, under Deputy Commissioner Nelson Ruttenberg.

A very interesting chap, Amby, and one of the most "graduated" youngsters now appearing in public.

He originally attracted attention some 35 years ago, when Mamma Haddock first introduced him to his proud papa, who in turn introduced him at the age of six to the principal of P. S. No. 43 at 134th Street and Brown Place, The Bronx.

Amby eagerly devoured what they had to offer and in due course was discharged with the usual receipt—his first diploma.

Townsend Harris Hall, another seat of learning, was his business address during the next three years, at the end of which he was again turned loose—this time with a diploma good for admission to any of the better colleges.

The College of the City of New York was the scene of his next matriculation, and he had just about settled down to a four years' jaunt down Knowledge Lane when someone foolishly started "*over there*" the deadliest free-for-all of all time.

Upon learning that it wasn't a private fight, and that no special invitation was necessary, Amby decided to join in the fun, and two months later, in 1917, he sailed serenely with the 11th Engineers for France.

He saw plenty of action in and around Cambrai and was fortunate enough not to get tagged. He returned with his outfit in 1919 and three years later got himself another fighting job—with The Finest.

He achieved front page prominence immediately—simply by breaking one of his legs while still assigned to the training school. He graduated, eventually, and was assigned to Traffic A.

In the fall of 1923 Amby entered Fordham Law School, and left three years later with the coveted degree of *Bachelor of Laws* safely tucked away in his back pocket.

In June, 1928, he experienced the biggest thrill of all—the realization of a lifelong dream—his admittance to the bar.

We don't know how many other bars Amby has been admitted to since and we don't care—it's none of our business anyway.

In August, 1929, Amby was assigned to the Police Academy where his lectures, as a member of the Law Department of the Academy, won wide acclaim.

And today he adorns with distinction a job he may justly feel proud of—and which is no sinecure in any man's Blackstone.

One of his fondest admirers is the charming little lady who a few years ago ankled blithely down the aisle with him to the "halter," and she is backed up enthusiastically in her admiration by the two swell little Haddocks with which she has already presented him.

So if ever you're nailed as a co-respondent—or feel like divorcing the wife—or the father-in-law refuses to come across with that ten-spot you foolishly loaned him—drop in and see Amby. His fees, like himself, are extremely modest and conform rigidly to the stress of the times.

Felicitations, Counsellor Haddock, and lots of good luck to you in your new assignment.

IF YOU enjoyed your "Arabian Nights" as a youngster you'll sure get a kick by listenin' in some afternoon on Sergeant Eddie Burgess, of the 2nd Precinct, acclaimed one of the outstanding explorers, adventurers, soldiers of fortune, deep-sea-captains, detectives and travelers of this or any other generation.

From the time of his birth, some 50 years ago, Ed has been on the loop almost continuously. Upon graduating from high school he attended the University of Michigan for a few years at the earnest request of his parents, who intended that he should become a clergyman. He discovered, however, that "clergying" was not his vocation, and thereupon left college with the avowed purpose of seeing the world.

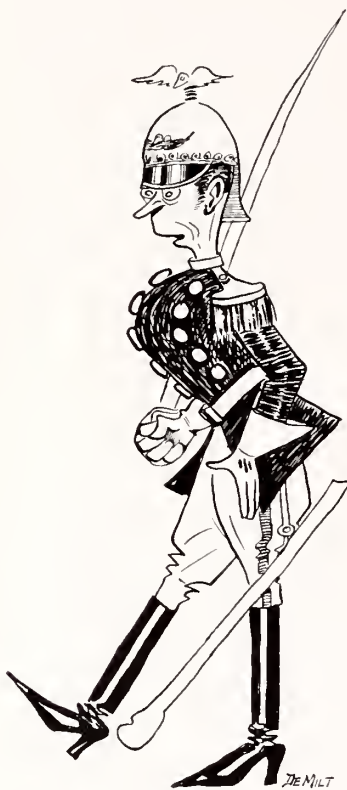
He landed in New York soon after and obtained a job as cabin boy on one of the trans-Atlantic liners. He abandoned ship in Liverpool and started out to explore the British Isles on a bicycle. Eventually he landed in Cardiff, Wales, broke and hungry.

He was invited to have a few drinks one night, and upon awakening found himself on a tramp steamer bound for Constantinople. He had been drugged and shanghaied.

He protested to the American Consul on his arrival in Turkey and was shipped across the Black Sea to Odessa, Russia, and from there to Hamburg, Germany, where, after a short stay, he stowed away on the liner *Kaiser Wilhelm De Grosse* bound for good old U. S. A.

Half way across one of the passengers fell overboard. Ed, bunked in one of the lifeboats on the upper deck plunged fearlessly to the rescue. A monster benefit was tendered in his honor that night and he was given the captain's suite for the balance of the voyage.

Six months later he again visited Germany at the urgent invitation of Kaiser Wilhelm, who, after decorating him with the Iron Cross, made him a colonel in the German Dragoons.



A Colonel at 19

Ed became fed up on the job after a year or two and again headed for New York. He spent the next few years as pilot of a ship plying between New York, Timbuctoo and points East.

Next he shipped with the immortal Peary, who later confided that without Ed's help and resourcefulness he never would have discovered the North Pole.

Back in New York again, and this time to stay. He joined The Finest in 1908 and it wasn't long before his uncanny ability for solving perplexing problems landed him in the Detective Division, where he immediately became famous by breaking the notorious "Clew of the Wire" case.

He also tracked down such infamous characters as the One Ton Thief, the Elephant Man, One Eve Lynch, Liverpool Jack and others equally as tough.

He resigned during the World War to serve his country and was assigned in charge of the Intelligence Department at Black Tom, N. J., and but for the fact that the war came suddenly to a close, and he was compelled to rejoin the Department, he would have solved the big explosion there, too.

Drop around some time and look Ed over. He is a very likable chap and he'll entertain you for hours with tales of adventure so weird that in comparison even Grimm's Fairy Tales pale into insignificance.



THE HOLDOVER

A short short story

NORA had just been engaged as cook. A rather comely lass she was, too. A trifle chunky in spots, to be sure, but easy to look upon nevertheless.

"Now, *remember*," Mrs. De Puysterbilt admonished Nora the first morning after breakfast, "loiterers in the kitchen will not be tolerated. Let that be thoroughly understood *now*. I was forced to discharge my last cook for not adhering to that rule."

A few days later Mrs. De Puysterbilt visited the kitchen unexpectedly, and was shocked upon opening the door of the large cupboard to find a policeman standing there. She turned an accusing eye on Nora.

"What's the meaning of *this*?" she demanded, coldly.

"Blessed if I know," replied Nora, batting nary an eyelash: "*he must have been left there by the last cook.*"

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

Another short one

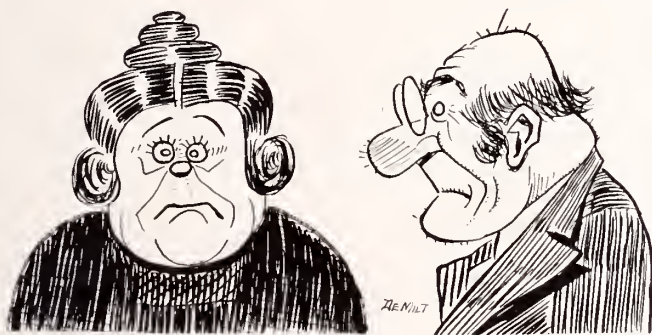


THEY'D been married a little over a year. She spoke up suddenly one night and said:

"James, you're not near as affectionate as you used to be when we were first married. I'm afraid you don't love me any more."

"Don't love you any more?" echoed James, indignantly, "why, you should be ashamed, Margie, even to *insinuate* anything like that. *Really* you should. You know that I love you better than life itself—understand? **BETTER THAN LIFE ITSELF.** Now see if you can't shut that big trap of yours so's I can listen to the radio for a change."

LIEUTENANT EDDIE BRADY (he of the infectious smile), habitat of the Borough Headquarters Squad in Brooklyn, can always be depended upon for a good story or two. Here is his very latest:



Pat Casey passed away and at the wake one of Pat's friends asked the widow:

"Are you going to bury Pat in Calvary, Maggie?"
 "Indade and I'm not," replied Maggie; "that place is full of malaria."



A "Flatfoot's" Complaint

Feet, feet, how they ache and pain,
 Feet, feet, they'll never be the same;
 Gee, Whiz! You wonder why I complain—
 'Cause there's no soft spots on the sidewalk.



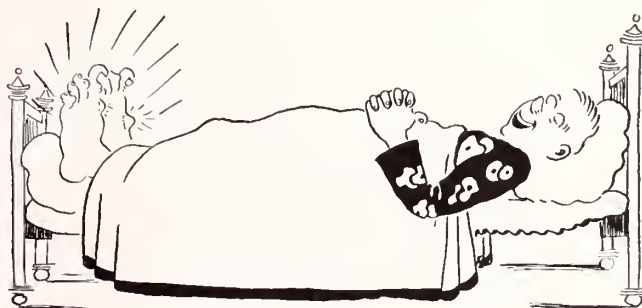
Feet, feet, once so trim and small,
 Feet, feet, now flatter than the wall;
 Bunions, blisters, and still that isn't all—
 'Cause there's no soft spots on the sidewalk.

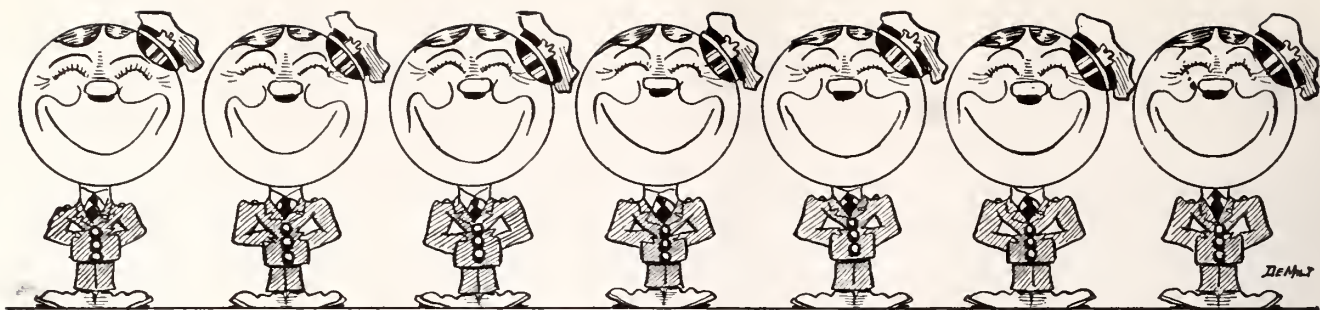


Feet, feet, you try to do your share,
 Feet, feet, you don't get anywhere;
 The way you sadly shuffle makes everybody stare—
 'Cause there's no soft spots on the sidewalk.

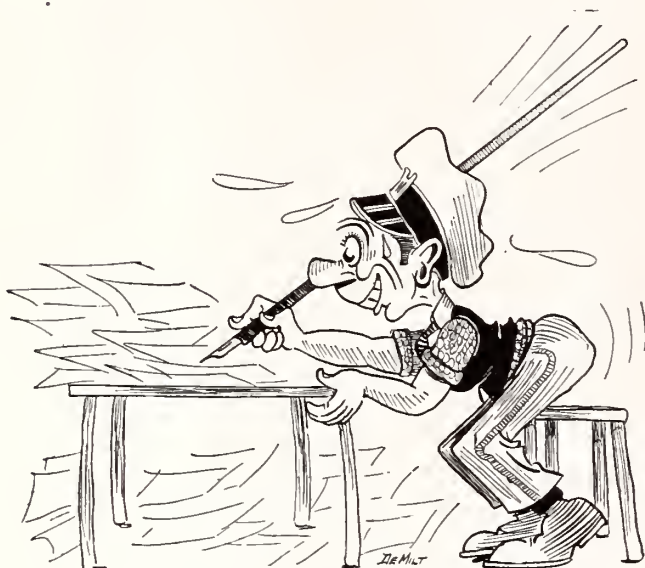


Feet, feet, for ten years—tried and true,
 Feet, feet, at twenty—black and blue;
 Just a few years more—then you'll be all through—
 Trying to find soft spots on the sidewalk.





The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Sergeant William P. Flaherty,
Emergency Squad 18

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman William A. Lawrence,
80th Precinct

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.

Patrolman Thomas Mozzone, 47th Precinct.

Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than August 8th.

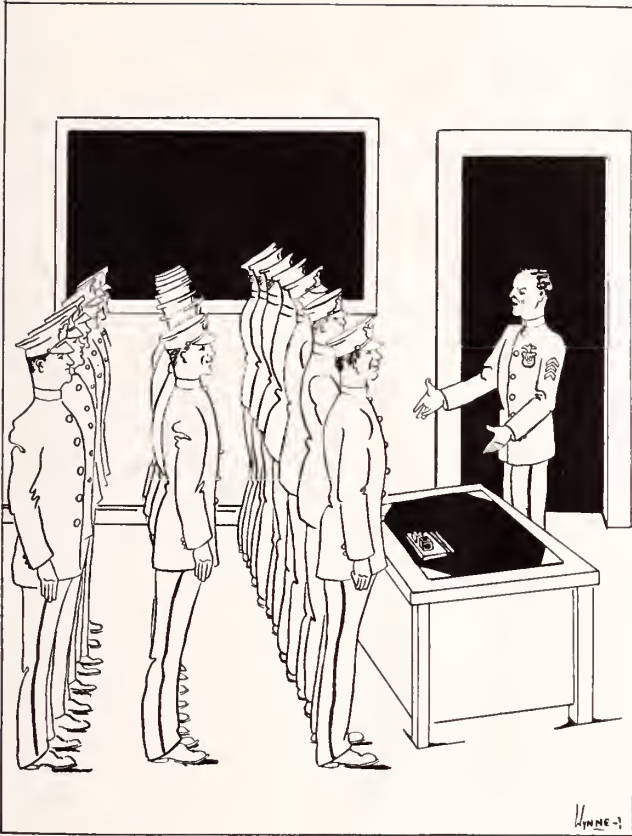
THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

AUGUST

"Always on the Job".....PTL. CHARLES HARROLD COVER	
Editorially Speaking	3
The Radio Patrol	
WILLIAM ALLAN, Superintendent of Telegraph	
GERALD S. MORRIS, Asst. Superintendent of Telegraph	4
An Emergency Service Epic.....	7
The Mulrooney Little World Series.....	8
Moran Heads State Police Conference.....	9
"The Sightseer Has Fun"—1st Prize Short Story	
SERGEANT WILLIAM P. FLAHERTY, Emergency Squad 18	10
Police Holy Name Society Scholarships.....	12
Reading the Minutes.....Old Man Sunshine	13
The Prize Winners.....	18
"Observation"—2nd Prize Story	
PTL. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, 80th Pct.	19
The Police Academy	
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	21
Sports.....PTL. JOHN LENA	23

Observation

By PATROLMAN WILLIAM A. LAWRENCE, 80th Precinct
Second Prize, Short Story Contest



"Be observant at all times"

BE OBSERVANT at all times, men, and don't fail to investigate anything that looks suspicious." These were the parting words of the sergeant in charge of one of the outgoing classes of August, 1925. Well, it so happened that observation gave Patrolman Moore his first introduction to the Honor Board of the New York City Police Department.

During the summer of 1927, the month of June, while covering his post, his attention was drawn to one of the large brown stone mansions. At the basement gate stood the morning milk and a newspaper. A question ran through Moore's mind. Could the Brown family have left for the country so soon? This seemed almost impossible, as it was now only the 25th of June and the schools had not closed yet, and one of the Brown sisters was a school teacher.

Patrolman Moore's thoughts were interrupted by Mr. Govern, whose acquaintance he had made on post. "Hello, officer, what's on your mind, this pleasant evening?" asked Govern. "Oh, hello, Mr. Govern, how are you?" replied Moore. "Say, by the way, may be you could ease my mind a bit. Have the Brown family gone away for the summer? Being their next-door neighbor, I thought you might know."



"Why, no," exclaimed Govern, a bit mystified by the question, "why?"

"Well," said Moore, "I noticed that the morning milk and newspaper was not taken in today, and it struck me as kinda funny if they had left for the summer and not notified these trades people to stop serving them."

"Say, that reminds me," interrupted Govern, "my son noticed a gas flame burning all day today in the rear of the Brown's house and called my attention to it at the supper table this evening. Of course, it was passed over, no one paying any attention to him, you know how children talk. Let's go in my back yard and see if it is still burning."

Govern led the way, and Moore followed. Arriving in the yard, they both looked up at the building and sure enough a flame could be seen through the window on the second floor.

Moore lost no more time, asking permission to use the phone. He notified the Desk Lieutenant where he was asking for assistance and immediately began to make a preliminary investigation of the outside of the building. After ringing the door bell for several minutes, Moore began trying the windows, so that he might enter and investigate.

While trying the window downstairs the shade was drawn aside. Mr. Brown, whom Moore knew by sight, looked out and said in a much disturbed tone of voice: "What do you want, Officer?"

"Say, Mr. Brown," said Moore, "I notice your morning paper and milk are outside the basement gate and also the gas light is burning on the second floor rear. I thought there might be something wrong."

Brown made no reply, but put the shade back in place and left Moore bewildered for the moment. Getting himself together, the patrolman decided that he wanted an explanation. May be he was right and yet he might be wrong, but he believed everything wasn't on the up and up. Once again he rang the door bell, but to no avail. By this time several detectives arrived, and he explained the situation to them.

"Well, kid," said the detective standing nearest to him, "I think you're pretty near right. There must be something wrong here. Let's ring the door bell again and if he doesn't answer this time we'll break one of the windows and go in. If we've missed our guess, well then we're stuck the price of a pane of glass." "Let him sue me," said another member of the brain division.

The door bell was rung again, but as before no answer was forthcoming.

"Well, that's that," remarked the detective in charge, "let's go. The rear of the house is covered. That was the first thing I did. Detective Burke is back there."

Patrolman Moore tapped the window gently with his night stick, and just as he was about to hit it a real hard blow the latch on the basement door was heard to move. Mr. Brown emerged from behind it and standing behind the iron gate attempted to speak.

Moore interrupted him, saying, "Why didn't you open the door before and let us know what was up."

Moore, with gun drawn, then commanded Brown to take his hands from behind his back and open the gate.

Brown put his hand on the latch of the gate, but before opening it, said that he had killed his sister. He then unlocked the gate and made a dash for the

rear of the house via the basement hall, with Patrolman Moore in close pursuit.

Reaching the kitchen, Brown armed himself with a bread knife which was lying on the table. Then with a muffled remark, which could not be understood, he lunged at Moore who was standing on the opposite side of the kitchen. Moore overturned the table and grasped the knife, disarming him.

The detectives who were right at Moore's heels helped him and complimented him on his bravery. An immediate investigation of the premises revealed the body of the prisoner's sister lying in bed covered with blood. She had been stabbed in the chest with a 10-inch knife and her head battered in with a piece of galvanized pipe.

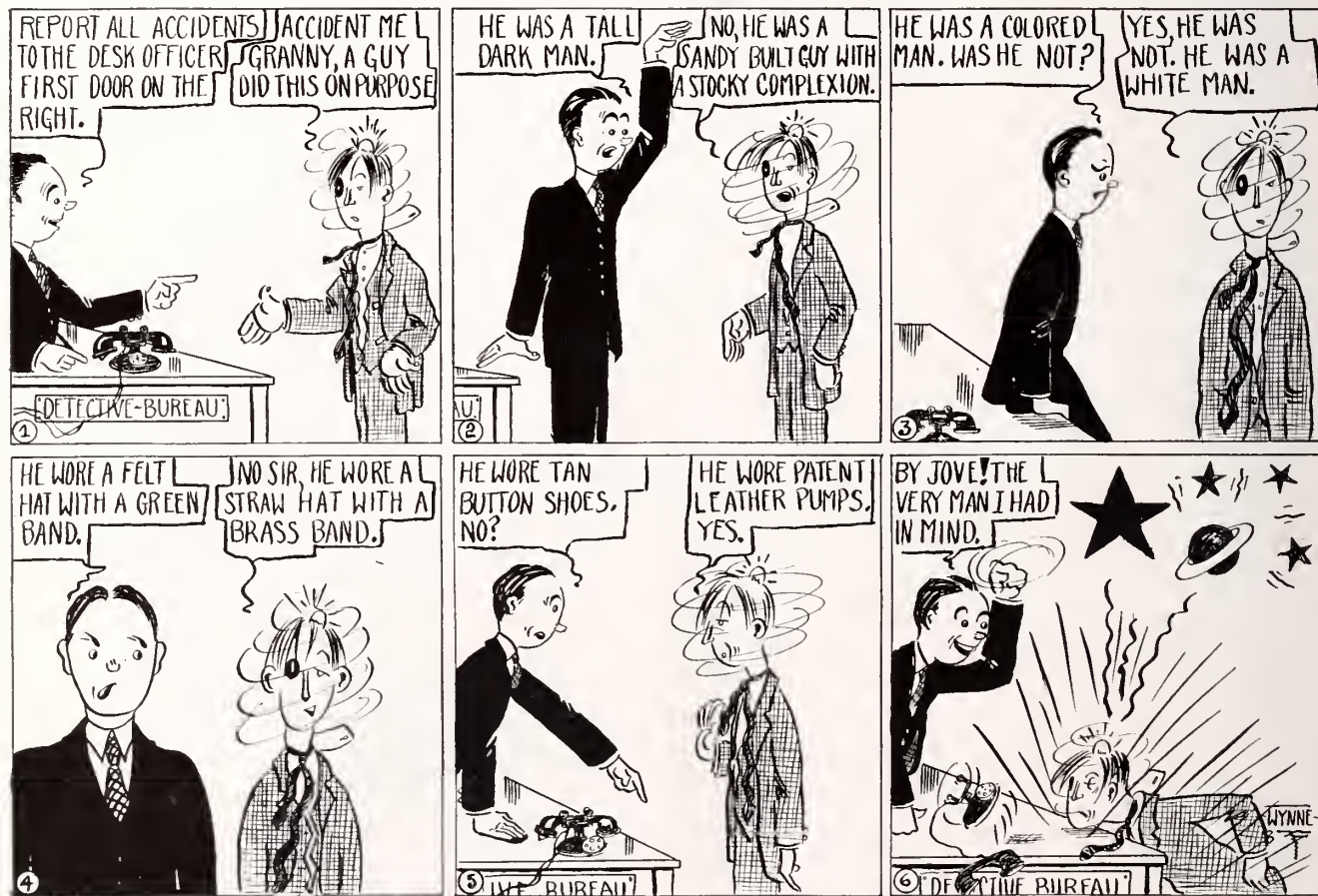
Brown was questioned further and stated that his motive for killing his sister was to protect her from evil spirits who had been annoying him. He also confessed that he had an appointment with his other sister that same evening and planned to kill her.

Brown was examined and found to be insane. He was committed to Matteawan Criminal Insane Prison for the remainder of his life.

Moore had not only apprehended a murderer, but also prevented another murder. He was highly praised by the Grand Jury, also his commanding officer and fellow comrades, and received departmental recognition.

Observation had resulted in the solution of one crime and the prevention of another.

SIMPLY A MATTER OF DEDUCTION





THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

QUESTIONS FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100."

1. What is the procedure to
 - a. Abate begging on the streets.
 - b. Aid homeless persons.
2. To what extent may the following factors bear on guilt or punishment:
 - a. Mental incapacity.
 - b. Fault of the victim.
 - c. Consent of the victim.
 - d. Compulsion of offender.
3. Observation is a requisite of an efficient patrolling officer. Give examples of unsafe and unlawful practices by persons in various businesses and occupations which an officer on patrol should note and correct.
4. Briefly describe the procedure as to disposition of children taken into custody by the police.
5. A stockbroker bought stock a day after it was stolen, making no inquiry as to the true owner. May he be convicted of receiving stolen goods?
6. What are the latest provisions of the statute of limitations of the United States Code and Criminal Procedure with respect to Federal Offenses?
7. The Vehicle and Traffic Law permits the driving of New York registered motor vehicles by a resident of New Jersey for any vehicle, at any time. Are there any restrictions or limitations?
8. The amended Vehicle and Traffic Law restricts the length of motor vehicles, or a combination of vehicles. When is this change in effect, and what vehicles are excepted?
9. What are the provisions of the ordinance relative to
 - a. The sale of toy pistols.
 - b. Sale or possession of tear gas.
 - c. Opening fire hydrants.

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

COLUMBIA ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

THE COLUMBIA ASSOCIATION OF GREATER NEW YORK, Inc., an organization composed of members of the police department of Italian extraction, has started a new membership drive.

The organization received its certificate of incorporation on March 7, 1932, and today has a membership of nearly 800.

Its purpose is primarily to band together in a spirit of good fellowship all members of the department of Italian extraction. Organized social and charitable activities largely make up the organization program, with an ultimate view to curbing by educational measures the rising criminal tendencies of youths, and particularly those of Italian parentage.

A Ladies' Auxiliary, comprising mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of its members, also has been

organized and is co-operating whole-heartedly in this laudable work.

The offices of the Columbia Association are located at 724 Gerald Court, Brooklyn. The officers are:

Patrolman Maurice R. Sasso, president; Patrolman Edmund De Giacomo, first vice-president; Patrolman Peter Serena, second vice-president; Patrolman Thomas J. Julia, treasurer; Patrolman Luke E. Menella, secretary; Patrolman Anthony De Franco, financial secretary; Patrolman Attilio J. Costa, recording secretary; Patrolman Michael Francavilla, sergeant-at-arms; Patrolman Nicholas Cicien, sergeant-at-arms.

Captain Ralph Micelli, chairman advisory board; Captain John J. DeMartino, chairman ways and means committee; Sergeants Michael DeLuca, James Revelli, Attilio Alocchi, chairmen on committees.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. a. The Mendicancy Squad specializes in abating and suppressing begging and the activities of professional panhandlers. Members of the patrol force observing acts of begging on the street shall
Obtain name and address of violator.
Refer offender to Central Registration Bureau for Homeless (South Ferry), or Municipal Lodging House (East 25th Street) for free meals and lodging.
If again observed soliciting—arrest.
All moneys found in possession shall be listed and presented as evidence.
- b. Homeless persons applying for shelter at Municipal Lodging House are to be recorded and checked as to last residence. This is to check-up on "floaters" from other municipalities. Department of Public Welfare forwards to Borough Commanders concerned "Verification of Last Address" cards filled out. These cards are distributed to precincts. Precinct Commander causes cards to be sorted according to posts and delivered to patrolmen.
Patrolman on post will verify and indicate above signature whether person is known or unknown at address given.
Verified cards will be returned daily to Distributing Room, Police Headquarters, Manhattan, with morning returns for delivery to Department of Public Welfare.
(Telephone Typewriter Orders dated Nov. 21, 1931, and Jan. 5, 1932.)

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. a. Mental incapacity. A child under 7 years of age can neither commit nor be punished for a crime.
A child over 7 and under 12 years is presumed incapable of committing a crime and cannot be punished unless such presumption of mental incapacity is removed.
A person insane so as not to know the act was wrong, or what he was doing, cannot be guilty of a crime, nor can such person be tried, sentenced or punished while insane.
- b. In a charge of manslaughter where death resulted through allowing a dangerous animal to be at large and knowing its propensities, the fault of the victim in failing to take precaution which the circumstances permitted to avoid the animal may be a sufficient defense to the charge. (Sec. 1052 P. L. subdivision 3—paragraph 4.)
- c. Consent of victim shall be sufficient defense to a charge of kidnapping if victim is over 16 years and no force, menace or duress used in obtaining consent. Rape, if victim was over 18 and mentally sound and physically free.
- d. Compulsion of offender is a sufficient defense to a criminal act engaged in by two or more persons and only participated in by one under a threat of death, or immediate serious bodily injury.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

UNSAFE PRACTICES

3. Officer observes jeweler taking stock from safe while store door to street is open.
Restaurant keeper counting receipts at closing time while store door to street is open.
Contractor paying off employees in cash, without protection.
Grocery clerk hiding receipts; the act possible of view from the street.
Butcher putting moneys from cash register in his pocket at close of business to take to his home.

UNLAWFUL PRACTICES

Manager of motion picture house permitting children under age to enter unaccompanied by parent or guardian.
Clerk employed in a hardware store opening boxes of merchandise on sidewalk.
Truck driver parking vehicle on grade from curb without setting brakes.
Hoister lowering a piano from window without placing danger signs on sidewalk.
Hack driver parking between a safety zone and the curb.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. Not confined or transported in vehicle with adult prisoners.
Parents or guardians immediately notified of detention.
To Children's Court if in session; if not, to Children's Society.
Telegraph Bureau notified at once of arrest and disposition. That Bureau notifies Children's Society.
If juvenile delinquency, may release on recognizance of parent or guardian when court is not in session.
If neglected, subject of, or witness to crime, send to Children's Society.
If lost, placed in care of matron; aided card made and Telegraph Bureau notified. If not claimed in reasonable time, to Children's Society and Telegraph Bureau notified. Telegraph Bureau notifies Children's Society promptly.
Commanding Officer of precinct and Telegraph Bureau see that notifications are made.
Foundling will be brought to station house. Finder, if not an officer, brought to station house to make affidavit of finding. Description and pedigree of foundling recorded by desk officer. If pedigree not available desk officer enters fact on prescribed form.
U. F. 61 to Detective Squad for classification and assignment of a detective.
Child taken to designated place for foundlings by policewoman, if available. In Manhattan, Bronx, Richmond, to New York Foundling Hospital. In Brooklyn or Queens, to Brooklyn Nursery and Infant's Hospital.
Pedigree, description and affidavit to Department of Public Welfare.
Children abandoned with foster mother treated as a foundling.
Aided card and complaint file to detectives.
Alarm, if necessary, and Telegraph Bureau notified of case and disposition.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. Yes. Section 1308 penal law provides that a person who, being a dealer in, or collector of, any merchandise or property, fails to make reasonable inquiry that the person selling or delivering any stolen or misappropriated property to him, has a legal right to do so, shall be presumed to have brought or received such property knowing it to have been stolen or misappropriated.
The stockbroker is a dealer in securities (property), and, therefore, should have made a reasonable inquiry as to the seller's authority. Unless this presumption is rebutted by the defendant it will be

sufficient to justify a jury in finding the stockbroker guilty of receiving stolen goods.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. The United States Code and Criminal Procedure provides as follows: Section 581. Capital offenses. No person shall be prosecuted, tried or punished for treason or other capital offense, wilful murder excepted, unless the indictment is found within three years next after such treason or capital offense is done or committed.
Section 582. Offenses not capital. No person shall be prosecuted, tried, or punished for any offense not capital, except as provided in section 584 of this title, unless the indictment is found or the information is instituted within the three years next after such offense shall have been committed; provided that nothing herein contained shall apply to any offense for which an indictment has been heretofore found or an information instituted, or to any proceedings under any such indictment or information.
Section 583. Fleeing from justice. Nothing in sections 581 and 582 of this title shall extend to any person fleeing from justice.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. Yes. Article 3, paragraph 20 of the Vehicle and Traffic Law, and Departmental Circular No. 30, page 4, issued June 24, 1932, provides that New York will honor a New Jersey license to drive held by a resident of New Jersey for use in driving in New York, any motor vehicle at any time, provided the licensee is at least eighteen years of age.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8

8. Effective July 1, 1932. The total length of a combination of vehicles shall not be more than sixty-five feet, except that it shall not apply to vehicles of a corporation, subject to the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the Department of Public Service, which are used in the construction, reconstruction, repair or maintenance of its property or facilities, or to vehicles handling poles, girders, columns or other objects of great length as provided for in Article 3, Section 14, of the Vehicle and Traffic Law, and Departmental Circular Order No. 33, page 2, issued July 14, 1932.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 9

9. a. Chapter 11, Section 3, provides that "No person shall sell or dispose of to a minor, any toy pistol, or pistol that can be loaded with powder and ball, or blank cartridge, to be exploded by means of metal caps." It does not apply to firecracker pistols, torpedo pistols, or such as are used for the explosion of paper caps.
- b. Section 3-a provides that "No person shall manufacture, sell, or offer for sale; possess or use, or attempt to use, any lachrymating, asphyxiating, incapacitating or deleterious gas, liquids or chemicals, or any weapon, candle or device designed to discharge or emit any of the above substances or chemicals without a permit from the Police Commissioner, which may be issued after an investigation of the applicant in the same manner as exercised in application for pistol permit."
- c. No person, other than an employee of the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, or the Fire Department, shall open, use or tamper with a fire hydrant or high pressure hydrant without permission in writing from the Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity; nor shall any person leave such hydrant open for a longer period than that stated in the permit; nor use the water for other purposes than that specified in the permit. Violations are punishable by fine or imprisonment.

In Memoriam

Ptl. John Thoden	88th Pct.	July 18, 1932
Ptl. Chester N. Dougherty	Tr. Pct. K.	July 19, 1932
Ptl. James I. McCarton	18th Div.	July 21, 1932
Sgt. Patrick F. Ryan	23rd Pct.	July 27, 1932
Ptl. Michael G. King	18th Div.	July 27, 1932
Ptl. John J. Hunt	45th Pct.	Aug. 2, 1932
Lt. James I. Fitzgerald	Bur. of Cr. Prev.	Aug. 4, 1932
Ptl. Michael Corcoran	25th Pct.	Aug. 6, 1932
Ptl. Joseph P. Glynn	73rd Pct.	Aug. 7, 1932
Ptl. John J. Finnegan	9th Pct.	Aug. 15, 1932



SPORTS

By Patrolman JOHN LENA



BASEBALL

Our good friend, Sergeant Charles Martini, of the 111th Precinct (Bayside) is with us again after a mid-season lapse and informs us that his club has won its last eight games. They have defeated all Queens precincts, which again gives them the Queens championship.

The only two precincts to defeat them this season were the 87th and 94th. These defeats were reversed in return games. On August 15th, against the 94th Precinct, the 111th won by 11 to 5. Lefty Lowe, in addition to striking out 14, swung a mean bat, lining out four timely hits.

A THREE-GAME SERIES has been arranged with Sergeant Tracy's 42d Precinct team, who are recognized as the champs of Manhattan and Bronx. The first game takes place on September 28th at Fort Totten. If the winners of Brooklyn and Richmond can arrange their series in the meantime, the winners of each series could then meet for the final. Then a game could be arranged with the regular Department ball team at one of the big league ball parks for some worthy benefit.

Let's all get behind these clubs and give them the proper encouragement so that this competitive and friendly-enemy spirit can be kept up between the precincts.

SERGEANT OTTO WHITNEY, manager of the Department Team, says that his boys are coming along fine. He has a good hitting and fielding crew and is whipping them into a regular big league club. He predicts a victory for the Police against the Fire Department nine when they meet this year. (We're all pulling for you, Otto, but we still believe in the old adage: "Actions speak louder than words.")



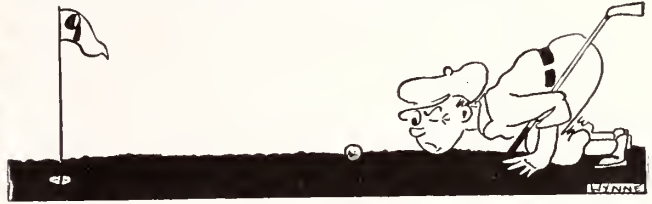
HANDBALL

We want to take this opportunity to thank all members of the department who participated in the handball contests for their cooperation. We also wish to thank the various clubs, such as Bronx Y. M. C. A., West Side Y. M. C. A., N. Y. A. C., Pastime A. C. and Level Club for the use of their courts.

The games all went off as scheduled and the players have received their prizes. About 150 players took part in the contests, and these included patrolmen, detectives, sergeants and lieutenants.

(The only one missing was the commissioner, and he appeared as a spectator.)

Charts, showing the results of each tournament and how the players advanced in each round, are held in this office and are open for inspection at all times. The doubles four-wall tournament will take place when the men return from their vacations.



GOLF

PATROLMEN ARTHUR HUNT, TRAFFIC "C," and JOSEPH BUCHALTER, of the BUREAU OF CRIME PREVENTION, both prospective members of the proposed Police Golf Team, took part in the New York Municipal Golf Association tournament held at the Van Cortlandt Park course on August 14th and both made a very good showing.

HUNT, with a 9 handicap, shot a 76, bringing his score down to 67, which was one under par. This brought him into a tie for first prize, with three other players, one of these being his fellow patrolman, BUCHALTER, who shot an 80, his 19-point handicap bringing his score down to 61.

Last month we published the names of golfers who wished to compete for a place on the Police Team. We wish to advise these players that due to vacations and the different hours that they work, it is almost impossible to get them together at the present time. Patrolman Hunt has promised to go over the published list and have these men compete against each other and then we'll let you know the results.

Detectives Williams, Carroll, Collins and Brady, of the 47th Squad, issue a challenge to the 46th Squad Golfers, namely Regan, Hyland, Moffett and Nelson. The 47th boys claim that the 46th Squad players are champs at the "Tom Thumb" game of golf, but would be lost in a real game. (Get after them, 46th.)



TENNIS

Patrolman STANLEY POVEY, together with his partner, Dr. Milton Kurzrok, seeded first, captured the Metropolitan public courts doubles championship on August 15th, at the Utica Tennis Courts, by defeating Edward J. Burns and Harold MacGuffin, both well-known players, in a three-hour match, 6-4, 2-6, 13-11, 7-5.

Detective A. Harnisch, of the 47th Squad, wishes to challenge any detective in the 46th Squad to a match. He is even willing to give them a handicap.

Patrolman Victor Caliguiri, 108th Precinct, issues a challenge to any player in the Department for a match. Games to be played on the Sunrise Tennis Courts on Long Island.

AN EMERGENCY SERVICE EPIC

(Continued from Page 7)

self of the mask, and followed his life line to where it was fouled between the rocks, released it and followed the line to the point where it was held by Patrolman Wynne upon the shore.

"More coffee—more rest was taken, and again moving up shore approximately 20 feet Patrolman Kiernan again submerged and within approximately six minutes thereafter Patrolman Wynne received the signal to haul in. Slowly the rope came up, but before we who were on the shore could see what was the cause of the hurry signal to be hauled up, the crowd on the roadway, due to their high elevation, were able to see into the water, and immediately a cry rose from those assembled: 'He's got him, he's got him!' and to the great satisfaction of us who were on the shore presently Patrolman Kiernan appeared carrying in his arms the body of George Martin.

"The time of the recovery was exactly 7 P. M. The total elapsed time from leaving New York, riding to Delaware Water Gap, making the initial surveys and making the intensive search at the bottom of the channel was just six hours.

"Patrolman Kiernan is deserving of the utmost praise for the cool, calm, collected and courageous manner in which he performed a deed that was never performed by any person in such a manner and with such a contrivance. When the lack of information available as to the character of the river and its bed is considered his act becomes infinitely more laudable.

"The care, the intelligent and the complete carrying out of the instructions of Patrolman Wynne in so far as his duties were concerned to preserve the life of Patrolman Kiernan as well as to participate in the successful completion of this work is of monumental importance."

WENDEL SCORES IN SHOOT

Patrolman John L. Wendel, pistol instructor at the Police Academy, won the individual pistol shooting match at the Eastern Regional police school with a score of 275. He came within three points of tying the world's record for three events.

Wendel scored 90 of a possible 100 in slow fire, 94 in time firing, and 91 in rapid firing. W. B. Kunkle, of the Pennsylvania State Police, took second honors with 269 points, and J. Celland of Rochester, N. Y., third with 266.

Wendel has been on the New York Police Department for 21 years. During the last five years he shot down and captured three thugs. He was on our team when we captured the championship at the Regional School in 1924, 1926, and 1928.

A FEW WORDS OF THANKS

481 St. Marks Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.,
July 27, 1932.

Dear Sir:

Just a few words for I really would like to but I am not educated enough to give vent to my feelings of appreciation, for indeed I certainly enjoyed the day which you and your co-workers gave me and my children the 26th of July, 1932. A day to be never forgotten by us—plenty to eat, such nice music and entertainment, wonderful service and a real nice and clean boat. I hope you will receive my humble note not the inability of putting words together but the spirit in which it has been sent to you and co-workers. I will be very glad if you all could continue such a wonderful work which means so much to us who are not working to give ourselves a day vacation. May the Almighty God help you all and our city, of which I am proud to be a citizen of.

Your humble servant,

Mrs. JEWEL CHANDLER.

THE MULROONEY LITTLE WORLD SERIES

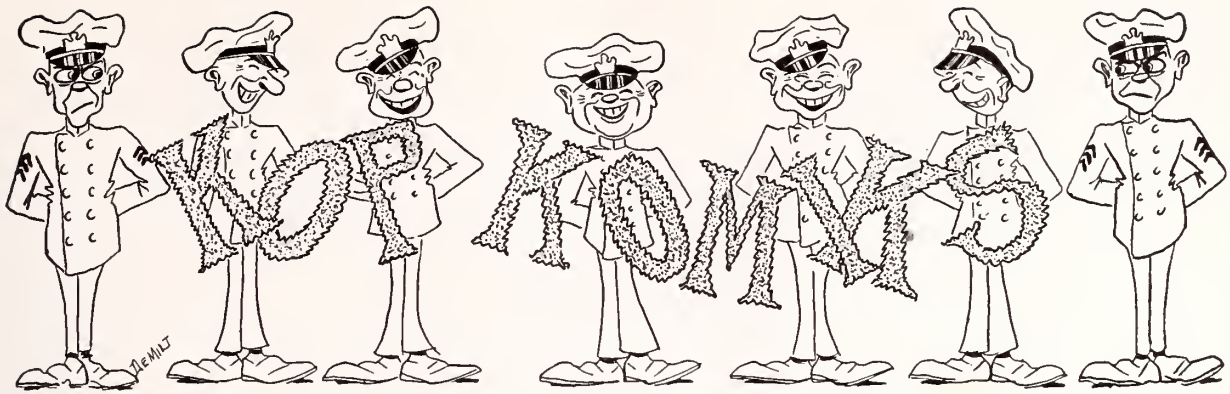
(Continued from Page 8)



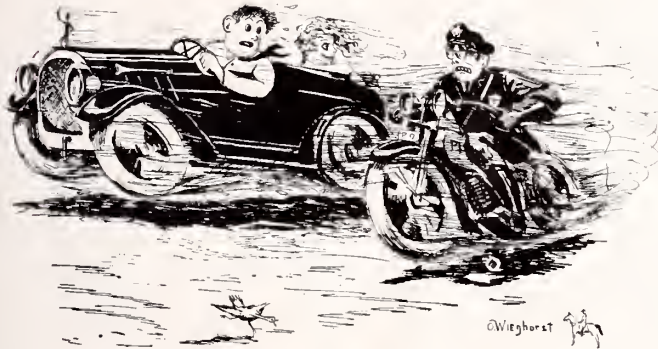
St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, Md.



Lt. Edward Flynn and the Junior Police Team



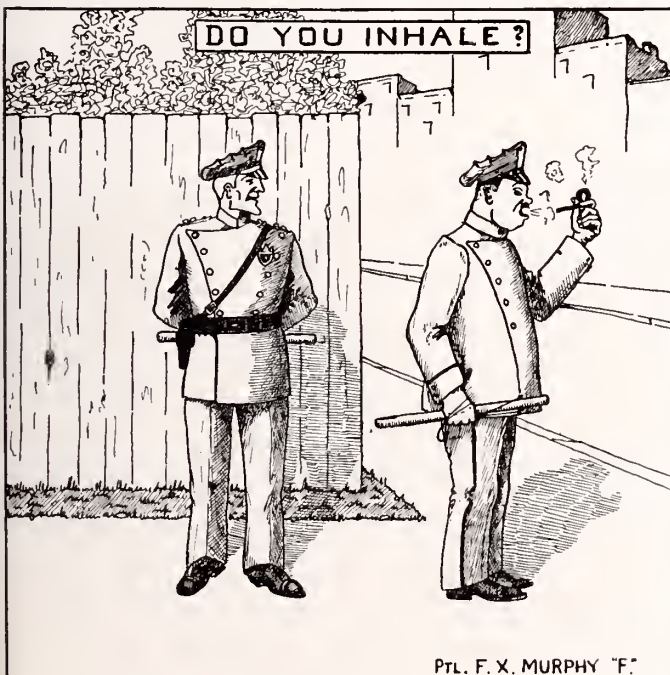
PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



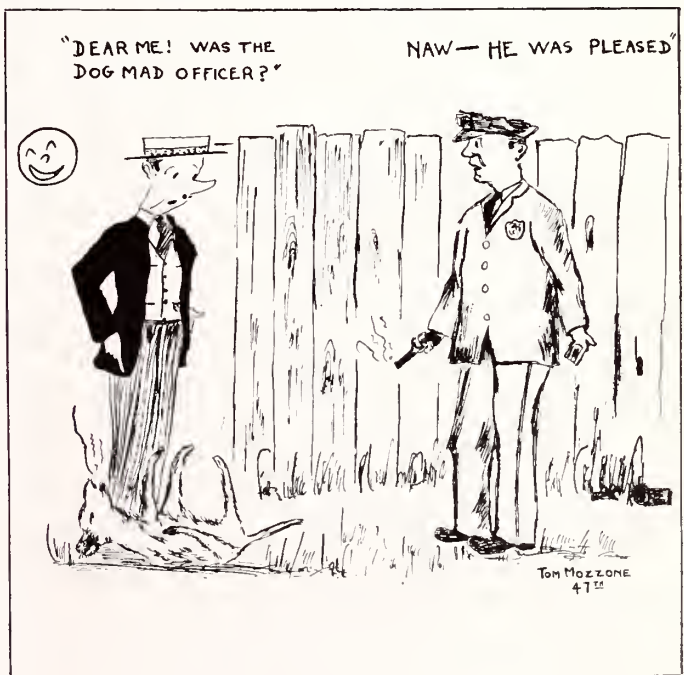
Cop: "Pull over there, you're making sixty."
Girl: "Don't mind him Officer, he's drunk".



Cop: "I said, those chimes sound beautiful this mornin"
Tin Ear: "I can't hear you till those darn bells stop ringing."



Ptl. F. X. MURPHY "F."



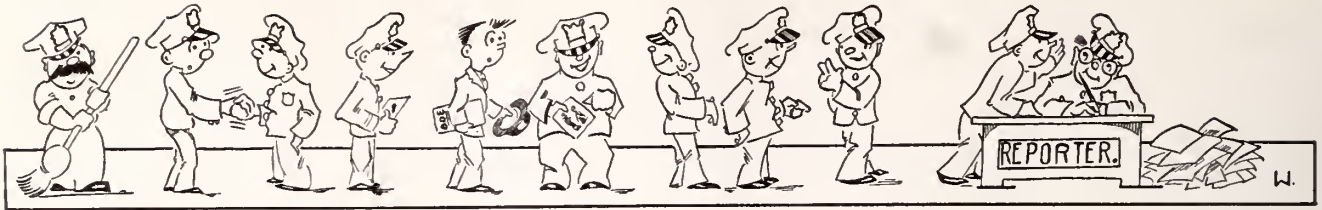
"DEAR ME! WAS THE
DOG MAD OFFICER?"

NAW — HE WAS PLEASED"

TOM MOZZONE
47

Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch
6th Pct., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

Captain Charles O. Nelson was a very proud man last month; only three hold-ups in the 6th Precinct and all of the perpetrators caught by alert patrolmen. Joe Hanlon grabbed one holding up an A. & P. store; Jimmy Brennen caught and disarmed a young thug who had just held up a cigar store, and Jake Kushner, in the Radio car, captured a man running from the Hotel Holland after a stick-up.

Patrolman Pete Monohau is all burnt up. After building a strong bowling team, his anchor man, Bill Walsh, was transferred to Brooklyn. Cheer up, Pete, give John Schmitt a tryout. He is good on STRIKES.

Benny Farren gave Joe Walsh a twenty-dollar bill last month when he bought his copy of Spring 3100, and Joe gave Benny \$19.90 change, mostly in pennies. We hope Benny will have enough sense to have a thin dime ready this month.

Lieutenant Jim Smith met the Walter (NEWLY-WED) Noonans strolling in Bay Ridge last Sunday, and this is the way Walter introduced his BRIDE: "Lieutenant, I want you to meet my wife, Miss Hendrickson."

Pete the bootblack almost fainted last month when Abe Martling got a shine.

John Cregin got hooked up on his vacation and spent his honeymoon at Sam Rosner's bungalow in Edgemere. Salvatore Maggio was best man.

Joe McEvoy, the Ambassador from Rosedale, was seen wearing knee pants at Murphy's Court in Rockaway.

According to Detective Toddy Burke, Jimmy McMahon boxed in the amateurs under the name of "Bruce Montgomery." Whoops, my dear!

Oscar Staber is back from a quiet, peaceful and restful vacation spent on his brother Herman's farm in Hoboken.

Mickey Finn showed up one morning with a beautiful Durante Schnozzle. Mick's alibi was that he was bitten by a mosquito and he scratched it. Don't laugh, Fred Botie, that may be the truth.

2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

Sergeant George Tindall, 9th Precinct, made a canvass of sporting goods shops before he purchased his four-plus knickers, trying to match his with Detective John Neary's. And what a job that was. On their off-time both can be seen on the links at the Queensboro Hill Golf Club. Joe was one of those fans who followed Bobby Jones around the green at the recent Fresh Meadow golf tournament. Both have consented to submit names for the Police Golf Team now forming.

The 9th Precinct baseball team is meeting with great success under the guidance of Patrolman Vic Hertz, their manager. Only lost two games out of seven so far this season. A few dates are still available for booking.

Nat Whitman, temporary attendant at this precinct, is getting good experience in the line of household duties, which he intends to put into use shortly when he takes as his spouse the mother-in-law of a patrolman of this command. Let us know when it comes off, Nat.

3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clork

John "Schultz" Lynch, of the 18th Pct., is spending a quiet and peaceful vacation at the "Police Camp." His pal, Sergeant Downes, will be up to see him before the vacation is over. Just two buddies.

Charlie "Whistling" Frayler, a real pal to the rookies, and Mike Sullivan, have some swell pictures of the "fishes" they caught off Montauk Point. They are the Champion Fishermen of the Third Division.

6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Brovemon

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Patrolman Tom Waters, of the 23rd Precinct, and some other foreigner from Brooklyn, the handball champs of their respective precincts, thought they had another "win" when they picked on Captain Marquadt and Lieutenant Shea, of the Fire Department. After a couple of good lickings they discovered they were playing a national champion in Lieutenant Shea and that Captain Marquadt was good, too.

Patrolman Pete Schell is always on the job. The other day he heard a woman tell her neighbor that she was struck with an "IDEA." Pete pulled out the aided cards and asked for full particulars.

Under the able leadership of Sergeant Francis Miele, of the 23rd Precinct, the Rockaway boys have organized a baseball and a horseshoe pitching team. The team consists of Patrolmen Oliver, Ayres, Waters, Crimmins, Darcy, Rowland, Gallagher, Tolan and a few Irish boys. Patrolman Tolan, father of a ball team of his own (twelve boys), is the horseshoe champion. Sergeant Miele has been trying to get Tolan to put a little more "English" on his pitches, but Jim can't see it, not at least under that name.

Patrolman Bill Fancher, 23rd Precinct, sneaked off and put on the "Ball and Chain." He thought he got by with it, but every time this scribe sees a far-away look in some chump's eyes, he looks for a "change of social condition" report.

Patrolman Fred Strakosch, 23rd Precinct, should be on the Budget Committee. He is the only man in the house that can make 9 and 9 total 27. He practices daily on the Radio Motor Patrol Record by adding the mileage.

On August 7th Patrolman Michael Corcoran, 25th Precinct, passed away after a lingering illness. We mourn our loss deeply and extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

This reporter and the Art Editor of SPRING 3100 will be vacationing at the Police Recreation Camp, Platte Cove, Greene County, N. Y., by the time this issue is published. (EDITOR'S NOTE: You should

be HONEYMOONING, Abe, instead of merely "vacationing." Gosh! what a coward!)

A word about the 25th Precinct's ball team. First we dropped three in a row, then we won three in a row, and now we find it tough getting games. The Sixth District Detectives please take notice.



OUR CHIEF ATTENDANT
(A Characteristic Pose)

Detective Donato Cavane, 25th Squad (alias the Little Chief), is lost since his partner, Andrew O'Connor (alias the Big Chief), went on his vacation. He can't get along *with* him or *without* him. Tough, eh?

Famous sayings and aliases of the 25th Squad Detectives:

Detective Tutt—"What do you want me to do?"

Detective Kaufman—"Do you want a good suit of clothes?"

Detective Santamorena—"That's Mahoney's case."

Detective Smith—"When I was on Fifth Avenue."

Detective Miniter—"Kin ya play euchre?"

Detective Hannigan—"The Deacon"...Franz—"The Grocery Clerk"...Mahoney—"Hollow Legs."

...Gillece—"The Dodger Rooter"...Pickett—"O'Connor's boy friend"...Golemboski—"The Head Man"...Lane—"The Northwestern Mounted"...

O'Connor—"The Big Chief"...Cavane—"The Little Chief."

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

Patrolman Lyons, 41st Precinct, was observed wearing a slave bracelet; he says it is a key ring.

Harry Ecks can sign his name this way, X... Anderson wants something said about everyone but himself... Broderick, I'm sorry I had my coffee... Callaghan is taking a course in Marine Engineering; he is matriculating at Tiffany Street dock... Oetting, who calls the reporter POP, is not far behind the reporter in age... Whithworth says he will get mad some day if the boys don't stop mussing his hair... Pilecki says he can read the alarms, but the gang can't understand them... Herb Kennedy was sent to the ball game without the wagon; he wanted to borrow a truck... Fitzgerald is not sure what detail he wants. He was told to apply to the Commissioner of Lonesome Places... Golgosky wants to know what they used to hunt in Hunts Point? Ask Bill McDermott. He knows... Ferriek, our house detective, one day a harnessed bull, the next day a typist... Bill Farrell, our head broom, is taking a correspondence course in painting, but does not know what to use for paint... Bob Wilson gets a cold every time he goes to City Island; he was told to change his location.

8TH DIVISION

43d Pct.,
45th Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlett
46th Pct., Ptl. Dominick J. Masella

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. F. Flanagan
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong, providing they will join with each and every member of the 50th Precinct in wishing Captain Michael Flattery the best of luck in his new command. He's a grand man and is always ready to help anyone. Only recently he went out of his way to do a little something for the Queen of England.

Patrolman Cahill, the chief attendant, likes to have all his helpers in the best of physical condition; that is the reason he has ordered his helper, Patrolman Kopp, to reduce—not only his weight, but the amount of ashes he leaves for John to put up on the sidewalk.

Meyer Maltz feels that this sure is a tough world. He suffers in the summer from the heat and in the winter from rheumatism and in the fall from the Penal Code and the Book of Rules.

Lieutenant "Comrade" Smith is back on the job from his vacation. His tales of the "Bivouac of the Deadheads" of Alexandria Bay and the charge of the "Not So Light Brigade" are worth anyone's undivided attention.

Patrolman Kohler, of the Park Squad, is at last convinced that the depression is really here. He's been back from his vacation two weeks and has not sold one golf ball as yet.

The secret is out. The reason why Patrolman Regan's wife never takes the young boy to Long Beach is that that's the place where she first met the boy's father.

Patrolmen Ross and Regan are the tallest patrolmen in the 50th Precinct. Both of them stand well over 6 feet. It's a good thing that they stand well, somehow or some place.

Patrolman Corbett, the silent man of this precinct, never fails to return to his abode after the expiration of each tour, and the reason is that Patrolman Regan escorts him.

Milton Kaufman said that the depression has hit Edgemere real hard. Don't get discouraged, Milton, just because you lost out on the Toy Balloon concession.

A postal card from Sergeant Seeley informs all hands that he is having a nice time below the Mason-Dixon line. He recently won \$208 pitching pennies.

Patrolman Mackin, of the 50th Precinct, is only 5 feet 2 inches, eyes of blue, but he can talk longer and eat more than I or you. He is the boy with the man's face.

When Patrolman Mirabello was told that he looks very much like one of the contestants in a recent boxing match at the Yankee Stadium, he replied that while he may have looked like him he was in no way related to him or any other pugilist, as he and all of his family went for literature and art and not for prize fighting.

Patrolman Weidanz, 43d Precinct, reported for patrol smiling. Patrolman Terwilliger inquired, "Why the smile?" Weidanz answered: "I got a new baby boy, big as a fish, holding his hands about 3 feet apart."

Sympathy of this precinct is extended to Patrolman (Pop) Nekola. The poor boy has been sent out of the precinct more than he thinks he should. He protested, but we don't want to speak of the results. The boys are still extending their SYMPATHY.

Since the new Ford Coupe was delivered to the 43d Precinct station house, the house patrolmen have been sharpening up the chisels. So it looks as if the sharpest "Chiseler" will get the new assignment. The leaders are Patrolmen Jackson, Weidanz and Terwilliger.

Sergeant Whalen of this command is known as a man of great will power. He states that he always

gets the 8 hours out. Lately, however, he's been kind of mixed up, and now gets the eight hours in.

Sergeant Fick, attached to this precinct, failed to see the 8th Division mentioned in the July issue of SPRING 3100. With a sad look on his face, he turned to his pal, Sergeant Delano, alias "Kuppie," and said, "Marty, I betcha dey will leafe me alone now, because the guy that used to be so funny got transferred for being so good to the 45th Precinct; he vas it, de vone who vas riteing in de magazine about dat cop 'Bundles Solomon'."

Sergeant Delano to Sergeant Fick: "No, Louie, you is crazy; it vas de Sergeant Hazlitt; I knew who it vas but I don't told you."

Sergeant Fick to Sergeant Delano: "Hey, Marty, I bet it vas a cop, ha? Oh, Marty, tell me it vas a cop, ha? I betcha, undt I give him a complaint dot it vould take him von week to read it, ha. You know, Marty, they are always picketing on me, you know, Marty."

9TH DIVISION

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

We have three good Junior baseball teams in the 123d Precinct: the Charlestons, with Pepper John as Captain; the Sandy Grounds, with Parson Moody as Captain, and the Tottenvilles, with Dick (Smiles) Sleight acting as field general. They are ably coached by Lieutenant Charles Liebers.

Robert "Buck" Winters had a canine pal who patrolled with Buck. One day Buck was sent out to capture and destroy a dog that had bitten two people. When he arrived on the scene, who should it be but his old pal. Buck fired six shots at the dog and no dead frankfurter. He fired six more, yet no corpse. He then borrowed a shot gun and accomplished his purpose. And to think Buck always got two days off for shooting.

John (Sourkraut) Keaveny was sent to quell a brave wife beater, who was now starting to work on the furniture. When he saw John he cried, "Cops are my meat," and proceeded to prove it by biting John's thumb, and in the meantime complaining that this was the first frankfurter he ever ate that had a bone in it. They say every dog is allowed two bites, but the court thought different, and the wife beater went to the pen.

Old Charlie (Eagle Eye) Franklin, of the Outer Bridge, has recovered another stolen car. This makes three in three months. He has now taken Claude Smythe under his wing. After a few lessons Claude showed his worth by bringing in his first stolen car, three minutes after the radio alarm had been broadcast. If Claudie keeps up this good work he will be promoted to Attendant, a job he always cherished, as he was a "Screw" in the Tombs before he became a "Peeler," so this job is right up his alley. Mop up, you old-timers, or Claude will get your job.

Diamond Dick Crosson gave a lady a summons for having an unmuzzled dog. He did not know she managed to make a meagre living baking bread. Lientenant Elfers, knowing of the old lady's circumstances, proved a Sir Galahad by driving the lady to court, taking care of the fine and then driving her home again. Diamond Dick tried by eloquence to soften the heart of the Magistrate, but he tried in vain. He must be slipping.

10TH DIVISION

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

The 62d baseball team is still going strong, having added four straight wins to their already imposing record. The victims were the 63d, 67th and 73d Precincts, and the Camp City team. The members of the team are Patrolmen Spinnelli, Tozzi, Hickey,

McGuire, Smith, Ferrante, Brannigan, Stewart, Bone, Feltman, Sangemino, Coffey, Irving, Kairns, Iadorola, Ryan, Santulli, Dunne, Saviagno, Frumkin and Leffler.

Cremo Brannigan and Smiling Leffler just came back from Canada. We knew they were there because plenty of post cards were in the Station House mail box. The boys say it was the first time they were ever out of town... Abe Marker, our small time Kibitser, is studying for Sergeant. Ever since he had the boxes, he carries the Rules and Regulations and the Daily Forward in his back pocket... Lightning Jacobi challenges Kowalski to a handball match; he wants Kowalski to name the time, place and how much he wants to play for. Jacobi is the present champion of Yaps Crossing... Ferrante, who now holds six jobs on the ball team, has been elected to another office, that of chief cook and bottle washer... Don't forget, girls, the good looking captain of the team, Eddie Maguire, is a bachelor... The artist of the Mop and Broom, Harry Newman, is now on vacation. Joe Meyers and McNaughton miss him very much because Harry was their boss.

12TH DIVISION

PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Ghericich
69th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Hitz

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

Mrs. Grottano's bad boy Francis, who formerly did sleuthing in the 10th District, Bath Beach section, is now doing the light fantastic in "harness" on the sidewalks of good old Flatbush. When last seen Francis was walking north on Nostrand Avenue adorned with a pair of sun glasses, evidently part of the disguise of a sleuth. When assigned to guard one of Uncle Sam's mail trucks, Francis thought he was still in a swivel chair and fell out of the chair injuring his arm. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery.

Willie (How's the wife) Hayes spent his vacation in the vicinity of Silver Lake in the Catskills, but this year he made it his business to steer clear of the cops in Albany. You're safe for another year, Willie.

Frank (Tiny) Maher was struck in the back with one of Cupid's darts and tripped down the centre aisle with a sweet member of the McDermott "klan" to the tune of Chopin's Funeral March. Congratulations, Frank.

Anyone thinking that they are good at horseshoe pitching might get in touch with Lieutenant Paddy Concannon, Patrolmen Gough or Wanamaker, of the 67th. The only friction that might arise is the fact that Lieutenant Paddy carries a steel tape measure in preference to the words of his rivals.

Patrolman Vince Pasko, who has been confined to Kings County Hospital since last March, listening to the angels singing in the distance, is now on the way to recovery. He can still take it on the chin and smile. Keep it up, Vince, the boys are awaiting your return to the fold.

Patrolman Marty Lennon was observed entering a number of hardware stores on Church Avenue, and the information is that he was pricing beer cans. Must be expecting the repeal of the 18th Amendment and will pull the old gag (make it heavy, the good woman's washing).

Eckel Beckel Gaffen is a very popular fellow; has a big following; a number of people come to the S. H. to pay him a social call; might run for Alderman.

Our first broom, Johnny Heckman, before going on vacation purchased a pair of camp shorts and a shirt to match. Be truthful, Johnny, rumors are that you went to the Boy Scout camp as a cooking instructor.

Johnny Butler, the Sheik of Nostrand Avenue, will take the count from Miss Delaney of East Flatbush, and the knot will be tied on September 4, 1932. Good luck and may the Lord have mercy on you.

Sergeant Louie (beat the drum) Tagliani we understand has been stopped, warned and admonished by the police of a certain town on Long Island for making unnecessary noise with that star of his. The cop hurt Louie's feelings when he told him that the car had more loose parts than a hundred-legger has legs.

13TH DIVISION

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge

79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Willis
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

That gentleman in oil, Nelzon, while visiting his uncle, in Newtown Creek, failed to go ashore at eight bells after loading lumber all day. He made a forced landing and burned all the bark off his grippers with the manila.

Charlie Newsie failed to touch second at 1404 Dean Street and was called out by the umpire. He has been replaced by the heavy hitting "Wawlsch."

Larry Jamispeg bought one of those "Shears Row-backs" and went to Jones Beach on his vacation. A heavy fog rested on the "Nine-Ninety-Nine" and Larry was forced to return to Lafayette Heights, 4th floor rear.

"Zex" has spied one, he says. "Dark, airy and fairy, only a little shoe cutter or cruller twister." Perhaps Henie may help.

Kenawsie Pete has just finished his last lap in the job and now intends doing his periodicals up in Bangall, N. Y. Pete, you have the best wishes of all the boys.

Can't some one slip Klub a "Peter" or somethin', so as we can make another trip to Glendale on a 32.

Petersim thought because he was made delegate he had to go to "Howards" to fit the job. In our opinion "Michell" had better shoes and a bigger hat.

The other night, on Franklin Avenue, Patrolman Browne, 79th Precinct, asked Undertaker Phelan what were the effects of gas asphyxiation.

Who is the motor operator that on his day off directs traffic on Main Street, Rockville Centre? The home town boy who made good in the big city.

"Won't you take a trip in my flying machine, up she goes?" Second chorus by Arnold Nahadil, without permission of the copyright owner.

The big man from Texas is sure improving on his two-gun theory shooting cats and dogs these days.

Since the bootblack moved into the back room of the 79th Precinct, I noticed several of the boys are still getting the Long Island mud scraped off with a file.

Patrolmen Buck and Bauerfeld, of the 81st Precinct, are forming a radio operators' union. Persons interested get in touch with Patrolman Max Bauerfeld at this precinct. P.S.: One Treasurer wanted. (We trust them both.)

Patrolman James J. Dempsey has been awarded a commendation for catching a burglar. He also caught himself a wife; they all got life. Good luck, Jim.

SPRING 3100 recently made the glaring error of presenting a future policeman to Patrolman Charles Schaeffer. So don't become alarmed, girls, Charlie is still endowed with single blessedness. The young addition was presented to Patrolman Jacob Shaver.

Patrolman Gustave "Oolaf" Oeffner is the recognized checker champion of the 81st Precinct. Persons wishing to play Patrolman Oeffner write to his manager, Patrolman Abraham Cohen.

The 81st Precinct baseball team, under the management of Patrolman Harry Skeggs, after a poor start have won ten consecutive games and are desirous of hearing from other precincts having baseball teams.

Patrolman Arthur Hayes while on patrol on the morning of July 13th, was informed by a taxicab driver that he had been held up by two unknown colored men. The same men shortly after held up at the point of a gun Herman Lazer, 880 Fulton Street, Brooklyn. Patrolman Hayes picked up Patrolman Hansou of the 88th Precinct and Patrolman Kaminski of the 80th Precinct. They cruised the vicinity. At Clinton and Gates Avenues they came upon the men; whom they commanded to halt. Instead of doing so, one of the colored men turned and fired a fully loaded 32-calibre automatic directly at Patrolman Hayes, but the cartridges failed to explode. Hayes brought the man down with a shot in the abdomen. Patrolmen Kaminski and Hansou succeeded in apprehending the other thief. They were both identified by their victims. They were arrested and charged with attempted robbery and held without bail. Good work, boys.

The members of the 88th Precinct extend their deepest sympathy to the family of Patrolman John Thoden, who lost his life in a serious accident while out riding with his family.

We dedicate this short poem to his fond memory:

Through pleasant and through stormy weather,
Lonely nights and cheerful days together,
'Tis hard to part, when pals are dear,
And memory oft will bring a tear.
From this world of dreams you have gone away—
But we send you, pal, a spiritual bouquet.

14TH DIVISION

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

90th Pct., Ptl. Emanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry F. von Hasset
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Bill Seery has informed the boys that if they have any rabbits or chickens, to see Joe Shepherd and Charlie Knapp, as they are going in for raising a garden and farm when they retire.

We hope that retired Lieutenant Fred Engel will treat his son-in-law, Bob Dougherty, good when he visits him up state.

Several of the boys were disappointed recently as Pete Kunzweiler and Pete McGann failed to send them postal cards—especially the unemployment boys. We hope they will not forget us when they go on their vacation.

Emil Schermeyer is very proud of his new set of artificial teeth, as he thinks they give him a better appearance. What does the Mrs. think of them, Emil? He sure will be able to do justice to a nice juicy steak now.

Tom Burke thought he was going to spend a quiet vacation at the lake, but, much to his surprise, he was visited by the "Whackee Club" one Sunday morning before the family were out of bed. Who took home the bacon and fresh fish, Tom?

Lieutenant Bob Woods and Sergeant John Merwede are still talking of the wonderful time they had at a recent convention held up state.

The "Twins," Sergeant Swain and Sergeant Doherty, had a tough time holding down Lieutenant James McDade during their vacation at the Police Camp. He kept them awake singing his old Scotch songs. There is a time and place for everything, Jimmie.

The members of the 85th Precinct deeply regret the unfortunate accident that happened to Patrolman John P. Smith. We hope that smiling Johnnie will be back with us again soon.

Our Hack Inspector, Louie Newman, alias "Sam Lieb," gives legal advice gratis to all his friends, except McCormack. Mac says his advice is the bunk, and will never get you anywheres, except in jail.

Now that Patrolman Cusack, our speedy attendant, took unto himself a wife, he has given up the idea about retiring. You can't trust those old birds.

Patrolman Newman informs us that Patrolman Earl Nelson, our faithful clerical man, just back from vacation, acquired his coat of tan up on the roof and not at Barryville, N. Y., as he would have us believe.

Patrolman Eugene Stahl was recently observed admiring a pair of sergeant's chevrons which he just purchased.

Our attendant, Julius Wischert, will retire on July 31, 1932, and will go touring throughout the country to try and find a nice quiet spot for the remainder of his life. Good luck from all the boys, Julius.

As the 1932 baseball season is gradually drawing to a close, the team representing the 87th Precinct in its first organized season has made a name for itself and brought credit to this command. It seems a most fitting time to make arrangements for next year. We think that there should be a change in the idea of using non-policemen or "ringers" in the different games. The 87th started out with all policemen and soon found out that almost every other team had non-policemen on it. This is not true sportsmanship and should be corrected forthwith. Next year we hope to see a precinct league, with no one but policemen on the teams.

Patrolman Wilbur Wesner (the Adonis of the 90th Precinct) has a winning way with all the females of the Precinct. He got one of the latest boyish bobs on his skull. That's what gets them.

Patrolmen Mow Glickhouse and Charlie Wichern look like twins. If you don't believe me, ask Moe.

The 90th Precinct Cops and Detectives met on the ball field, and the cops won the game with plenty of runs to spare. After the game refreshments were served, and a few of the cops entertained their buddies with songs and dances, so that they would not forget the drubbing that they received at the hands and bats of the cops. Patrolman Schear sang Eli Eli. Patrolman Kautz sang a few German songs, while Zadi played the piano. Patrolman Brdey played the Polish harp, and Patrolman Steinblinck did a moose dance that looked more like a scared kangaroo. A good time was had by all.

15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Peter Booth

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

103d Pct., Ptl. August Burger
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egan

Joe Loeffler, the head mop of the 104th Precinct, has installed an indoor fishing pool in his back yard, in order to save himself from getting sea sick when he goes fishing.

Roaring Jim McGlynn, who is a sparring partner of our old friend, Joe Loeffler, sends word from California, where he is spending his vacation, that he is attending the Olympic games and rooting for Uncle Sam.

Patrolman Shannon states that his one desire in life is to sing some of the old-time lullabies in company with that great Irish tenor, Patrolman Mielenhausen. (All right, Frank, old boy, you'll get your chance at Pop Rueckert's baby's party.)

Latest reports from the Precinct with the "Lady of the Valley's odor," down by the quiet waters of Flushing Creek, states that Patrolman Rueckert is spending his spare moments reading the latest novels so that he can pick a beautiful name for Rueckert Jr. Da Da Rueckert says the baby has eyes like John Gilbert, and thinks he will vote the wet plank.

Sergeant Best is spending his vacation touring the country. He sent us a card from Miami, Florida, and said that he expected to return with a few alligators.

The boys of the 104th Precinct extend their sympathy to Patrolman Paul Otto, whose brother-in-law, Fireman Thomas Finn, lost his life at the recent fire at the Ritz Towers Hotel in New York.

Sight in Forest Park. A true story. Ask Burgermeister Engel.

Patrolman: Gee, sergeant, look, there's an eagle!

Sergeant: Where?

Patrolman: See through those trees right ahead, standing in Jackson's Pond? Gee, that's a big bugger.

Sergeant: That's a heron.

Patrolman: Stop your kiddin', that's no herrin'.

Sergeant: I mean a bird called a heron. I don't mean a fish.

Patrolman: No, you are wrong, that's a German eagles. I betcher he carries messages like a pigeon.

Story ends as the bird flew away languidly on our approach. But Engel steadfastly believes it was an eagles.

16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

111th Pct., Ptl. Charles E. Fields
112th Pct., Ptl. Laurence J. McQuade
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

Patrolman Michael J. New, 16th Division, is spending his vacation at 42d Street and 3d Avenue, but has trouble finding awnings to keep the sun away. Mike is a sun-dodger.

7TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOSEPH MCCOURT

Detective Herman Rave, 41st Squad, is always ready to help the needy, but the other day he was just a little too quick. As Herman walked along Simpson Street, he saw an old man with a tin cup in his hand sitting on a stoop. Our Herman deposited a coin in the cup, but as it reached the bottom it splashed the water around the old man who was having a cold drink, and resented being disturbed.

Detective Fred Kroener, 44th Squad, sends us a card from Elmira with a picture of the reformatory on it, and on the reverse side tells us HE WISHED WE WERE HERE.

Detective Edward Miller, 44th Squad, sends us a card from Sullivan County, and says the cows cover the PLANTS up there.

Detective Thomas Sullivan, 40th Squad, is now taking golf lessons in preparation for his vacation. Tom's golf is an annual event, during vacation only.

Detective Charles Grubert, 40th Squad, will leave on his vacation in a few days. Charley wants to go to the seashore and the Mrs. wants to go to the mountains. We hope you enjoy the mountains, Charley.

During the month, Detectives Harris and Moloney, 48th Squad, and Detectives Caso and Mara, 42d Squad, were commended in letters to the Police Commissioner. It's better to have the white paper coming up than the pink one going down.

8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM SECOR

Received a card from Connie Mancini, who is spending his honeymoon—pardon me, "vacation"—at Atlantic City. He says that the water is fine, and he and his son, Louis, go in every day. When Connie appeared on the Steel Pier (that's the only one he'd take a chance on), all bedecked in his white knickers and checkered stockings, everyone thought that he was one of the attractions, and gave him the once-over. He sure looked the money.

16TH DET. DISTRICT

DET. JOHN P. WERLE

The Junior Police Baseball League surely has inspired a great deal of interest in the "national pastime" among members of the Department.

Can you imagine commanding officers of squads harking to the call of the ole leather? Lieutenants McGovern and John McCoy, who are on vacation, are spending the time going from lot to lot rooting for the kids to bang the ole pellet. Both of them are so het up about it that they are thinking of making "nines" out of their squads.

I've heard of McCoy's and McGovern's who made their mark in the boxing game, but to date I haven't heard of them making baseball history. I'd like to suggest a name for their "nines" (which were suggested to me by Vince Treanor): "McCoy's Bloomer Girls" and "McGovern's Long Haired Terriers."

Then we might get Lieutenant Joe Donelon steamed up with the 114th and call them the "Wal-lop-ing Whoppers." Lieutenant Dale of the 112th could call his "The Terrible Few"; Lieutenant Smith and his 110th, "Apple Belters," while Dave Daly could call his mob the "Dazzlers."

The champions could then challenge the adjacent district. I'm sure Captain Graham, who has a good "wing" himself, could stir up a good league in his district. OLD John Hurton still has a little kick in him and I wouldn't be surprised if he got hot and bothered about this.

Talking about baseball with Joe Maloney, of the 114th, reminded him of the old "chowder" days when they had a keg of "forbidden fruit" at second base. Gosh, Joe got awfully reminiscent, and one could see a look in the back of his eyes indicating that he could enjoy a ball game of such proportions—AND WHO COULDN'T!

I'll bet I could develop a batting stance that would assure me of a two base hit every time I was at bat—in spite of the possible frowns of "Father" Joe Burke. I guess Joe would have to be the "water boy" in such a game, but I'm sure his duties would be nil.

Even though this is all non-existent, yet it's nice to write about, and maybe to read about.

There was a recent application made to enter the Detective Bureau as a FOURTH GRADE DETECTIVE, by Hugo Wiesner, of College Point, and the following information was submitted to indicate that he was qualified for the job:

He is "Mayor of College Point." He was given the "keys to the city" in Berlin, Germany, on a recent visit there, by the Chief of Police of that city.

Has a lot of friends among the police officials of various cities, and calls them all by their first name. Is an "Honorary member of the Berlin Police Department." Is an Honorary member of the D. E. A. Is a Deputy Sheriff of Queens County. Aside from the above qualifications, he welcomes all detectives to come out to his "venison dinners," "Hassenpfeffer and Katopfel Glasee" layouts or any beefsteak supper that he puts up, and furnishes a baseball diamond for any squad or precinct that wants to play ball and eat, and after the eats he will gladly make a speech that indicates his love for the individual members of the Department.

As N. T. G. would say: "Give the boy a hand."

Many of the boys are making a tour of the golf courses trying to get jobs as caddies on their vacation. Hughie Sullivan is one of them.

Lieutenant Donelon is up at Balston Spa trying to get some of that spring water that is good for rheumatics and what not.

Lieutenant John McCoy is back with a coat of tan acquired in the Laurelton back yards. Hughie McGovern, of the 108th, is also back. He couldn't catch that sword fish he was after. Fulton market was closed.

POLICE ACADEMY

PTL. SYL. A. McCASKEY

In order to obviate the possibility of continued sorrow, especially in the winter of life, on the part of some of the members of the Quartermaster's Division, due to losing the first real contest they encountered after playing the boys in the Police Academy, a digest of which appeared in the July issue of this educational and amusing magazine, the players

of the Academy thought it best to alleviate this suffering on Saturday, July 30th, by demonstrating their humanitarianism and allowing their opponents to become the victors of the second and very enjoyable meeting.

We observed with astonishment that the name of Patrolman Higgins did not appear on the roster of players in the Quartermaster's Division, and while we feel cognizant of the fact that a sylph-like figure is one of the primary requisites of a successful ball-player, nevertheless we recall there are two or three other positions on the team where the lack of symmetry is no impediment. (Bats, for instance, are very heavy when you try to shoulder them all.)

Sergeant Evans, rotund left fielder of the Academy, cavorted around as happy as a human hair collector at a lady pugilists' convention.

After the game, Patrolman Malloy, very aptly called the "John McCormack of Headquarters," gave a very creditable rendition of "The Stable Scene" from "The Four Horsemen," accompanied by half of the well-known Quartermaster's Quartette, composed of Mitchell and Donnelly.

Jimmie Springs Lombardi, the strong man and hair restorer of the Academy, is sojourning in the wilds of Corona on his vacation, which is another reason why we lost. Pardon me, but the score was 10-8.

CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

PTL. WALTER BRUMMERHOP

In this issue of SPRING 3100 there no doubt will appear an item relative to a baseball game between Lieutenant Bennett's "Nine" and Captain Donovan's "Wildcats," of the Chief Inspector's office. Dear readers, please don't take this too serious, as the writer of this article, in collusion with his playmates, are not accountable for what they write or say. We thank you! The article no doubt will appear under the signature of the reporter; this also is untrue, as the reporter is not aware of the contents. The Chief's office team still contend that Lieutenant Bennett's "Nine" are not so hot.

CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

A. LION

On August 9, 1932, at Ulmer Park, Brooklyn, a baseball game (for blood) between Donovan's "Wildcats," of the Chief Inspector's Office, and Bennett's "Lions," of the Chief Inspector's Squad, was played and won by the "Lions" by a score of 22 to 4.

Captain Donovan umpired the first four innings, and was so disgusted with his cats that he retired.

The moral support of the captain was sadly missed by the cats, as was his advice and management, resulting in utter rout of the cats.

Sergeant Bill Burke's pitching was no enigma to the "Lions," and he was roughly handled. But to give credit where due, we must say he had had support, especially from Brummerhoff on 3d base, Gilligan on 2d base and Whalen on 1st base. All three players were off color and contributed some runs towards the "Lions."

No individual on the "Wildcats" played outstanding ball, and Tom Bergen, the official scorekeeper, has quit them cold and joined Bennett's "Lions." (He claims the "Lions" are the class of the season.)

The "Wildcats" Assistant Manager, John Smith, was away on vacation, and his heavy hitting and strong advice was missed.

Canavan, the sensational center fielder of the "Lions," just back from playing in the Eastern League, was the star of the day. He got 4 hits and played marvelously in the field.

Quirk, the left fielder, made several sensational catches, and is now holding out for more money.

The infield of the "Lions," Joyce, Turner, McCarthy and Donnelly, did nice work.

The battery of Bennett and Dunbar worked in close harmony and had a system of signals that were a thorn in the sides of the "Wildcats."

Bennett, the star pitcher of the "Lions," allowed only 5 hits, and was in great form. He states that the next time he will pitch a no-hit game, and after his last performance we believe him.

All the "Wildcats" need is a new nine, but all in all it wasn't a bad game, and the "Lions" are ready at any time to demonstrate to the "Cats" that they are their masters any old time.

The "Lions" were supported by the wonderful rooting of Siebel, McCloskey and Fleming. The "Lions" challenge any team in the department.

AIR SERVICE DIVISION PTL. OTTO A. KAFKA, JR.

The Air Division "Cream Puffs" are still one of the few undefeated ball teams in the department, having won their first consecutive game by defeating the crack ball hawks of the Chief Inspector's Office by the score of 7-6. (Dutch Hellbrand kept score.)

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GAME

Captain Wallander's terrific hitting... Arthur Chamberlin's sterling exhibition at 3d base... Mulligan's bean ball... "Flippers" Moran talked the best game of his career... Friedman missed the game, but showed up later for the refreshments... Slater and Mastrangelo were dubbed "Conscientious Objectors."... Tom Fay of the Chief's office pulled a One-Eyed Connolly Act (thanks to Mulligan), and with the aid of "Flippers" Moran, was the hit of the evening... Snapshot Pete Terranova took a few feet of pictures of the dinner and we believe he got some interesting shots... "Peach Basket" Forsythe and "Koople" Kafka managed to be asleep whenever a ball was hit to the outfield.

In closing, we wish to state that if the Chief's team enjoyed our company half as much as we did theirs, it was an evening well spent, thanks to the efforts of John Devery, of that office, who was chairman of the arrangement committee. Let us hope we get together again real soon; so Bill Burke, you better get the old soupbone in shape.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 4

PTL. MAURICE BARRETT

Several of the boys have been doing some undercover investigating lately and rendered the following report to the CHIEF PANNER about the person in question:

When first seen, the party in question was sporting a black and white pair of sport shoes with socks to match; a mother-of-pearl suit with the famous white cap.

While the above doesn't cast any suspicion, the real surprise came a few days later while he was changing his clothes. The room was dark, so we put on the lights, and oh, boy! there he stood in all his glory. Shirt and panties of pale blue silk of very good quality, with the initials J. B. R. embroidered over the left breast, and the panties FRESHLY PRESSED AND EVERYTHING... We are not going to mention any names, but the party referred to is on the 10th Squad, and it's not an Italian name.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 5 SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Patrolman Mulligan, of this squad, has a bad habit of talking in his sleep. We happened to hear him mention the name "Bedelia" the other day (Oh! where's my Bedelia?) We questioned him and found out that she was an old sweetheart of his. He had proposed to her, but she refused him on the grounds that he couldn't speak GAELIC. Tom

then threatened to jump off the Woolworth Building, but she told him he was afraid, and anyway, the sudden stop might give him flat feet. So he decided to join The Finest. (Now he has flat feet anyhow.) Don't give up the ship, "Swat."

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 8 PTL. JAS. A. SHEPPARD

The boys of Emergency Service Squad No. 8, should receive high ratings in the next Sergeant's examination, saving 18 lives in one week is the record set by this squad and for others to shoot at. It all came about, in the rescue of two felines trapped in trees. Patrolmen McGuire and Petrenchick, showed exceptional skill and bravery under fire, as cat savers, and the Departmental Medals are awaiting both of them.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2 PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

The men of Bar 2-E are considering the purchase of a moving van for their own use. Three of them have moved again, namely Sergeants Shaw, Howe and Conlon.

It must be cheaper to move than pay rent. HOW ABOUT IT?

Now that we have brass rings on our saddles, HORSIE AGNEW and IRON CHEST REILLY have decided to get off the merry-go-round.

Among the vacationists are "HOW ABOUT IT" Fitzgerald, sojourning up near the border, "SOUP GREENS" PITTSCHAU, in Connecticut, and "MA-HATMA" Brennan, in Jersey. (All known as the three wise men of East New York.)

Congratulations are in order for Hubert Scallon, who made such a thrilling rescue of a boy from a live wire, in the L. I. R. R. yards near the Garden Bowl, in Long Island City.

Pete McConnell and Arthur Daly are anxiously waiting for the Sergeants' list. Now we know the reason for the strained look on their faces.

Jimmy Maloney is never satisfied unless he is knocking chips off Bill Bereczk's shoulder.

Dave Foster, the Roaring Marine, is showing the natives of Borough Hall the art of horse training. Dave used to break in mules for the U. S. Marines.

Bereczk is spending his vacation at the seashore, watching the bathing beauties. Old boy POPEYE never misses a trick.

Campbell is learning how to polish automobiles. How much per, Bill?

Maloney and McMahon are going back into the carpenter and moving business when they retire. When will that be, fellers?

PICKPOCKET SQUAD

The Pickpocket Squad met the Bureau of Criminal Identificationers on the ball-field and trimmed them to the tune of 22 to 7. The B. C. I.'s thought they were playing the "New York Yankees" incognito, as the base hits rattled all around, and to confirm their suspicions they insisted on fingerprinting each member of the pickpocket team.

Joe "Dodger" Fennelly, of the "Dips," and former major-leaguer, starred both afield and at bat, securing 4 hits and accepting 12 chances without an error.

Joe Cashman starred for the losing team.

Nick Nagle, pitcher for the losing team, lost all his bag of tricks and was slaughtered.

Babe Buckley and Frank Dunn divided the pitching honors for the winning team, the former being very effective.

Charlie Kane umpired on the bases and "thumbed" them out and "palmed" them a-la Bill Klem.

Captain Raftis and Captain Swirz umpired the final inning, and rumors are spreading that the major leagues are after them.

Captain Raftis believes the Police Department nine would make a better match for his nine.

Billy Wall, of Macy's department store, was in favor of a double header.

Inspector George Spencer, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, remarked that the "Dips" sure looked good to him.

Lieutenant Dan Lake kept the score and got writer's cramps.

Jack Sheehan, in an attempt to place the ball in Long Island Sound, strained a rib.

Carl Schultz caught for the winning team and did a mighty fine job.

Jack O'Sullivan pulled a "Charley Horse" going down to 1st base and had to retire.

Eddie Hollingsworth did right well considering his avoirdupois.

Pete Coleman kept chattering all day and night, and nobody knows yet what he was talking about.

The Pickpocket Squad expects to play the Correspondence Room for the Headquarter's championship.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Master Terence F. Gibney, the 12-year-old son of Patrolman Terence V. Gibney of Commissioner Felix A. Muldoon's office, who resides at 4337 Martha Avenue, Bronx, is the winner of this year's four-year high school scholarship of the Holy Name Society of the Police Department. Master Gibney was the winner with a mark of 93 per cent. Well, Master Terence, sincere wishes for a continued success.

Patrolman John Haecke (Pistol Bureau) sure is some fisherman. On a recent trip, instead of bringing home a feed of fish, John was *feeding* the fish. Poor Fish!

Patrolman Arthur Caddell (Bureau of Information), our Horticulturist, after finally raising that prize mustache went and had it shaved off. It sure looked like the cat's whiskers.

The horses and cows started a stampede up at the Log Cabin when Sergeant Henry Duncan strolled up with his flannels, sport shoes and everything. Well, Sarg, that might be overlooked, but for the love of Mike do not carry a handkerchief up your sleeve.

A picture no artist can paint: Lieutenant Charles Dyer giving the "kid" Patrolmen, Martin O'Connor and Maurice Healy, a lesson in pitching quoits, up at "Camp Dyer" at Locus Point, L. I. Nothing like putting those birds in their place, Lieutenant.

A word to the wise: When attending ball games in the future where Bill Ruddy is the pitcher, you better wear a suit of "armour." Since some one called him a primadonna, he's been throwing the "bean" ball.

The Archery Club of the Hack Drivers' Bureau held a meet at Grant City, S. I. It certainly was a success. Patrolman John McIntyre had high score. Maurice Healy was low, while Patrolmen Martin Ruland, Stanley Povey, William Kellerman, Martin O'Connor and John Horan qualified, but were not in the money. The next meet will take place at Whitestone, L. I.

The Division of Licenses' baseball team, under the management of Sergeant Daniel Tierney, took the 87th Precinct, champions of Brooklyn, into camp by a score of 8 to 7. We are open for engagements throughout the season. Only A-1 clubs can qualify. No Detectives or Emergency Squad teams need apply.

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC

PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schud
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A. Once more we are back after a short absence... Hearing a 21-gun salute being fired, we journeyed to the pier to see who was who, and lo and behold, Sergeant Stabile and the Mrs. coming down the gangplank.

Patrolman Kerns was seen with a frankfurter in one hand and a lemonade in the other. Mortgage must be due.

Patrolman Mulry is thinking of adopting his nephew. What's the matter, Bill? Better see Sergeant Grimes.

What's all this stuff Grandpa Chevreton is betting about. From what I hear, I think we better hire the "Bowl."

Go west, young man, go west. So old boy Bill O'Brien is heading for Kansas!

Where does Patrolman Harrington get all his power from? His safety valve needs fixing.

C. Traffic "C" is patiently waiting for the Sergeants' list to come out. They predict that one of the clerical men will top the list, BOTTOM UP.

Captain Ernst spent a pleasant vacation, fishing and playing pinochle. Any checker hounds up there?

The Parking Squad wants to know where Sergeant Walters goes with his man Friday on Saturday nights?

During Patrolman Gould's vacation, MacLaren's conscience did not bother him, as he felt he gave the taxpayers their money's worth.

Traffic "C's" coffee sergeant has failed them. Watch him carry the bag.

CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE WET TOWEL CLUB: Riley, Maher, Nolan, Mitchell, Farrell, J. Morrissey, Devens, Kennedy, Gilhooley, Deno, Miniarik and Ovecka.

Patrolman Metz thanks Patrolman Bamburger for those Garcia Grande cigars.

The woman's home companion: PAL ESCOWITZ.

D. There is a contest going on at the present time in this command for the one who can tell the most fibs. Qualifications for those of other commands who wish to compete are that they must be more loquacious in the art than are Dan (Duke) Kearns and Dan (Good Boy) Sullivan.

It sure was a treat to read the *New York American* of July 28th, and to see therein the picture of Patrolmen Tim Callahan and Charles Carroll attending a dinner as invited guests of the National Republican Club, at 54 West 40th Street, for the work they performed in apprehending two men who held up the cashier of the above club.

A young patrolman, proposing to another patrolman's daughter, stated his recommendations as follows: "I do not smoke, drink or chew, and I belong to the Holy Name Society." Intended father-in-law: "Let me see your P. B. A. card."

Henry Oppenheimer wants to know how old a person has to be to study ancient history.

A clerical man giving a Lieutenant a quick one: If you don't want me, I'll be here; if you do want me, I won't.

All the members of this command wish Patrolman Paddy Ward, Dennie McGrath, Tom Dooney, Kerry O'Connor and Ownie Stephens a pleasant and enjoyable trip to Ireland.

Lieutenant John T. Higgins is preparing to leave sultry old New York for his balmy summer home at Lake Coma in the foothills of Pennsylvania. John says the largest variety of fish can be hooked in that famous pond he owns there. Guess during his vacation he will supply Fulton Fish Market.

Sergeant Dan Doyle sent us a card from the Dominion, where he and Mrs. Doyle are enjoying a pleasant sojourn.

Sergeant Bill Mulry is planning to join the wife and youngsters at Ideal Beach, N. J., in the near future. Willie has picked out an ideal vacation. Hope ideal weather follows him and that before he returns he is made an "Ideal Lieutenant" and assigned to Traffic "E."

Sergeant John E. Butler is also scheduled to begin his vacation next Saturday and is going to tour the good old U. S. A. Johnny, we hope the "missus" and youngsters will enjoy the beautiful scenery, and with them may your trip be a very pleasant one.

Patrolman Jim O'Keefe reports a recent visit from Mr. Stork. A 7½-pound baby girl! No wonder Jimmie is constantly smiling.

Patrolman John O. Felchlin also had a visit and received a bouncing "queen," although he wanted a young policeman. Try again, John; better luck next time.

Guess who we met at the Playground of the World with his young bride, enjoying a delightful honeymoon. None other than our former pal in traffic, Patrolman Frank Underhill. Congratulations, Frank, not only on your choice of a life partner but also on the fast one you put over on Sergeant Murphy and his Emergency Squad in Greenpoint.

2D DISTRICT TRAFFIC LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

Patrolman James Shine is spending his honeymoon at Ocean City, N. J.

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

I. Ptl. James Kenney
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell
L. Ptl. Harry Hughes
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

I. Patrolman Parenti has changed his mind about the "Dodgers." He has become one of their most ardent rooters. Giant rooters please take notice.

Patrolman Joe Ray is at present confined to Kings County Hospital. The boys are rooting for his quick and complete recovery.

Max Carthy, the Brooklyn fan, has his face wreathed in smiles these days. Parenti is laying off him.

Charlie Zeek 2d has accomplished the feat of making out summonses in all languages. Sandy MacTave, McCarthy and Conway had better look to their laurels.

J. Now that Captain John has returned from his trip through the wild and woolly West, the clerical force keeps its nose to the grindstone and the rest of the boys eat regular.

Bill Martin, terpsichorean champ of former years in Flatlands, has dusted off his old dancing pumps. It is rumored that Bill is engaged to a very charming young lady from old Flatbush who is quite a dancer herself. Authority. Dandelion O'Connell.

Shorty Brooks, six feet seven and a half in his sox, who uses the tops of autos as desks to make out summonses, must be laying down lately. He hasn't been to the district office for a new book in nearly two days.

K. It has been said that "Loose Teeth" O'Brien put Sergeant Eckert on the sick list to help the boys along that are waiting for the sergeant's list.

The "Ghost" is going to spend his vacation at Jones' Beach. He has invited Messenger McDermott to visit him there, but insists that "Mac" bring along his lunch.

L. Traffic "L" regrets the loss of Acting Captain Martin Kenney, but the score is equaled by receipt of Captain John W. Kenna in command.

Patrolman Lo Presti recently had his picture taken while on patrol, walking the upper roadway of Manhattan Bridge. We could see Lo Presti in the picture, but not the bridge.

Patrolman John Murphy was seen lately in plain clothes at the Park Row exit of Brooklyn Bridge looking for the pigeon that used no discretion.

M. Patrolman White, assigned to this command, was notified to report at the District Office relative

to a complaint. He acknowledged the notification, walked a few feet and was heard mumbling to himself. Relative to complaint—boy, they're no relatives of mine.

There is a red headed bloke named "Kelly" temporarily assigned to clerical duty in the 3d Traffic District during the vacation period, whom it might be well to call: "RED, THE RABID ROBIN ROOT-ER."

This fervid, flaming, Flatbush fan, insists that "Babe" Herman is not only a better ball played than "Babe" Ruth, but also a better batter than the famous Bambino. All SPRING 3100 can say is, that it sounds like a Communist plot. The love of a Flatbush RED for a Cincinnati RED, and Babe is a Democrat.

4TH DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. WILLIAM P. KEARNS

N. Ptl. John H. Westervelt

O. Ptl. Edward T. McKenna

P. Ptl. Thomas E. Sheedy

"Flat Tire" Phil O'Brien never has a flat tire on the car while he is driving it. He pumps it up and lets the other fellow have it. By the way, Phil is an "adjutant," whatever that is.

Eddie Townsend, the "Adonis" from St. Albans, is having his own difficulties keeping house while his "boss and better half" is vacationing. Information has been received from a reliable source that he is being besieged with letters, telegrams and telephone calls from "cousins" who are anxious to fill the temporary vacancy.

Frank Masterson has been making an honest effort to perform the duties of attendant in the absence of Jake Biegel. If his wife could only see him washing windows, mopping floors and cleaning in general, she would realize that she commands the services of an expert.

John (Tarzan) Gleason, the Woodside "paramour," alias "Woodside Dorathy," is contemplating selling the old Dodge. A new three-cent stamp would be a fair exchange.—(Adv.)

Charlie Burgess is returning to Oklahoma to negotiate the sale of his 160-acre ranch, which he has placed in the hands of auctioneers. The first bid was 30 cents. Incidentally, he will visit his old friend and neighbor, Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray. Charlie is just a small-town boy who made good in the big city.

Tom Dugan, who assists "Tarzan" Gleason, is making life miserable for the men of Traffic "O." He is so used to walking the floor nightly that one morning, upon reporting for duty, he picked up Lieutenant Armstrong and began walking the floor and crooning to him.

Paddy Coleman (Grandpa), is spending the summer at his country home in Rockaway. He makes a fine appearance in his new knickers, black and white shoes and sport sweater. For your information, the cane is for style....You asked for it. Now you have it.

BUREAU OF CRIME PREVENTION

Patrolman Thomas Gordon, that big, good looking, big hearted and good natured copper attached to Unit No. 4, has proved to be quite a baseball manager. Tom's team is near the top in the Police Athletic League, and he has also helped develop a few lads whom he claims will be future big leaguers. Tom, also known as the Duke of Eastchester Road, intends to hold classes during the winter months on "baseballology."

Patrolman John P. O'Shea, of Unit No. 4, formerly well known in amateur swimming circles, is at present acting as swimming instructor for the neighborhood poor at the Olympia Pool, 241st and Broadway. Keep up the good work John.

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolman Herman A. Gress, 32nd Precinct, while off duty and in civilian clothes at about 5 A. M., July 4, heard glass crash in a restaurant, which was closed for the night, on the second floor of premises 664 Eighth Avenue. Upon entering the hallway he was confronted by two men on the second floor landing, one of whom held in his hand a revolver. Disregarding the officer's command to drop the weapon they exchanged shots, the officer receiving a wound in his left breast. His assailant, also wounded, was captured while escaping by Sergeant Hugh McGrade, 10th Precinct, and Patrolman Daniel J. McCarthy, 14th Precinct. The second man is still at large. The pair had broken into the premises through the rear for the purpose of committing burglary. The prisoner has a criminal record and is wanted for escaping last year from Great Meadows Prison. Patrolman Gress was removed to Polyclinic Hospital.

Detectives Harold F. Moore and Thomas J. Riggs, 14th Squad, succeeded after an intensive search of several months in locating on July 11, in a bungalow near Albany, the notorious "Fats" McCarthy, wanted for murder and numerous other crimes. Together with Sergeant Walter J. Riley and Trooper W. A. Chesterfield, of the State police, they closed in on the afternoon of July 11 and in the gun battle that ensued McCarthy was killed by Moore and two others of the gang captured. Moore was wounded eleven times and is now confined to St. Peter's Hospital in Albany. A quantity of firearms found in the premises included two sawed-off shotguns.

BRONX

Patrolmen Carl Daum and Michael Murphy, 40th Precinct, while assigned to radio patrol car duty at about 12:42 A. M., July 17, received an alarm for the arrest of four heavily armed bandits who a short time before had escaped in a taxicab from a holdup at 1395 St. Nicholas Avenue. A half hour later they identified by its license number the taxicab proceeding south on Willis Avenue at 139th Street. The patrolmen overtook it after a short chase and with revolvers drawn lined up the four occupants, searched them and the cab for weapons, and brought the four men to the 40th Precinct station house, where they were identified as the perpetrators of the holdup.

BROOKLYN

Detectives John J. Harrington and Francis Leibmann, 61st Squad, were assigned on June 24 to guard several trucks of the Empire Delivery Company

while making deliveries in Brooklyn. At about 4:40 P. M., in front of 1716 Avenue T, where one of the trucks was standing, Harrington was accosted by two men, one of whom, with revolver pointed, ordered him into the truck. The second man, with his hand in his coat pocket as though holding a gun, stood by threateningly. Liebmann had left shortly before to telephone the squad office. Harrington, pretending to obey, suddenly wheeled and started firing, killing one of the bandits instantly and fatally wounding the other. Examination of the revolver with which Harrington had been threatened showed that the trigger had been pulled, but because of faulty mechanism the cartridge failed to explode.

The following-named members of the 60th Precinct, among others, are commended for their intelligent and courageous work in connection with the disastrous fire on July 13 at Coney Island:

Sergeants John F. McGraw and Jesse A. Upham; Patrolmen James A. Haughie, George Bradford, John J. McMullen, Richard J. Reilly, August Hirsch, Philip Schwartz, John J. P. O'Connor, Daniel Maher, John J. Donohue, Alfred Barbuto, John P. McAuliffe, George F. Creede, Thomas Gorman, Paul Fahje, George L. Corboy, William J. Cole, Edward Bolen, Walter Budd, Joseph T. Mandie, Frank A. Byrne, Edward F. Stanley.

QUEENS

Patrolmen John Crawford and John Wenz, 109th Precinct, while on patrol at about 6:10 A. M., July 8 observed an automobile proceeding west on Northern Boulevard in the vicinity of Farrington Street, Flushing, which answered the description of a car used in a holdup at 153-12 Northern Boulevard a short time previous. As Crawford leaped on the running board the driver attempted to draw from his pocket a loaded revolver. He was quickly disarmed, placed under arrest and later identified as the perpetrator of the holdup. The prisoner admitted the crime and has been held in \$10,500 bail for the action of the Grand Jury.

Detectives Thomas Reilly, William Carter and James Donohue, 100th Squad, succeeded after several weeks of painstaking investigation in arresting a man who with two others had held up and robbed on July 11 an employee of the Broad Channel Baths, at 22nd Road and Jamaica Bay Boulevard, Broad Channel. The prisoner has been held for trial, and the arrest of the others is expected shortly.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

Stabbed and killed Bernard Kroll, at 399 Blake Avenue, Brooklyn, on March 20th, 1932.



**MORRIS FOX, aliases
CURLEY MORGAN and AL MORGAN**

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 6 feet, 170 pounds; blue eyes and blond hair. Has a remodeled nose that is distinctive. An amateur boxer and may be located at a fight club.

WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**ARTHUR LOFFREDO, alias
EDWARD LOFFREDO**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 194 pounds; brown eyes; black wavy hair; stocky build; dark complexion; clean shaven. 2d Pct.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



**HUGO WILLGEROD,
aliases HUGHIE WILLS and HUGH J. WILLIS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser. 17th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER

Stabbed and killed Bernard Kroll, at 399 Blake Avenue, Brooklyn, on March 20th, 1932.



MEYER FOX

DESCRIPTION—Age, 26 years; 5 feet 6 inches, 115 pounds; black eyes and hair. Neat dresser.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

Spring 3100

SEPT. 1932



Spring 3100

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

VOLUME 3

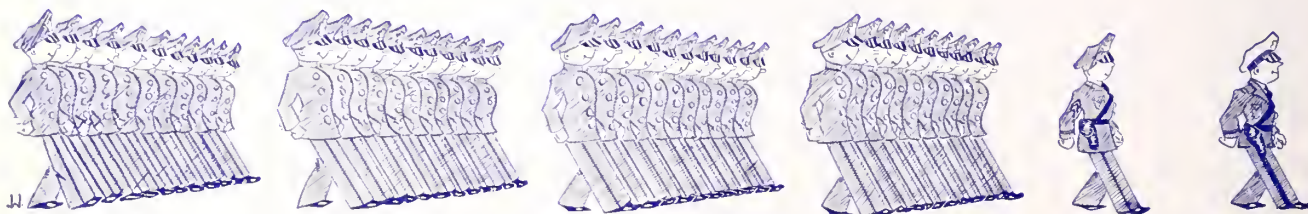
SEPTEMBER, 1932

NO. 7

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

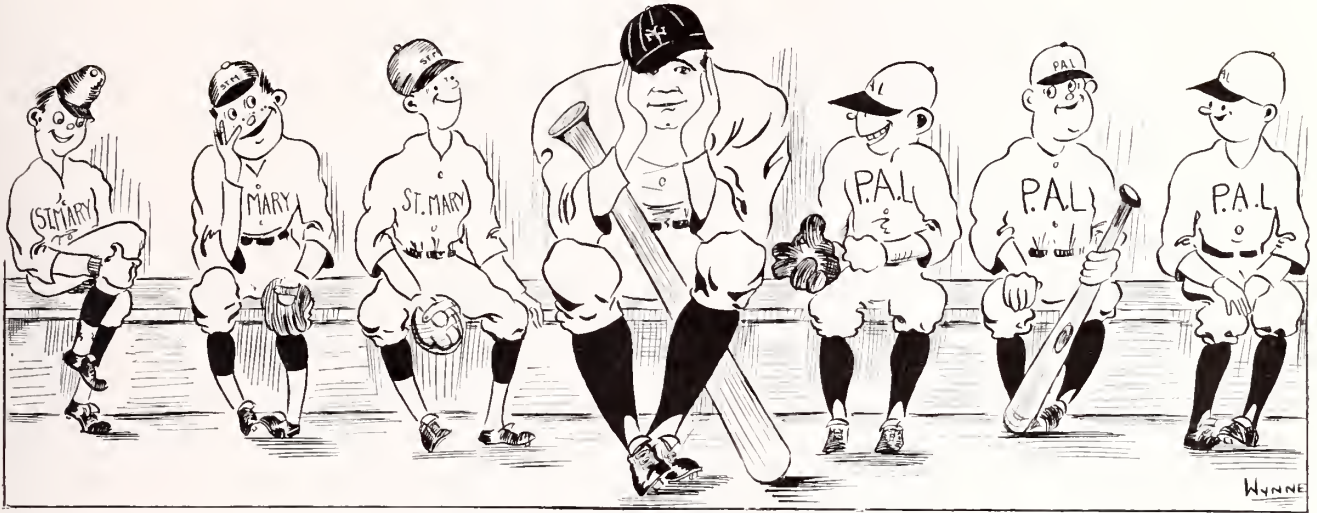
ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorially Speaking



P-A-L-S



WELL, dear fellow readers, and likewise fellow members of this boxing elub, here we are with the jolly old autumn tinting the foliage red, green and yellow, and all the fine old autumn tints and the World's Series about to burst upon us. Speaking of the World's Series reminds us that while you cannot see it at the traveling and trifling expense of a subway fare of five cents, as we predicted in our August issue, we are half right, *i. e.*, to wit, and etc., the Yankees are in. It looks to us, aged and infirm as we are, that the other parties to the contest, game, engagement and whatever you have, will be the baseball team representing Chicago in the National League; in other words, the Cubs.

But speaking of World's Series as who isn't, including the prisoners at New York's State Prison, commonly known as Sing Sing, which has radios in the cells of the best behaved, what was the matter with our own little World's Series, otherwise known as the Mulrooney Little World's Series, which was settled in one game played at the Polo Grounds on the afternoon of September 2d. The All-Star team of the Junior Police Athletic League, sponsored by that most charming lady, Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon, head of the Crime-Prevention Bureau,

on that day laid low the nine of St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, by the score of 9 to 4. The attendance was 50,000.

"Babe" Ruth, otherwise known as George Herman Ruth, right fielder and star home run hitter of the Yankees, is a distinguished alumnus of St. Mary's and batted flies and grounders to their team before the game. But even the "Babe" and the image of an equally distinguished alumnus, Padgett, who might have been as good a ball player if he hadn't died faeing his country's enemies in France during the World War, couldn't turn the tide in favor of St. Mary's.

However, there are football, basketball and boxing shows to come, and the St. Mary's boys endeared themselves to the hearts of all New York fans by their sportsmanlike conduct and hearty congratulations on our victory. Therefore we say we hope the better team may always win, but you must pardon us an aside in which we say we hope that team will be from the Junior Police Athletic League of the Crime-Prevention Bureau of the New York City Police Department.

It seems to us that nothing could be more fitting than to close this essay with a word about Patrolman Peter DeCarlo, Shield No. 6157, of the Seventy-second Preeinet, who was mortally wounded on September 2d, while assisting in the arrest of four armed robbers who had entered a Brooklyn pawnshop. Patrolman DeCarlo, with the film of death over his eyes, mistook a fellow officer, tenderly trying to aid him, for a gunman.

"A cop," said DeCarlo, "never gives up his gun," and with these words he made a futile effort to press the trigger of his empty weapon and lapsed into the sleep from which there is no awakening on this earth. May we all be brave enough in time of need to follow his example.

A Great Ball Game

By ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN



Photo., courtesy The Daily News

The Police Commissioner presents the winner's trophy to James Jessman, pitcher of the P. A. L. All Stars, as Brother Benedict of St. Mary's smiles his congratulations and the crowd applauds.

WHEN a thunderclap with its accompanying electrical display, the whole resembling a battery of heavy field artillery beginning action, sounded over New York City at 2.30 A. M. on September 2d, a good many thousands of ordinarily quiet and well-behaved boys awoke from their slumbers with cries of alarm. Thus the ordinarily charming and well-mannered parents of these usually obedient children were, in many cases, forced to resort to stringent measures to get their offspring back to sleep.

This meant that sometimes the parents indulged in threats. They threatened that even if the boys' fears were not realized and the rain was not sufficient to prevent the baseball game at the Polo Grounds that afternoon between the Junior Police Athletic League All Stars and the nine of the St. Mary's Industrial School in Baltimore, as the climax of the League's season, the aforementioned worrying boys would not be allowed to witness it unless they immediately quieted down.

However, we are glad to be able to state, right in this third paragraph, that this is a pleasant story. The storm did not prevent the game and the aroused parents relented, so that 50,000 boys and girls saw



the contest, thus breaking all records for children's attendance at an athletic event. One other record was also broken that day—it was the hottest one that New York knew this summer, with the mercury reaching 92.

Three and a half hours after the storm broke over New York, forty-six happy boys in charge of five of the good Brothers of St. Mary's, entrained in the

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad station in Baltimore, for New York. Twenty-five of the boys were members of the deservedly famous St. Mary's band, while the others belonged to the baseball squad.

The St. Mary's party were met at 10.30 A. M. at Jersey City by the writer, who had been designated by the Police Commissioner to represent him, and Inspector Louis F. Costuma, executive officer of the Crime Prevention Bureau. Father Francis and Brother Benedict of St. Mary's, after an exchange of warm and pleasant greetings, entered our car and with the rest of the party in B. & O. buses quickly made the trip to New York via the Liberty Street ferry.

Here a motoreycle escort awaited us and soon brought us safely to the Hotel Commodore, where our guests were to stop. The formalities of registration were speedily accomplished and the visitors went to their rooms for a short rest before luncheon. The Police Commissioner was prevented by other business, notably a double bandit shooting, from greeting the visitors at the Commodore. Mr. Phelps Phelps, donor of the trophy for the game, was present and so were Lieutenants Edward Flynn and John Roach of the Crime Prevention Bureau.

Luncheon was served promptly at noon, and at one o'clock, comfortably seated in buses loaned by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, we started for the Polo Grounds, again with a motoreycle escort. We realized as soon as we started up Fifth Avenue that the game was going to be a success from an attendance standpoint. This was almost forcibly impressed upon us as we neared the Polo Grounds and saw the unbroken streams of children converging from all points to the playing field.

And what a sight awaited us at the grounds. We entered through the Giants' clubhouse, and the St. Mary's band, resplendent in their natty blue and red capes, were first outside. Brother Edward Joseph and Brother Gerard, their leaders, formed them amidst admiring cheers.

Then across the field came the Police Commissioner with Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Deputy Commissioners Philip D. Hoyt, Felix Muldoon and James P. Sinnott. The Police Band then materialized and formed alongside the St. Mary's delegation while the Police Commissioner, the Deputy Commissioners

and the Chief Inspector were being presented to Father Francis and Brothers Benedict, Sebastian, Gerard and Edward Joseph.

We thought up to this moment that we had heard considerable in the way of cheering. But now what a roar of sound went up as a huge figure trotted across the diamond. Shriekings such as could come from nothing else but the throat of a small boy without rending the shriller in twain. George Herman "Babe" Ruth, St. Mary's alumnus and the boy fan's idol, was trotting across the Polo Grounds to welcome his old school's delegation.

The writer, as a former newspaper man, has been a friend and admirer of the "Babe" for more years than he would care to reveal to his multitude of readers. The chief trait which the author liked in the "Babe" was his entire absence of swank. But, as he greeted his former teachers, the reason for this splendid characteristic was apparent. The "Babe" had been trained in a good school. Indeed, it might be well to interpolate at this point, that one of the most delightful features of the entire visit was to observe the splendid, friendly feeling that existed between the boys of St. Mary's and the Brothers of that institution.

Well, the greetings were over at last and we were all lined up. Back of the two bands, the St. Mary's boys and the Police Band, we paraded across the field. The writer almost forgot to say that we had with us a delegation of beautiful girls from the 14th Precinct girls' baseball team, and, of course, the ball players of the respective squads. The latter had their hour of fame later.

We halted about at home plate and the combined bands played "The Star Spangled Banner." Then the photographers swarmed around and after awhile we got to our seats. The entire stands were by this time filled with happy boys and not so many but equally happy girls, and everyone was raring to go.

While the "Babe" was hitting flies to the outfielders of both teams and the four umpires, Brown, Davis, O'Sullivan and Doolan, present through the courtesy of Nat Strong of the Dexter Park. L. L., semi-professional league, were talking things over, there was a moment to take a look about the grandstand. The Police Commissioner had in his box Mrs. Mulrooney and their daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Helen Mulrooney.



The Phelps Phelps Trophy.



Photo courtesy Arnold Photo Syndicate, Floyd Bennett Airport

Scene at Floyd Bennett Field—one of the many happy incidents that contributed so much to the memorable visit of our good friends from Baltimore.

Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon, who as a girl playing baseball with her brothers had a good curve and could hit and field, was there with Mrs. Sidney C. Borg, of the Advisory Commission on Crime Prevention. Deputy Commissioner Additon afterwards met the players of both squads at the Commodore and they were equally charmed with the graciousness of the lady whose love of sports resulted first in the establishment of the Junior Police Athletic League, and then in this game, the climax to its first baseball season.

Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell, head of the Police Academy, and Inspector Joseph J. Donovan, head of the Statistical and Criminal Identification Bureau, were present, as was Lieutenant James A. DeMilt, the compelling cartoonist of this magazine. But lest we might overlook someone, or worse yet, list someone who wasn't supposed to be there, we will say no more about the attendance, with this exception. Through the cooperation of the Social Service Division of the Department of Hospitals, 619 tickets were distributed among the chronic and crippled patients. City Home, Welfare Island, sent 74 patients, all of whom were 65 years old or more. Through the courtesy of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company the patients were transported to the Polo Grounds and then back to the Home.

The elderly people enjoyed the outing as much as the children. They were seen leaving the park whistling and singing. The social workers reported that the outing proved a great treat for the patients,

who had virtually lost contact with the outside world because of their illnesses.

The ball game itself was a clean-cut, hard-fought, well-played contest which reflected the greatest credit on the sportsmanship of both teams. Everyone who reads the daily newspapers anywhere in this country and indeed almost throughout the entire world, knows that our All Star team won by a score of 9 to 4.

We scored one run in the first inning, six in the big second inning, and after that, although the St. Mary's boys battled courageously until the last man was retired, they could not overcome this early innings lead. At the finish it was the St. Mary's captain, Goldstein, and Brother Benedict, the school's athletic director, who were the first to offer their congratulations to our team.

Back to the Commodore for showers, a quick

change and a banquet at 6.30 P. M., following an informal reception at which the Police Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner Additon met the visitors and the thirty boys who were on our baseball squad. The banquet was good.

It wasn't only the fine dinner but the wholesome, informal, cheerful, friendly atmosphere which prevailed. The writer, serving as toastmaster, tried to sum it up in his greeting in the statement that we were all "friends and fellow sportsmen." The Police Glee Club's radio double quartette supplied some fine music and the boys of both teams called forth from among their comrades those who could dance and sing.



Photo courtesy New York American

Babe Ruth and Commissioner Mulrooney wish the respective captains good luck.

The speeches were all brief and all interesting. The Police Commissioner, the Hon. Phelps Phelps and Inspector Louis F. Costuma, spoke for our side. The St. Mary's representatives were Father Francis, Brother Benedict and Brother Sebastian. Then the Police Commissioner presented to all of the St. Mary's delegation and to the thirty players of the Junior Police Athletic League's squad the handsome silver medals, which, as well as the trophy, were given by Mr. Phelps Phelps. Inspector Costuma, Lieutenants Edward Flynn and John Roach, of the Crime Prevention Bureau, and two former college baseball players, Clancy and Loisee, who assisted them in coaching our team, also received medals.

A long and interesting day ended with all hands attending the performance at Loew's State Theatre, Forty-sixth Street and Broadway. A good many of the boys were so excited they couldn't sleep, even when we turned into the Commodore at not long before midnight.

There is still Saturday to come. We breakfast at 8 o'clock and again in Fifth Avenue Coach Co. buses head for the Municipal Airport at Floyd Bennett Field. Originally we planned to visit the Empire State Building Tower first, but it was found that we could not do both and the boys voted for the airport.

Deputy Commissioner Kenneth Behr, with Inspector Samuel Levy and Inspector George Schloer, were on hand to welcome us. They took the party to the roof of the Administration Building at the field, explained its layout, the workings of the floodlights, etc. Then Captain Arthur W. Wallander, uniformed head of the Police Air Service Division, sailed overhead, followed by a second police plane piloted by Chief Pilot Quelle Friedman, and both floated down to a pretty landing.

Bro. Benedict and Bro. Edward Joseph went aloft in P. D. I. A. with the writer, for a twenty-minute flight, and were roundly cheered by the boys when they alighted. Police Pilot John Hellebrand was in charge of the plane. There were more photographs, more inspection of the field, and we all headed back for the Commodore.

Our luncheon and a realization that the best of friends must part. Another realization after the St. Mary's Band plays three selections in the lobby of the Commodore that these boys have entwined themselves around the heart of New York. The bus and ferry ride to Jersey City and the sad fond farewell we wave as the B. & O. train pulls out.

This narrative would not be complete if we did not print the following letter, which requires neither explanation or comment:

"ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.
"BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

"Sept. 5, 1932.

"Mr. A. N. CHAMBERLAIN,

"Asst. Seely. to Police Commissioner,

"Police Headquarters,

"New York City, N. Y.

"Dear Arthur:—

"We arrived in Baltimore on schedule time. At the school we were greeted by the 34 Brothers and seven hundred and fifty boys. That greeting helped

to sweeten our defeat, but it did not have to be sweetened, as the swell time that you, Commissioner Mulrooney, Deputy Commissioner Additon, Inspector Costuma and Mr. Phelps showed the party made it just as sweet as it could possibly be made. Please show those I have mentioned this letter, as I am tied up with work and will not be able to write for a week or more.

"Before closing this note I wish sincerely to thank you and all the others in behalf of the priest, Father Francis, C. P., the Brothers and the boys.

"Your grateful Brother,

"BROTHER BENEDICT."

Brother Benedict in his letter also enclosed the following verses:

"THANK YOU"

"It's good to be remembered,
And in so nice a way;
I cannot find words to express
The thanks I'd like to say.

"Being poor in earthly riches,
I can find no other way,
Than to remember your intentions
In Mass and prayer today."

After that there doesn't seem much to say. We would like to tell the boys of St. Mary's that while we hope, and because of the kind words of Brother Benedict believe, that the trip gave them pleasure, that they likewise contributed to the happiness of 50,000 New York boys and girls. So if, as the Police Commissioner aptly expressed it in his speech at the Commodore banquet, all children will realize that the policeman is their friend and not their oppressor, this belief will go a long way towards making this earthly sphere a better world.

The box score of the game follows:

ST. MARY'S						POLICE A. L.					
	ab	r	h	e	a		ab	r	h	e	a
Luke, cf.....	4	1	1	3	0	Weismuller, 3b....	4	0	0	3	5
J. Ward, ss.....	5	0	0	2	1	K'man, 2b.....	4	0	0	1	1
Wills, 1b.....	4	0	2	8	1	Shanley, ss.....	1	0	1	0	1
Spring, c.....	1	0	0	0	0	Gomez, ss, 2b.....	4	2	2	2	1
Sargate, c.....	3	0	1	5	0	Powers, 1b.....	5	1	2	11	1
Goldstein, 2b.....	4	1	1	1	4	Martin, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0
Ward, 3b.....	4	0	1	3	1	Dixon, cf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Norwood, 2b, rf.....	3	0	1	2	1	Brady, lf.....	3	1	2	0	0
Pundt, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	Sefcik, lf.....	0	0	0	0	0
McKenzie, p.....	3	1	1	0	4	Zeaman, lf.....	2	1	0	0	0
H'an, rf, lf.....	2	1	0	0	1	Kunz, c.....	2	1	0	3	1
						Laboda, c, lf.....	4	2	4	3	1
Totals	33	4	8	24	13	Lena, lf.....	0	0	0	2	0
						Jessman, p.....	2	1	1	1	3
						Cryan, c.....	0	0	0	1	0
						Totals	34	9	12	27	14

St. Mary's	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	4
Police A. L.....	1	6	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	9

Errors—Goldstein, 2; Norwood, McKenzie, Sefcik. Runs batted in—Powers, 1; Jessman, 2; Kriedman, 1; Gomez, 1; Brady, 1; Luke, 3; Weismuller, 1. Two-base hits—Powers, Laboda. Three-base hits—Brady, Laboda. Home run—Luke. Stolen bases—Gomez, McKenzie, Goldstein, Wills, Laboda. Sacrifice—McKenzie. Double plays—Luke to N. Ward; Norwood to N. Ward. Left on bases—St. Mary's, 9; Police A. L., 8. Bases on balls—Off Jessman, 6; off Pundt, 1; off McKenzie, 2. Struck out—By Jessman, 7; by McKenzie, 4. Hits—Off Pundt, 5 in one inning (none out in 2nd); off McKenzie (Jessman), 1. Wild pitch—McKenzie. Passed ball—Sargate. Losing pitcher—Pundt. Umpires—Brown, Schaeffer, Doolan and O'Sullivan. Time—2:00.



51,671 Were River Outing Guests

THE third season of the Hudson River outings for needy mothers and children, inaugurated by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, has just been completed. There were 17 trips, extending from the first Monday in July through August.

A total of 51,671 persons, of whom 33,522 were children and 18,149 were mothers, attended the excursions. The total cost of the outings was \$42,000, which was borne entirely by voluntary contributions from all ranks of the Police Department, the donations being given as a good-will gesture.

The following letters from grateful guests of the Department describe so well the joy brought by these outings that the editors of "SPRING 3100" feel the excursions can win no higher praise:

MASTER JERRY LONGO THANKS US
New York, August 2, 1932.

Dear Commissioner:

Just a few lines to let you know that I enjoyed the boat ride very much. I hope that the other children enjoyed it. Also it is very nice of you and the Police Department to think of all little children. I was so happy when we got to shore to think that I was going in swimming and my little sister had her picture taken with other little children. My little sister is 1 year old. I hope you will think of us

children next year. As I think it is very nice of you to do so. The policemen on the boat done all they could to make us enjoy the ride. My mother enjoyed the boat ride too and she don't know how to thank you. I thank you very much for what you have done for us. I hope to have another boat ride next year. Oblige

Yours truly,

MASTER JERRY LONGO.

69 Thompson St., New York City.

FROM HOLY CHILD PARISH

August 11, 1932.

8620 112th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.

LIEUT. MARTIN NOONAN,
102d Precinct,
118th Street and Jamaica Avenue,
Richmond Hill, L. I.

Dear Lieutenant Noonan: God loves a cheerful giver, and surely He will reward you and the men of your precinct who contributed so generously and labored so strenuously to give pleasure to the needy families who availed themselves of the boat trip last month.

All those of Holy Child Parish who participated have been loud in their praises of the way in which the trip was conducted.

Assuring you and your men of our appreciation, we are,

In the Most Blessed Trinity,
SISTER M. PATRICIA.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER WRITES

1790 Park Ave., New York City.

August 25, 1932.

COMMISSIONER MULROONEY,
Police Headquarters,
New York City, New
York.

Dear Sir: May I take this means of thanking you and the entire force, on behalf of my children and myself, for a most enjoyable outing and lunch which you so generously give to poor mothers each summer. May I also mention the courtesy of every policeman with whom we came in contact on the outing,



but especially the officer at the 126th Street house who, when he learned we had not received our tickets, told us to go to the doek and tell the officer in charge, and when we started to go, told us to ride, and when I told him we did not have money, as my husband had been out of work, he gave my little girl the ear-fare. I hope some day soon I shall be able to repay him. God bless him and every member of the Police Force.

I hope that soon I will be able to get some work so I can repay him, also send a contribution to your fund as a thank offering for your kindness to me and my little family. My children and I always remember you all in our prayers.

This letter is a little late in coming, as I have been ill with a cold. Wishing you every blessing and success in all your work, I am,

Yours truly,
MRS. MARY R. MCGANN.

PATROLMAN PETER DE CARLO



THERE occurs, very frequently of late years we must admit, incidents in the work of the Police Department in which one of our comrades vanishes into immortality, leaving behind him, mixed with our grief, a record of bravery which proves throughout all time to be an inspiration to his comrades.

Such a case was that of Patrolman Peter DeCarlo, Shield No. 6157, of the Seventy-second Precinct, who together with Patrolman Antonio DeFranco, Shield No. 11350, responded at 10:40 A. M., September 2d, to a radio alarm that armed robbers had entered a pawnshop at 537 Court Street, Brooklyn. DeCarlo said to DeFranco, "I will take the side door."

DeFranco accordingly entered the front door, encountered one of the robbers and drove the latter before him into the shop. Three of the robbers tried to escape through the side door by blasting their way through DeCarlo. They shot him in the spine but he delayed their escape long enough for the equally gallant DeFranco to kill one robber, mortally wound a second, and bring about the capture of the third. A fourth man escaped.

DeCarlo, his sight dimmed by a dying mist, was approached by a brother officer, who tenderly sought to take from his hand the pistol with which he had fought his last brave fight. DeCarlo, mistaking his rescuer for a gunman, said, "A cop never gives up his gun," feebly sought to press the trigger of his weapon and lapsed into unconsciousness.

Patrolman DeCarlo died on September 3d in Holy Family Hospital. He was buried with an Inspector's honors on September 7th, from the little church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea. The Police Commissioner, Deputy Commissioners Philip D. Hoyt and Nelson Rittenberg, Chief Inspector John O'Brien, and an honor guard of 100 uniformed policemen were there to pay him his last sad honors. Thousands thronged the Brooklyn streets as the body was carried to its last resting place in St. John's Cemetery.

Thus one more of our brave fellow officers passes on beneath the inscription, "Died in Performance of His Duty." He dies, alas, yes, but he is not forgotten.

He Knew Faces

By PATROLMAN WILLIAM J. MEYER, *Emergency Squad 8*
First Prize, Short Story Contest



“WHAT the devil is up now?” Jim Flynn asked himself, as he raced to the street where his partner, Meehan, had pounded his nightstick on the sidewalk.

There was Meehan busily engaged in helping some rather boisterous fellows from the pool room.

Jim, without wasting any time, went to his partner's assistance. He grabbed one fellow by the collar and propelled him, none too gently, toward the door. He then went to work on the rest of the gang. The younger fellows put up more of a fight than the older men, but in a few minutes Jim, with a grunt of satisfaction, sent the last fellow on his way.

“Sort of a new bunch around here,” Jim said, as he straightened himself out. “One of the fellows seemed quite familiar to me, though he probably didn't recognize me in uniform. Must have gone to school with him. Funny how you never really forget a face if you once take a good look at it.”

“Think you know someone else, eh? Never saw a fellow like you. No matter where you go you always know someone,” his partner jokingly remarked.

“Well, perhaps I'm wrong, but I dunno,” Flynn closed the conversation.

Because such things are all in the day's work the incident was soon forgotten.

Several evenings later, as the family sat around the living room after supper, Jim happened to glance up at his younger brother, who was very much interested in the latest issue of “SPRING 3100.”

“Great Scot!” Jim yelled, as he jumped to his feet, “if it weren't for his mustache I would have been wise, but— hey, Alice, will you make it snappy and get off that phone? Ever since you've been going with that fireman Frank Connelly no one else in this family can get a call in. Don't you ever get tired? Now, when I was your age”——

“Oh, cut it, Jim,” his sister butted in, “here's your old phone, and if I ever catch you whispering sweet nothings into Helen's ear you can bet your boots you'll hear of it.”

Jim snatched the phone from his sister's hand and, after what seemed to him an indefinitely long time, he heard Helen's voice over the wire. Somewhat abruptly he told her he could not meet her that evening. He hung up as quickly as he could—grabbed his hat and coat—told his mother not to wait up for him as he kissed her good-bye—and was off like a shot.

Flynn headed directly for Pat's pool room. He loitered outside, glancing in at the windows as he passed by. He saw his man and hung around waiting for him to come out. After he had smoked several cigarettes he saw his man lay down his cue and start for the door.

Jack Doran, as Flynn believed him to be, hopped into a passing cab and was closely followed by Jim. When the cab stopped at an uptown hotel Jim followed his man into the lobby, saw him get his key at the desk and step into the elevator. After a few minutes Flynn walked over to the desk and casually glanced through the register. He found a John Dunn on the books, and as the initials corresponded with those in Jack Doran's name he asked the clerk to describe Dunn to him. The description tallied with that of the man he had followed into the lobby. The clerk also told Flynn that Dunn's room was No. 401.

Not wishing to arouse the clerk's suspicions, Jim went to the drug store on the corner and phoned the station house to report the case.

With the two detectives, who met him shortly after, Flynn returned to the hotel. The clerk at the desk told them that John Dunn had left the hotel somewhat hastily a quarter of an hour earlier with two men. The detectives, upon showing their badges, were given the key to Dunn's room. Before they entered the elevator they told the clerk to call them when Dunn returned before he had a chance to get upstairs.

When Jim, with the detectives, entered Dunn's room they found nothing to arouse their suspicions, except that a coat and tie thrown untidily on a chair showed a rather hasty departure. They hung around about an hour before the clerk called to let them know of Dunn's return, whereupon they quickly hid themselves.

John Dunn entered his room, closely followed by two men. He immediately started throwing his clothes into a valise, while he angrily told the men with him:

"You guys sure pulled a boner that time. Why the hell didn't you tie that fellow up instead of letting him call the police and get them on our trail before we could make a getaway. Well, here's the jack and here's your splits. Even the gas stations are getting low on the dough. Must be the depression. Well, here's where I make my getaway—can't let the coppers lay hands on Mrs. Doran's boy."

"Not so fast there; if you don't mind we'd like to postpone your little trip for an indefinite time." The three men turned around to find themselves staring into the muzzles of the detectives' guns.

"Come on there, step lively, and you needn't trouble yourselves about that valise or that black bag either. We'll just relieve you of that responsibility. Sorry you didn't have time to pack your tooth brush, the captain at the house could use a new one," one of the detectives remarked as he picked up the valise and bag and started for the door.

Flynn and the other detective handcuffed the men and led them to the elevator. The people in the lobby stared open-mouthed after them as they walked past the desk and out into the street.

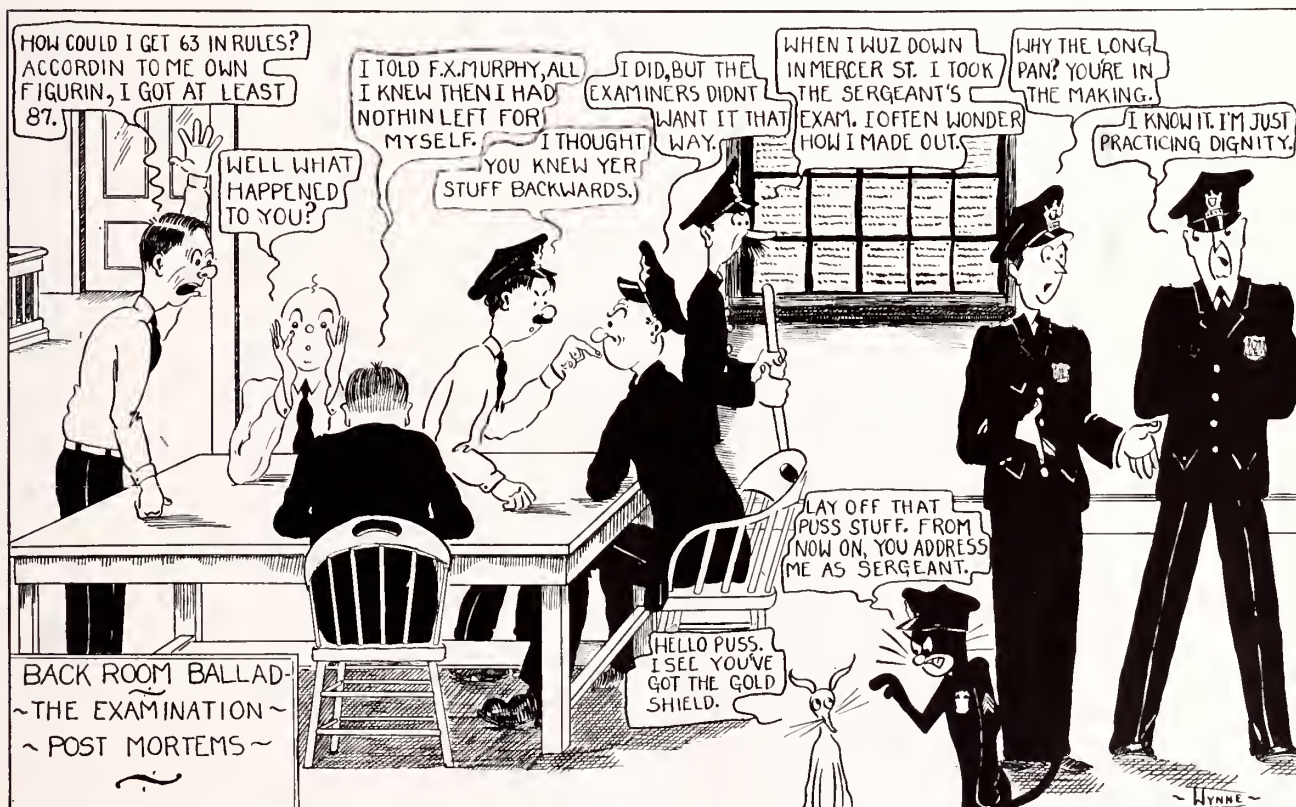
At the station house they were put into cells after being fingerprinted and questioned.

Later Dunn was identified by the different witnesses to the holdups and his fingerprints proved him to be Jack Doran, aliases Jacques De Vois and John Dunn, who was wanted for assault and robbery by the police.

When he reported at Police Headquarters for lineup, Flynn was highly commended for his alertness in helping to apprehend the criminal.

His duty finished, Jim lost no time in getting in touch with his girl, who had heard the whole story and was about as proud as a girl could be.

Next day when Jim saw his partner Meehan, he made light of it all, remarking: "Well, guess I knew that face anyway, eh, Meehan?"



Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



JUST like an infected tooth it had to come out some time, and we had hardly gone to press last month when, suddenly and unheralded, out it came—bringing with it more headaches than Bayer has aspirin.

And more heartaches than Beatrice Fairfax could patch up in a life time.

What we're getting at, of course, is the dramatic promulgation last month of the long awaited results of the examination held fifteen months ago for promotion to the exotic rank of sergeant.

A swell rank, we admit, but not nearly as rank as the feelings of more than six thousand of the swell lads who failed to put it over.

We are happy to report, however, that to date not a single case of self-effacement has been filed, although reports anent the large number of reservations that have been made in certain institutions featuring non-crooked jackets have been received in reasonably alarming quantities.

Largely, however, the boys who took it on the chin so gracefully realize that a bow to the inevitable is worth more than a flower-laden ride to slow music.

And to the 6,360 candidates who failed to make the list we say now—in all seriousness, don't become discouraged.

We can point out any number of high-ranking officers in the Department today who, like yourselves, failed to make the grade at the start.

And do you suppose that it affected their appetites—or interfered with their digestinal tracts or anything like that? No, indeed. They simply decided to put another herring on the fire and start all over again, which is the spirit in which you, too, should accept your defeat.

Remember also, that the open season for ropes, rivers, roofs and like agencies for fattening the undertaker's bank roll now is on, but shun them as you would the examiner who rated your papers.

Speaking of examiners and *roofs*, by the way, brings to mind the mean trick that was played on Motorcycle Patrolman Peter J. *Roof* (a very lovely fellow), whom the examiners *cellarized* despite the loftiness of his last name with a place at the extreme bottom of the list.

Anyway, pin your ears back firmly and start training for the next round now. *It's the only way you can win.*

And keep in mind always that sunniest of axioms: *"If at first you don't succeed, give it hell the next time."*



FRANCIS XAVIER MURPHY

The name "*Murphy*" when it appeared proudly at the top of the list brought to mind vividly that most fetching of ballads, "*IRELAND MUST BE HEAVEN FOR MOST SERGEANTS COME FROM THERE.*"

A swell lad, Francis, and a mighty fine cartoonist, too. his contributions having appeared in *every issue* of SPRING 3100 since the inception of our magazine early in 1930.

He's 38, stands 5 feet 11 inches and weighs 185 pounds. Not a bad looking chap by any means, and although there is nothing sheikish in his makeup he'd pass for an actor anywhere.

Born and raised in the Roaring Forties. Attended P. S. No. 67 on West 46th Street and Holy Cross school on West 43d Street. Entered DeWitt Clinton High upon graduating and was compelled to leave after two and a half years in order to help out at home.

Got himself a job repairing incandescant gas mantles. Later figured there was very little future in gas mantles and decided to string along with Uncle Sam instead. Became a letter carrier in 1913 and four years later discarded his uniform of gray for one of blue. He was 465 on the list, and upon his appointment, on October 18, 1917, was assigned to the West 68th Street Precinct.

Six months later, on May 28, 1918, he again discarded his uniform, this time for one of khaki and several weeks later sailed with the 322d Infantry for France. Was in the thickest of the Argonne scramble and came out of it unscathed. Can't figure out yet how he escaped. Attributes it to his mother's prayers.

Back to West 68th Street after the festivities had ended and was transferred in 1923 to Traffic Precinct B. Two years later he landed in Traffic Precinct F, from where he was again transferred in 1929 to 1st District Traffic.

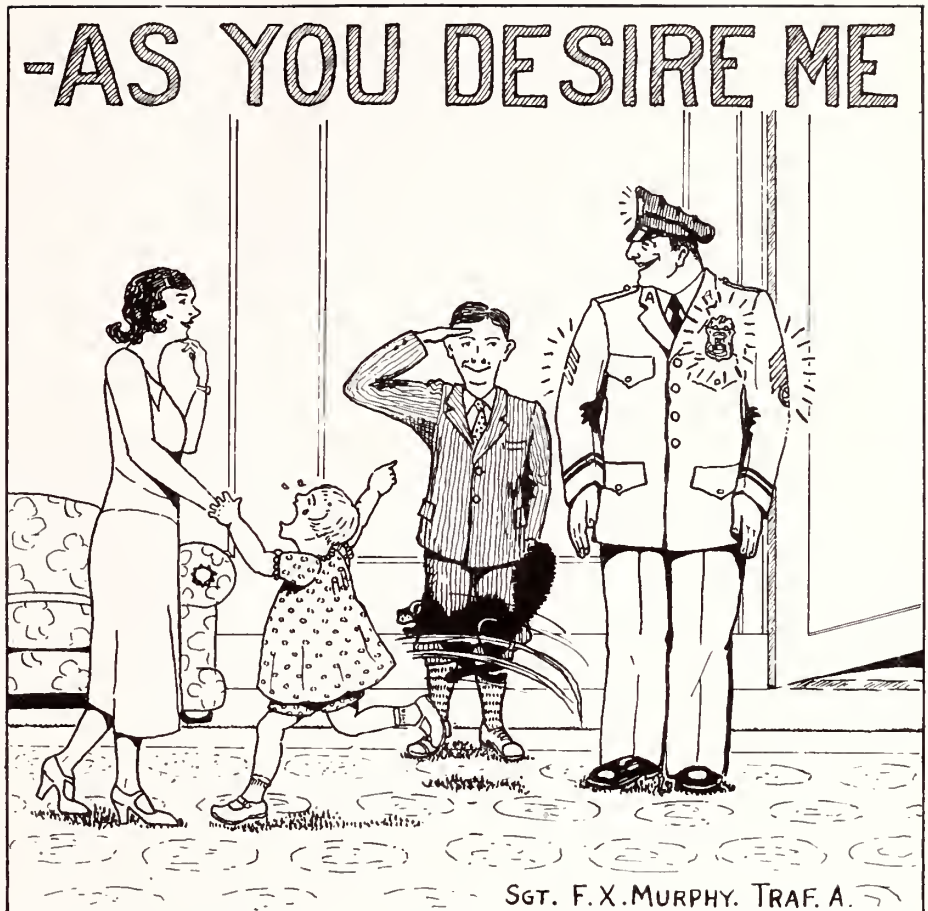
He took his first crack at promotion in the examination previously held five years ago. Had studied only perfunctorily, and when the list came out he spent two solid weeks trying to locate his name on it, but with no success.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Mary (Mrs. Francis Xavier Murphy to you) refused even to cook for him for months afterwards. Placating her finally, Francis said: "Don't worry. Mary, just wait till I get another sock at it."

And what a sock he did take!

This time he went after it conscientiously. study-



Sergeant Murphy depicts in ink that memorable homecoming on the afternoon of September 1st.

ing for three years at the Delehaudy Institute, faithfully—the grim spectre of that previous failure always uppermost in his thoughts.

A very retiring chap and bears his honors modestly. We said to him:

"Aren't you proud to have headed a list in which more than 7,000 competed against you—a record for departmental examinations?" And Francis replied:

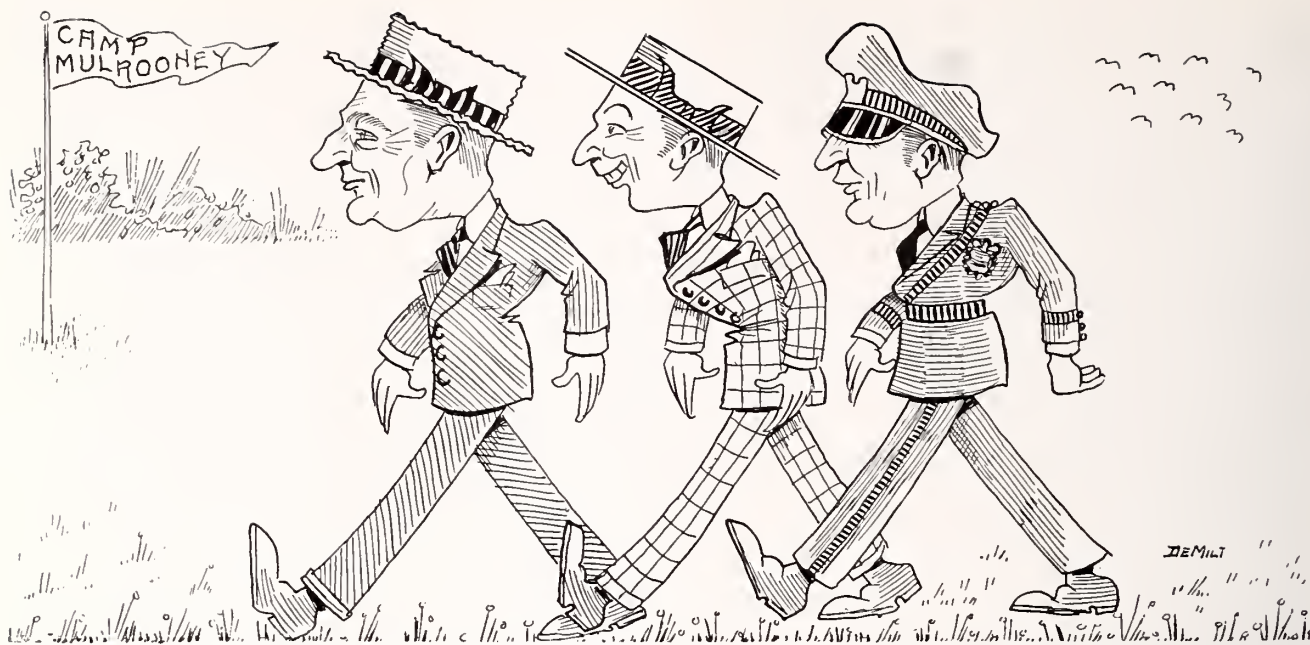
"It was plain dumb luck, that's all."

Now try and beat that if you can.

Besides Mary, whom he annexed in 1919, there is Richard, 12, and Helen, nearing 5. And are they proud of their daddy and of his wonderful achievement? You should have been up to 146 West 103d Street on the afternoon he marched in with those brand new chevrons sewed to his sleeves!

Has no pet idiosyncrasies, but hates twin beds. Hasn't slept in one since the night before he was married; claims they're too lonesome and cold—particularly on bleak nights.

A reg'lar feller in every respect, and SPRING 3100 is happy to extend to Sergeant Francis X. Murphy hearty congratulations, and best wishes for his future success.



Police Commissioner Mulrooney, Bronx Park Commissioner Tommy Dolen and Chief Inspector O'Brien as they appeared on September 6th inspecting the new parade ground at Camp Mulrooney.

IN ALL our experience in the Department we have never witnessed so glaring a DERELICTION OF DUTY as was perpetrated on the afternoon of September 6th by Deputy Chief Inspector Johnny Hennessy at the exercises in connection with the dedication of the new parade ground at Camp Mulrooney.

Johnny may be a glutton for work and all that sort of thing, BUT—when it comes to *DUCKING A PARADE*—he's in a class all by himself.

No dedicational ceremonies are complete, of course, unless there's a parade. It's a fad that was started in ancient Rome a few centuries ago by Julius Caesar, the noblest Roman of them all, who afterward achieved world-wide fame as the inventor of the fife and drum corps.

And the parade at Camp Mulrooney would have been a source of real delight that day but for the fact that the torrential rain of the night before had not quite soaked through, a situation which Johnny noted with considerable displeasure—and quite some concern.

Anyway, the parade started gaily—with the sun shining gloriously overhead and the ground soaked beautifully underneath.

Bravely leading the way were Commissioner Mulrooney, Chief Inspector O'Brien, Acting Deputy Chief Inspector Noonan and Bronx Park Commissioner Tommy Dolen, followed gamely by Deputy Commissioners Phil Hoyt, Johnny Leach, Nelson Ruttenberg and Jimmy Sinnott. Also Professor Johnny O'Connell of the Police Academy, Secretaries Austin Titus and Vince Finn, the Rev. Father Joseph McCaffrey and a host of others too numerous to remember.

"But where was the Commanding Officer of the mighty Borough of The Bronx?" you are very likely to ask. *"We don't see his name in the list of paraders at all!"*

No, dear fellow-citizens, you don't. And for the splendid reason that Johnny, the instant the signal "fall in" was given, streaked for the nearest tree, climbed it gracefully and remained *hors de concours* within its sheltering branches until the circuit of the field had been safely negotiated, after which he nonchalantly climbed down again and resumed his position at the grandstand.

Whether or not the Chief got hep we cannot say, *but it is highly significant, we think, that he refused even to look at Johnny for the remainder of the afternoon.*



AMONG THOSE PRESENT

Here's an elegant likeness of Tim Mara, well-known Bronx sportsman, who was so impressed with the remarkable exhibition furnished by the rookies that he promptly invited the entire class to attend, as his

personal guests this fall, the opening game of his famous football aggregation, the New York Giants.



Jim Brown, genial Bronx Public Administrator, who publicly announced that he had never before administered so pleasant an afternoon. Jim, incidentally, never misses a police affair and has always been known as one of our staunchest boosters.



Inspector Joe Loonam, whose job it will be to keep the new parade ground free from snow and ice this winter, strutted around proudly, evidently well pleased with the new and beautiful acquisition to his



district. Joe, who has recently taken up golf in a serious way, is already planning to use the field as a golf course; or, at least, as a proving ground for his favorite tee shots with which he loves to tee off after tea on dull evenings.



And as a proper and fitting climax to our story we present to you now Deputy Chief Inspector Johnny Hennessy himself, our distinguished and gifted Associate Editor, to whom a parade is always a thing of joy—WHEN HE'S ABLE TO DUCK IT!



Beautiful Indian Head Hotel.

THIS month marks the ending of another delightful season at the so-called Police Recreation Centre, characterized by many as the "Garden of Eden of the Catskills," where we visited last month just to get a line on how the boys and girls were conducting themselves.

And, as usual, we had an awful time tearing ourselves away. Everyone does.

Dull moments are as rare as the invigorating mountain air you inhale in bucketfuls, and bedtime is

paradoxically the only unpopular feature of the average day's program.

Among the first to greet us was Deputy Inspector Matt McGrath, for 21 years holder of the present world's record for throwing the 16-lb. hammer, and whom we prevailed upon to meet, in a specially arranged match, the Masked Marvel of the Mountains—a barrel-chested individual dug out of the sticks somewhere by Johnny White, irrepressible manager of the Centre, who is forever digging up something or other in order to keep you happy.



Matt poses with the Masked Marvel before contest.

The contest was held before a large crowd on the ball field. A 17-lb. hammer was used (the regulation 16-lb. implement not being available) and Matt won easily with an astonishing throw of 170 feet 6 inches.

And when you figure that Matt's record for throwing the "16-lb." hammer stands at 187 feet 4 inches, that mighty heave with the additional pound tacked on illustrates vividly the splendid physical condition he is in today—and *what might have happened had he competed in the Olympic contests held recently in Los Angeles.*

Captain Tom Farley of the 25th Precinct and Lieutenant Jonathan McAnliffe, noted Crime Preventor, acted as referees. Lieutenant Jack Roach, Sergeant Jim Maloney and Detective Jimmy Dillon were the linesmen.

After he had disposed of the masked gentleman Matt engaged in another match in which he agreed to throw against the combined tosses of three of the huskiest athletes in camp. And when the distances had been measured it was found that Matt had beaten their combined efforts by nearly 60 feet. Wotta man!!!

The ambitious youngsters who competed in this event were Sergeant Abe Braveman, 25th Precinct, a product of the University of Bulgaria; Patrolman



As he looks in action today.



Captain Tom Farley and Lieutenant Jack McAnliffe on their way to referee the contest.

Johnny Lehner, recently crowned four-wall handball champion of the Police Department, and Sergeant James Montgomery Kelleher, 28th Precinct, vice-president of the Amalgamated and Protective Order of Interior Decorators, in justice to whom it must be said that to James throwing the hammer is merely a side line.

On the porch that night Matt entertained with an interesting recital of his various adventures as a member of Uncle Sam's Olympic teams in the four Olym-

piads in which he has competed. (London—1908, Stockholm—1912, Antwerp—1920, Paris—1924).



Sergeant Jim Kelleher, ditto Abe Braveman and Patrolman Johnny Lehner pictured after their defeat.

In the course of his talk Matt brought out that he was born in Tipperary a little over a half century ago and that he had never known the taste of meat until after he had reached the age of 20.

Looking him over critically Dr. Gerard Moench, of the 20th Surgical District, quizzically remarked:

"Gosh, can you imagine what those Irish potatoes will do to a man?"

When he had concluded Matt was serenaded royally with several rousing choruses of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," in which he joined fervently. His dad and mother, both hale and hearty, are still holding down the old homestead. He keeps in constant touch with them—and never fails to send to them each month a copy of Spring 3100.

And we are sure that when this month's issue is delivered in Tipperary, they will be prouder than ever of the bonnie Irish lad whose name will go down in sports history as one of the greatest and cleanest champions of all time.

Another of our big thrills was occasioned when out of a clear sky there suddenly dropped one morning a blue and white Lockheed-Vega monoplane, with Dr. Johnny McGowan, of the 8th Surgical District, nimbly manipulating the controls.

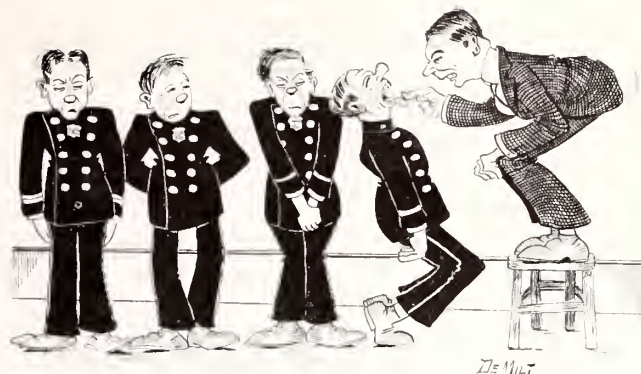
He was on his way to Canada, Johnny explained, and thought he'd drop down for a minute "just to look the place over."

After he had helped himself to an eyeful, Johnny frankly voiced his amazement:

"Why," he exclaimed, "I was always under the impression that this was just another of those mountain resorts where waiting in line for a bath each morning is a favorite indoor sport."

And after he had meticulously examined the kitchen and the spacious dining room, Johnny graciously took a bow and said:

"If I had my way I'd re-name this place promptly 'The Ritz Carlton of the Catskills.'"



Dr. McGowan looking 'em over in his office.

A little later we caught him in a huddle with Manager Johnny White, and if Dr. John J. McGowan isn't a vacation guest at Indian Head next year then our reputation as a prognosticator of things prognosticable isn't worth a dime a bushel.

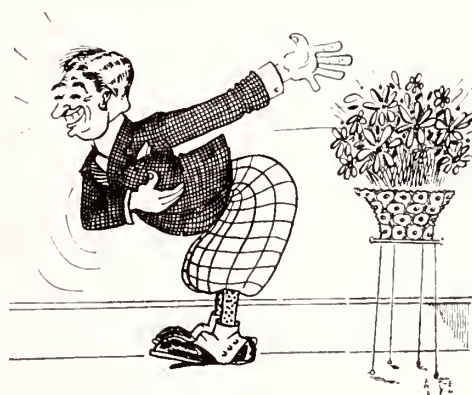
That's how things happen at the "camp." It's just one thrill after another—and you never know what will happen next.

It's impossible, of course, to mention all of the merry lads we found vacationing there. There were no kings or emperors registered that we know of, but we did notice quite a few *presidents* scattered around, to-wit:

Nick Sussillo of the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association, Joe Moran of the P. B. A., Johnny Uminger of the Mounted Men and Bill Mahoney of the Police Band.

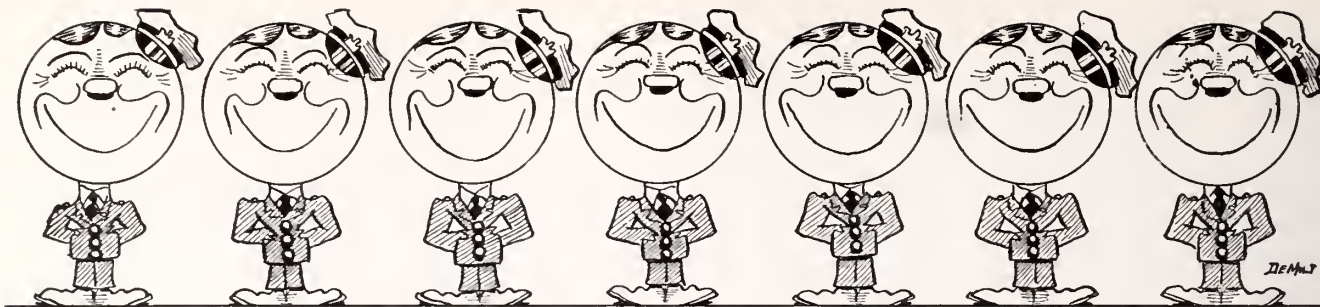
And, as President Nick eloquently summed it up, *even their brother president in Washington doesn't know what he's missing.*

Meaning, of course, so far as vacational comforts and pleasures are concerned.

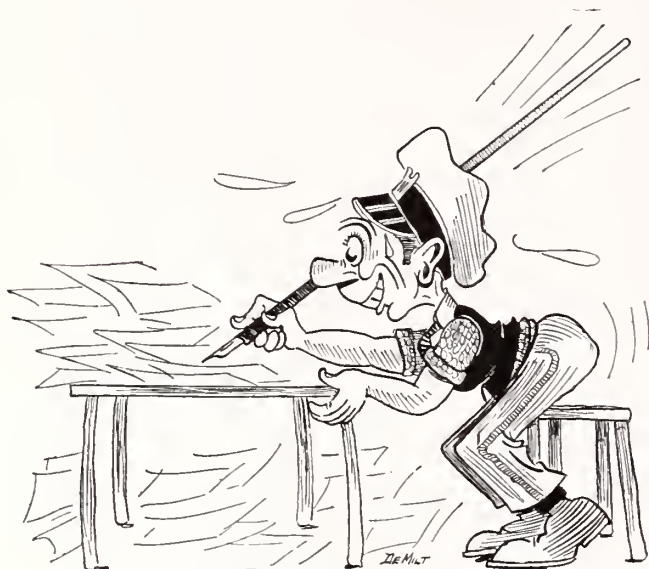


Under no circumstances would we consider signing off without a word of congratulation to Johnny White, our genial and philosophical director up there, upon having added another successful season to his already long list.

Keep a sharp eye on that waistline this winter, Johnny, and in the meantime adios and good luck to you.



The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—William J. Meyer, Emergency Squad 8
2d Prize, \$10—Charles J. Mohler, Emergency Squad 6

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.
Patrolman Al Mortensen, 64th Precinct.
Sergeant Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "F."
Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than September 8th.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER

Those Coveted Chevrons at Last!

PTL. CHARLES HARROLD COVER

Editorially Speaking	3
A Great Ball Game.....ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN	4
51,671 Were River Outing Guests.....	8
He Knew Faces—1st Prize Short Story	
PTL. WILLIAM J. MEYER, Emergency Squad 8	10
Reading the Minutes.....Old Man Sunshine	12
The Prize Winners.....	18
Camp Mulrooney is Dedicated.....	20
The Missing Words—2d Prize Short Story	
PTL. CHARLES J. MOHLER, Emergency Squad 6	21
The Police Academy	
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	23
Sports.....PTL. JOHN LENA	25
KOP KOMIKS	26
Looking 'Em Over.....	27

WINNERS GET SPRING 3100 PRIZES

THE Police Commissioner, on the morning of September 16th, presented in the Board Room at Headquarters, to the winners of the Spring 3100 contests, the prizes which they had achieved in the past four months. Patrolwoman Gertrude Winterhalter, the first woman to win one of our magazine's contests, received the especial congratulations of the Commissioner.

After the prizes had been given to the winners, who were presented to the Commissioner by Arthur N. Chamberlin, managing editor of Spring 3100, the Commissioner said:

"I hope that our being here together this morning means something more than a mere gathering to accept the prizes which you have won in the Spring 3100 contests. Our magazine is known not only throughout the United States but almost, I might say, to police departments throughout the world, and its example is being everywhere emulated.

"I could not award these prizes without saying the strongest words of praise for the staff of our magazine, Mr. Arthur N. Chamberlin, its managing editor, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessey, associate editor, and Lieutenant James A. DeMilt, the art and feature editor. I know that with prize winners such as you upholding their hands, the future of our magazine is assured."

The list of prize winners follows:

MAY

SHORT STORY CONTEST

- 1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman William Meyer,
Emergency Squad 8
2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Charles Mohler,
Emergency Squad 6

LIMERICK CONTEST

- 1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Thomas L. Keenan,
15th Division
2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Christopher Summerville,
30th Precinct
3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman James McCusker,
Emergency Squad 5

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZE \$2

- Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct
Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic "F"
Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop
Patrolman H. Brennan, 92d Precinct

JUNE

SHORT STORY CONTEST

- 1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Jerry Meagher,
47th Precinct
2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Thomas Hackett,
4th Precinct

LIMERICK CONTEST

- 1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Harold E. Gaffney,
19th Division
2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Sylvester A. McCaskey,
Police Academy
3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman Maurice F. Savage,
Emergency Squad 5

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZE \$2

- Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic "F"
Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct
Patrolman Olaf Wieghorst, Mounted Squad 1
Patrolman H. Brennan, 92d Precinct

JULY

SHORT STORY CONTEST

- 1st Prize, \$15—Patrolwoman Gertrude Winterhalter,
23d Precinct
2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman William J. Meyer,
Emergency Squad 8

LIMERICK CONTEST

- 1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Harold E. Gaffney,
19th Division
2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Emanuel Barnett,
69th Precinct
3d Prize, \$5—Patrolman James Corcoran,
23d Precinct

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZE \$2

- Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct
Patrolman J. J. Lynch, 20th Precinct
Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic "F"
Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct

AUGUST

SHORT STORY CONTEST

- 1st Prize, \$15—Sergeant William Flaherty,
Emergency Squad 18
2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman William A. Lawrence,
80th Precinct

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZE \$2

- Patrolman Francis X. Murphy, Traffic "F"
Patrolman Tom Mozzone, 47th Precinct
Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct
Patrolman Olaf Wieghorst, Mounted Squad 1



FATHER McCAFFREY HONORED

THE Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, chaplain of the Police Department, who was recently appointed as chaplain to the 165th Infantry, the old 69th Regiment of the New York National Guard, has been appointed by Patrick Cardinal Hayes as pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross, Forty-second Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. Father McCaffrey in both of these offices succeeds the Rev. Dr. Francis P. Duffy, who died last June.

Father McCaffrey, who in his college days at Fordham University was a noted athlete, served with distinction overseas in the World War as a chaplain in the Second Division. He was an assistant at the Church of the Resurrection, Seventh Avenue and 151st Street, and has been a Police Department chaplain for twelve years. He is the spiritual director of the Police Department Holy Name Society.

CAMP MULROONEY IS DEDICATED



The Rookies on Parade.

THE new parade ground of Camp Mulrooney, the police recruit training camp in Pelham Bay Park, was officially dedicated on September 6th, when Police Commissioner Mulrooney formally received the grounds, which were presented to him by Thomas J. Dolen, Bronx Commissioner of Parks. The ceremonies took place in a scene of military brilliance, 500 white-clad police recruits passing in review before the Police Commissioner and his distinguished guests.

This dedication was the fulfillment of three years' work by the Police Commissioner to obtain an outdoor camp for the training of recruit policemen. A canvass of the city made in the spring of 1930 showed that the only property available for the desired camp site was that which had once been used as the Pelham Bay Naval Training Station.

Fittingly enough, the Honorable Thomas J. Dolen, Park Commissioner of the Bronx, who presented the camp to the Police Commissioner at the dedication exercises, was the official who first gave permission for its use three years ago as a police recruit training ground. The establishment of the camp itself has been done by the various classes of recruits trained there under the command of Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, who literally carved it out of a wilderness of rocks and stumps.

Mayor Joseph V. McKee, who was scheduled to speak, was absent because of pressing duties at City Hall. The Police Commissioner, however, brought a message from the mayor, expressing his wishes for the success of the camp and his regret at being unable to witness the ceremony.

Among the official visitors besides Commissioners Mulrooney and Dolen, were Chief Inspector John O'Brien, who introduced the speakers; the Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, Police Chaplain, who delivered the invocation; Samuel Foley, assistant district attorney of Bronx County, who represented Charles B. McLaughlin, Bronx district attorney; Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, commandant of the New Jersey State Troopers, and Dr. John F. Condon. Others in the reviewing stand were Deputy Police Commis-

sioners Philip D. Hoyt, Nelson Ruttenberg, John A. Leach, James P. Sinnott and Henrietta Additon, and Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessy, commanding officer of the Bronx.

The Police Commissioner, in accepting the grounds from Commissioner Dolen, said:

"While the Police Department is not essentially a military organization, those entering the Department should be taught the rudiments of military tactics. This has always been a problem in the Department because of lack of facilities for outdoor training, which is far superior to training inside.

"It will now be possible to train recruits eight months a year in the open; to strengthen them and to give them reliance and courage, which is so necessary in a large city where they are constantly confronted with danger or death.

"Of all the work of public servants in a municipality, none can compare with that of a policeman. He must meet all hazards, and to do this he must first have confidence in his physical condition. This training will give him that confidence. The city will be repaid for the limited funds spent here.

"I want to dedicate these grounds to efficient service and faithful duty to the citizens of the city."

Prior to the speaking, the 500 members of the second Recruits' Rifle Regiment gave a military display which brought enthusiastic applause from the several thousand spectators. The regiment paraded from one end of the grounds, where the flags of the nations flew, to the Police Department and city flags at the other end, the ground measuring 570 by 600 feet. The regiment then stood "at ease" in the center of the parade grounds while the speaking took place.

Before the drill began the Police Department Pistol Team defeated a five-man team of the New Jersey State Troopers by scoring 1,587 to the New Jersey team's 1,380 score. The match opened the new pistol range. The New Jersey team was headed by the state troopers' commander, Colonel Schwarzkopf, while Patrolman Adolph Schuber was captain of the New York team.

The Missing Words

By PATROLMAN CHARLES J. MOHLER, *Emergency Squad 6*
Second Prize, Short Story Contest



answered. He began telling him that he nearly had a car that was wanted in an alarm and that it got away because there were no other cars around to give him assistance. The sergeant replied: "Hey, Gramlick, near doesn't count. What we want you to do is bring them in. Don't be telling me that they got away from you. I'll send the motor patrol over to help you find that car."

Gramlick replied: "O K, Sarg."

A few minutes later the motor patrol appeared and Patrolman Gramlick told the operator the direction the car went.

A short time later the motor patrol operator returned and told Gramlick that he did not see any car that answered the alarm.

When he heard this he replied: "Well, I guess some other cop will pick them up. Darn the luck, anyway."

The motor patrol operator said: "Yeah! I guess you're right" and then drove away, leaving Gramlick talking to himself.

Finally he said to himself: "I better try my doors; with that car around something may have happened on my job."

He then walked up his post trying doors. When he came to the last door on his post he said to himself: "Thank the Lord they are all securely fastened."

About an hour later he was standing by the signal box, waiting to make a ring, when the car sought in the alarm passed him again. He could not believe his eyes. He shouted for them to stop, but they did not hear him and kept on going.

Along came a taxi; he stopped it and said to the driver: "Overtake that car. Step on it!"

The taxi driver put his cab in gear and said: "All right, officer, but I hope you don't have to do any shootin'."

Gramlick replied: "I'll try not to," and away they went after the wanted car.

As they were about to overtake the car a trolley car cut them off, making the taxi driver put on his brakes in order to avert a collision.

Gramlick looked at the motorman of the trolley

THE platoon was getting ready to turn out on a late tour. Patrolman Green was reading the alarms out loud to the rest of the patrolmen, and they in turn were jotting them down in their memorandum books, when in rushed the precinct's last-minute man known as Patrolman Gramlick, just as Patrolman Green was reading out the following which was part of an alarm: "Detain them and the license reads W-1896 Pennsylvania." Patrolman Gramlick shouted back: "What was that license number?" And Green repeated the number over again. This time Gramlick wrote it down and said, "O K."

A few hours later Patrolman Gramlick was walking his post when a car passed him on the avenue. He read the license number "W-1896 Pennsylvania." He shouted to them to stop, but they did not hear him and kept right on going. He looked around for another car so he could chase them, but none could be seen. He then said to himself: "Darn the luck, there goes a car that's wanted and I can't get it no-how. Where are all the cars anyway? As he looked after the car he thought, I better notify the station house about that car, and off he went to the signal box.

He took the receiver from the hook. The sergeant

and said: "You ought to get a summons; didn't you see us coming?" The motorman just looked and said nothing. When the taxi driver started his car again the car they were after was out of sight.

Gramlick said to the taxi driver: "That's twice I missed that car tonight, and the darn thing just made me miss a ring. If I tell the sergeant I saw that car again and that I missed it he will have a fit. You don't mind driving around a few minutes, do you? Maybe we can find them parked somewhere."

The taxi driver replied: "I ain't got nothin' to do. I was goin' to put the crate away for the night and go home."

They drove around for about fifteen minutes when they noticed the car parked in front of an all-night restaurant.

Gramlick said to the taxi driver: "We better stop here so they won't see us. You better take my nightstick and stand by the door. If they run out try and hit one of them." The taxi driver looked at him and at the same time wished he was home in bed. The taxi driver then said: "Wait a minute while I cut their rear tire and let the air out so they can't get away easy." As the taxi driver cut the tire Gramlick walked into the restaurant with his gun in his hand and said to the two roughly-clad men that were standing at the cashier's desk: "Put up your hands and turn around!" The men put up their hands and turned around. When they saw it was a policeman, they said: "We didn't do anything, officer, don't shoot!" Gramlick replied: "You fellows never do anything. That's your car outside, isn't it?" One of the men replied: "Yes, that's our car." Gramlick replied: "Well, then you're coming to the station house." He then called in the taxi driver and said: "Bring up your taxi; I want to bring these men in to the station house."

The taxi driver pulled up his cab and the two men climbed in.

Gramlick sat in front with the taxi driver with his revolver pointed at the men, whose hands were still in the air. The taxi driver started for the station house.

When they arrived at the station house the desk officer said to Gramlick: "What have you got here?" Gramlick replied: "There is an alarm out after these men. I left their car up in front of a restaurant on Grand Street and brought them in a taxi."

The desk officer then asked Gramlick what alarm. Gramlick replied: "It's a Pennsylvania car license number W-1896."

The desk officer looked up the alarm and looked at Gramlick and said: "What are you bringing those men in here for? They did not commit any crime."

Gramlick looked at the desk officer and said: "The alarm reads: 'Detain them' and the license reads W-1896 Pennsylvania. That's what I have in my memo book."

The desk officer then said: "The next time you better copy the complete alarm. Here is how the alarm reads: 'To New York Police Departments—There are two men known as John and George Maxwell touring New York City or State in an Essex coach. Stop them and tell them that their father is seriously ill in a hospital and that they should return home as quick as possible. Please do not detain

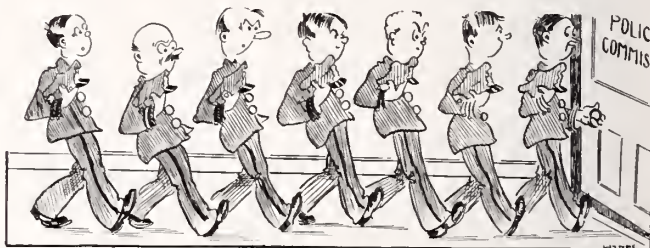
them and the license reads W-1896 Penn. Authority Pennsylvania Police."

When he finished reading this to Gramlick, he told the men that they could go. The men thanked him for the message and said to Gramlick: "We are glad you found us and that none of us were hurt or shot," and then left the station house, leaving Gramlick standing at the desk.

The desk officer then said to Gramlick: "It's a good thing for you that nobody got hurt. The next time you better copy the whole alarm."

Gramlick looked at the desk officer and thought to himself what a lucky break for him that no one got hurt and that he would copy all the words in all the alarms.

THIRTY FIVE BECOME SERGEANTS



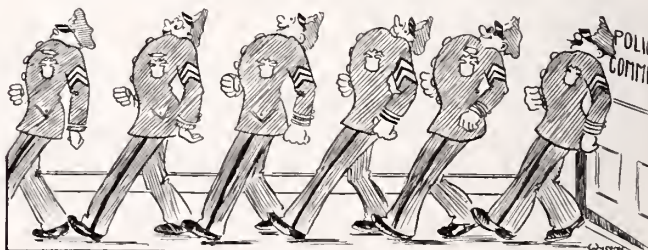
THIRTY-FIVE patrolmen, the first to be promoted from the new list, were made sergeants on September 1st by the Police Commissioner. Sergeant John J. Ryan of the 68th Precinct was promoted to a lieutenantancy at the same time.

Among those promoted was James P. McDonnell of the West 68th Street Station, the most decorated man in the Department, who has been cited eleven times and holds two departmental medals of honor, and Francis X. Murphy, who regularly contributes cartoons to these pages.

Other new sergeants are:

John T. Keudell, Ambrose J. Haddock, Stephen L. Sheedy, Thomas F. Wilkinson, Jr., Joseph W. Martin, George G. Gallagher, Joseph A. Volk, William T. McCarthy, Frank J. L. Dunn, Charles O. Nelson, Jr., William J. A. Ford, Thomas A. Dooley, Joseph A. Mullen, Stephen M. Lukas, James J. Fox, Robert McNeill, Walter D. Livey, William J. O'Brien, Thomas V. Boylan, James A. Shepard, Stephen Connolly, William H. Pearsall, Thomas V. Mannigan, Harold J. Fahey, Daniel J. Mahoney, John P. Drake, Arthur A. Lempke, John Casey, John W. Gleason, David F. Fallon, John A. Guanor, Thomas J. Hammill, Charles E. Fields, Matthew J. Hughes.

The promotions were effective at once.





THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

reproducing device without a permit from the Police Commissioner therefor, nor in any case within 250 feet of a school, court house or church during the hours of school, court or worship, respectively, nor within 250 feet of any hospital or similar institution."

Can there be a conviction for a violation in this case under this section as above;

2. In a criminal case the defendant relies on an alibi. Who has the burden of proof as to the alibi?

3. Is motive ever an element of a crime?

4. a. According to the Annual Report of the Police Department for the year 1931, boys and girls under the age of 16 years committed many offenses classified by law as juvenile delinquency. What are the offenses most commonly committed by such children?

b. What adjustment has the Police Department sought to make with a view to preventing a repetition of the offenses and rehabilitation of the offenders?

5. How are routine orders of the Department denominated? Describe them.

6. What do the rules provide as to the following:

a. Testimonial dinners offered to members of the Department.

b. The acceptance of rewards or emoluments for meritorious police service.

7. Enumerate six felonies to which the "Fourth Offender" law is inapplicable. Give reasons.

QUESTIONS FOR THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. A person who had a radio installed in his motor vehicle used same to attract attention to an advertisement attached to the side of the vehicle. He was arrested for a violation of Chapter 23, Article 12, Section 137, Code of Ordinances, which reads as follows:

"No person shall use or operate, or cause to be used or operated in front or outside of any building, place or premises, nor in or through any window, doorway, or opening of such building, place or premises, abutting or adjacent to a public street or place, any device or apparatus for the amplification of sounds from any radio, phonograph, or other sound-making or sound-

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. No. The wording of this section prohibits the use or operation of such device in front of or outside of, or in or through any window of a building, place or premises.
The word "place" in the section used in conjunction with building and premises shows that the intention was to license sound making devices situated at definite locations and therefor cannot apply to a moving vehicle.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. The State must bear the burden of proof. As a matter of procedure the defendant calls witnesses to establish the alibi but always in a criminal case the State has the burden of proof, i.e., the State must prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant committed the crime charged. Every essential fact must be proved. The presence of the defendant at the scene of the crime must be established by the State. The calling of the alibi witnesses by the defendant is for the purpose of creating a doubt as to his presence at the scene. Thus can be seen the importance of police and detective work in checking the movements of the defendant prior to the crime, during its commission and subsequent thereto.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

3. Motive is not an element of any crime in the sense that it is something that must be established by the State. However, the existence or lack of motive often plays an important part in a criminal case, especially where the prosecution relies on circumstantial evidence. Where there is only circumstantial evidence against an accused, motive is not only material but controlling, because an absence of motive will invariably create a reasonable doubt as to the defendant's guilt. The absence of motive is not fatal but might work in favor of the innocence of the accused.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. a. Offenses commonly committed by boys under the age of 16 years are as follows: Acts which if committed by an adult would constitute crimes and offenses including burglary and unlawful entry, disorderly conduct, incorrigibility, larceny, malicious mischief, sex offenses, truancy, and violation of labor laws and liquor laws.
About 2,400 delinquencies were committed during 1931. Girls under the age of 16 years were charged with the same delinquencies, except fewer were committed by them. The entire total of all delinquencies for females under 16 years was 660 for 1931.
- b. The subject has been approached and handled scientifically and practically with a view to understanding causes and social treatment thereof instead of punishment. Adjustments were sought in accordance with conditions and needs of each individual. During the year 1931, the Crime Prevention Bureau provided social treatment for about 3,000 children. Public, private and other social agencies, and physicians, clinics and hospitals cooperated. Many handicapped children were treated and cured. Persons connected with churches, schools, clubs and associations cooperated with the Police Department in educational and recreational programs and employment relief.
Aid and encouragement have been given to children and parents by supervised amusements, exercises and trips to the country by land and water, the expense of which were defrayed by members of the Police Department.
All members of the Department, and especially those assigned to the Crime Prevention Bureau, seek to establish a friendly and helpful attitude toward minors with a view to prevention of delinquency and to rehabilitate those who may have been neglected or have become unadjusted due to environment.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. Routine orders of the Police Department are designated—General Orders—Special Orders—Circulars.
General Orders—contain amendments to Rules and Regulations, Manual of Procedure, and orders and instructions affecting the entire personnel and the department.
Special Orders—contain orders affecting individual members of the Department such as: appointments, promotions, resignations, assignments, retirements, suspensions, dismissals; also parade orders, and special police details.
Circulars—contain subject matter of information and interest to all members of the Department, but not incorporated in the Rules and Regulations and Manual of Procedure, such as laws and ordinances enacted which require attention of the Force; amendments to laws and ordinances; opinions of the Corporation Counsel, court decisions and correspondence with other branches of the government which are promulgated for information and guidance.
Orders are transmitted by telephone typewriter and telephone in routine and emergency cases. When and as necessary they are subsequently promulgated in Special and General Orders and Circulars.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. a. Rule 222 provides that official sanction will not be given to members of the Department to accept testimonial dinners proposed to be tendered them for any purpose by any civic or other organization or body.
- b. Rule 223 provides that members of the Force shall not accept a reward for police services without the consent of the Police Commissioner which shall only be granted in cases of meritorious police service.
Rule 224 provides that application to accept such reward shall be made to the Police Commissioner (through official channels), stating:
(a) Facts upon which meritorious duty is based;
(b) Description of reward. If check the number, date, name of bank, the amount, the order to whom same is payable and the name of the donor shall be given.
Rule 225 provides that the Commanding Officer of the applicant shall state in the first endorsement if the facts as stated are true and recommend approval or disapproval.
Rule 226 provides that if the application is disapproved the donor may donate the entire reward to the Police Pension Fund and the Police Relief Fund, 10% to the former and 90% to the latter, or he may withdraw the reward.
If application is approved and the monetary reward is an exact sum of \$50, 15% will be deducted for the Police Relief Fund. If the reward exceeds \$50 it will be apportioned as follows: 75% to the member of the Force receiving the reward; 15% to the Police Relief Fund and 10% to the Police Pension Fund.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. Rescue of a felon from legal custody—Section 1692, Penal Law.
Felon escaping from custody—Section 1694, Penal Law.
Jumping bail on felony, failing to appear as required and incurring forfeiture of bail if not appearing or surrendering within thirty days. Section 1694A, Penal Law.
Attempt to escape from State's-prison—Section 1695, Penal Law.
Corruptly allowing or conniving at or aiding escape of a felon—Section 1697, Penal Law.
Knowingly concealing an escaped felon—Section 1698, Penal Law.
Reasons—The above felonies are included in Article 162 of the Penal Law. Section 1699 of the same article as added by the law effective March 28th, 1932, provides that a person convicted of a felony as defined by any provision of this article is punishable by imprisonment for not less than one nor more than seven years, and the provisions of Sections 1941 and 1942 of this chapter shall not apply to such a conviction.
Sections 1941 and 1942 of the Penal Law provide the punishment for second and fourth offenders respectively.

HIGH PRAISE FOR ARTIST HARROLD

CHILDREN'S COURT
CITY OF NEW YORK
SAMUEL D. LEVY, Justice.

August 14, 1932.

Dear Commissioner and Friend:

Just a line to say a good word for Charles Harrold, who drew that very realistic and artistic cover for July "SPRING 3100." Of course, the "cop" had heard sounds and is trying to locate them! But the typical New York boy is "on" and signals his scared friend to keep quiet. See his clothes on a beam alongside of him! I am reminded of my youth and it brings happy memories of childhood days!

This cover is a very clever and happy thought. Good luck to you and the artist.

Sincerely your friend,

SAMUEL D. LEVY.

HON. EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
Commissioner of Police.

In Memoriam

Ptl. John Bulman	19th Div.	Aug. 21, 1932
Ptl. Edward J. Peters	9th Pct.	Aug. 23, 1932
Ptl. Charles Graham	18th Div.	Aug. 27, 1932
Ptl. Michael Koenig	Mtd. Sqd. No. 1	Aug. 28, 1932
Ptl. Peter F. DeCarlo	72d Pct.	Sept. 3, 1932
Capt. Martin Cuff	28th Pct.	Sept. 6, 1932
Sgt. Terence J. Reilly	66th Pct.	Sept. 6, 1932
Ptl. Denis Murphy	17th Pct.	Sept. 15, 1932



SPORTS

BY PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



BASEBALL

BY the time this issue is off the press the New York Police baseball team will have won its first game in ten seasons from their friendly enemies, the Fire Department. (Let's hope they don't cross us.)

September 25th is the date scheduled for the contest, and the place is the Yankee Stadium. The proceeds will go to the Mayor Committee for Unemployment relief, a cause that needs no explanation here.

SERGEANT OTTO WHITNEY, of our team, says his boys are in great shape and that they can't miss. Last Saturday they hiked to Waterbury, Connecticut, where they tuned up for the "hosemen" by defeating the home club 11 to 3. Bill Weinbrecht, a young rookie, pitched like a seasoned veteran and bears watching. George Sullivan, who threw his crutches away about a month ago, caught a swell game.

We'll tell you all about the Police-Fire game in our next issue.

PRECINCT BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP: The 111th and 42nd Precinct baseball teams are now participating in a "little world series" all their own. They are recognized as the outstanding precinct teams in the department.

The first game takes place at 10 A. M., September 27th, at Fort Totten, in Bayside, L. I., where SERGEANT MARTIN'S boys have played all season. The second game will be played at Sterling Oval, 164th Street and Teller Avenue, away up in The Bronx. SERGEANT TRACY'S ball hawks have won many a battle on this diamond. The scene of the third game, if necessary, will be decided by the toss of a coin.

We promise to have some interesting material about these games in the next issue. (Diamond Dick Crosson's 123d Precinct team, Champs of Staten Island, will challenge the winners.)



GOLF

MR. W. H. COX (Wiffy) will run a Golf Tournament for members of the New York Police Department some time around October 1st, at the Dyker Park Golf Links. As you all know, Wiffy is one of

the foremost professional golfers in the United States. He finished fifth in the last United States open professional championship. Wiffy thinks he can get together, for outside competition, a team of police golfers second to none. The rank and file are invited to turn out for this, the first golf tournament of the Police Department. Watch for the date in our next issue.

Beginners are invited as well as those who are experienced, as from this first tournament the players will be handicapped and classed for future play. Mr. Cox will run another tournament later on in the season if his initial effort proves a success.

Mr. Cox is the "Pro" at the Dyker Park Golf Links, Brooklyn, which is centrally located and easy to reach from all points. It is a municipal course, and the entry fees, to defray cost of prizes and incidentals, will be \$1.00. The Green fees are \$1.00 extra.

SEND IN YOUR APPLICATIONS, with the necessary entry fee, as early as possible. They should be addressed to Lieutenant John Weisenreider, 18th Division Main Desk, Brooklyn, N. Y., phone Sterling 3-7515; or, W. H. Cox, Dyker Park Golf Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., phone Bensonhurst 6-1490.



HANDBALL

The following players have been picked as the ten best one-wall players in the department. Anyone desiring to challenge these boys can do so through this office. First on the list is the champion, Edward McGovern; the rest follow in order: Patrolman Edward Hopke, Patrolman John Lehner, Detective Simond Ambraz, Patrolman Lawrence Runey, Patrolman Adolph Weis, Patrolman Charles Stern, Patrolman James Dillon and Patrolman Edward Kowalski.

This list is published at the request of many of our loyal rooters, and for the purpose of promoting, so far as possible, that spirit of competition and good fellowship that a good handball match will always bring about. Pick your man and go to it.

CHALLENGES

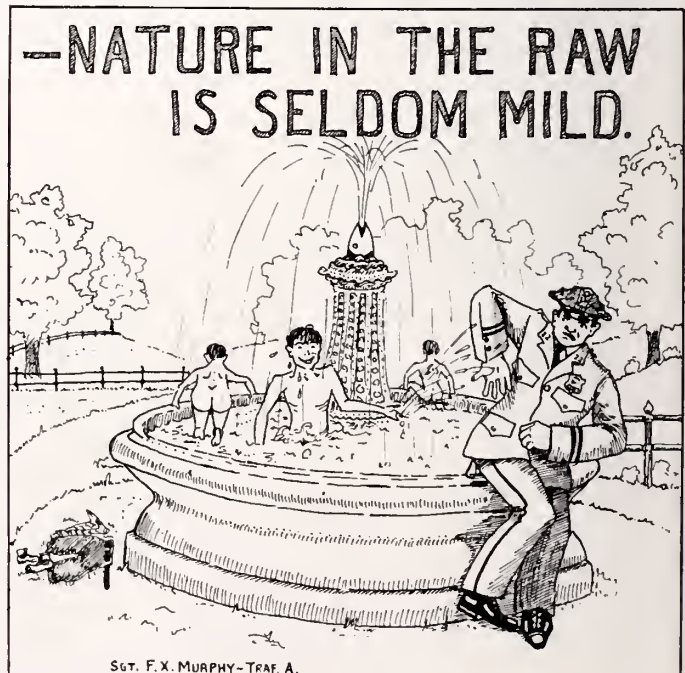
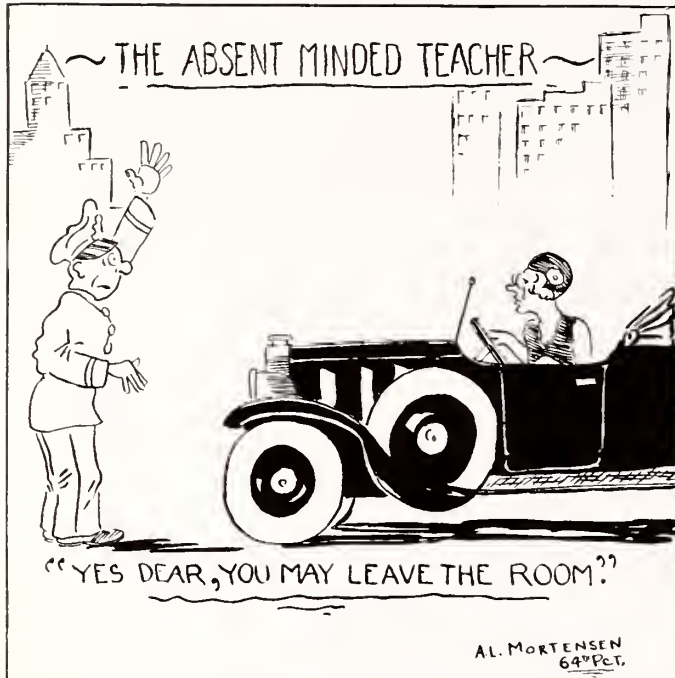
Golfer James A. Nicholson, a patrolman attached to the 109th Precinct, in Flushing, would like to hear from anybody in the department. (How about Detective Regan, of the 46th Squad, meeting this lad?)

The 25th Precinct golf team, composed of Lieutenant Ed McGrath and Patrolmen Moroney, Gorey and Doyle (a representative foursome from the "ould sod"), would like to cut capers with those shillelahs of theirs. Who'll take them on?

The 123d Precinct in Staten Island has Patrolmen Goodrich, Bruns, Ballweg, Huber and Smith waiting to tee off against somebody or other at the Laturette course on Staten Island. (It begins to look as though the next golf champion might be a copper.)

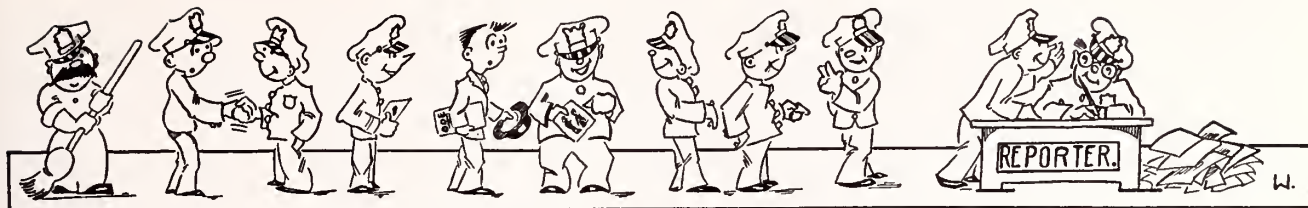


PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch
6th Pct., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

Jimmy Fitzpatrick, 6th Precinct, is slowly recovering from his recent illness. We hope to see him back on patrol soon.

Tim Abbott, sheik of the 6th squad, went and got himself married on the Q. T. September 3d. . . . Rags Carney, of this squad, nearly caused a stampede when he showed up at the church in a tuxedo suit, brown shoes and a red tie. Now, Nancy, be on the alert for those extra details.

Benny Farren may not be good looking, but he can get the chickens on post 32.

Stemmer Jack Conklin cashed his pay check to buy a package of cigarettes last pay day. P. S.—He is now doing reserve duty in the Station House.

Paddy Haugh is wearing a new hat since the list came out. What's the matter, Pat, has the other one become too small?

Sal Cella says that if a man named Roof can finish at the bottom of the list, he (Cella) has a good chance to finish on top.

Joe Clements, the Malted Milk Fiend, will not attend the American Legion Convention at Portland. Joe says he can't drink cement.

Adam Rydel. . . . "You should place your hand over your mouth before you yawn."

Oscar Staber. . . . "What, and get bit?"

Sergeant Ralph (Change a Post) Gallo is happy again. The schools are opened and he knows where to find the boys and thus save shoe leather.

The reason Jimmy Cox looks so bright is because he lives near the Battery.

Arthur Rieck had a total eclipse of his own when the fuse blew out in his cellar. Was he shocked? And how!

Pete Ward was the first man in the precinct to ride in the new subway, and he got lost.

Departmental Bugler George O'Leary is blowing a new tune since he is the proud daddy of a baby girl. Congratulations, George.

No news is good news about our ball team.

Since Lieutenant James Smith has taken to golf, attendant Tom Lynch has a tough time finding his broomsticks.

Vincenzo Francisco (Call Me Del) De Luca has a flivver with seven horns. Del likes to ride with "sound effects."

Frank Peaty has to put iodine on his finger nails to keep from biting them.

Mike Treacy says it is hard luck to get hit with a hearse. I suppose he would jump with joy if he got hit with a freight train.

And, Maureen Kelly is the latest addition to the 6th Precinct's reporters' family. Thank you.

2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

Patrolman Palmeri and Patrolman Callahan, 9th Precinct, cruising in a radio car on the afternoon of

August 29th, observed an auto for which an alarm had been dispatched three nights previous. They followed the car and forced the operator to the curb. A search disclosed a fully loaded revolver on the floor of the car. In the interval, an alarm was broadcast relative to a holdup in a doctor's office at 319 East 6th Street. . . . The doctor came to the station house and positively identified the prisoner. He was booked for robbery, grand larceny, possession of a revolver and improper license plates. Nice work, boys.

Since the promulgation of the Sergeants' list, Detective H. Miller can be found getting acquainted with the practical side of turning out a platoon by watching the inspection and mustering of men in the back room. It won't be long now, Henry. It has been noticed, however, that you no longer wear a hat. Don't let it get to your head, Henry.

Sergeant Slattery, the champion horseshoe thrower of the Rockaways, will soon be back from his summer home.

6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Congratulations are in order for the boys of the 23d Precinct who showed up well on the current Sergeants' list. Those who made the grade were Patrolmen Waters, Cummings, Burke, Bloom, Ward, Mullin, Grove and Darcy. To those who lost out we say: "Cheer up, the next examination may be more to your liking."

Patrolman Fred Strakosch, who cruises the Sound in his little outboard motor, envies not even Mr. Morgan. But have a care, Fred, and always bring oars, or you may have the Marine Division searching for you.

Patrolman James Ganley is taking unto himself a wife. Members of the M. T. M. division will be interested to know this.

Patrolman "Emmy" Howe, of the 23d Precinct, is the proud papa of a baby boy. He is the first of the Howes to be born in the big city, and we hope he doesn't inherit the farmer twang.

The 25th Precinct wishes to announce that they have several successful members on the new Sergeants' list. It includes Detective Thomas V. Hannigan, already promoted; Patrolmen Joseph Bosh and Martin Hayes; Detective James Gillece, and Patrolmen James Kennelly and William Bausbacher. You can't keep good men down. Good luck, and may you keep on going till you reach the top.

We have a new Sergeant at the 25th in the person of Sergeant Charles McCarthy, who comes to us from the 42d Precinct. Welcome to our command, and may your stay be a long and happy one.

Sergeant John Hartmayer has a ball team right in his own home. We are expecting any day now to receive a challenge from the Hartmayer A. C.

Sergeant Russell McKee is doing desk duty in the absence of Lieutenant Louis Mensehing, assigned outside of the command. Russell will be able to use this experience very shortly, as he is near the top of the Lieutenants' list.

Patrolmen Doyle and Astel, on patrol in the radio car a short time ago, apprehended four men in a stolen car. They were found to have two loaded revolvers in their possession. This is the kind of news we like, and ye reporter of the 25th Precinct takes great pride in calling it to your attention.

We take great pleasure in introducing Patrolman Henry Veits, of the 25th Precinct, the man with the perpetual smile, who does his duty well and with a smile.

Since William Friedman, of the 25th Precinct, has been assigned to the outdoor cleanliness campaign, it has been the boast of the men in the precinct that you can now eat your meals off the sidewalk. Good work, Bill.

The officers and members of the 32d Precinct desire to offer their deepest sympathy to Patrolman and Mrs. William Sumpter for the loss of their beloved son.

Patrolman Heyward Beverly has certainly proven himself a nemesis to lawbreakers. He recently captured three men setting off a bomb in a tenement on West 134th Street.

Captain Brady and the members of the 32d Precinct congratulate Patrolmen Moore and Pappa for making the Sergeants' list.

Patrolmen Ardiffe and Hellstrom, the golf champions of the 32d, challenge all members of the department to a match game.

Sergeant Norman is the A. E. F. leader in the 32d Precinct.

The 32d Precinct ball team, headed by Sergeants Mulcahy, Chisolm, Sullivan, and Patrolman Lec, has a perfect record for the season. Games played—0; games won—0; games lost—0. Some team, eh, wot?

7TH DIVISION

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Convery

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

Harry Hauser, a recent benedict of the 44th Precinct, having washed up after a tour of duty, started for his dormitory. He collided with a wall in the corridor and complained there should have been a warning sign. How could you see the sign if you couldn't see the wall, say we.

Tom Tully left on vacation. Upon his departure, Jim Lyons became lonesome and took sick, longing for his partner.

Archie Burns, our "prominent" Sergeant, claims the heat affects his appetite. He can now eat but two steaks instead of the usual side of beef.

The gang in the back room have been wondering whether the absence of Jack Morrissey, who is on vacation, or the loss of one of his "Sweetie Pies" has caused Red Seltenrich to lose so much weight.

Our old friend Herb Siefert is again battling for Charley Nickees, on vacation. Herb is making a good job of it with the occasional assistance of Art Lempke.

Double congratulations to Patrolman John Carlson; first for his success in the Sergeants' exam., and second for the arrival of a ten-pound baby boy at his house. Wife and baby are doing swell, thank you.

8TH DIVISION

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

43d Pct., Sgt. Terrance Donelan
45th Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt
46th Pct., Ptl. Dominick J. Masella

47th Pct., Ptl. Robert T. Cnshe
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

Sergeant Louis (the) Fick, 43d Precinct, has invented a new hair tonic called "Evergrown," and has recommended it to the boys in the precinct. But the boys are dubious, for Sergeant Delano used it and the only place he has hair now is on the shoulder of his coat.

The precinct fashion plate, Sergeant Terrance

Donelan, has been voted in as the new reporter for the 43d Precinct.

Sergeant Max Morris, 45th Precinct, has issued an order forbidding the use of any insect exterminator within the precinct. The Sergeant has become the benefactor of the mosquitoes up in these parts, and has a trained troupe that entertain by singing to him while he has the telephone switchboard. Max wishes Sergeant Fick, of the 43d Precinct, to know that his horde of trained skeeters has succeeded in bringing out the bashful and backward hair that has been missing from Max's crown for a number of years. It is wonderful the way he has trained these bugs, without aid from anyone, not even Sergeant Jake Glucker.

Life may be just a "Bowl of Cherries" to some people, but to Patrolman Schlegel it is just one overloaded garbage can after another. Especially when he is assigned to Post 3.

Patrolman Dillan, of the Park Squad, is known as the sage of Elmhurst, a title he earned by patrolling through the sagebrush looking for the "forgotten man," or perhaps the forgotten golf ball.

Judging from the promptness with which Captain Brady had the piano removed from the back room, Nero would never have had a chance to play his fiddle while Rome burned if Captain Brady had been doing night duty.

Patrolman Brennan's excuse for not showing on the Sergeants' list is that he was not over-anxious to make it, as he still needs a few more years to complete his latest book, "Twenty Thousand Years a Patrolman."

You've all heard of the cop who won undying fame when, having shot a horse on Kosciusko Street and finding he was unable to spell the street name, dragged the horse around on to Gates Avenue. Well, his grandson is Patrolman Treubert. He brought a cat in from the end of the precinct that had a broken leg, and asked the Desk Officer what should he do with it.

What is in a name? Sergeant Licker has never taken a drink with anyone, or at least that's his story, and we've never had reason to question his veracity.

Patrolman Vail said that while a great many people doubt that prosperity is just around the corner, he is quite positive that nine times out of ten the Supervisor IS.

Patrolman Schnitker, the sheik without a shirt, is back from his vacation, spent at Mulhall's Ranch, a dude resort in Arizona. His latest creation is an outfit of platinum gray with hat to match.

Before the Sergeants' list was published, the three patrol-wagon drivers would not talk with anyone except about the Penal Code, Book of Rules or the Code of Ordinances. Since the list has been published they will not talk to anyone about *Anything*. They are all knitting shawls.

Lieutenant Comrade Smith has returned from Milwaukee, Wis., and is high in the praises of the town. Everything is much more reasonable in price than in New York. "Do you know," said the old comrade, "that we had a carload of Spanish-American war veterans along with us, and there was not a CUFF in a carload?"

9TH DIVISION

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

Manager "Diamond Dick" Crosson, of the 123d Precinct baseball team, wishes to announce that they've closed a very successful season. The final game of the year, at Mt. Loretta Stadium, resulted in a victory for the Crosson charges over the Police Department baseball team of Perth Amboy, N. J., claimants of the New Jersey State Police champion-

ship. After the game both teams, together with a plentiful supply of rooters, partook of a good old-fashioned elam bake. The 123d Precinct team compiled an enviable record during the past season, with 25 wins and only 5 games to the bad. The management takes this opportunity of thanking all the members of the team, who served so well and faithfully, and has a kind word also for the fine co-operation we received from the loyal rooters. Multiple thanks to Patrolman John J. O'Gara and his wife for their untiring efforts to feed and please us and our visitors. This season has been so successful that we intend to start booking games for the coming season about March 1st. "Diamond Dick" has been retained as manager at an increased salary.

Robert Winters, Orlando Wood, Harry Butler, George Wall, Jimmie Smythe and Frank Benedict, the newlyweds and proud papas of Honeymoon Flats, are out pieking berries on their time off. They are sure to have jelly on their bread this coming winter, and their kiddies will have plenty to spread on their faces. Now all you other newlyweds take heed, for there is nothing so good on your flapjacks as home-made jelly, even if you do have to get up and make them yourself.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp
62d Pct., Ptl. Jacob Long

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

Patrolman John Peirano, 70th Precinct, comes forth with the following, and vouches for its veracity. A lady with a small boy approached him at the Mount Vernon replica in Prospect Park and inquired if she would have to pay admission for the child. John replied, "Not if the child was under 6 years of age." At the ticket office the following conversation took place:

Lady—"One ticket, please."

Ticket Agent—"Sorry, madam, but you have to pay for the child."

Lady—"The child is not yet 6 years of age."

Ticket Agent—"I'm sorry, madam, but that child looks at least 10 years of age."

Woman—"I'm telling you he is only 6; can I help it if he worries?"

We have two new proud papas in our midst. William Knox has a little girl at his house, while the addition at the Mr. and Mrs. Walter Matter's is a young cop.

This reporter observed the Notorious Nick Barry scanning the window of a ladies' hosiery shop on Avenue J with that wistful look in his eye. Wonder what her name is?

I see Dominick Griffo is planning a "World Serious" all his own this October when he middle aisles it with the light of his life. All members are invited to attend. Good luck, Dom, may all your troubles be little ones.

I wonder if the new cook (Snowden the Attendant) is responsible for the healthy and robust young men working within the confines of the station house.

Glad to see McBride back in harness again after his siege in the hospital. The baseball team especially missed him.

John J. Lee showed the world that the Royal Northwest Mounted Police are not the only ones to get their man. Johnny was ordered to serve a summons on a gent who overstayed his leave in a city garage. The sought-after gent tried to take leave without said summons, clad only in pajamas. But pajama or no pajamas, Lee got his man.

Old Pop Kabelka added another good arrest to his long list of good collars. He foiled the plan of a young gent who attempted to hold up a local milk dealer. Later, Joe found that the ear used had been

stolen from Utica, and that the thief was also wanted there for a stickup. Good work, Joe.

Sergeant Doyle—"What's the diagnosis?"

Chris Heavy—"Broken fingers on left foot."

Sergeant Doyle—"What? You tell that to the Lieutenant."

Lieutenant Xenodoehius—"What did you say the diagnosis was?"

Chris Heavy—"Broken fingers of the right foot. That's what the doctor said."

Lieutenant Xenodoehius—"You're quite sure it's not broken FINGUS of the right foot?"

Chris Heavy—"Yes, fingers of the right foot, F-I-N-G-E-R-S."

Vito Luongo seems displeased with seeing his name in print. Just to oblige Vito Luongo we won't print Vito Luongo's name any more. O. K., Vito Luongo?

After fourteen years, Unele Sam handed Frederieh Koelsch quite a surprise by presenting him with a "Purple Heart Medal" for valorous performance of duty "Over There." Wear it well, Fred, you deserve it.

Jim Leddy, the Jewish comedian of the 62d Precinct, told Ed. Hayes an Irish joke. Hayes is still laughing.

On dreary days Persinger and Wenz go on the war-path, and the Lieutenants have ordered all ropes hid since the Sergeants' list came out.

Ledwith has shaved off his mustache. We are wondering why. Etheridge is now left out in the cold with that black spot under his nose.

Dan Driscoll found a good hair tonic. He told Lexander, Frumkin, Malthaner and Clause all about it.

Henry the 8th says he is through with women. Look out, Henry, this is Leap Year...Bucettes wants to know when the new Sergeants' list is coming out...Our proud papas, Olander, Spinella, Irving, Suckow and Ferrante, all have swelled heads and buttons popping off their coats.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. John Murray

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

The officers and men of the 72d Precinct offer their deepest condolence to the widow and family of the late Patrolman Peter Di Carlo. To those around him he gave friendship and loyalty. To duty he gave his life. What more nobler sacrifice could be made?

John Logan, the "Butler Street Sheik," was recently married after many years of single bliss. He looks twenty years younger already. Pete Reilly, please note.

"Pop Eye" Delisa, who is twenty pounds less than a horse, contemplates a strict diet of spaghetti and jerrys.

Charlie Aiehman is sporting a 1936 Chrysler, and can be seen daily riding in the vicinity of Flushing.

Phil Malone is motoring to Minnesota, where men are men and women have children.

Sergeant Bill Troeller has tried his hand at fishing, but the sight of water turns his stomach. He even gets seasick when he takes a bath.

Another deep-sea fisherman of the 82d Precinct is Charley Wilkins, "The Leaper." He was seen casting a line from the State Street Pier, and caught nothing but a cold.

Patrolman Syl McGuire, of the 82d Precinct, spent his vacation at Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island. He had on white knickers and white shoes. What is this world coming to?...Patrolman Keating is the father of twins...Logan take notice...The vacation season is over and the fish stories are now in order. Sergeant Troeller caught the biggest blue-fish...Patrolman Reilly went to Oregon to get his fish story...Lieutenant Crowley went to Hollywood,

California. Oh, mamma, how were all the pretty girls, Lieutenant?... At the attendants' relieving time, the following conversation can be heard: Patrolman Glassner: "I told you to mop the floor." ... Patrolman Speedy Thomas: "I did." ... Patrolman Glasser: "When did you mop it?" ... Patrolman Speedy Thomas: "About three weeks ago." ... Patrolman McCloud: "Ha-Ha-Ha! What did he do today?" ... Did you ever hear the story how our "Berny Glynn" got the kink in his neck? Well, here it is, boys.... Our Bernie entered a fiddling contest and he fiddled for 23 hours; he is still fiddling. "Keep off my post!" ... Jim O'Connell, our dashing Sergeant, spent an enjoyable week at the Mardi Gras. He volunteered for Sergeant Richardson, who was slated to go, but was excused on account of his "pups." ... George O'Brien is considered the best clerical man in the Police Department.

Larry Connors has given up handball to push the new heir along Fort Hamilton Parkway.

Joe Lanzetta had his first name changed by a court order. What was your first name, Joe?

Scotty McFadzen renewed the license on his antique when the prices were reduced July 1st. The car is now worth Ten Dollars.

Detective Jake Blum.

76th Squad, tells this one on his side kick, Detective Charlie Lawrence. It seems when Lawrence moved from smoky hollow to Bay Ridge recently, he secured a horse and wagon to move his furniture, and not knowing how to drive a horse, led him by the head the entire distance to his new residence. (Charlie does not deny this, either.)

The members of the 76th Precinct congratulate Sergeant Walter D. Livey upon his promotion, and wish him lots of luck.

Patrolman Rosario Micciancio surprised all his friends by his good showing on the Sergeants' list. (You won't need the rope now, Rosy.)

Patrolman Ray Lawless has been picked to fill the job left vacant by Walter D. Livey. Here is good luck to the new clerical man.

When Patrolman Mike "Curly" O'Connor rides around the point in the bathtub he calls an automobile, the men follow him to make sure he does not junk it on their post.

Detective McTernan (Come Tomorrow, John) has returned from his vacation. He says he had a good time at the Police Camp. We hear he boarded outside the camp at cheaper rates, but was always on hand at the camp for recreation and pleasure. How about this, Jack?

Old Joe "Dick Tracy" Reardon, the well-known RODOMONTADIST of Brooklyn Headquarters, worked himself into the headlines again by capturing three desperate bandits down in the Hook. Joe used the time-worn disguise of a milk bottle in a perambulator to affect this capture.

And Joe, after all that RODOMONTADING about the building previous to the article about certain members of the department being put in a position whereby they will be giving the boys a "See" in the near future, the Editor seems to have missed you. But Joe, old boy, keep after them and you may be able to show them the mistakes they made and eventually find your name in print again. Remember, Joe, the perseverance you showed in mastering the hooks and curves of the old Pitman system.

Well! well! who should be dashing about the halls and nooks of the building but that West Side jockey.

Tom Sullivan, returned from a much-needed rest in the mountains. All the sport scribes may write

"Gimme a handy guy like Sande,
Bringin' them down the stretch,"

but

"Gimme Tommy, that good old crack,
Bringin' them down the railroad track."

My money rides with Tommy all the time, even though at times it is necessary to use the hook to get the steeds before the Loco.

Johnny Woods is bemoaning the fact that he did not attend promotion classes for the last Sergeants' examination. For away down on the list is Dandy John's name. Too bad you did not burn a little more midnight oil. A flu epidemic would have to hit the department in order for Johnny to be reached. Stick to it, John, it took years for Caesar to dominate the world.

Now that the list has been published, the 11th Division will again get down to business, and in

passing we proudly mention that some of the boys did very well. Brother Tony "Let's Have Coffee" Newman was our blond-haired boy, and it won't be long now. Next to show was Louis "Broadway" Reiger, that energetic typewriter annihilator.

The girl friend, Schmaltz, is away in the mountains collecting her senses. It sure must have been a severe strain on the G. F., but what would be done in this world without them. It is apparent that the office has benefited by her absence, as Lou "Brown Suit" is now first at the office and last to leave.

Archie "Anarchy" McNeil, is away down but with a few appropriations he is in.

The new slogan for the 11th Division office is, "A Sergeant for each two Patrolmen."

13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Willis

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

Larry Jamispeg, of the 77th Precinct, going over the dope on Jones's Beach, told "Billa Young," "dat all along da roads un pats dey have nice re-spetables, so as ya kin throw dirt and rubbish in dats what makes it such a better place dan Atlantic Beech."

"Richard R." says that Gaffney likes the two (2) year olds.

The "Ole-War-Dog" tried to magnetize ZEX into some of the precinct "Merchandise," but ZEX, a little leg and head weary, successfully stalled off the manoeuvre, even though he was weakening.

PUZZLE—"What, Where and Who?"—"1219." This answer may be had in Spring 3100, Sterling 7500, Jefferson 7105 or Haddingway 2050 and Pulaski 2565. Think of the air rifles. Hard, eh?

Quick, Watson, the needle! Only the other day a few strangers approached Patrolman Sesinger and ONLY wanted him to sign for the Morris Plan. They said that Firemen and Policemen were the best vouchers.

Another riddle: From Finkelstein to Marguiles, to Brown to Kammerman, to Gaffney to Larry, to Hampie and finally Martie, like Grant in Richmond.

On August 22d, a shooting affray occurred at 189 Spencer Street, causing the serious injury of several persons. Patrolman James Farrell, arriving first on the scene, after gathering the facts, immediately transmitted them to the Radio Dispatcher. Twenty-three minutes later, through the close observation and alertness of the Radio Patrol of the 106th Precinct, the person and automobile wanted in the alarm were



apprehended approximately six miles from the scene of the crime. (Nice work, Jimmie. Things like this are sure making a success of our Radio System in a big way.)

TEXTER, the motorcycle patrolman without a motorcycle. TORRO, the big ambassador from Barren Island.

Quick, Watson (SCHMIDT), the razor, says Sherlock-o (MUELLER), the mustache must come off.

The Italian linguists' prattling with the bootblack when having their shoes polished in the back-room reminds us of the old days in Mercer Street.

The 81st Precinct baseball team has been playing some good ball lately. Their most recent victory was a game in which they beat the 111th Precinct team, who are known as the champions of the Borough of Queens.

Patrolman Barry, of the 81st Precinct, better known as "MUSCLES," is the proud owner of a 1926 Willys Knight Rattling Six. The neighbors call it the clattering junk wagon. He had a hard time trying to explain to a brother officer why he didn't have commercial plates for the concrete mixer.

Patrolman August Feustil has been observed leaving the precinct almost daily with a bathing suit under his arm. It has been rumored that he is brushing up for a life saver's job.

Patrolman Schindler is commuting. During the last rainstorm he found it necessary to row to the station, a plausible excuse for his being late. He forgot to mention that he had to anchor the house.

On a hot day recently, Patrolman Forster alighted from his motor patrol, removed his hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and was startled by the screeching of brakes. He turned to find a woman driver had brought her car to a stop a few inches from him. Forster asked her what was the idea. With a smile she replied that she had mistaken his head for a red light.

Patrolman Vincent Sabatelle, of the 88th Precinct, surprised Lieutenant Keefe on pay day when he introduced a beautiful woman to him as his wife. Congratulations from the boys, Vincent.

14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schuebel

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

90th Pct., Ptl. Emanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry F. von Hasselt
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Those two old boys, Charlie Bollier and Nick Rogers, have the time of their lives at Ebbets Field. Charlie, knowing that poor Nick has only one molar on the upper tier, decided to purchase a lollipop for both. By doing so he thought he would have the laugh on his pal, but Nick just sucked and sucked till the end of the wood appeared.

Karl Bucholtz is after returning from his bungalow at Croton Point, on the Hudson, where he made quite a hit as an amateur barber. Ask Buck Thompson or Charlie Knapp; they still suffer from the effects.

Tom Mills is very anxious to become the son-in-law of one of his side kicks, and if the deal goes through as promised, he will help pay off the mortgage.

After several weeks of map studying, we all hope that our Hack Inspector selected the right roads to visit his Irish friends in North Canada. See that the tires are in good shape, son, or you may land in the St. Lawrence River.

Johnny Merwede is wondering whether August took that famous cook with him on his vacation trip to Pennsylvania.

With the last issue of SPRING 3100 the ball was started rolling to have a baseball league composed of the different precincts in each borough. All of the players are to be policemen assigned to precincts which they represent. It is hoped that this movement will take concrete form immediately, so that when the baseball season starts in 1933 each precinct will have a representative baseball team and will not

resort to getting "Ringers" into the games. It is suggested, in this regard, that the names of the players of each precinct will be sent to each of the other teams in the league, and if it is found that an outsider is in the game or lineup, the offending team shall be penalized by forfeiting the game. Police baseball games will then be real sporting events.

The baseball team of the 87th Precinct is still going along at a merry clip, having won 31 and lost 9 games up to date, which shows a percentage of .775. They have won their last 12 games (which is a record in itself), among which are 2 defeats of the 94th Precinct, who at one time had the Indian sign on this team, but never will again.

The 5th and 6th Squads of the 90th Precinct went on a fishing trip recently and the boys showed some fishing. Patrolman Schwartz didn't have to use any bait. He just put his old schnozzola in the water and you'd be surprised how the fish went for his beak. It seems that it was Patrolman Bradey's first fishing trip, and he wanted to know if he could catch any herrings. Mel Supthin caught the biggest blowfish that anybody ever saw. Lumber Jack Kautz was teaching all the youngsters on the trip how he used to fish up North. A good day was had by all that participated in the trip.

Ed. (Lip) Blasie finally got his hooks in for a Ford car in the precinct. You can see him any day that his squad is working polishing up the old Henry. He says that it's very easy on the "pups."

15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Herman J. Lammers
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egan

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

103d Pct., Ptl. August Burger
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

Milkmaid Morf, of the 102d Precinct, was recently seen carrying two bottles of this indispensable white fluid to his caravan, when he received a summons to return them, for consumption by his brother officers.

16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

111th Pct., Ptl. Reinhardt Schmidt
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

Sergeant Gorman and Patrolman Loeschman, the spendthrifts of the 111th Precinct, were only in Alexandria Bay two hours when they were ordered out by the local authorities, who objected to the moths escaping from their pocketbooks.

Patrolman John O'Toole, the Irish tenor of this precinct, is thinking seriously of joining the nudist colony at Lido Beach.

Patrolman Smernoff lost his title to Patrolman Hank Costello, whose wife presented him with twins on Saturday, September 3, 1932.

Sergeant Martini invited the third broom, Patrolman Schmidt, to his bungalow at Lake Ronkonkoma, and also for a canoe ride. Although Schmidt had no bathing suit, he was tossed into the brink when the canoe upset.

The old saying was upset when the Sergeants' list was published and showed our clerical man, Patrolman Fields, to be number 37 on same. The boys of the precinct wish him all sorts of luck in his new rank. Fields has given up his position as reporter for SPRING 3100, Patrolman Schmidt taking his place. Success.

During the summer period, the familiar saying, "Don't leave me," has not been heard; but now that fall is on its way we may expect to hear it any day.

Sergeant Robert Smith was recently observed supervising patrol from the Goodyear Blimp Resolute, which flew over the Bayside Precinct on August 26th, and the sudden change in the Sergeant had the boys guessing what had him up in the air. It came out in the wash, however, that he's looking for an "Aviator's License." Good luck to you, Sarge, and don't forget the parachute.

Members of the 109th Precinct are anxious to let the world know that their baseball team, under the able management of Sergeant William Newburg, defeated the 111th Precinct's team by an 8 to 7 score after ten hard-fought innings. The outstanding plays were made by Patrolmen Stephen Kowalinski and Anthony Otsky, of the Flushing team.

1ST DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER
A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz
D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A. The old crowd here gets smaller and smaller. Can it be on account of the Sergeants' list?

After seeing who headed the list, why not take a course in cartooning at New York University for six months?

Who's the man that introduces every gal as "Meet the wife?" Wonder if that could be Lehne, the Mormon.

Congratulations, Mike Barry. The one and only representative on the list.

Sunday posts are swell; take the wife and family along to the country.

The season's best joke: "Boscobel Avenue and Boscobel Place." Don't ask me, I'm laffing from you.

P. S.—The old back room smells sweet. The old timers and their pipes are out killing mosquitoes.

B. Lieutenant Thomas Ryan and his son, Thomas, Jr., won the father and son 1932 golf championship of Long Beach, N. Y. They attribute their success to the coaching of a mysterious masked marvel known as "Bauer, the Baker." Not to be outdone, Lieutenant Richard Reynolds won the long-distance swim from the pier at Playland, Rye Beach, N. Y.

Sergeant William S. Keating is spending his vacation at Yooshoe Falls, New Hampshire.

Traffic "B" is proud of its 18 men who won places on the recently promulgated Sergeants' list.

Patrolman John Keys, the venerable philosopher of the Messengers' Association, was unanimously elected a delegate to the Woodmen's Convention, at Norwalk, Conn. While there, he will take up the study of bird life with Lieutenant Daniel Hart, of Traffic Precinct "A," who is vacationing in the New England state.

Patrolmen Richard Daly, Thomas Quinn, Hendrick Spaeth, Patrick Connolly and Maurice Shanahan, the smiling anchor man, have been practicing for a tug-of-war contest. They have challenged the lightweight team of Traffic "B" composed of Patrolmen E. Murphy, William Mudhenk, George Kent, James Cudmore and Edward Crowley.

D. Traffic signals are not new to Patrolman Ed. Kracek. It appears that the boy scout was once a banjo player.

Crying towels are obsolete. Arthur Conley wore out a whole batch of them.

Tommy O'Dea doesn't believe in two's. He said one at a time was enough. It's a girl. Congratulations.

Jack Pulvers will be surprised to know that traffic men are assigned at locations other than the Polo Grounds and the Stadium; also, those wishing to join the Shomrim Society see delegate Jack.

Henry Oppenheimer wishes that Erie, Pa., were closer to New York. What's the attraction, Henry?

Recent tabulations show that the traffic on Broadway is heavier than on 7th Avenue. It is rumored that John Carter, on post at 42d Street and 7th Avenue, frightens the motorists over to Broadway.

Congratulations to the future Sergeants, George Reynolds, Daniel Kearns and John Carter.

We take this means of inviting Patrolman John Herman Millicent Dowd to drop in and see the "mob" at Traffic "D."

Patrolman Bill McClaury has a hard time trying to please our "R & R 106" man that is filling in for

vacation, and who keeps requesting that his eggs be fried in butter and that filet of sole is always in season.

E. When the eligible list for Police Sergeant was promulgated we were very happy to find a large number of our boys within the money, as the saying goes. We take this opportunity to congratulate them and welcome them to the Royal Order of the Chevron. To those that failed, we beseech them not to get discouraged, but to study harder for the next exam.

Glad to report that Patrolman Michael J. McDermott carried first honors in the Sergeants' test in Traffic "E." Patrolman LeRoy, our amiable clerical man, was a close second. Both were in the first hundred, and we gladly salute them. Next came Philip Clarkin, of summons squad fame, followed by Patrolmen Dunn, Lancer, Furlong, Kiernan and Novins.

Recently Patrolman Patrick Faughnan enjoyed a pleasant day at Rockaway Beach, granted him for his alertness in capturing two holdup men while regulating traffic at 72d Street and West End Avenue.

Patrolman George A. Fitzpatrick has left us for a sojourn of two weeks in the vicinity of Jones' Beach, L. I. Heaven help the poor crabs that don't escape from George's net.

Patrolman Barney Heistis has returned from a trip to the Dominion of Milk and Honey. Got so tanned fishing on the St. Lawrence River that the natives up in the Throggs Neck section of the Bronx call him "Wam-Bly-Waka-Taw," meaning in the Indian language, "Watching Eagle."

Expect Lieutenant John T. Higgins back from Lake Coma in a few days with a tall fish story or two for our next writeup in SPRING 3100. John sent us a card and advised us he nearly missed his train when going on his vacation because of the antics of his Irish pups.

Sergeant Dan Doyle returned well rested, but left us to take care of the strikers in the 14th Precinct. Dan says that if he stays down there much longer he'll turn Communist.

Patrolman Eddie Hartman just got back from the American Legion Convention over in Brooklyn. Eddie, it must have been some party to have lasted that long over there. Hope you are set for the basket of communications and recommendations awaiting you.

3D DISTRICT (TRAFFIC) LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN
I. Ptl. James Kenney
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher
K. Ptl. Harry Shortell
L. Ptl. Harry Hughes
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K. Captain Schalow put in an order for rubber chevrons for Charlie Milmerstadt's raincoat. Congratulations, Charlie, you always were a regular fellow.

Walter DeGroat gets the congratulations of the members of Traffic "K." Walter was the first man on the list from this house—and we forgot Dan Quinn, who will also go a long way in the Police Department, if he ever gets rid of that pipe.

Jack Conefrey, Milton Deutsch and Johnny Gorman are all on this list and deserve plenty of credit for the success that they achieved. We wish you lots of luck, and know you won't stop here.

Patrolman John Doris, whose son is on the list, received a tip from his offspring to watch his step.

I hope some of the above men will give some attention to Frances McDermott, who is getting pretty after all these years.

Larry Doyle better lay off me and the "old man," or even his GOOD LOOKS won't save him if I pass the word along.

John Stelmach has a new car with a radio and everything. Better to have them now, Johnny, because after you're married even cigarette money will be scarce.

What a wonder that Gil Aitken is; he never lets up a minute.

Why don't Ed Furey lay off Tom Geraghty. It's the fault of the trains.

Kearney and Seaman want days off together. Are you trying to learn some secrets, Frank?

Louie Laut goes up to a lake for his vacation. Some of his friends call it a mud pond, and say that it's not even on the map.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 5 SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Since the Sergeants' list came out this place is getting to be a madhouse. Red Cudahy says that the trouble is too many bosses. However, congratulations are in order for three of our lads who finished in the select circle.

Patrolman James J. Morrissey, that good looking, red-headed and popular chauffeur of the truck, finished number 52. Jim is one of those quiet, easy-going fellows who ought to go very far in the Department. Success.

Patrolman Walter E. Klotzbaek drew number 57. Wally studied very hard for this examination and deserves a lot of credit. He not only is a good scholar, but he is also an all-around mechanic. And you ought to hear him play a guitar! His only fault is that he hails from Brooklyn. Ditto on the success.

Patrolman Maurice F. Savage, the suave Frenchman with the Benny Rubin dialect, placed 216. He ordered his stripes right away. Lots of luck, Maurice.

ALSO RAN: Patrolmen Cudahy and Maguire. They couldn't find the armory.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 6

PTL. LEO SHEVLIN

With the publication of the Sergeants' list it was very gratifying to note among the fortunate ones the names of Valentine J. Braun,

George T. Y. Hughes and Harold J. Bergman.

The whole squad gives them three rousing cheers, and everyone who knows them feels certain that they have the necessary qualifications that make a successful sergeant.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 8 PTL. JAMES A. SPARROW

Charlie Mullins' wife presented him with an heir, Charles Carrol. Good luck, Charlie. He's a swell kid? Are you telling us?

Jimmie Sheppard, John Petrenchick and Jim Light all hit the list. Sheppard has been assigned and transferred already; our loss, another's gain. Good-bye and good luck, Jimmie.

A telegram received by Bill Dudley was peeked at and read as follows: DON'T WORRY, EVERYTHING O. K.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 20 PTL. GEORGE GAULER

Congratulations to our three (3) future Sergeants, Joe Green, Tom Connelly and Charlie Martin, and also to a former member, now Sergeant Bill McCarthy.

Patrolman Francis Clark announces the arrival of a baby boy. Baby and mother doing fine. Good work, Francis.

Our whispering tenor, Patrolman Francis B. Kelly, former mobster from the East Side, challenges anyone to a game of horseshoes, loser to supply the ice cream. Joe Holtmeyer owes Kelly nine boxes since May, 1932. Pay up, please, Joe, we want peace. (Then maybe Dan Daly can take off the ear muffs.)

Ask Fred Raehman where he hides the saxophone.

Our choir: Colberg, blue notes; Ulrich, lead; Raehman, tenor; Rotzman, baritone. Lord knows what kind of singing Bill Torrey indulges in, but it doesn't sound bad if you're not near at hand.

"Tweed" Mulligan will not be heard from for the next 19 days. The Buff leaves for his annual vacation. What a rest the boys will have!

That fishing trip on September 3 was a corker. Patrolman O'Brien looked nifty in his sailor suit. When he took his shoes off, Patrolman Englehardt had to be lashed to the mast. Patrolman Miner's loss of a big one was a sorry sight. Patrolman Martin offered to buy the ship in order to turn homeward. Patrolman Pritchard was the prize winner with a nice big blue.

P. S.—We are wondering if Minnie got her box of candy.

BROOKLYN TEL. BUR.

PTL. HAROLD CAMMAN

On August 24th a dinner and reception was tendered by the Haverstraw Police Department to several members of the Brooklyn Telegraph Bureau, 60th Precinct, and Mounted Squadron No. 2.

The boys were honored by the presence of Mayor Zorn and Judge Brems, of Haverstraw.

Refreshments were in charge of Sergeant Brennan and Patrolman Mike Gosda, alias "Mickey the Goose."

Reporter Kimbark, of the Rockland County

Journal, showed the boys the places of interest.

A pleasant day was spent at the upstate camp by the following members of the department—Brooklyn Telegraph Bureau: "Sleepy" Barney White, "Whip" Camman, "Pierpont" Tom White. 60th Precinct—"Pork Chops" O'Neill, "Silent" LaRosa, "Radio" Bradford, "Peanuts" Freda, "Mule" Bailey, "Pigs-head" Downing, "Gentleman" Ed. Fox and "Call Me a Taxi" McBride, of Mounted Squadron No. 2.

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1

PTL. CARL J. FRITZ

Did you hear the one about Jim (Fire Chief) Reynolds stopping Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer) for speeding on First Avenue. When Jimmie stopped him he was asked if he knew whom he had stopped. Reynolds said, "Yes, I can read your name on your license." "Well," said Tracy, "I'm the Street Singer." This kind of stopped Jimmie for a few seconds and then he said, "Well, I guess it's O. K. to sing in the streets as long as the public makes no complaint." There is no need to say more, the summons was served and Tracy went on his way, leaving Jimmie wondering why he got so sore.

Ever since Lieutenant Lehane made that cruise he's been trying to get Ed. Kupee to paint a shuffleboard game outside the sheepfold.



"What's them, foreign cars?"

Ever get a load of Pete Roof's day off, 90 miles north, one left turn, under a big tree, eating Peggy's home-made pies—and then home? Hope you don't use your pony for this trip, Pete.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2 PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

There is no Santa Claus at this time of the year, but the boys on the new Sergeants' list sure found the man with the GREEN UMBRELLA.

Willie Ryan says the Sergeants' list is upside down, as "Roof" is at the bottom.

After such a hot summer, George Carpenter is looking more and more like the "CUBAN AMBASSADOR."

"Sergeant" Bob Hyland and "Lieutenant" Al Logan are the efficiency experts of the Ebbets Field Squad.

Bar No. 1, E. welcomes the boys back from Coney Island, where they have been spending a strenuous summer.

BOHACK Winckler and SAM Eckstadt, who are on vacation, were seen recently looking over the stand concessions at Barren Island Airport. HOT FRANKS just suit these boys.

Since his missus received her operator's license, poor Frank Donnelly does plenty of walking.

Congratulations to our P. B. A. delegate, James Conlon, on his showing on the Sergeants' list. How about it, SARGE?

Sergeant Henry was heard giving Charlie Decker, the seaside cop of Flushing, instructions on how a sergeant should patrol, after learning that Charlie made the list, but some of the boys say Charlie wouldn't know how to patrol on the incoming tide.

Larberg is back from his vacation looking like a real sea captain. The boys will hear plenty of fish stories now.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

The members of the License Bureau as well as his many friends, both in and out of the department, extended their sincere congratulations and best wishes to Captain Thomas Berkery (former Acting Captain), who was promoted to Captain on September 16, 1932.

The Captain received many telegrams, and many beautiful floral pieces which he in his modest way sincerely appreciated. Well, "Captain," the best of success to you with hopes for further advancement.

The "Relax Club" of the Hack Bureau had a session at the club rooms of the Redemptorist Fathers in East 4th Street, New York City. The 200 or more friends and guests enjoyed a bowling contest between the young lads (Henry Buckley and others). Sergeant Thomas Connor was high score and Mrs. Sheehan (our Lieutenant's better half), was high score for the ladies. Our genial toastmaster, Patrolman Francis O'Brien, was in his usual form and put it over in great shape when he awarded the prizes. The boys' quintet, led by Lieutenant Lang, Lieutenant Cleveland, Lieutenant Byrne and Lieutenant Sheehan, sang Rosie O'Grady and a host of other up-to-date songs. Patrolman Martin O'Connor did a German act and put it over great.

Patrolman Ray Downey, while on vacation at Shelter Island, caught an 8-foot man-eating shark after a desperate struggle. When Ray hooks them they stay hooked. That should go big with the girl friend, Ray.

Nothing like being cautious with valuable things and ancient keepsakes. Lieutenant Charles Cleveland (of the Pistol Bureau), who changed his abode recently, was observed on moving day lugging a number of volumes of the Penal Code, etc., together with several razors and a load of shaving cream.

Patrolman Harry Schiff (of the Owners' Bureau), better known as "Itch," went to Twin Lakes on his honeymoon and on return went into seclusion as a happy married man.

Our life savers (not the kind that come in packages), Patrolmen Joseph McEntee and John Tobin, were seen giving instructions to four young boys on the sands of Rockaway the other day. When the tide came in Tobin was nearly drowned, and McEntee saved himself by clinging to Tobin's ears. It is rumored that these two Apollos have been training for the Olympics.

Music furnished for all occasions by "Bill Kellerman" and his "Home Brew Whitestonians." German beer parties preferred.

PISTOL TEAM GOES ON WINNING

ON September 6, 1932, the new pistol range at Camp Mulrooney was formally opened with an inspection by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, Commissioner of Parks Thomas J. Dolen, Chief Inspector John O'Brien, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessy, Chief of Staff, and Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, Camp Commandant.

The honor of firing the first shot was given to Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, Superintendent of State Police, New Jersey, who led his team of New Jersey State Policemen against the team of our department in the match that followed.

There has been a keen rivalry between Colonel Schwarzkopf and Team Captain Schuber of the New York City Police. On the occasion of their last meeting, Colonel Schwarzkopf was the victor, but Patrolman Schuber evened the score in this match.

Our team won the match, shooting a score of 1,387 to 1,325 for the troopers.

Our pistol team continued to bat 1,000 per cent. when they traveled to Harrisburg, Pa., on August 20th, and contested against the ten strongest teams in the East. The New York City Police emerged victors and Eastern Regional Champions, winning over their nearest rivals, the strong Baltimore City Police, by a score of 1,073 to 1,065. The scores of the four highest teams are as follows:

New York City Police.....	1,073
Baltimore City Police.....	1,065
Washington, D. C., Police.....	1,042
Pennsylvania State Police.....	1,023

On the day previous, August 19th, Patrolman John Wendel, a pistol instructor assigned to the Police Academy, Pistol Instruction School, and a member of the team, won the Eastern Regional Individual Police Championship, triumphing over 100 of the best pistol shots of the East. Patrolman Wendel is very proud of the new Colt, .38 calibre, Shooting Master revolver presented to him, emblematic of the championship.

In this match, members of the New York City Police annexed five of the first ten places.

Incidentally, probationary patrolmen now assigned to the Recruits' Training School at Camp Mulrooney have shown remarkable marksmanship on the new range. More than 50 per cent. have qualified as pistol shots in the following divisions:

Experts	95 to 100	9 Probationary Patrolmen
Sharpshooters ..	90 to 94	15 Probationary Patrolmen
Sharpshooters ..	85 to 89	28 Probationary Patrolmen
Marksmen	75 to 84	25 Probationary Patrolmen

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolmen Rowan P. Kelly and Thomas P. Hernan, 18th Precinct, while on patrol at about 9:40 P. M., August 3, were informed that the three occupants of an automobile, halted temporarily by traffic lights at the corner of 9th Avenue and 52d Street, had just committed a robbery in an apartment at 861 8th Avenue. Running to the car the officers ordered the trio to alight, and as one of the men attempted to draw from his pocket a fully-loaded revolver, he was shot and fatally wounded by Patrolman Kelly. This man was later identified as Ralph Richards, an escaped convict from East View Penitentiary. The two other prisoners were also found to have criminal records.

Detectives William Duffy and William A. Carlson, 10th Squad, after an intensive search located and arrested on the morning of August 14 three men who but an hour before held up and robbed at revolver point the proprietor and patrons of a restaurant at 261 West 15th Street. Marion Tellefin, 15, a runaway from home, was later arrested as an accomplice in a room at 217 East 31st Street, where also were found the three revolvers used in the crime, together with the money and jewelry that had been stolen.

BRONX

Patrolman Harold Ward, 45th Precinct, while off duty and seated with a woman companion in his automobile at Hilder and Baychester Avenues, at about 10 P. M., August 6, was suddenly confronted by two men who, with revolvers pointed, ordered him to "stick up his hands." As one of the men struck the officer with his weapon the officer fired two shots, killing the man instantly. The second man then seized the officer's revolver, but was subdued after a hard struggle and placed under arrest. A shot fired into the air by the officer brought a cruising radio patrol car promptly to his assistance.

BROOKLYN

Patrolman Joseph G. Reardon, Borough Headquarters Squad, Brooklyn and Richmond, while on vacation at about 12:30 A. M., August 24, became suspicious while in the vicinity of 8th Avenue and 54th Street of the actions of three men in an automobile which he had observed cruising about the neighborhood and stopping at various stores. The officer approached after they had parked in front of a drug store and, with revolver drawn, ordered the three men from the car, a search of which revealed two fully-loaded revolvers and 55 extra cartridges. Two of the men have previous criminal records.

QUEENS

Patrolman William J. Hansen, 106th Precinct, while on motor patrol duty at about 3:45 A. M., August 20, observed three men acting suspiciously in front of a grocery store at 133-18 Woodhaven Boulevard. They hurried away in an auto upon Hansen's approach, and as he was about to give chase he observed a fourth man inside the store who was attempting to escape through a fan-light in the rear. Finding the door locked the officer broke the glass panel, entered and placed the man under arrest. The prisoner afterwards revealed the names of two of his accomplices, who a short while later were placed under arrest.

Detective Wesley Juber, 110th Squad, while on motor patrol with Detectives Eugene Casey, Terrence Kenny and Simon Holloran, of the Queens Gun Squad, on the evening of August 13, identified by its license number a car that had been used in a robbery on August 2 at 3728 82d Street, Jamaica Heights. The officers overtook the car after a chase and placed the two occupants under arrest. Further information resulted in the capture of the two remaining members of the gang, all of whom were identified in the Jamaica Heights case and, in addition, admitted to several other robberies in Queens County. Also instrumental in bringing this case to a successful conclusion were Detectives Edward Erbacher, Thomas Caputo and Vincent Kohler, of the 110th Squad.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

Stabbed and killed Bernard Kroll, at 399 Blake Avenue, Brooklyn, on March 20th, 1932.



MORRIS FOX, aliases
CURLEY MORGAN and **AL MORGAN**

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 6 feet, 170 pounds; blue eyes and blond hair. Has a remodeled nose that is distinctive. An amateur boxer and may be located at a fight club.

WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



ARTHUR LOFFREDO, alias
EDWARD LOFFREDO

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 194 pounds; brown eyes; black wavy hair; stocky build; dark complexion; clean shaven. 2d Pct.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



HUGO WILLGEROD,
aliases **HUGHIE WILLS** and **HUGH J. WILLIS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser. 17th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER

Stabbed and killed Bernard Kroll, at 399 Blake Avenue, Brooklyn, on March 20th, 1932.



MEYER FOX

DESCRIPTION—Age, 26 years; 5 feet 6 inches, 145 pounds; black eyes and hair. Neat dresser.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias **SPATARA**

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner

Spring 3100

OCTOBER 1932



Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

VOLUME 3

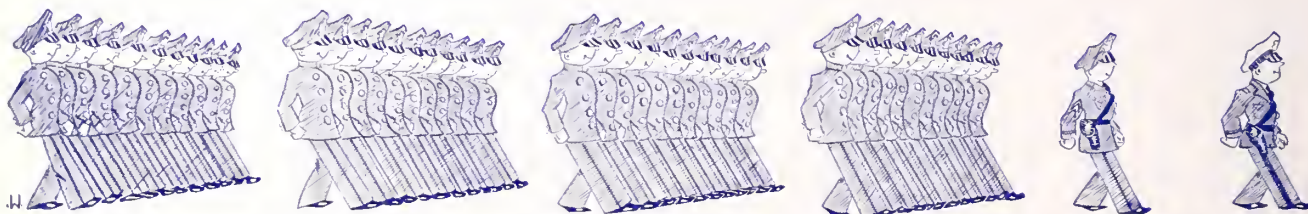
OCTOBER, 1932

NO. 8

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

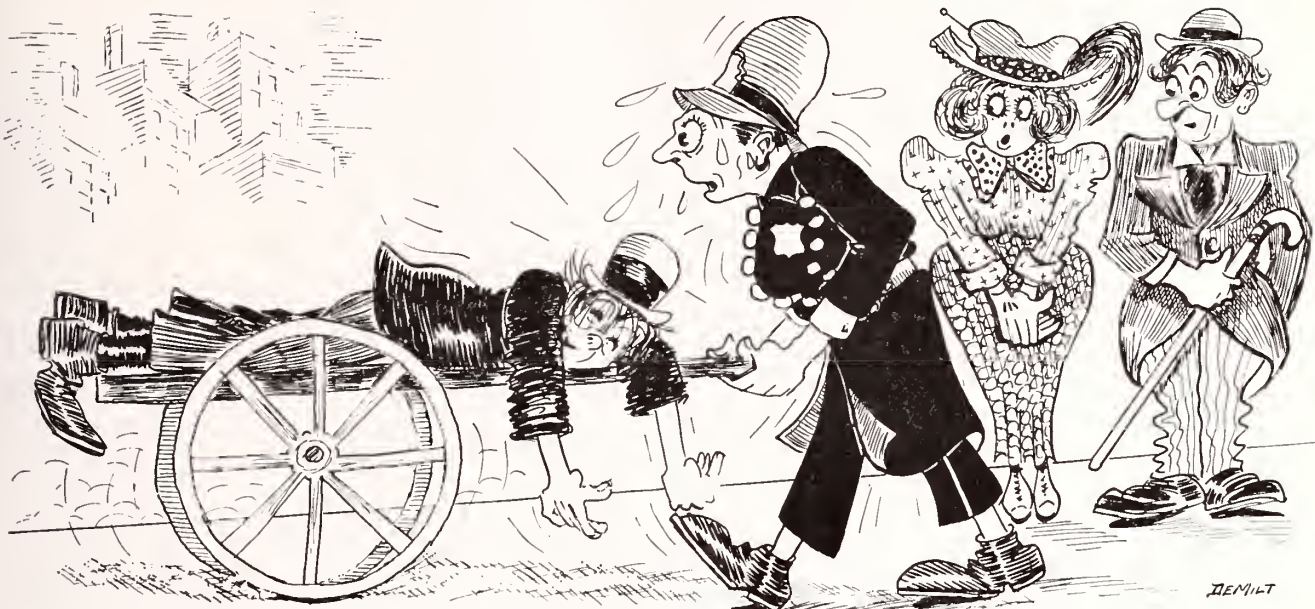
ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorially Speaking



BACK IN 1892—PATROLMAN JOHN O'BRIEN MAKES HIS FIRST ARREST



THIS has been a grand month. Our Chief Inspector, John O'Brien, celebrated his fortieth anniversary as a member of "The Finest," a class of 149 good-looking recruits were welcomed into the Department and immediately began thinking about the Chief Inspector's job, and our baseball team for the first time in ten years trimmed the firemen's nine. This last event really took place in September, but as that month's issue of *SPRING* 3100 was already published, our congratulations have to come under the head of October happenings.

We feel, in extending the Department's congratulations to the Chief Inspector, that we cannot do better than repeat the words concerning him which were spoken by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney when he took office on May 21, 1930. The Commissioner said at that time:

"I cannot let an occasion such as this go by without paying tribute to a comrade, our chief, John O'Brien. As we measure time, we have been together a long while, thirty-four years. We have had much joy and we have had sorrows and we shared them. I have never looked up to him more than I

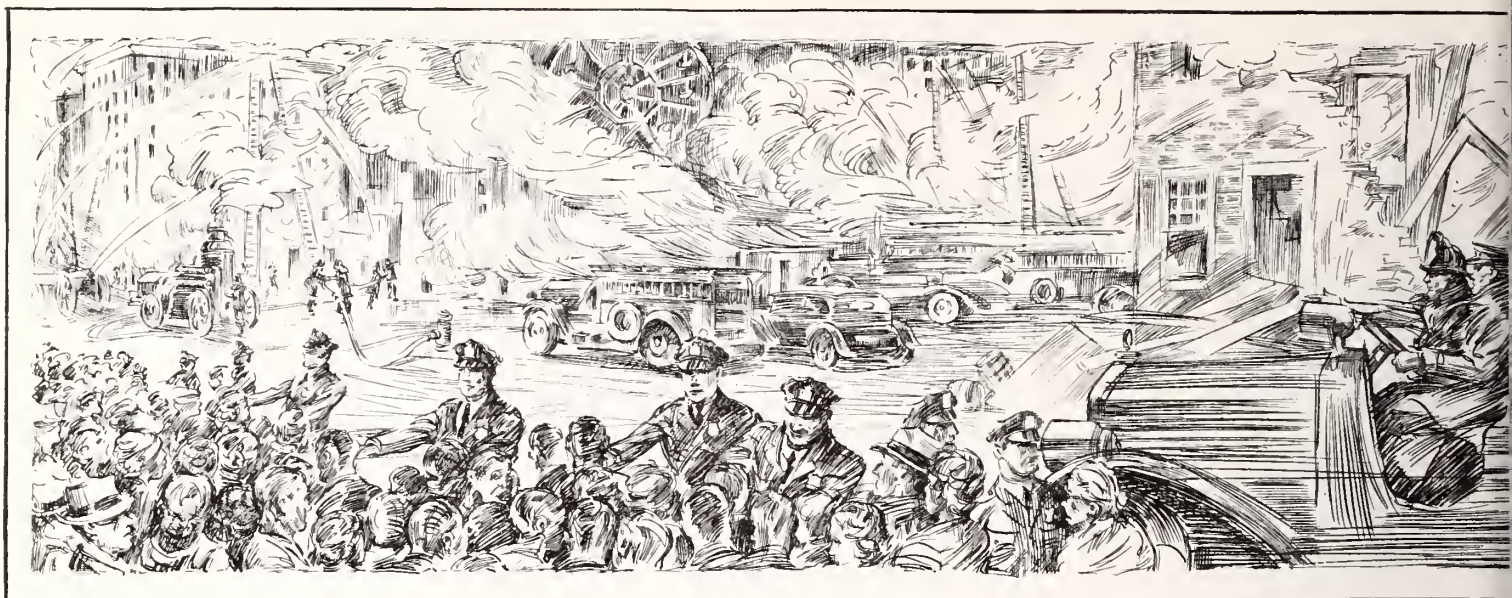
do at this moment. If I am in a hard spot, to use the vernacular, and I want advice and I want good judgment on a matter, candidly I am going to appeal to John O'Brien. I know of no better place to go; I know of no better friend. I hope that he will continue to let me benefit from the result of his years of experience and of his sound judgment."

On reflection we have decided that the recruits were studying John O'Brien as a model policeman and not thinking about succeeding him. Anyway, they couldn't do better than to make such a study and we are sure that they join with the other members of the Department in wishing the Chief Inspector many more anniversaries in his present post.

The ball game proved that a New York policeman always gets his man even if it takes him half a decade to do so. The score was 5 to 4 in our favor, and if you will read the stirring account of the contest by Johnny Lena, our sporting writer, further on in these pages (adv.), you will agree that the game wasn't over until the last man was out. We've certainly been lucky about ball games this year; just recall what happened in the Mulrooney Little World Series on September second.

When we congratulated our esteemed contributor, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell on being chosen by the Police Commissioner to represent him at the International Conference of Police Chiefs which meets this month in Rome, he sought to impress upon us that the trip meant a great deal of hard, exacting work. We don't doubt this, but we extend our congratulations nevertheless and hope the Deputy Chief Inspector will tell all our readers about the conference on his return.

And so until November.



Policing Coney's Great Conflagration

By Deputy Chief Inspector JOHN J. HENNESSY

DURING the peak of the density of the mid-summer population at the world's most famous playground, on the afternoon of July 13, 1932, the telephone typewriter machines in 240 Centre Street tapped off an alarm of fire from box No. 3589, Boardwalk and Warehouse Avenue, Coney Island. In brief intervals of minutes followed a second alarm—a third alarm—a fourth alarm—a fifth alarm—and at 4:40 P. M. the dreaded Borough Call of the Fire Department, used only in great conflagrations, followed.

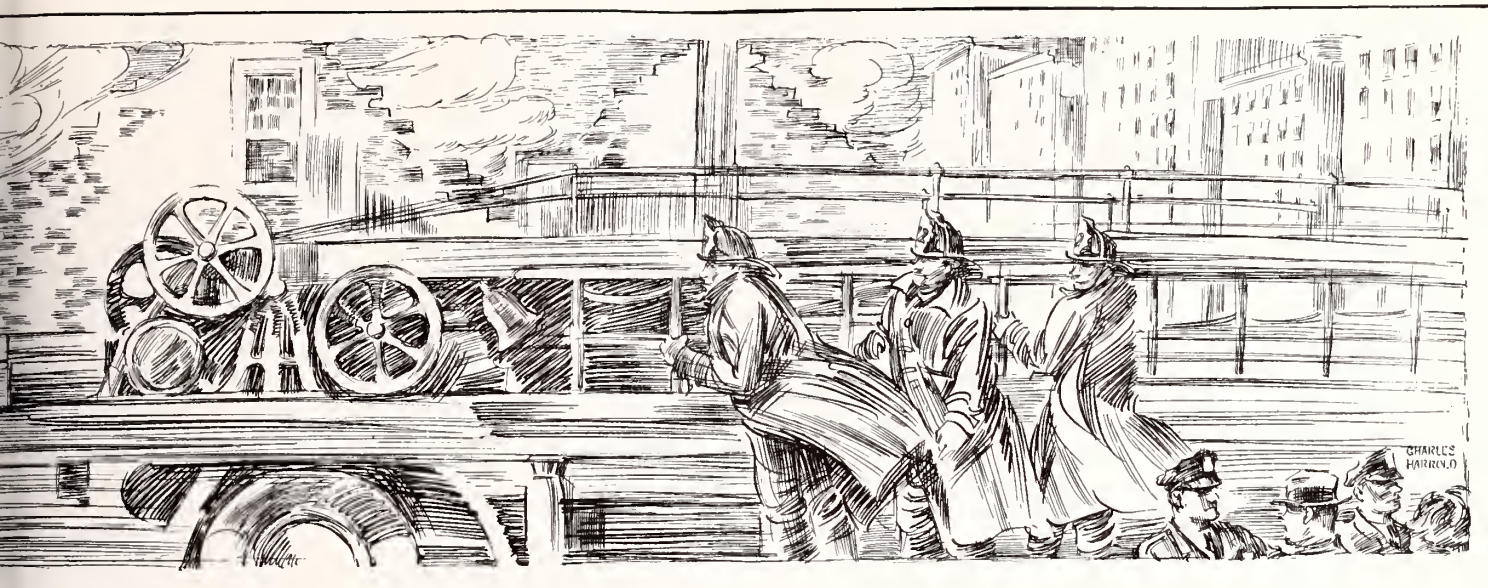
In that great pile of granite known all over the world as "240 Centre Street," as the busy "Teletypes" tapped these ominous messages of the spreading of the fire, Chief Inspector O'Brien from his office desk on the ground floor would promptly notify Commissioner Mulrooney of each successive alarm. The Chief would direct an aide to get in telephonic communication with the commanding officer of police at the scene of the fire to learn the intimate details and so the general supervision of the policing of the fire continued until the "Teletypes" carried the sounding of the "Borough Call."

Commissioner Mulrooney, Chief Inspector O'Brien and Assistant Chief Inspector Sullivan then journeyed swiftly in police cars to the scene. Before leaving Police Headquarters, Chief Inspector O'Brien, who had been in constant telephonic communication with Deputy Chief Inspector Thomas P. Cummings, who was in command at the scene of the fire, directed the dispatch of additional emergency wagons and crews to the fire and the relocation of other emergency trucks and crews to provide for the policing of any other unusual happening in the city. Again, before leaving, the Chief directed the issuance of a "Teletype Order" to all precincts in the

1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Divisions, to send forthwith five patrolmen from each precinct to report at the 60th Precinct Station House, where patrol wagons were in readiness to convey them immediately within the fire zone.

When Commissioner Mulrooney and his aides arrived at the scene they found in progress at this popular summer resort one of the biggest and fastest burning fires New York has experienced in years. Four square blocks of museums—garages—boarding houses—hot dog stands—restaurants—tenements—curio shops—family frame dwellings and many other enterprises that are peculiar to Coney Island, were ablaze. Great clouds of black smoke covered the immediate and adjacent areas.

Sometimes its density was such as to blot out a blistering mid-afternoon sun. Fanned by a strong south wind blowing inland from the ocean, embers and bits of flaming wood were carried great distances. Many small fires started, caused by these flying sparks. As the flames rapidly ate their way east, west and north, hysteria and panic were rampant among those whose habitations were on fire or within the threatened area. Scenes of fear, confusion and hopelessness were on all sides. As the fire spread to embrace bathing pavilions, panic ensued among the bathers, who made frantic efforts to enter the burning buildings to recover their clothing and valuables. At every step could be seen people carrying babies, small children, invalids, household articles, furniture, clothing or other valuables away from the threatened area. This panic was augmented by some 200,000 spectators attracted from the ferris wheels, shoot the chutes, the great amusement parks and those other forms of pleasure common to Coney Island. This is but a partial picture which the police found confronting them at this great fire.



Police problems, distinct and aside from the maintenance of fire lines had to be solved. These consisted of dealing with injured persons, smoke victims, homeless refugees, great congestion of vehicular traffic, small armies of lost children, frantic and hysterical persons seeking children, friends, or missing relatives. The transportation of destitute persons to homes, many miles remote from Coney Island, providing food and sleeping quarters for the hungry and homeless and the guarding of the burning area to prevent looting all had to be accomplished. These lines give but a very brief and sketchy outline of the Herculean task that confronted this Department on the afternoon of July 13, 1932.

The police, to meet this great emergency, had to be moved swiftly into the area in large numbers. The old tradition of the Department that any great catastrophe can be efficiently policed with sufficient man power—police lines drawn so as to afford adequate working space—and common sense, still holds good.

The records of this Department show that Deputy Inspector James McGoey, of the 10th Division, and Captain Anthony Kelly, of the Coney Island Precinct, arrived at the scene of the initial blaze on the Boardwalk simultaneously with the first alarm at 3:35 P. M. With the force of police assigned to Boardwalk duty, the crews of Emergency Wagons, and the second and third platoons of the 60th Precinct, they caused the immediate evacuation of the bathhouses and buildings adjacent to the blaze.

They also directed the removal of parked autos from the streets running south from Surf Avenue to the Boardwalk where parked autos were hampering the firemen. Inspector James J. Fitzpatrick, upon arrival, noted the rapid spread of the fire and directed that the Telegraph Bureau of Brooklyn notify each precinct in Brooklyn to send forthwith five patrolmen to the fire area. The fire continued to spread, and message after message was promptly sent over the police lines of communication for additional

men, so that in the comparatively short period of one hour there were assembled at the scene of the fire—

Police Commissioner Mulrooney
Deputy Commissioner Leach
1 Chief Inspector
1 Assistant Chief Inspector
2 Deputy Chief Inspectors
2 Inspectors
3 Captains
4 Lieutenants
47 Sergeants
520 Foot Patrolmen (Brooklyn)
125 Foot Patrolmen (Manhattan)
10 Emergency Wagons and Crews
3 Traffic Sergeants
75 Traffic Patrolmen
2 Mounted Sergeants
30 Mounted Patrolmen
1 Motorcycle Sergeant
35 Motorcycle Patrolmen

Supplementing these uniformed police was a detachment of detectives consisting of—

1 Deputy Inspector
2 Acting Captains
13 Lieutenants
142 Detectives

This great concentration of policemen and police equipment was under the immediate direction of Deputy Chief Inspector Thomas P. Cummings. The general plan of policing this fire was as follows: Police lines were first established one block distant from the fire in all directions. The area affected was then subdivided into zones, each of which was placed under the immediate command of a Deputy Inspector or Captain. Each fire zone had a designated zone headquarters with an Emergency Hospital, a telephone connection and a Motorcycle Messenger. Two General Headquarters were established by the Borough Commander of Brooklyn:

(a) For the receipt and dispatch of messages for the police lines of communication.

As the fire spread, police lines were further extended in particular zones. All vehicles except fire apparatus, ambulances and public service wagons were compelled to leave the fire zones. Under the direction of Inspector Michael Ahearn and Deputy Inspector John Conway of the 3d District Traffic in Brooklyn, all vehicular traffic around the fire area was diverted to other streets. When fire zones were cleared of vehicular traffic the police lines were further extended to relieve the pressure of vehicular traffic drawn to view the fire.

(1) To securing transportation for needy via the B.-M. T., buses, taxicabs and private autos.

(3) To providing food for those needing same.

(5) To obtaining history of ambulance cases or of those persons treated at Emergency Hospitals.

The detective force present at the fire was under the supervision of Deputy Inspector George F. Bishop and Acting Captain John Ryan. The general plan was to divide the detectives into squads, each under the command of a superior officer, to patrol in

With the fire under control police details were gradually reduced starting at 10 P. M. on July 13, 1932. At 8 A. M., July 14, 1932, the entire area was roped off so as to safeguard pedestrians from the danger of being struck by falling debris and to prevent persons from entering the ruins.

This great catastrophe called for a prompt demonstration of executive ability. It also called for a prompt demonstration of leadership, and it called for resourcefulness, initiative and common sense by the Commanding Officers of Police on duty. None was found lacking in any of these essential qualifications. It is hoped that through this article, all members of the Department may familiarize themselves with the general plan of policing used for the Coney Island fire, a plan which proved so efficient in its execution that the police work at the conflagration won universal commendation.



“Congratulations, Chief”



A picture that appeals—Commissioner Mulrooney congratulating Chief Inspector O'Brien upon the latter's fortieth anniversary as a member of the Police Department

WITH a feeling akin to reverence we took ourselves by the arm on the afternoon of October 10th, marched sedately into the sanctum of the Chief Inspector, grasped his hand heartily and tendered our felicitations.

It was not merely an epochal occasion—it was an inspiring one, marking as it did the fortieth anniversary of the original appearance of our beloved Chief in the blue and gold of The Finest.

His ordinarily sombre office had been magically transformed into a glorious arbor redolent with the perfume of beautiful flowers. His desk was piled high with telegrams, letters, messages, and still more telegrams.

The telephone rang incessantly. The line of callers seemed never to dwindle.

The Chief smiled happily. That he was deeply touched was plainly evident. He didn't say much, but the warmth of his handclasp spoke volumes.

He looked swell. Erect, clear-eyed, immaculate as usual.

His appearance belies time startlingly—and puts it to shame pleasingly. Honestly, but for the fact that he has consistently disdained the use of helpful hair tonics he'd pass for a Notre Dame fullback anywhere. We said to him:

“No foolin', Chief, where have you hidden those forty years, we can't see them around anywhere?”

And with a twinkle in his eye he replied:

“Ever hear of *Ponce de Leon*? Well, just because *Poncie* failed to discover that famous all-year fountain doesn't necessarily mean that it wasn't discoverable.”

To which thought we subscribed fervently.

Commissioner Mulrooney walked in. He seemed quieter and more thoughtful even than usual. He said simply:

“Congratulations, John, the Department is prouder of you today, if possible, than ever before.”

They shook hands, these two men whose friendship began when they became side-partners 35 years ago along the waterfront on West Street.

A friendship so fine that it beggars description.

We asked them, the Commissioner and the Chief, to pose for a picture—especially for Spring 3100. Of course they would. There is nothing either of them wouldn't do to please our readers. Lieutenant Phil McGuire of the Photo Bureau made the picture, and to our mind it's a masterpiece. Seldom will you find affection and sincerity so clearly reflected and so faithfully recorded by the camera.

As our own contribution to the occasion we're going to ask the Chief now to come with us for a short stroll down Memory Lane—back to that eventful day in 1902 when he first launched the career that today makes him an outstanding figure in police circles all over the world.



Recognize the shield, Chief? *It's the first you ever wore.* It's the one with which you proudly walked out of Headquarters forty years ago—just a brand new rookie cop.

You wore it with credit, Chief, for exactly 5 years, 6 months and 8 days, when you swapped it in for the much nicer shield of a Roundsman.

That shield is still in circulation, and today adorns the uniform of Patrolman George Brown, of the 28th Precinct, who acquired it upon his appointment to the Department in 1930. And to Patrolman Brown we cannot but help say:

Wear that shield with distinction. Be as proud of it as your Chief was before you—and as loyal to its sacred traditions as he has been for nearly a lifetime.

And now a word from the Chief:

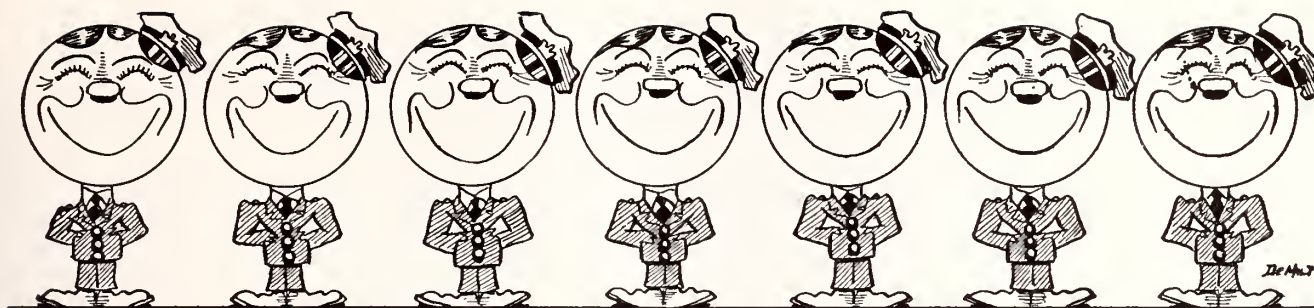
"In looking back over forty years of service in the Police Department, I have seen the Department progress commensurately with the expansion and development of this great City. The population, gigantic buildings and great wealth of the present day were seldom, if ever, visioned by those of the era when I became a policeman of this City.

"In those days the police force approximated some 4,000 men of all ranks. Entrance examinations simply consisted of a test of the applicant's general knowledge of the city geography. The station-houses of that time were most unsanitary, and the sleeping quarters of the men were without heat. There was no means for the conveyance of prisoners from the place of arrest to the station-houses or courts, and any vehicle that had wheels was commandeered to bring prisoners, unable to walk, to the place of detention. There were no telephones, but a crude telegraph system was in operation, using a code along the lines of the Morse code. The uniforms of the policemen were for the most part impractical, both from the standpoint of comfort and appearance. The general working conditions were such as to make the full performance of duty generally a physical impossibility. Many superior officers of the Department represented the exact opposite of courteousness in their intercourse with subordinates.

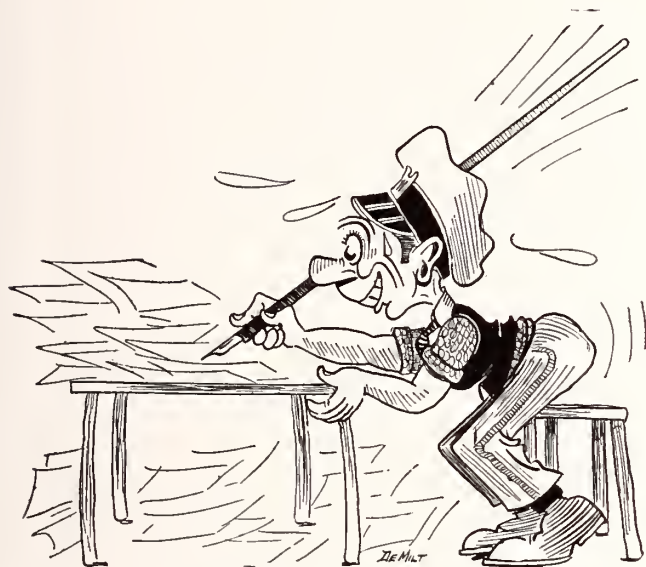
"The march of time and progress brought about radical changes in police conditions in the Department. Today our force of close to 20,000 men is perhaps the greatest semi-military organization in the world with respect to efficiency, personnel and equipment. The boons that science in its discoveries has conferred upon mankind are utilized in the Police Department. Our motor equipment, including emergency trucks, patrol wagons, motor patrol and cruising squad cars immeasurably augments the effectiveness of the foot patrolman on post. Our great lines of police communication, the signal box, the telephone, the teletype, the wireless and our radio system, afford most modern means of quickly sending police information to all parts of this country. Our present-day station-houses are modern and sanitary in every particular. Our uniforms are comfortable and neat in appearance, and our men have that soldierly appearance so requisite to the morale of a semi-military organization.

"The hours of duty are fixed by statute and are such that our men may be in proper physical condition requisite to the exacting police duties of today. The obnoxious reserve duty has gone, supplanted by the trained emergency crews and their most modern equipment. Discipline is now enforced as it should be by uniformed superiors instead of "shoo-flies." In every instance the Department has progressed except in the single respect of personal safety. In the era of forty years ago, assaults upon policemen in uniform were rare, and were committed with bricks, clubs and knives instead of the deadly fire-arms of today.

"If I were asked to give a message to the force based upon forty years of service as a policeman, it would be this: *Adhere steadfastly to the best traditions of the Department, exercise patience, be constantly alert to duties, and courteous and civil under any and all conditions.*"



The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman George Moeller, Jr., 114th Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Jos. P. Thierry, Emergency Squad 18

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Sergeant Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "A."

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.

Patrolman Frank J. Pipolo, Emergency Squad 7.

Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the four cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for our Kop Komik page.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than November 8th.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER

The Law Intervenes.....	PTL. CHARLES HARROLD Cover
Editorially Speaking.....	3
Policing Coney's Great Conflagration	
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. HENNESSY	4
"Congratulations, Chief"	7
The Prize Winners	9
A Poor Shot—1st Prize Short Story	
PTL. GEORGE MOELLER, JR., 114th Precinct	10
Welcome to The Finest.....	12
Square Club Memorial Service.....	13
Reading the Minutes.....	Old Man Sunshine 14
Police 5—Firemen 4, A Great Ball Game.....	18
The Minute Man—2nd Prize Short Story	
PTL. JOSEPH P. THIERRY, Emergency Squad 18	21
The Police Academy	
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	23
At the Police Camp.....	PTL. JOSEPH P. MORAN 24
Kingsbridge Shamrocks Win P.A.L. Title.....	25
Sports	PTL. JOHN LENA 26
Looking 'Em Over	29

A Poor Shot

By PATROLMAN GEORGE MOELLER, JR., 114th Precinct
First Prize, Short-Story Contest



PATROLMAN JAMES G. GURTHUR parked his car about a half-block from the 33d Street entrance to the Seventy-first Regiment Armory. With him was his good friend, Howard Smith. This was the day they were scheduled to appear for target practice.

All the way from Queensborough, Patrolman Smith, who was quite popular among his comrades because of his witticisms, noticed that his pal showed no interest in his never-easing wise-cracking. There was something in Gurthur's demeanor that perturbed him. He was not his usual self.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" he asked, resting his large hand upon the other's shoulder as they walked up the street. "Are you sick or just nervous?"

"Nothing is wrong," Jimmy smiled good-naturedly; "it's just that I'm a little anxious about shooting a day off, that's all. You know I'm a terrible shot at the range."

"Listen, pal, we're both going to shoot two days off apiece," the younger man said optimistically. "Then we can go up-state together—just you and I."

"No such luck. Gee, if I could only get one day off I'd be satisfied."

"Aw, come on and stop worrying about it. Every time we came down here it was after a late tour. One must have a good night's rest before he can expect to hit a high mark. And that we have.

There is no reason why we can't qualify as marksmen at least."

Both boys entered the armory and proceeded through the long corridor to the small anteroom of the pistol range. Jimmy appeared to be more hopeful now than before. After making the necessary entries, the lieutenant in charge carefully examined their revolvers and saw that they were in good condition and properly numbered. A few moments later the two policemen stood side by side in position to fire at the targets. Smith was the first to discharge his revolver. Then Jimmy's echoed loudly through the lengthy brick-walled range. Before Smith fired his second cartridge, his partner had fired two in rapid succession. The instructing sergeant touched him on the arm.

"Take it easy, fellow. You're not aiming right. And what's more, you're not standing right. Here, this way. Now straighten out this arm and KEEP your left down at your side." The sergeant helped him to readjust his position.

Jimmy was, of course, the last of the two to finish, for he had to follow instructions. They then took two new targets to replace the used ones. Each examined his own target. A big smile broadened Howard Smith's countenance.

"Eight bull's eyes and two nines. Golly, how lucky!" he exclaimed, happily. "How'd you make out?"

"Huh, as usual. Only nine shots on my board and not even one bull's eye." Gurthur pressed his lips together as if he were trying to control his temper.

"Try again, Jim. And this time please take it easy. We're alone here this morning, so there's no rush. Try for an 85."

"And when you press on that trigger, DON'T—JERK—YOUR—GUN. Try not to think about the trigger as you press your finger gradually for the hammer to drop." These words came from the hard-boiled sergeant who watched Gurthur carefully.

He tried four times in vain. It was true, Jimmy improved his scoring. Yet, try as he did, he could not shoot a score higher than 64. "Oh, what's the

use. I'm a poor shot and always will be." With that remark he beckoned Smith to leave.

As they climbed into their car, the expressions on their two faces were two extremes. One was jubilant; the other sadly discouraged at his inability to score 85 or over, which would mean at least one day off. Very little was said between them on the way to Smith's home. When they reached their destination, the parting was abrupt.

"See you at four o'clock, Smitty. So long."

"O. K. Thanks for the ride to the armory, Jim."

That night at the expiration of their tour, Gurther appeared to be in a better mood. He waited until 12:20 A. M. for Smith to report in. "Wonder what's keeping him tonight," he thought, glancing up at the big clock on the back room wall. Finally the attendant walked in lazily.

"Waitin' for Smitty, son?" he drawled.

"Yes; is he in?"

"Gone down to the 108th precinct with a drunk. Better not wait for 'im. It'll be a long wait."

So Gurther had to go home alone—much to his peculiar dislike. Belonging to the quiet, sensitive type, he was a perfect listener and a poor conversationalist. For that reason he enjoyed the company of Howard Smith, who was invariably the opposite in characteristics.

Jimmy passed the desk in the muster room and tendered a rigid salute from sheer force of habit. He was in civilian clothes. Descending the stone steps in front of the station-house, he glanced up and down the avenue and then hurried to Crescent Street, where his car was parked. He was soon on his way to Jamaica Avenue, where he turned left toward Steinway Street. At 33d Street it dawned upon him that a cigar had been given to him by a friend on post. He reached into his pocket for it. Slowing the speed of his car, he struck a match to light it—one hand on the wheel. The flame went out. He struck another. That, too, went out. "Gosh, can't even light a cigar," he muttered to himself. Finally he drove the car up against the curb and was about to strike the third when—

"Police! Hold-up! Police!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Gurther slid across the seat and jumped to the sidewalk. His sharp eyes saw a corpulent man wearing an apron awkwardly chasing two other men who apparently had robbed him of the day's receipts. Breathing hard, he stopped, shaking his fists at them and shouting "Robbers!" The officer by this time caught up to the proprietor and passed like a flash. As he ran he whipped out his service revolver.

"Stop or I'll shoot!"

One of the fleeing bandits half-turned and fired two shots at the pursuing policeman. The bullets went wild. Gurther returned the fire. He gained steadily on the second bandit; the first was lost in the darkness of 35th Street. Gurther, seeing that his man again turned to exchange a volley of shots in a determined effort to evade capture, shielded himself behind a telephone pole and leveled his revolver cool-headedly at the other. The fugitive fired wildly. The officer answered with one sharp report. A cry of pain sounded through the clear atmosphere. The police bullet hit its mark! The bandit threw up his arms and dropped to the pavement. At that



very moment a car pulled up at Gurther's side and the sudden squeak of brakes startled him for a second.

"Drop that gun!" was the command he heard.

It was the radio patrol car. An alarm had been broadcasted from headquarters.

"Don't shoot! It's me—Gurther—off duty," Jimmy explained excitedly, wiping the perspiration across his forehead with his hand. "Just shot a hold-up. Get there at once while I call for an ambulance and notify the house."

In less than ten minutes the street was crowded with curious people. A score of uniformed policemen and detectives were also at the scene making inquiries and compiling data. Captain Cromwell took charge pending the arrival of the Homicide Squad. Upon a brief investigation by him, he expressed a desire to see Patrolman Gurther. The latter, overhearing the conversation, drew up to the commanding officer's side.

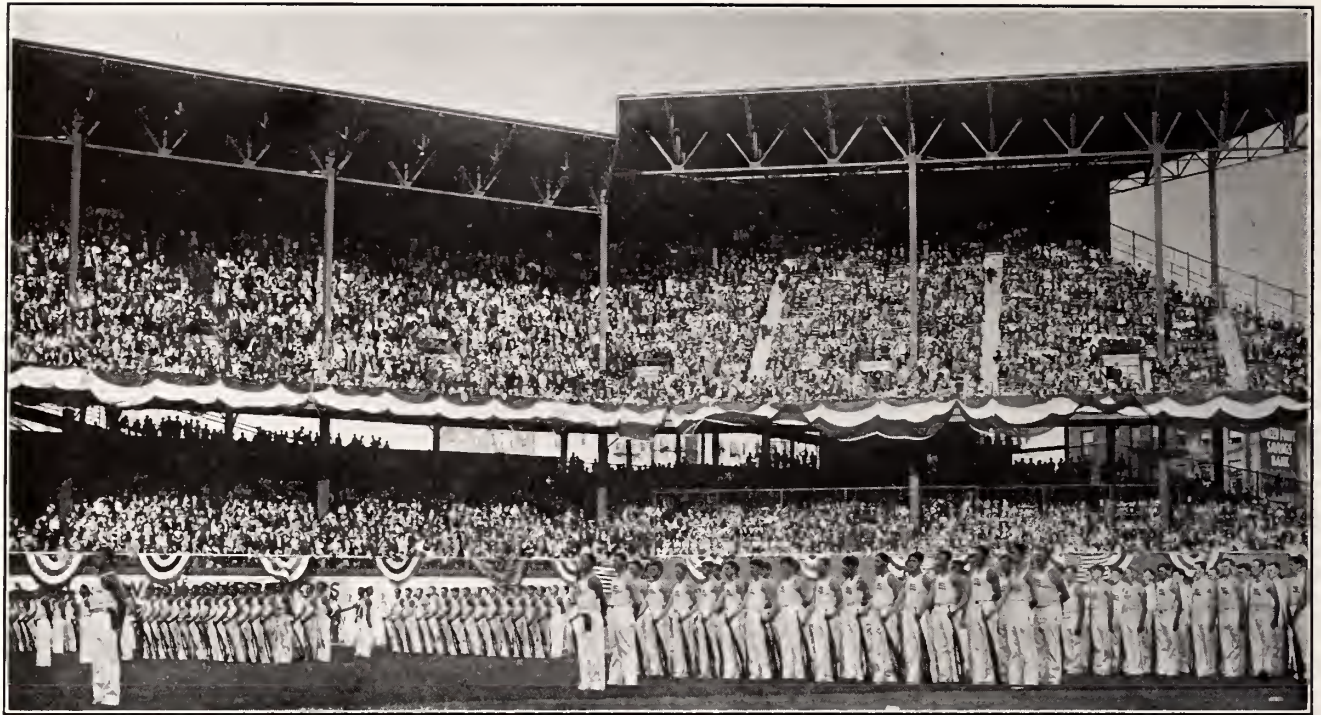
"Did you wish to see me, captain?"

"I want to commend you on your good work, officer. I also want you to know that the man you shot is wanted for the murder of Tony Dillano, who was 'taken for a ride' in this precinct last spring. I'm going to recommend a commendation for you and promotion if possible. I'm certainly glad you were not hurt."

The next day Patrolman Smith met Jimmy just outside the station-house. He was as happy as a schoolboy.

"Hello, Jimmy, old boy! Heard all about it this morning. And you are a poor shot, eh? Well, now are you convinced you are not? After all, a poor shot at the range may be a perfect shot on the street. Am I right?"

"Yeah. I—er—I guess so." Jimmy Gurther smiled victoriously.



Welcome to "The Finest"

GRADUATION exercises for a class of 149 recruits who had completed their course in the Recruit Training School of the Police Academy, were held on the afternoon of Sunday, October 2, at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, before an audience of 40,000, whose distinguished guests included Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee, Major General Dennis E. Nolan, commandant of the Second Corps Area, and District Attorney William F. X. Geoghan of Kings County. The program was directed by Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, commandant of the Recruit School.

The demonstrations of police work by the graduating class provided a new departure in the shape of a sham battle, as well as the usual exhibitions of boxing, jiu-jitsu and rifle drill. The honor man of the graduating class, Patrolman William G. Flanagan, received from Chief Inspector John O'Brien the Hiram C. Bloomingdale trophy, a regulation service revolver. His general average was ninety-five plus.

After the athletic exhibitions and the review of the Second Recruit Rifle Regiment, the graduates were addressed by the Police Commissioner, Mayor McKee and General Nolan. The Commissioner said:

"I congratulate you upon your entrance into the city service in the Police Department. I wish you well.

"I wish you to constantly keep in mind the splendid resolutions that I know are in your minds today.

"In joining the Department you are associating yourselves with courageous men, men whose hearts

are filled with charity, clean living, upstanding citizens, men who give great thought to their duty and great thought to the bringing up of their families. You will notice, after you have been with them for some time, that they will evaluate your qualities. You cannot be a shirker. You must attend to duty and you must be conscientious.

"Some of you in the course of time will be selected by the fates to come in contact with the ruthless element that is now abroad. When that time comes I want you to act with directness and courage. Be not dismayed that you will not be supported when you take the proper action. You will meet people who will tell you that if you perform your duty as the regulations and the Manual of Procedure prescribe, you will not be supported. Have no ear for such advice. No person can threaten you, or can punish you, for the proper performance of your duty. You will find you are only disciplined in the Department for acts of omission or commission in violation of the rules.

"Do not be arrogant and do not be arbitrary. Remember that you are working for the finest group of people in all the world, the citizens of New York. They take great pride in you."

General Nolan, in his speech, said:

"It has been a great pleasure today to watch the military drill of these young men who are about finished with their recruit training and ready to become regular members of the Police Force.

"I congratulate them on their precision in the class order drill, their excellence in the bayonet drill and in the machine gun work.

"The Army has an interest in this training of the Police Force, because, in case of disorder and riots, you are the first line in handling these troubles and the Army is the last line, and the last thing in the world the Army wants is to be called on to suppress civil disorder. Good police forces stop these disorders at the beginning, and that is the interest of the Army in your training.

"I want to congratulate you on the splendid showing you have made today, and especially, to congratulate each and every one of you on now joining that splendid body of men, the New York Police Force."

Mayor McKee said:

"We welcome this opportunity also to express the confidence of the people of the City of New York in one of its efficient, most trusted, and finest officials, the Commissioner of the Police Department. We know that he is administering the affairs of that Department in a way that brings pride and credit to every member that serves under him. He is a credit to our city and to the work he is doing.

"You do more than to become policemen. You stand for law and order in our community, and as such you will have the respect of all right thinking citizens. In addition to that, you become members of a great regiment of men with a heritage that is the finest in the world. There is no greater group of men than the Police Department of the City of New York. They have the highest of ideals. Their traditions are of the best, and no one speaks of a New York policeman's courage because that is taken for granted. A New York policeman always goes in and gets his man. That is a fundamental in his training.

"You stand for the very highest ideals of society in this community and, as such, you carry on in the very finest way. So go forth in your new work, conscious of the ideals that will actuate you, conscious of the traditions of your Department. Go forth knowing that you will come into greater strength living true to the ideals of the Department that have led on down through the years."

The list of graduates follows:

Abrams, David	Culhaney, Edward J.	Henry, Alfred E.	Meenan, Thomas P.	Riley, John S.
Adler, Isidore	Cullen, Herbert J.	Hughes, Richard M.	Meglio, Michael J.	Rodd, Edmund K.
Anselmi, Casper J.	Dalrymple, John M.	Innes, Philip	Miller, Charles S.	Rooney, Thomas P.
Ashley, Daniel E.	Dietz, Eugene M.	Johnson, Robert C.	Moretti, Vilgilio	Rudolph, John J.
Baran, Paul J.	Doyle, Daniel J.	Johnston, R. C.	Mortensen, John	Ryan, Francis T.
Belsky, Abraham	Drescher, Joseph	Kappler, George F.	Moyer, Paul J.	Ryan, Thomas J.
Bloom, Edward C.	Dudonis, Michael J.	Keating, Walter F.	Muldowney, M. J.	Scott, Edward P. M.
Bohlen, Fred H.	Dusold, Theodore	Kelly, Michael J.	Mullare, William	Sero, Henry
Bottone, Benjamin	Egan, John J.	Kelly, Vincent L.	Murphy, Dennis B.	Selman, Daniel
Boylan, Thomas T.	Fenstermaker, O. G.	Kenney, James J.	Murphy, William J.	Selzle, Frederick J.
Braun, William J.	Finnegan, Wm. V.	Knauer, L. J., Jr.	Muth, Simon E.	Seufert, George J.
Brucalc, Henry	Finnin, Alfred	Kulber, Alfred F.	Neville, Milton A.	Sheehan, James M.
Bruckner, Thomas J.	Firment, Joseph S.	Lacy, Harold J.	Newhouse, David E.	Sheehy, Edward
Callwood, Clifford	Fischer, Charles G.	Ladley, James P.	Nicholson, Chas. G.	Sikorski, Henry V.
Calnan, John F.	Flanagan, Wm. G.	LaGiusa, Joseph F.	O'Connor, Edwin B.	Skelly, Edward J.
Cameron, William A.	Fornino, Frank M.	Latwin, Samuel	O'Dea, John T.	Smith, John
Carbone, Joseph N.	Fraher, Thomas	Leonard, Stephen J.	Oris, Dominick	Sullivan, James A.
Carriello, Frank J.	French, Wm. H.	Lindstrom, Rolf A.	Ostrosky, David	Sweeney, Thomas P.
Carlin, Joseph J.	Fudjinski, Joseph J.	Luisi, Armand D.	Pabst, John W.	Taylor, David L.
Casey, Thomas J.	Garlick, Jack	Lynch, Edward F.	Peterson, George E.	Toner, Francis E.
Chebuske, Jesse A.	Gaw, James	McCauley, William	Philbin, Richard B.	Twomey, Patrick
Conway, Vincent J.	Gehling, Joseph A.	McDonald, Daniel F.	Pierro, Joseph F.	Vetter, George C.
Corcoran, Edward J.	Gialella, Giovanni	McGuire, Joseph E.	Pietropinto, M. A.	Volpe, Nicholas
Corcoran, Robert J.	Gold, James C.	McKelvey, John	Pipia, Salvatore	Wadsworth, Raymond C.
Costello, John M.	Graney, Joseph	McKiernan, Hugh P.	Popp, Joseph F.	Walsh, John V.
Culhane, Edward T.	Gruenfelder, F. J.	McNaughton, D. A.	Pramuk, George C.	Walsh, Mark F.
Cullen, Herbert J.	Hannon, Edward A.	Mabie, Walter	Prado, William G.	Warren, Thomas E.
Cumm, Ernest H.	Hanratty, Wm. T.	Maggiore, F. F.	Quinn, Hugh J.	Whalen, John J.
Cynar, Joseph F.	Hartmayer, Robert	Maher, James M. J.	Ramski, Joseph A.	Wiemers, Joseph
Dabracchio, Ralph	Heaney, William J.	Martin, Anthony G.	Rastrom, John F.	Wise, Edward

Square Club Memorial Service

The annual memorial service of the Police and Firemen's Square Club, the Masonic order of the two departments, was held September 25th at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The Very Rev. Milo Hudson Gates, dean of the cathedral, welcomed the members.

Charles H. Johnson, grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Masons in the State of New York, delivered the main address, and spoke of the work which the members are engaged in daily, calling them "soldiers of peace."

"We are living in as fine an age of heroism as the

world has ever seen," he said. "The records of the men of the Police and Fire Departments indicate that men of our own day and our own city hold not their own lives dear to insure the protection of life and property. Peace, also, requires heroism. In these days of difficulty there are many heroes walking our streets—men who are suffering in silence, who are sacrificing themselves for their families. Men and women also, are dividing their substance to help those who have less. We sing the praises of the quiet individual who does his duty to God, man and society."

Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



THRU the kindly intercession of good old Father Time, healer of wounds and soother of troubled hearts, the Reign of Terror precipitated by the appearance of that scantily populated sergeants' list two months ago is slowly but surely subsiding.

Fate had its fling, as the fellow said when his good wife, finding the family name conspicuous on the list by its absence, crowned him lovingly with a water bucket; but the drab clouds of disappointment are slowly disappearing into a bright horizon streaked with the golden promises of another day to come.

This earthly existence is such a dizzily complicated proposition that setbacks such as these should never be taken too seriously.

Rather we should be thankful for the good things in life which are ours, and enjoy them to the fullest while we may.

Tomorrow—who can tell!

We were never brought more closely face to face with this grim fact than on a recent occasion with which this story is chiefly concerned.

It's the story of a game cop—game in the face of a fate inexorable, whose courage and fortitude might well serve as an object lesson for those of us who are prone to complain, and who feel that when the breaks come it's always the other fellow who lands them.

Here is the story:

Passing thru the Rockaways one Sunday last month we stopped for a short visit with Patrolman Peter J. O'Rourke, formerly of Traffic Precinct G, who was cruelly shot and blinded two years ago when he resisted the attempts of three cowardly thugs to hold him up while he was motoring with his wife and three kiddies near Plymouth, in Michigan, while on vacation.

He's still game—*gamer perhaps than he was even on that ill-fated day in September, back in 1930, when he battled courageously—like the real New York cop that he is, against odds that were insurmountable.*

He has just returned, temporarily, from a six-month's course of treatment at the hands of a noted eye specialist, Dr. Bonine, in Niles, Michigan. The specialist is firm in his belief that the sight of one of O'Rourke's eyes may be restored.

May the Almighty in His divine compassion lend strength to Dr. Bonine and make that diagnosis come true.

O'Rourke's devoted wife and three loving children are his greatest comfort—ever at his side—fonder of him now, in his affliction, than ever before.

"Madam Queen," too, helps no little in brightening his way. Just a dog, to be sure, but a faithful side-partner and loyal pal nevertheless. They are inseparable.

He misses the "boys," the busy crossings, the roar of motors, the friendly gleam of traffic lights.

He will never forget Commissioner Mulrooney, whose goodness of heart and that of former Mayor Walker made it possible for him to maintain his little family free from want.

He asked to be remembered to his former buddies and friends, mentioning particularly former Inspector Richard O'Connor, Captain John McCarthy and the boys of Traffic Precinct G, and Lieutenant James O'Hara, of 2nd District Traffic.

Our visit ended, and we left him there in the Rockaways as we had found him—smiling—cheerful—uncomplaining—game. His friendly "thanks for stopping in" still rings in our ears.

Be of good cheer, Peter, and continue proud in the thought that when duty called you were not found wanting. You never wavered. You upheld glori-

ously the finest traditions of the Department you love so well.

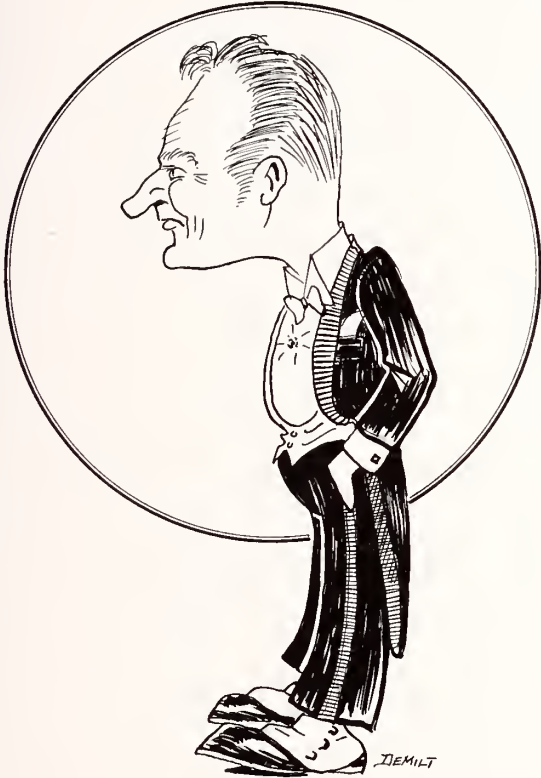
Be assured, too, that we are rooting for you—each and every one of us, and that we'll never forget you.

"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"

IT was the immortal Patrick Henry, if you recall, who a long while ago made the welkin ring (how ever that's done) with the impassioned plea that has since echoed and re-echoed in the hearts of millions of deluded disciples of Benedict in every country under the sun.

But the deadly halter from which there is no escape exacts its grim toll year in and year out nevertheless.

Not that it's one of our pet peeves or anything like that, but the way the boys are tumbling off the docks these days is nothing if not disconcerting.



All this leads up to the recent martyrdom of Patrolman Harry Coleman, of Inspector Eddie Lennon's staff in the 4th Division, who despite the frenzied pleadings and importunities of hundreds of his good friends who had been similarly trapped, deliberately and knowingly walked that dreaded *Last Mile* on the Sunday afternoon of October 9th with the charming and lovely Josephine Phelan on his arm, and in the dim recesses of St. Joan of Arc Church, in Jackson Heights, listened breathlessly to the fatal words that then and there sealed his doom—and banished forevermore his every legal right to freedom—single-blessedness and the semi-monthly paycheck.

It's too late now to do anything about it, of course, but our hearts go out to him just the same.

In the picture Harry is shown meekly trying to defend his foolhardiness at a farewell supper tendered by his sorrowing friends in the King Louis XIV room in the Ambassador. In a tearful address Harry explained that the old catch-as-catch-can style of perambulation no longer lures him, and that he will be happy when the time comes for him to do his perambulating behind a perambulator, with the lovely Josephine acting as right guide.

Lots of real fine luck to you both, Harry, and best wishes for the *speedy appearance of that perambulator*.



INSPECTOR Ernie Van Waguer, popular commander of Staten Island detectives and one of that thriving community's most eligible widowers, was another willing victim of Dan Cupid's Devastating Darts this month, having quietly and without ostentation hauled in his colors on October 5th in a little town called Bradford, in nearby Pennsylvania, where, in the Bradford Baptist Church, he stood bravely at attention while the Rev. Hugh R. McMilian uttered the magic words that likewise took him out of circulation—forevermore.

His bride is the charming Miss Cora J. Bishop, of Norwich, N. Y., whom he has known since childhood. Their wedding marks the culmination of one of those real, fine, old-fashioned friendships you seldom read about these days; the kind that endures through the years.

Lots of good luck to you both, Inspector, and best wishes for your future happiness and success.



AS we present now still another pair of coosers we are reminded of that oft sung but mournful ditty—“*Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up This Old Column of Mine*”.

Anyway, here is as lovely a cooing couple as ever we have gazed upon. The Hero in the picture is Detective Jack “Skippy” Lyons, the well-known mid-get detective of the 67th Squad. The beautiful blushing bride is the former Miss Anna Virginia Williamson (Isn’t she cute?), whom Jack unhesitatingly acknowledges as “the most adorable girl in the world.”

They started on their Long Pilgrimage on Sunday, September 18, from the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, in Brooklyn, where the Rivetting Process was duly consummated before a large audience of solemn well-wishers.

Skippy is much concerned now with the prospective progeny, claiming that one midget in the newly formed household is quite sufficient, and with this thought in mind he honeymooned with his lovely bride in the far off Canadian Rockies where there is nothing to look at but towering mountains and tall trees.

Lots of swell luck to you, too, Jack, and the sweet little lady with whom you’ve elected to share your joys and sorrows.

Drop in some time and let us know how it feels to navigate on a weekly allowance now.

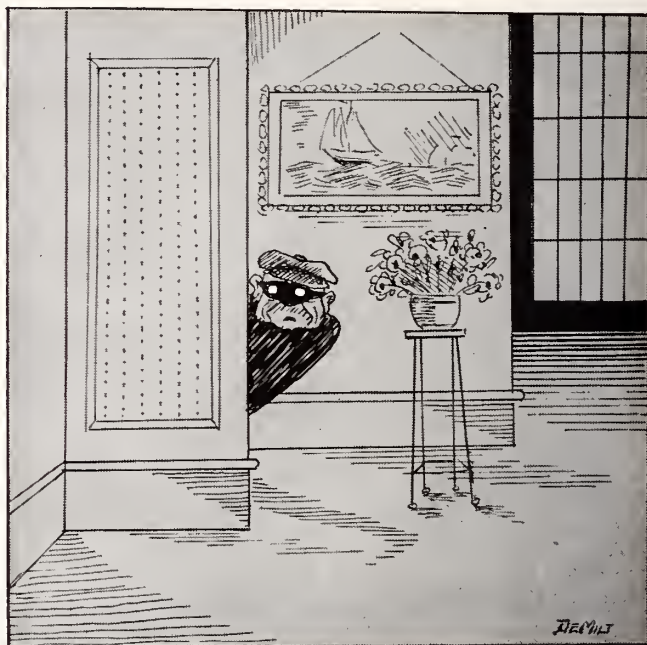
Now that we’ve entertained you with the latest in connubial gossip, we respectfully direct your attention to our next offering, an extremely short story entitled “A Sympathetic Understanding,” which should be read sympathetically and with understanding by our connubialized male readers everywhere.

A SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING

A Short Short Story

THE burglar had entered as cautiously as possible. If only he could silence those thick-soled shoes a bit.

Stealthily feeling his way in the darkness, he was startled upon reaching a bedroom door by sounds as of someone moving in bed. He paused. A woman’s voice pierced the stillness. He listened.



“Nice hour to be getting home, isn’t it—and how many times have I told you to take off your shoes when you come in? Here it’s been pouring ‘cats and dogs’ all night and you come tramping in with no respect for my carpets at all. You go right downstairs and take them off this instant or else I’ll—blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah”——

Silently the poor burglar sneaked downstairs and out into the night. His eyes glistened suspiciously as he confronted his pal, the lookout, and with a voice quavering with emotion, he said:

“I can’t rob that house, Spike; on th’ level I can’t *It reminds me too much of home.*”

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

An Ode to Beauty Unadorned

LADY of the Beaches, we miss you—we mourn you—and like Castoria, we cry for you.

You have passed on with the swallows, leaving in your wake tinted memories of cruelly ravished hearts—and badly bent bankrolls.

No longer is the air laden with the exotic fragrance of your presence, nor do silver-tongued birds warble sweetly in the trees.

The chairs on the beaches all miss you—the frankfurter sizzles no more.

An eagle volplanes in graceful circles overhead—but we see him not. We are blind to everything save your sweet return to us months hence.



So bear with us, fair one, while we take time out for a moment in fond reverence to your memory.

And now, with faded autumn leaves tumbling sadly at our feet, we challenge anyone to deny that nature in the nearly raw, as so generously personified by you, isn't at least pleasingly eye-filling.

Until next summer then, lovely creature, we bid you adieu.

May your charms—and particularly your beachly raiment—never grow less.



ALL ABOARD FOR HAVANA

(Story on page 25)

WE are indeed happy to report that Assistant Chief Inspector Johnny Sullivan, whose sudden collapse at the "Lineup" on the morning of September 23d caused the entire Department grave concern, is up and about again and in all probability will be back in harness by the time this issue is released.

There has been considerable discussion in and about Headquarters as to the underlying causes responsible for Johnny's collapse, and it is with great pleasure that we now quote Inspector Charlie Stilson, who has been "Lining 'em up" during the Assistant Chief's absence, and who denies vehemently that the announcement of a possible salary cut made the morning before had anything to do with it.



Johnny has been sadly missed, too, at his two favorite haunts, the Dyker Park Golf Club in Brooklyn and the swanky Lakeville Country Club in Great Neck, where he is wont, on an occasional unbusy Sunday afternoon, to slice the pellet about merrily and with enthusiastic abandon.

Possibly you did not know that Johnny is a golfer of much merit, and has frequently negotiated the trickiest of courses creditably, and that plugging the 18 holes in 148 is positively nothing new to him.

He's most fastidious, too, about his sartorial appearance when indulging in this most alluring of pastimes, a fact you can judge of for yourself merely by gazing upon the splendid picture of him shown here in action.

Anyway, what we really meant to say in the beginning was that we'll all be happy to see our Assistant Chief back on the job again, and to admonish him that shocks such as the one he gave us on the morning of September 23rd are not at all to our liking.

Police 5; Firemen 4

CHARITY REAL VICTOR BY \$67,570

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



MAYOR McKEE THROWS OUT THE FIRST BALL

Left to right: Congressman W. W. Cohen, Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, Fire Commissioner John J. Dorman, Joe McKee, Jr., Mayor Joseph V. McKee, Welfare Commissioner Frank J. Taylor.

FORTY thousand persons witnessed a closely contested baseball game at the Yankee Stadium on Sunday afternoon, September 25th, when the Police Department baseball team defeated its traditional rival, the Fire Department, in their annual game and thereby won the Mayor's Cup. Mayor McKee attended and saw the policemen triumph 5 to 4, after a three-run rally in the eighth inning.

The contest was played for charity, the proceeds of the game going to the Mayor's Committee for the Relief of the Unemployed and Needy. The receipts were about \$67,570.

Before the game both teams, together with the combined bands of the two departments, paraded out to the flagpole where they met Mayor Joseph V. McKee, Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, Fire Commissioner John J. Dorman, Welfare Commissioner Frank J. Taylor and Justice John E. McGeehan.

After the flag-raising ceremonies the Mayor was escorted across the field. He received a great ovation from the audience. Through a microphone, which was amplified by station WNYC, the honorary Deputy Chief of the Fire Department, W. W. Cohen, chairman of the games committee, announced the purpose of the contest and then introduced the Mayor.

Mr. McKee spoke about the good work performed by both departments and then thanked the audience for their patronage for such a worthy cause. He then sat in a box on the Police side of the diamond. After the fifth inning, as a gesture of strict neutrality he changed his seat and was escorted to the Fire side of the field, where he took a seat in Commissioner Dorman's box. Mr. Cohen presented the Mayor's Cup to the captain of the winning team.

FIREMEN GET OFF TO AN EARLY LEAD

The contest was closely waged, the Firemen getting off to a two-run lead in the first inning. Hits by Smith and McCrystal, an error by Risdell and a wild pitch accounted for the runs. The coppers got these two runs back in the third inning when Otskey doubled, Risdell and McAuliffe singled and Ruddy walked.

In the fifth inning, with two down and McCrystal on third, Ruddy, the police pitcher, started to wind-up before the pitch, when McCrystal tried to steal home. The runner would have made it, too, only Fahey, who was batting, fouled off the ball and then popped out retiring the side.



The Victorious Police Team

Both teams struggled along with the score tied, at 2-2, until the seventh, when a walk to Smith, McCrystal's sacrifice, and Burkley's hit gave the Smoke Eaters a one-run advantage. The fire department's rooters cheered lustily. Their joy was short lived, however, for our Coppers unleashed a real barrage in the eighth, making Siess cease pitching although he had previously done a very neat job. The police team then proceeded to score the three runs which won the game for them. The eighth inning started off with the hosemen leading, 3-2. Ruddy, a whale of a hitter for a pitcher, was the first batter for the police. He singled to centre, his second hit of the day. McAuliffe followed with a single to right. Otskey kept up the good work with another single to the same spot filling the bases, and it began to look bad for the fire extinguishers.

The crowd was tense with excitement. Siess, the fire pitcher began to get nervous, and every place he looked he saw a cop. (That's enough to make anyone nervous). He walked the next batter, Bernie Kuhn, forcing in Ruddy with the tying run. Score now 3-3. Siess walked out of the box at this time and the fans gave him a good hand for he had worked very hard. Moran, a southpaw, took his place. The bases were still loaded and up at the plate was none other than Elmer Duckett, pride of the West 47th Street Station, and one of the sweetest hitters in semi-pro ball.

What did he do? Just what he was expected to do. He rifled the first ball pitched to centre, sending McAuliffe and Otskey over the plate with what proved to be the winning runs. The scoring ended when Foley hit into a double play and Sullivan fled out to deep centre field. Score 5-3.

McAULIFFE MAKES FINE THROW

The game wasn't over yet. The firemen, like the

police, never say—Quit. Going into the ninth, Smith singled for his third hit, and then stole second. McCrystal, hit to Kuhn at second who threw to first too late to get his man. Smith reached third on the play. Otten, the first baseman, hit a terrific liner to McAuliffe in deep right field. "Mac" made a swell catch and seeing that he couldn't get Smith who was heading for the plate he unleashed that steel arm of his with a corking throw to Otskey at third, just in time to catch McCrystal who was sliding into the bag. What a play!!

We thought there would be a riot. It looked like a summons to a 5 Alarm fire the way the hose-grapplers rushed out on the field to protest the decision. The play was very close and after the smoke cleared away the umpire still was right. Law and order triumphed and the game continued. It was now 5 to 4, one out and Otten on second. Manager Whitney decided that Ruddy had done enough work for one day and he signalled to the bull pen for Roy Auer. Auer had been warming up all afternoon hoping to get a crack at the hosemen for they beat him last year and he wanted to get even. Roy is a brother of Ken Auer the sensational pitcher of Fordham University.

Burkley was the first man to face Auer. He got a base on balls. Fahey, bit at a fast curve and popped to Risdell. It was now two out and men on first and second. Welsing, the Captain of the flame destroyers, worked Auer for a pass. Roy wouldn't give him anything to hit at. The bases were full. The spectators were yelling, screeching and what not. Bernardin, a dangerous hitter, came to the plate. The first ball was so fast he didn't see it. Strike one. He fouled the next ball, a low curve. Strike two. He fouled off two more balls and then struck out on a sharp breaking curve. The game was over and **WHAT A GAME!!**



Photo Courtesy Home News

The Gallant Fire Fighters

RIGHT OFF THE BAT

Immediately after the game Sergeant Whitney's wife was so happy that she ran out on the field and kissed Roy Auer right on the cheek. And did he blush! Oh Boy, Oh Roy, Oh Boy! (He can't take it.)

When McAuliffe was hit on the head at the start of the game he received very prompt first aid. Chief Surgeon Donovan of our department and Dr. Archer of the Fire Department ran a 100 yard dash to see who could reach him first. The wallop on the noodle didn't bother Mae a bit, in fact it made him play better. (Let's have more of them.)

A rookie stationed at the field wanted to know if he should fill out an aided card. What Mae wanted was a leave of absence with full pay.

It took ten years to do it but it was proved at last that the Nightstick is mightier than the Hose.

Someone wanted to know why it took about 500 cops to watch the Stadium when there were about 15,000 coppers inside. (You answer it, I'm busy.)

At the start of the game Commissioners Mulrooney and Dornan gripped a bat to see which team would have last lick. The one whose hand reached the top of the bat first won. Mulrooney won. (The hand of the law reaches far.)

When the firemen made two runs in the first inning the Fire band played "Hearts and Flowers" for the police. In the eighth, when the coppers scored three runs the Police band reciprocated with "Good-bye, Good Luck, God Bless You."

Ruddy, the police pitcher, took a lead off second base and Mickey Damm promptly put the Dam-per on him. What an arm this hoseman has. (He caught Ruddy flat-footed.)



THE BOX SCORE

FIRE DEPT.						POLICE DEPT.					
	ab	r	h	o	a		ab	r	h	o	a
Smith, 2b....	4	3	3	0	6	M'A'fe, rf....	3	1	2	0	2
M'Cr'l, 3b....	4	1	2	1	0	Otsky, 3b....	4	1	2	2	2
Otten, 1b....	5	0	1	11	1	Kuhn, 2b....	3	0	0	4	3
Burk'y, cf....	4	0	3	4	0	Duckett, cf....	3	0	1	2	0
Fahey, lf....	5	0	0	1	0	B'th'an, 1b....	4	0	0	7	1
Wes'l'g, ss...	3	0	1	2	2	Foley, lf....	4	0	0	1	0
Ber'din, rf...	3	0	1	1	1	Sullivan, c....	3	0	0	8	0
Damm, c....	3	0	1	4	2	Risdell, ss....	2	1	1	3	0
Siess, p.....	4	0	0	0	1	Ruddy, p.....	2	2	2	0	2
Moran, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	Auer, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	4	12	24	13	Totals	28	5	8	27	10

Fire Department.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	4
Police Department.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	3	x	5

Errors—Wesing, Risdell. Runs batted in—Burkley (2), McAuliff, Otsky, Kuhn, Duckett (2), Otten, Two-base hits—Otsky, McCrystal. Stolen bases—Burkley, Smith. Sacrifice—McCrystal. Double plays—Otsky to Buthman; Bernardine to Otten; Siess to Otten to McCrystal. Base on balls—Off Ruddy, 4; Auer, 1; Siess, 5. Struck out—By Ruddy, 5; Auer, 1; Siess, 2. Hits—Off Ruddy, 12 in 8 1-3 innings; Siess, 8 in 7 innings (none out in eighth). Wild pitch—Ruddy. Winning pitcher—Ruddy. Losing pitcher—Siess. Umpires—Murray, Meehan and Kraemer. Time—2:20.

The Minute Man

By PATROLMAN JOSEPH P. THIERRY, *Emergency Service Squad 18*
Second Prize, Short-Story Contest

IT was a sweltering hot afternoon in July, one of those days when the perspiration runs freely, even though you try to keep cool.

Patrolman Thomas Walsh made his "relief" at 3:20 P. M. at Emergency Service Squad 18, and decided that a nice "shower" would be ideal for cooling purposes.

The quarters of the Truck and Crew were adjacent to the 108th Precinct Station House, which was also a detention precinct for prisoners, in which, unknown to the boys of the Emergency Squad, Frank Tomasino was locked up over the week-end.

Tom was in the shower about two minutes when the telephone rang. (And he covered with soap!) "Where? Junction and Roosevelt Avenues? Man under train? O. K."

The 4 to 12 crew, except Tom, were on the truck. Luckily one man from the day tour crew had not left for home and shouted "O. K. Tom, I'll take your place." And they were gone.

Tom got out of that shower and dressed as soon as he could and went upstairs to the sitting room of the crew quarters. All kinds of thoughts and ideas were running through his head. "What if the Inspector or the Supervisor should drop in and find me here, and the truck out on a call? And here I am, No. 444 on the list for Sergeant?" A complaint of this kind would not only mean a fine and a transfer, but possibly be the means of not being made. What a spot to be in!

Suddenly he heard footsteps downstairs and thought that what he had feared was about to materialize. It must be the Inspector or the Supervisor; no, it might be the supply truck from the Division Office, delivering supplies. He listened and decided it must be the latter because he heard what to him was a barrel or a tank being rolled on the floor, then he heard another.

"I guess I better stay here and keep out of sight," thought Tom, "nobody will be the wiser."

He heard the door squeak, which leads from the Emergency Squad Apparatus floor through a hall

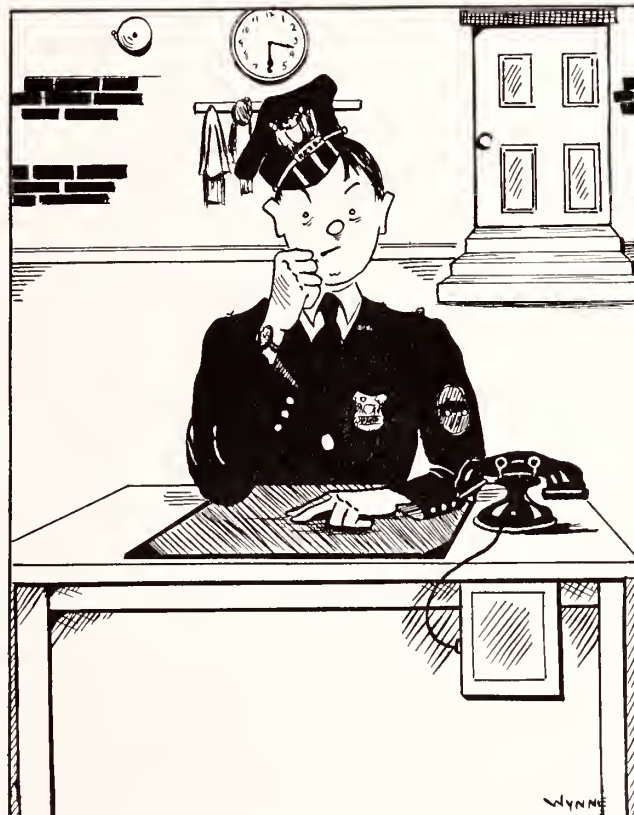
past the cell block and into the station house proper, and thought it strange that the messenger should go into the station house. His career fears left him for the moment and noiselessly he descended to the

apparatus floor. A car was parked in the space vacated by the Emergency Truck. He had never seen this car before, and looking around the door frame, towards the door leading to the corridor outside the cell block, he was just in time to see four men emerge from the cell tier. He also saw at a glance a complete acetylene burning outfit, which was left in the corridor, in front of the cell block.

With his gun in his hand, he stuck the four of them up, and with their hands over their heads marched them through the corridor into the station house proper and lined them up before the Lieutenant. After they were searched and booked, they were questioned by the Detectives, and one of the four, who was on the verge of a collapse for the want of

drugs, broke down and admitted this story:

Frank Tomasino was the leader of a gang of extortionists, whose income was derived by obtaining money from persons of wealth, through using bombs to convince his victims that he meant business. His mob had been advised by his lawyer that he was



"What if the Inspector should drop in?"

locked up for disorderly conduct, as the result of a street fight, and if the police ever found out his real activities, it would be just too bad.

Frank insisted that his gang get him out of the lockup. They immediately left their hangout to investigate and find out what chance, if any, they stood of releasing their leader. They decided, after seeing that the Emergency Truck and Crew was their stumbling block, to send them on a job that would keep them busy long enough to release Tomasino.

The following day, one of the gang was given the job of pushing someone from the platform of an elevated station, under an incoming train, so that

when the truck and crew left their quarters on this call, the gang could work on the cell doors and release their leader. Everything worked out fine and the release of their leader was practically accomplished when suddenly the officer came on the scene.

For some unknown reason no one ever asked the question as to how Tom happened to be where he was at that particular moment. Instead of a complaint with a fine, transfer and not being "made," he was given an "Excellent Police Duty" citation and praised by his superiors, which made him feel elated over the fact that once again he was indeed a "Minute Man."

A GUEST STUDENT FROM CHINA



Wing W. Kwong

New York, N. Y.,
September 26, 1932.

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Esq., Mgr. Editor,
SPRING 3100,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

I've always wanted to write you a brief note telling you how much I enjoy your publication, and how useful it has been to me in my studies. I am here in your Police Academy and the various departments as a guest student from China. It has been a great privilege, and I am taking advantage of it to the utmost.

As I go through the various departments, I cannot help being impressed by the excellent esprit de corps that animates the whole organization, and while a great deal is undoubtedly due to the officers and the training, I am sure your fascinatingly-edited organ has contributed its share.

The New York police win my keen admiration. Your unique Police Academy has made policing a fine art. The men are distinguished for their discipline, mental alertness and fine physical development. The spirit of cooperation interwoven among the various departments, the sportsmanship among officers of the staff, the lack of racial distinctions, the high ideals and inspiration—these are some things

of your New York Police Department which I admire and hope to be able to transfer to our police system in China.

I am particularly interested in your detective division. Perhaps there is a reason. Do you know that the art of finger-printing was invented in my country? And like many other things which we Chinese invented, such as gunpowder, movable type, printing, compass, we failed to utilize and improve them to the full, while the West came and not only appropriated them but developed them to their present stage of perfection. In ancient days when a Chinese family wanted to sell intangibles, the agreement or documents were signed or finger-printed with the thumb of the head of the family. The custom still prevails in sections of China. So I naturally feel quite at home in your Finger-Printing Bureau.

Another admirable trait that I notice and which I hope we can introduce in our Chinese systems is the devotion and loyalty of the policemen to their superior. Sometimes I may be kidding a rookie or patrolman on the wing, but as soon as an officer appears Mr. Rookie or Patrolman is all attention. Always when this happens I am filled with admiration for the organization that engenders such a spirit of camaraderie and high sense of duty.

And these New York policemen, seen behind as well as in front the line of duty, are full of intelligent inquisitiveness. It seems as if they had all been grounded in the art of cross examination. I seldom come across one without being subjected to such a test. And such questions they ask about China! It's a fine quality, nevertheless, for a policeman to have. If it's not due to training, then it was inherited from Columbus, perhaps.

I must add a few adequate words of thanks and appreciation for those who have been so courteous and helpful to me in my studies. Particularly must I mention the Commissioner, who has treated me with great kindness as a guest student from China. I am no less indebted to the members of the Force and the people of New York, who undoubtedly can boast the finest police department in the world.

Respectfully yours,

WING W. KWONG,

Public Safety Bureau of Shanghai.



THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

The complainant is not present at the arraignment in the station house. Should the desk officer hold the prisoner for arraignment before a magistrate? Give reasons.

5. A police officer has lawfully arrested "X" for robbery. "X" escapes from the officer's custody while enroute to the station house. The officer commands "B," a private person, to assist him in retaking "X." "B" refuses, saying "The police are paid to catch criminals."

a. What are the provisions of law as to the officer's authority to recapture "X"?

b. Could the private person be prosecuted for his refusal? Explain.

6. An officer of an insurance company settled a claim against the company for \$400. The claimant was induced by fraud to sign an instrument releasing his claim in which the sum paid was stated to be \$1,400; the claimant thinking it stated only \$400. The officer drew the \$1,400 from the treasury, paid the \$400 and retained the \$1,000.

Was the crime of forgery committed?

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

In Memoriam

QUESTIONS FOR THE OCTOBER, 1932, ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100".

1. Give the principal provisions of law governing schools for instruction in driving a motor vehicle.
2. Briefly give reasons whether the following statements are true or false:
 - a. There are many seriously wrongful acts not punishable by a specific statute of the Penal Law.
 - b. Only an attorney or counsel licensed and admitted to the bar can practice law in New York City.
3. Notice is received at a precinct station house that specified premises located within its boundaries are to be fumigated. What is the police procedure?
4. A patrolman brings a prisoner to the station house charged by a private citizen with the commission of a misdemeanor, assault in the third degree, on the highway, not committed in the presence of the officer.

Ptl. Frederick Schipp	46th Pet.	Sept. 23, 1932
Ptl. William J. Northrop		
	Pr. Clerk's Office,	Sept. 23, 1932
Ptl. Charles L. Farrell	18th Div.	Sept. 24, 1932
Ptl. Thomas Harper	111th Pet.	Sept. 27, 1932
Ptl. John W. J. Fink	71st Pet.	Oct. 15, 1932



ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. The Vehicle and Traffic Law as amended, effective October 1st, 1932, provides as follows:

No person or corporation shall give instructions for hire in driving motor vehicles or motorcycles without a license from the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles.

Applicants for license shall—

- a. Furnish information as to references and moral character.
- b. Pay an application fee of \$10.00.
- c. If license is granted, pay a license fee of \$15.00.

License shall be good for five years.

License must be displayed in place of business, or if no place of business, to be displayed on demand.

If license is lost or destroyed a duplicate will be issued for \$1.00.

Licensee shall keep a record giving name and address of every person instructed.

Records shall be available for inspection by the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles or his representative at all reasonable times.

The Commissioner may make such reasonable regulations as he deems necessary.

The Commissioner may suspend, revoke, or refuse to renew a license after hearing for:

- a. Conviction of licensee, or his employee, of felony, larceny, or deceit.
- b. Fraud or inducing fraudulent practices in connection with his business.
- c. Failing to comply with the regulations of the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles.

Note—Under Paragraph 2 above Police Departments investigate applicants as to character and fitness. (See Circular No. 45, c. s., and Telephone Typewriter Order No. 91, October 6th, 1932.)

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. a. False. Section 43 of the Penal Law provides that any serious wrongful act not otherwise punishable under the Penal Law is a misdemeanor.
- b. False. Section 271 of the Penal Law makes exception for officers of an organized society for the prevention of cruelty. Sections 270, 271 and 272 of the Penal Law do not apply to a case where a person appears in a cause to which he is a party.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

3. Record of the notice entered in the communication record. Notice of location, date, time and kind of fumigant to be used, posted on bulletin board for information of command. Notify Emergency Service Division by telephone of particulars. Forward notification received to the Emergency Service Division in next department mail. Officer on post at the location on the date and time of fumigation should investigate and see that:
 - a. Fumigator has required permit.
 - b. Danger signs are posted on all doors or entrances to the premises to be fumigated.
 - c. Signs are in red ink on white cardboard in two inch letters; illuminated if at night.
 - d. Signs have name and address of the fumigator, name of operator, and name of fumigant to be used.
 - e. The fumigant used corresponds with that described in the notice received at the station house.
 (Manual of Procedure, page 164f; Telephone Typewriter Order No. 69, June 27, 1932.)

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. The desk officer should hold the prisoner for arraignment before a magistrate if the arrest was made legally.

Reasons:

Section 181 of the Code of Criminal Procedure provides that a peace officer may take before a magistrate a person, who being engaged in a breach of the peace, is arrested by a bystander and delivered to him.

Assault on the highway in the third degree invariably implies a breach of the peace. A desk officer has no judicial power to dismiss a charge lawfully made. He should, however, investigate the circumstances of the case, verify the identity and residence of the complainant, and determine the reason why he did not accompany the officer to the station house. If complainant is not present in court the officer should inform the magistrate of the facts and request process for the appearance of the complainant. If there was a valid reason for the absence of the complainant such as sudden illness or injury naturally he could not accompany the officer to the station house.

The Rules and Regulations of the Police Department require that in such cases as this, the complainant, who is the person actually making the arrest, accompany the officer and the defendant to the station house and it is the officer's duty to see that this is done. An emergency as described may arise, however, when it would not be possible to do this.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. a. Section 186 of the Code of Criminal Procedure provides that if a person arrested escapes or is rescued, the person from whose custody he escaped or was rescued, may immediately pursue and retake him at any time and at any place in the State. Section 187 of the Code of Criminal Procedure provides that the person pursuing may, after notice of his intention and refusal of admittance, break open an outer or inner door of a building to retake the person escaping. Section 1055 of the Penal Law provides that homicide is justifiable when necessarily done in retaking a prisoner who has committed, or has been arrested for, or convicted of a felony, and who has escaped or has been rescued, or in arresting a person who has committed a felony and is fleeing from justice. Robbery is a felony but the killing of "X" would not be justifiable unless it was actually necessary and all other means of effecting his capture had been exhausted by the officer.
- b. The private person could be prosecuted for a misdemeanor. Section 1848 of the Penal Law as amended provides: "A person who, after having been lawfully commanded to aid an officer in arresting any person, or in retaking any person who has escaped from legal custody, or in executing any legal process wilfully neglects or refuses to aid such officer is guilty of a misdemeanor."

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. No. While this release would constitute a false paper, the making of every false paper does not constitute forgery. The obtaining of a signature, although the signer was acting in ignorance or through mistake, does not constitute forgery. If the release stated the sum to be \$400 and after being signed by the claimant it was altered and raised to \$1,400 with intent to defraud the company out of \$1,000 it would be forgery. However, the officer was guilty of the crime of grand larceny.

At the Police Camp

By PATROLMAN JOSEPH P. MORAN,

President, P. B. A.



Beautiful Indian Head Hotel.

DELEGATES of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association have carried back to the members in the various precincts, squads and bureaus a message from the Police Commissioner given to them by the Chief Inspector at their September meeting. Also present at the meeting as an invited guest was former Police Commissioner Grover A. Whalen. The delegates were assembled in the large hall of the Police Recreation Centre, which had been specially decorated for the occasion.

The Chief Inspector, addressing the meeting, said:

"I am sorry to say the Police Commissioner was unable to attend and receive this hearty welcome, but he directed me to say that he is disappointed in not being able to come, the reason being that he is engaged in trying to get the budget in shape. He also left another message to be given to you at this time and that is for you not to get stampeded with foolish notions that desperate things are going to happen. I do not think anything is going to happen."

"The Commissioner and I are more than pleased at the way you men responded to everything asked from you during the past year. It all speaks for itself and the people of the City will not soon forget what you have done. You are the eyes and the ears of the Association and I think the men have done well to have you represent them. If you continue to respect the citizen the way you have there cannot be any misunderstanding. You can sell your service and continue to be in favor with the people of the City, and I am sure that in return they will grant you anything within reason you may ask for. After all we must give service; that was our first contract when coming into the Department. If we fail them we can expect them to fail us when we ask for their help. If we give good service they will support us in return."

After the conclusion of the talk by the Chief Inspector Mr. Whalen was introduced as the Police

Commissioner who abolished reserve duty and was greeted with much applause. Mr. Whalen said:

"I consider it a great privilege to come here after three years and find the same friendship, and I can assure you it brings a lump in my throat. Real friendship means more than anything else in life. In the Department I have made many friends and this friendship is shown and exhibited to me daily by different policemen I meet. It was a pleasure to come again and break bread with your president. You men are at the present time blessed with real leadership in your Police Commissioner, your Chief Inspector and in your president. I am proud of them; they have ability, leadership and loyalty.

"After a trip through the Camp I have noticed many improvements, including the new reservoir given through the work of the Ladies' Auxiliary. The men should support the Camp. It is their property and their job to make it fine."

KINGSBRIDGE SHAMROCKS WIN P. A. L. TITLE



Commissioner Mulrooney presents Home News trophy to Fred Weismuller, Captain of the victorious Shamrocks.

THE Kingsbridge "Shamrocks" became champions of the Bronx in the Police Athletic League when they defeated the South Bronx "Ravens" by a 5-4 score on September 24, after a thrilling thirteen inning game at Mosholu Field, 201st Street and Webster Avenue. More than 5,000 rabid fans sat through the game.

Among the spectators were Commissioner Mulrooney, Chief Inspector O'Brien, Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon, Inspectors Dodd, Loonan

and Costuma; Deputy Inspector McKenzie, Police Chaplain Hamilton Nesbit, and Lieutenants Edward W. Flynn and John Roche.

The game was a pitchers' battle between Johnny Friccone of the Shamrock's and Walter Nakagowa of the Ravens. The Shamrocks won out when Nakagowa weakened in the thirteenth and allowed three hits and the winning run.

Patrolman Joseph Stanworth of the Crime Prevention Bureau and a former member of the Bushwick B. B. C. of Brooklyn umpired on balls and strikes. Charles Correll, Sr. and Charles Correll, Jr. umpired on the bases.

The Shamrocks survived 104 teams who were in the tournament. In a preliminary game the Chelsea Girls defeated the 14th Precinct boys' team 3 to 2 in seven innings.

This marks the end of a successful season for the Police Athletic League and the officers and men who handled the numerous teams are to be commended for their splendid work.

ALL ABOARD FOR HAVANA

A WEEK'S cruise to Havana, with the freedom of the city thrown in, is what members of American Legion Post No. 460, of the New York Police Department are anxiously looking forward to next spring.

Sergeant Vance Parkinson, of the 27th Precinct, who was feted royally by the Chief of the Havana Police Department on a recent visit to that city, brought back with him an invitation from the mayor of Havana, the Honorable Tirso Mesa, to the members of the Post together with their families and friends to gather in conclave there as the mayor's personal guests.

According to plans now under consideration the trip will be made in the S. S. Morro Castle of the Ward Line, with a two-day stop-off in Havana for recreation and sightseeing.

Sergeant Parkinson suggests that those interested get in touch with him at the offices of American Legion Post No. 460 at 152 West 42nd Street.

Sports

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

BAYSIDE WINS PRECINCT BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP



BEFORE two vast assemblages, totaling 6,463 persons (by actual count) the 111th Precinct met and defeated the 42d Precinct in two straight games, 9-3, 5-3.

The first game was played at Fort Totten and was featured by the pitching and hitting of Walter "Lefty" Lowe, star of the big police team. Lefty hit a long homer with two men on base.

Costello, his battery mate, also hit a homer but pulled a "Fred Merkle" when he forgot to touch third and was called out.

The second and final game was played at Sterling Oval up in the Bronx, and this game was a humdinger. Sergeant Martini used Lowe in the box again while Sergeant Tracy picked Mahoney to even up the series. The game wound up in a pitcher's battle, but Lowe received much better support from his teammates and won out 5 to 3.

This was the first time in years that the Department was able to hold a championship of this kind and it speaks well for the two Sergeants who were instrumental in bringing these teams together.

Sergeants John Tracy of the 42d Precinct and Charles Martini of the 111th Precinct surely are hustlers—and what they accomplished with their teams throughout the season is only the forerunner of another series of this sort next season. Only next year we expect to have the Police Commissioner out there and if possible make him the umpire.

Both of these teams used only men who worked in the precinct. Not only that, but both managers played an active part in their teams' success by holding down steady positions. They travelled to the respective grounds in busses and brought along their wives, sweethearts and friends. The spirit of friendliness and good fellowship that prevailed was something to marvel at, and we wish to thank the players and everyone concerned for having contributed so splendidly toward making this the most successful baseball season in the history of the Department.

AT THE GAME. * * * Brady, at second for the Bronx boys, couldn't get his mind off the patrol wagon and was supplanted by Charlie Notter. * * * Callahan in centrefield played like he had something under his pillow and it wasn't the mattress. * * * (He'll be doing special posts all winter). * * * Fleming played a phenomenal game at third base. He picked up everything around the infield and batted like a big leaguer.

How this baby got away from the big police team is a mystery. * * * Billy Vaughan, the catcher (??) of the 42d Precinct, had his arm baked and massaged two or three times previous to the game. From the way he threw the ball, he must have had the wrong arm rubbed. * * * McGronan, the clerical 1st sacker, hit a tremendous fly ball out to Spillet the fleet Bayside outfielder. Spillet didn't spill-it and made a good catch. * * * Sergeant Martini played his position like a Manager. He managed to get everything. * * * Hartman, at short, looked good and was a Hard-man to get one by. * * * Captains Dynan and McDonough of the respective precincts were on hand yelling their heads off. Captain McDonough did a disappearing act when it was all over.

AFTER THE GAME the winners were escorted to a nearby restaurant where they were the guests of the 42d Precinct team. They brought their wives and girl friends with them. A beefsteak luncheon was served and during the meal the crowd was entertained by the Glee Club quartette. BILL DIERMER (The Virginia Judge) acted as master of ceremonies. He was followed by Marty Joyce, well known Bronx entertainer. SGT. TRACY made a speech welcoming the Baysiders to the Bronx and congratulated them on their victory. He said that the feeling of good fellowship displayed by both teams was inspiring and just what the Department needed.

SGT. MARTINI then got up and hit right back at the Bronxites complimenting them on their sportsmanship and the way they cooked beef-steak.

Freddie Meade, the well known piano wizard then sang his version of the game and it was a riot. * * * Mahoney, the pitcher of the 42d, was introduced and given a big hand (not by Callahan, though).

* * * Joe Gerhardt, the singing flatfoot, danced, while Joe Ryder, of burlesque fame, sang. Joe Spielman and Arthur Matthews also sang. Among those at the luncheon were Lieutenant James DeMilt and Patrolman James Wynne of SPRING 3100, Sergeant Ed. Moran, Mrs. Tracy, Miss Fitzgerald. * * * A lot of Roses, including Mr. and Mrs. and Father and Grandfather Rose. (Quite a flowery table.) * * * Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Cotter (Westchester Avenue's best cop). * * * Patrolmen Henry Weisgerber and Morris Fishman. * * * Patrolman and Mrs. Baggott. * * * Patrolman and Mrs. Pfenning. * * * Bass Singer Bill Ruddy and a host of other celebrities. * * * Dancing followed. The Bayside band, a fellow with a tenement house disturber, popularly known as a hand organ, furnished the music. So long till spring training.



GOLF

Result of First Golf Tournament, held October 11, 1932.

Low score prize winners:

Names	Scores	Handi- cap	Low Score	Prize
Patrolman J. A. Buchalter	37-34	71	Gold Medal
Patrolman J. E. Brogan	39-35	74	Silver Medal
Patrolman G. Doyle	41-33	74	Bronze Medal

Handicap scores: Prizes—Golf bag and useful articles.

Names	Score	Handi- cap	Net Score
Patrolman J. A. Brady.....	82	10	72
Patrolman J. Torson.....	92	20	72
Acting Lieutenant J. Grady.....	88	20	68
Patrolman J. King.....	93	20	73
Patrolman W. Fanigan.....	83	10	73
Patrolman W. J. Bright.....	91	18	73
Lieutenant J. Osnato.....	82	15	67
Patrolman H. Riker.....	87	20	67
Lieutenant J. Weisenreider.....	87	6	81
Lieutenant F. Bals.....	86	4	82
Detective F. Regan.....	83	8	75
Patrolman E. Sands.....	80	4	76
Patrolman H. Southwick.....	84	10	74
Patrolman G. Kelly.....	90	15	75
Patrolman C. Cunningham.....	92	15	77
Patrolman B. Quinn.....	94	12	82
Patrolman E. Entwistle.....	97	15	82
Patrolman M. Frazer.....	87	10	77
Patrolman J. A. Brady.....	96	15	81
Patrolman G. Monday.....	98	20	78
Detective J. Walburn.....	117	30	87
Detective J. Carboy.....	140	30	*110

(* Consolation prize. First game he ever played.)

About 10 players failed to turn in their cards and about 40 players that had entered failed to obtain time off or for other reasons could not play. A number of others didn't play because they couldn't "TAKE IT."

Among the missing was Patrolman Arthur Hunt, of Traffic "C," one of the best golfers in the Department. Arthur sent in his entry but at the last minute he could not play due to a torn muscle in his hip. Better luck next time, Arthur. A good time was had by all and what was lacking in quantity was made up by quality and spirit. Some of the boys had severe cases of nerves. The heat of battle and the high wind wrecked some of the scores. Patrolman Moss Frazer, the Golf Adonis, better known as Mr. Dyker in the flesh, said it was a case of gas on the stomach with him, but his side partner, Jim Torson, said, "Hell, no! Frazer was so busy

counting my score that he counted some of mine on to his.".... Wiffy Cox, the "Pro" at Dyker Park, will insist that the boys leave their revolvers home in the next tournament.... Patrolman Monday looked like Captain Kidd digging in bunker in 18th hole. Wiffy Cox donated the Golf Sticks and Golf Umbrella and gave his time, together with the co-operation of Lieutenant Weisenreider to make this, the First Golf Tournament of the Police Department—A SUCCESS.

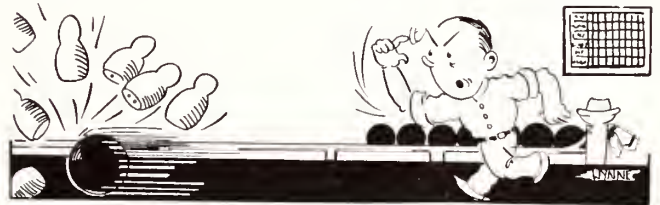


BASKETBALL

Received a very interesting letter from Patrolman Arthur Talbot, who tells us that last season the 25th Precinct basketball team, composed of J. Moroney, Lehnner, Tauber, Callahan and Talbot defeated every team in the Department whom they played, with the exception of the 111th Precinct, which game ended in a tie.

This year, with the addition to their lineup of Tom Gorey, of the old police team, they will be unbeatable and are willing to prove it.

This patrolman suggests a plan whereby a league could be formed and the players placed on the 3d, 4th and 5th Squads of each precinct. In this manner we could have a league in each borough and the winners play for the championship. What do you think of it?



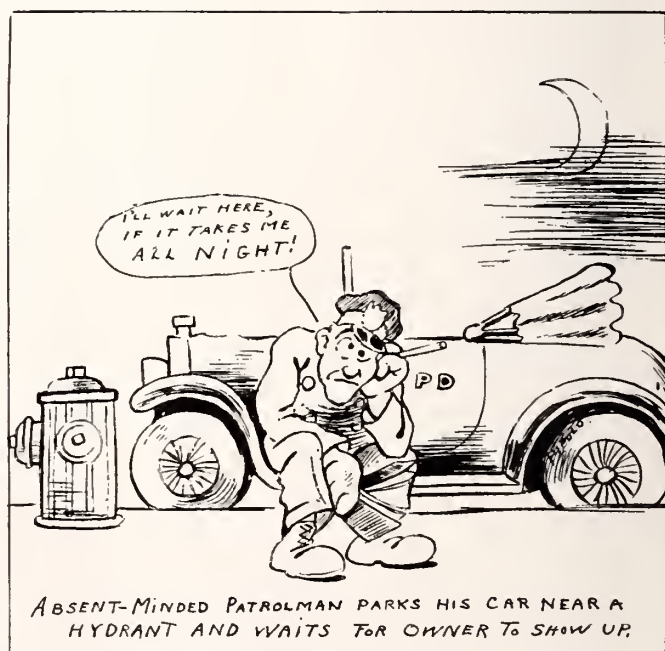
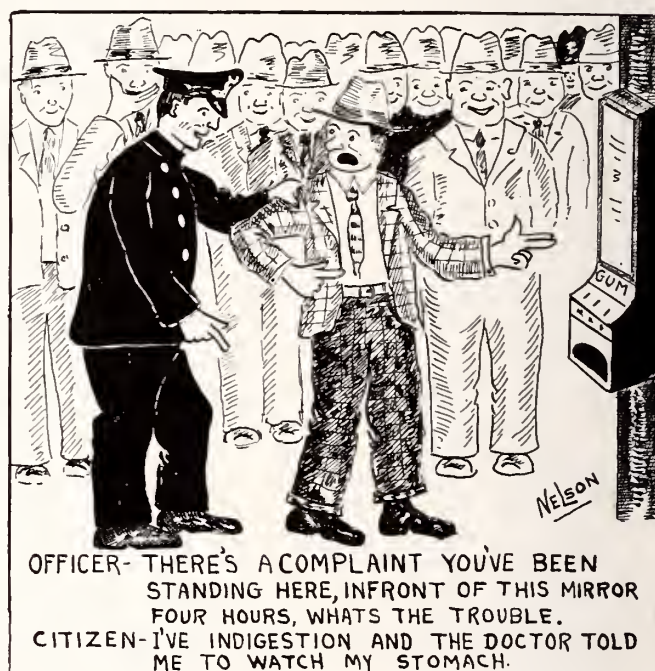
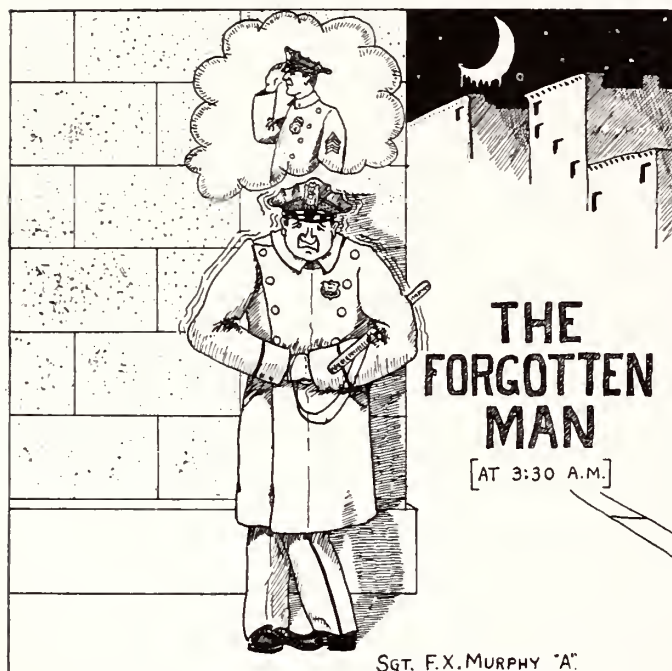
BOWLING CHALLENGE:....The 6th Precinct bowling team, composed of Johnnie Owshanick, Georgie O'Leary, Knud Nelson, Charley Werner and Eddie Moore (our Anchor Man) would like to challenge any other team in the Department. Please get in touch with Manager Pete Monahan, 6th Precinct.



HANDBALL CORRECTION: In our last month's issue we omitted the name of Patrolman Peter Seward of the 32d Precinct in the list of best players. It was an oversight on our part and it speaks well of the sportsmanship of Pete, who didn't say anything about the matter. (Put the gun away, Pete.)

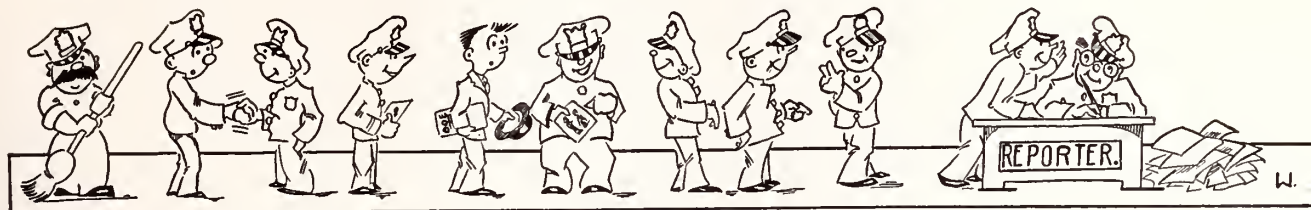


PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch
6th Pct., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

A young gent fresh from the Police Academy, Patrolman Michael Angelo Pietroptino, must have thought himself a famous Hollywood Star by the way the various delegates were after him for his signature.

Sergeant Ambrose Hearn is the proud possessor of a new hat. He won the skimmer by defeating Sergeant Harry Curtis in a 250-yard free style swimming race down at Rockaway. As an alibi Sergeant Curtis says he slowed down for a red light. That was no red light, Sarg, that was Sergeant Hearn's bathing cap.

The boyhood ambition of Bill McJenkins, of the 6th Precinct, was to be a sailor. When Bill is assigned to the 1st Precinct he requests that he be put near the boats.

Jimmy Coggin, Eddie Renschler and Bill Glendenning are going duck hunting. They will use Benny Farren as a decoy.

Frank Bohan had to let that naked man go whom he stopped on Washington Street recently. He said he couldn't pin anything on him.

Remhardt Kushner, after a two-month REST, is back reviewing the new signs on West Street.

Joe Walsh—"Say, Jim, were you sick one day last week?"

Jimmy McMahon—"SH-SH, next Monday, Joe!"

Two more good arrests made by that wide-awake radio team, Joe Hanlon and Frederick Botie. That is one way to keep the boss in good humor.

Henry Baden is suffering from two burnt fingers. He could not throw that nickel cigar away.

The Freddie Egans are now three. A bouncing baby boy is the reason for Freddie's happy smile.

Jim McMahon finally admitted he was in the HOME GUARD during the war.

Youth was not served when Lieutenant James Smith defeated the Staten Island Medalist, Peter Cusick, in that famous game at the Dyker Park Golf Links.

Walter Smith and his little son were watching a barber sing a man's hair. Walter, Jr., remarked: "Gee, Daddy, he's hunting them with a match."

3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

The 10th Precinct has the most efficient clerical man in the Department. This is the humble opinion of John Peterson himself.

"Bachelor" Ben Brick is still corresponding with that girl he met through the Matrimonial Agency. Better hurry, Ben, or you will be left at the post.

Sergeant Otto Whitney is the happiest man in the world since his Police Department team defeated the Fire Department at the Stadium. Otto took a trip to Maine, his home State, to tell the boys Down East how his strategic moves won the old ball game.

Jimmie Sherlock is still pricing furniture. Come on, Jim, take a chance, faint heart never won fair lady.

Vic Copeland and Teddy Miller have returned to their old stamping grounds, the 10th Precinct, after a summer at Staten Island.

We have in our midst a tall, good-looking rookie named Charles Miller. We advise him to shun Jerry Cronin, Dave Lynnot and Johnny Lyman.

Welcome to Sergeant Tommy Hayden, a new arrival in these parts. May your stay be a long and pleasant one. P. S.—Beware of the Promotion League.

Lieutenant Mike Downes will soon return to work after a layoff due to an automobile accident. While convalescing, the genial Lieutenant was forced to subsist on a liquid diet. Will he be able to manhandle a big steak on his return? Yer darn tootin' he will!

Patrolman Tom Sheehy, up-to-the-minute clerical man of the 14th Precinct, is already laying plans for that big anniversary celebration on February 11th next. It's the date upon which 25 years ago his lovely Sally handed in her resignation at Altman's and proudly changed her name to Sheehy. Further details will follow soon.

6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Lieutenant Michael McCarron has returned hale and hearty from a Bermuda cruise. However, the sea air didn't improve his hair any.

Lieutenant Thomas Gibney is vacationing "Up to Hom." He has been teaching the natives how to shoot. What we are interested in is how did that bag of buns get in that package he shipped home?

Sergeants Thomas Hynes and William Morris have gone to Canada on their vacation. They say it is a "Slumming Party." We hope they bring back a few samples of the "Slums."

Patrolmen Wilfred Miller and Sam Schrier are the proud daddies of brand new baby boys. They have plenty to occupy their minds now.

Patrolmen Dennis Cash and Michael Hale were seen buying perfume recently. "And they are such nice boys."

Patrolman George Macho has joined the ranks of the 23d Precinct fishermen. He now is asking: "How long should a worm be?" and "How large is a large-mouth bass?" and what to do when you have a bass on your line and the net is at the other end of the boat?

The reporter of the 25th Precinct feels that this issue would not be complete without mentioning our esteemed friend, Sergeant Russell McKee (alias Indian Joe). There are two sides to every argument Russell engages in, the right side and his side.

Patrolman George Kevill complains of two broken ribs. We have a faint idea of the cause. Patrolman Patrick Woods, his side kick, has to kick him every time his name is called at roll call.

Patrolman John Conway has been advised by his physician to exercise daily if he wishes to stay healthy. He is now playing dominoes in the back room at every opportunity. This should keep his weight down.

While talking of exercise, don't overlook Sergeant Braveman's 25th Precinct baseball team. He has them in training for the 1933 season already, so beware all other precincts.

Sergeant Max Isaacson doesn't care to have his name mentioned again in this column. All right, Sergeant Max Isaacson, I promise I shall never mention Sergeant Isaacson's name again in this month's issue.

The 6th Division office boasts of two of the greatest domino jugglers in the United States in the persons of Patrolman Trippe, the clerical man, and Patrolman Flynn, the messenger. Trippe gets sore when he loses. Flynn never loses. They are open for challenges. No holds barred.

The officers and members of the 32d Precinct extend their heartfelt sympathy to Patrolman Saffer, who suffered the loss of his wife.

Dan Cupid has taken his toll at the 32d Precinct. Patrolmen John Burke and Cirley Hinnent have taken beautiful brides. Patrolman Wheeler and Mr. Alleyne were best men, respectively. We wish you a lifetime of happiness.

The 32d Precinct runs second to none when it comes to sartorial splendor. We have Captain Brady, the Bean Brummel, and the best-dressed Lieutenant, our Mr. Flynn, who dresses like a banker. Sergeants P. Kelly and Chisholm tie for the Sergeants' crown. For best-dressed Patrolman we have another tie between Austin and Seward, who are oftentimes mistaken for gigolos. George Webber leads the Detectives by ten lengths. In the Crime Prevention Bureau Patrolman J. Brown and Mrs. Waldron enjoy a comfortable lead.

We hope that Patrolman Jenkins, who has been confined to the hospital for the past month, will be back with us soon again.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
43th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

THINGS WE NEVER KNEW TILL NOW, WITH APOLOGIES TO W. W.

Patrolman Tom Daily, of the 40th Precinct, specializes in postage stamps when fishing. * * * Patrolman Al. Parkinson plays a left handed fiddle. * * * The last thing removed by Patrolman Jim Hughes is his hat. * * * If you chirp at Patrolman Pat Murphy he gets angry. * * * Patrolman Chas. Yost is the only man in the precinct who has a gold plated revolver. * * * Patrolman Kuveke attributes his strength to the fact he was a former milk man and drank no water. * * * Patrolman Nat Chezar does not like to go "fissing" but when he does he catches plenty. * * * Patrolman Cruger has refused to eat any more tongue sandwiches. We wonder why? * * * Hack Inspector Finken spends more time doing puzzles than studying. * * * Patrolman Lundsten will have no tonsils when he returns from his vacation. * * * Patrolman McArdle is so optimistic he expects to drive to Florida and back without having any trouble with his first class Chevie second.

Patrolman Rosenberger, of the 41st Precinct, wants to be the drill master and place Goshony at right guide so as he won't have to count off.

Jim Goodfellow has a new fad for winding clocks. He uses a night stick. He says he did it that way when he was on the Boston Police.

Well, it's "Pop" Pileeki now, a bouncing baby girl having arrived at his house.

Gorman is taking up shorthand now so no one can read his notes. He switched from fingerprinting.

Another swimming instructor entered our ranks and he turned out to be a life saver. We hope you get a medal, Bill Conway.

Since Frank Finger has been elevated to Clerical Man's Helper, he won't give the boys a tumble. O. K., Frank, wait until you want coffee this winter.

Brody was sent to shoot a dog, and he reported the dog had died before his arrival. He was told to get the license number, but he opined it wasn't necessary as the carcass was parked in a lot and not on the street.

Good luck and may you go farther, to the boys on the Sergeants' list. In this precinct we have Volk, McMahon, Diamond, Holbrook, Wilson, Kennedy, Hess and Parker.

Vinee Day says they must have rated his papers in the night time.

Goetshkes is taking up the study of insects since being assigned to raided premises.

The man with the Green Hat must hang out on the patrolwagon seat. Look at the last couple of lists; on this one we have Kennedy and Hess. The boys are all angling for a wagon driver's job.

Saltamacehia looked like a locksmith on his return from his vacation. He had the keys of his country home but left his house keys behind. The boys advised he should go home and break a window.

Elkins' friends want to know why his name does not appear in "SPRING 3100". The reason is he stays far away from the reporter.

When Byrnes and Burns are on the roll call there is much confusion. It has been suggested one of them remove the "s", but this "Burns" some one up.

Several months ago Mr. and Mrs. Dorothy Albert, of 840 Riverside Drive, announced the engagement of their daughter Dorothea, to Edward "Speedy" Frawley, of the 42nd Precinct. There has been no further mention of the fact. The boys are wondering what happened. Eddie?

The boys of the 42nd wish the following a Happy New Year: Sergeant Jack Tracy, Patrolmen Herskovitz, Ponyman, Abramowitz, Weidenbaum and Mandel.

Since Bill McGronan has reached the height of his ambition, he wishes the Sergeants' list will move fast and furious.

John Conlan, one of the new rookies, came to the station house all excited the other day, and for a good reason. Mrs. Conlan presented him with a big bouncing son.

The big hunters of the 42nd Precinct are getting ready for their sojourn to the Maine woods. We hope nothing happens to them as did to old boy George Geibel two years ago.

The boys of the 42nd Precinct welcome back Lieutenant Michael Joyce, and are sorry to hear of the transfer of our friend the old war horse, Lieutenant Sylvester Hlavac.

Patrolman Seigelman, of the 48th Precinct, claims he will be a power after the coming election. (Beware, Lynch.)

There must be a reason for Swartout looking over the horses at the stable on Park Avenue.

The Loft twins have gone in for Chop Suey in a large way.

Patrolman Ruddan, while taking the census, knocked on a door and was asked "Who is there?"

He threw out his chest and answered "A policeman taking the census."

The voice replied: "Get out from there you'll not turn off this gas today." Exit George.

Dermody, on Third Avenue, with all the questions written in Greek, Italian and Jewish, was getting them all mixed up.

8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. Terrance Donelon
45th Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt
46th Pct., Ptl. Dominick J. Masella

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. Robert T. Cashel
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

Patrolman "Fats" White, of the 43rd Precinct, is on a diet to reduce that bay window of his. Sergeant Louis (THE) Fick states he will reduce something in writing on a pink sheet if he catches him putting his nom de plume out of "SPRING 3100".

Our musically inclined Patrolman Ray Garrick has been practicing on the piccolo to make the police band. All he has made thus far is all the neighbors mad.

At a recent gathering Sergeant Fick was in the midst of things enjoying himself, when a lady entered and called "LOUIS" and beckoned to him. Shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Fick left.

The big contest at the 43rd Precinct is over. Patrolman Terwilliger won the assignment to the new Ford coupe. The crying towel goes to Patrolman Weidanz.

Patrolman Johnny Branch has been seen in the vicinity of Valentine Avenue looking for three nice rooms. Best of luck, Johnny, when is it coming off?

Patrolman Max Bernstein called the station house from the booth recently. The following conversation ensued:

"Hello, Sergeant, this is Patrolman Bernstein talking. I have a lady in the booth afraid to go home alone and wants me to escort her."

"Where does the lady live?" queried the Sergeant.

"Hold the wire," said Max, "I'll have to find out."

A certain patrolman was seen coming from a cellar the other morning about 3.00 A. M. The Sergeant asked for an explanation; the patrolman said he had followed a man acting suspiciously, but who turned out to be the milkman. At 4.00 A. M. the same morning the Sergeant saw the same cop enter an empty store. When confronted with this the copper said: "Sergeant, I went in there to say a few prayers for beating the other one."

Patrolmen Hepburn and Daughton caught a couple of store burglars the other late tour. Nice work, boys.

Patrolman John Ross, of the 50th Precinct, is about to join the "Legion of the Condemned." He will leave on his honeymoon next week. Good bye, John, you have no one to blame but yourself.

Lieutenant Kessler had a narrow escape on his vacation. After his trip through the Panama Canal, he asked to have his ticket read, "Stopover at Quantico, Va." The clerk made it out "Quarantine." Looks like the work of the Promotion League or their agents.

Sergeant Seeley is the high pressure salesman of this command. He sold 300 tickets to the Police and Fire Department ball game in 150 minutes. He should try vacuum cleaners.

Patrolman McGrath says he has been "FLIED" from his own post so often that after a couple of more tours he will demand a Commercial Pilot's License.

Urged on by the success of Patrolman Klein's combination flash light and night baton, Patrolman Hanrahan is now working on a baton that cannot be hung on your shield. The C. I. will probably ask Hanrahan where he has been all his life.

Patrolman Pensel says there is nothing in a name and less in a song. The man who wrote "Let's put the light out and go to bed," did not mean while you were assigned to a booth.

9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crosson

Patrolman Charles (Diamond Dick) Crosson, the ace reporter of the 123rd Precinct, had the pleasure of a visit from an old colleague, the former Deputy Chief Inspector Cornelius Calahane, with whom Dick

had the pleasure of working while the former Deputy Chief was in command of the 9th Division. As Dick says in his own unique way "It's great to meet a former boss and be able to step up and say 'Hello, Boss, you're looking great', and really mean it." Mr. Calahane is at present the Chief of the Police Department of the Port of New York Authority.

The kiddie baseball teams of the 123rd Precinct have wound up their season and are now back at school hard at work on the three "R's". The boys compiled an enviable record, and we, the members of the 123rd Precinct, are proud indeed of our proteges. We look for them to have an even better record in 1933. To Lieutenant Liebers goes the major portion of the credit for their success.

All hail to the victors. On the Sergeants' list recently promulgated the 123rd Precinct announces with pride that they have seven men on the list. After burning the midnight oil and sticking close to hard study, the following have had the pleasure of seeing their names among the successful: John Guannor, No. 35; Herman Goodrich, No. 48; James Boylan, No. 151; Charles Holbert, No. 158; Arthur Huber, No. 301; John Bruns, No. 673, and Frank Ballweg, No. 668. This is what we call some record, seven eligibles out of our small quota of 57 men.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp
62d Pct., Ptl. Vincent Ferrante

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. George O. Diffin
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan

70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

Doctor Flynn, the pretty little Medico from the Harbor Hospital, called up the 62nd Precinct and wanted to know who the Officer was that couldn't speak English. Patrolman Ravalgi said it wasn't he, so the rest of the men are wondering who else it could be.

The 62nd Precinct boasts of their fishermen. Patrolman Sundquist, "Snuffy" for short, goes to Freeport for bluefish and gets big ones. Sergeant Devine went to Oregon and caught great big red salmon. Patrolman Frumkin went to Albany. You ask him what he caught!

Victor O'Hara says if they reverse the Sergeants' list he would be made shortly, especially with his preference.

Patrolman Mazurkiewes will be missed on 18th Avenue where he is known as Captain Stanley. Stanley has the attendant's job steady.

The 62nd Precinct has its bowling team in full swing. The boys who bowl 300 and over are Patrolmen Lofsten, Leddy, Hayes, Taylor, Collins, Murray, Anker, Maher, Bone, Veitch, Kerner, Roberts. The captain of the team is Patrolman Schwamberger.

Our Captain and Lieutenant Gallagher have returned to harness and they both look swell. Lt. Gallagher said he had a wonderful time. He said he had trouble getting into Canada. The car he has needs a little coaxing sometime and maybe that was the trouble.

Chief Harry Newman has started spring cleaning already. There is a strong odor of disinfectant around the Station House. What is it, Harry? Are you ambitious or is it the return of the Captain?

Our ablebodied (Hunt and Peek) Bradley is pinch hitting for "Pay your dues and get your SPRING 3100" Jake Long. Jake is attending the P. B. A. confab on devious ways of extracting the dollar and dime a month.

O'Hara V. has ordered a new uniform complete with a Sam Brown belt since he is now on the list. He sure will be tough on the boys on the late ones with that blood hound he keeps.

Lieutenant Ferrer had a good time at Coney Island Labor Day gathering lost children and censuring scantily attired blondes. He now complains of sore eyes. He claims it was the sun.

Sheik Schwamberger overheard giving his laundry a call: "You bring the linen late; I like my collars stiff; this shirt is scorched; you have kept a pair of socks; my night shirt has a hole in the tail; if you don't work better I'll give my wash to another Chink." Say, Sheik, why not buy a washing machine and do it yourself.

Gum Shoe Frumkin is getting thinner since the Ford he decorates is in the shop for a beauty treatment. His partner, Andy Lovito, claims the car would still be in service, but Conductor Frumkin rubbed it so much all the paint came off.

Mahatma Ghandi Ravalga thinks his tin is good when fishing off Ulmer Park pier, but the fish can't read, so any day now they can be seen making faces at each other.

Who are the pen and typewriter pair that spent two weeks in the mountains and failed to write to their fair friends of the 66th Precinct?

Who said Dave Gandolfi could not run? The boy is also a bit of a wrestler, catch-as-catch-can style. Good work, Dave.

Who expects an increase in the family soon? Hope it's twins.

Who has his shoes tailor-made in the Old Country? Keep still, Selig. Who has the photograph and the radio beat when it comes to talking? Now you keep still, Morarity.

Who is going to make that fatal march down the middle aisle in the near future?

Who is on the outs with his girl and taking it very hard? Never mind, pal, go fishing again. There is plenty of fish in the sea.

Who is the best carpenter in the Police Department? He says so himself.

Who likes the details to the "Bremen" and why?

Who spent his vacation in Florida and bragged so about the performance of his Chevrolet?

Who wanted time off for the time lost Primary Day and did he get it?

Who celebrates his 44th birthday Thanksgiving day? Hope you have many more, Dave.

Who celebrates his 30th birthday next Christmas? His dad saved money on Jim, the presents serving two purposes.

Who else is in the same fix as Jim? Why, Fred also celebrates his birthday next Christmas.

Who are the colorful detectives of the 66th squad? The Jewish team of Mo Ran and Max Gowan.

It is with tears in my eyes that this sad correspondent reports the beating administered to the ball team of this precinct, the 70th, by the 64th. It was a tough dose to take after a clean slate for two years. The game went eleven innings and our boys went down fighting. King, of the opposing nine, broke up the game with his second home run of the day. The final score was 70th Precinct 3; 64th Precinct 2.

Congratulations are in order for Patrolmen William Driscoll, John Murtha, Jack Healy and John Lynskey who were successful in their recent examination for Sergeant.

John Pierano has been telling Vito Luongo hair raising tales so as to save him the price of hair tonic.

A forerunner of the times, possibly denoting the repeal of the 18th Amendment, is the return of Beres after a sojourn at Rockaway Beach. Welcome home, "Big Boy".

One fine morning the Skipper was seen wearing a big smile. The reason was that within a period of ten hours, Patrolman Danny Rogan brought in 5 men charged with assault and robbery, and Patrolman Clifford Graham brought in a burglar assisted by "Happy" Al Tice. Nicc work, boys.

Can anyone tell why they call John Reed "Maiden Lips"?

Patrolman Charlie (Windy) Carr, of the 60th Precinct, is back from his vacation. The boys

greeted him with open arms, minus the nightsticks. Windy told the boys he spent his vacation touring the States; but his pal and comrad, Dan Maher, said he saw Windy around the 6th ward, his old neighborhood in Brooklyn. He also states that Windy spent a lot of time rowboating on the Gowanus Canal, and Dan, we have to believe you.

Patrolman Marko (Boom Boom) Coviello, is wearing that big grin again, the smile that won him fame with the Femmes of Brighton Beach. The reason is Marko is working post 7 again, and is he happy? Well, ask his side partner, Mr. Bailey.

Patrolman Charlie Stone has also returned from his vacation. Charlie did not go hunting unless it was for the girlie up at Saranac Lake that gave him the ozone. Never mind, Charlie, Canadian Nell still has a sneaky feeling for you.

Patrolman James Mustache Murphy is planning his vacation. Rumor has it he will take the fatal step with a dashing beauty from Toms River, N. J. This is a true love match, for anyone that can stand that mustachio is in love to the nth degree.

Patrolman James (Porkchops) O'Neil is dieting, he is now eating but 7 pork chops in place of the usual 8. Keep it up, Jim, and your figure will rival the million dollar one possessed by Marko Coviello.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. John Murray

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

Captain O'Connor should open a side show in the 76th Precinct with such characters as:

Walker, the rubber nose man....Hambrecht, he of the saucer lips....Williams, the two-gun cowboy....Briglio, the human mountain....Hope, Savetiere and Murray, the midgets....Heedles, the man with the ivory dome....McLaren, half man and half boy....Muldoon, half Scotch and half water....Carey and Fehrenback, the Siamese twins....Cal McCarthy, the outstanding comedian of the precinct. What a great side show they would make.

Patrolman Ballantyne, the muscle man, should brush his coat more often. He has enough dandruff on it to bread two veal cutlets.

Patrolman George Fehrenback's feet are so large he has to have his shoes built to order.

Patrolman Frank (Cheech) Scaramell has started on a hunger strike to force his wife to allow him to cash his own pay check.

Patrolman Smith, while in swimming, contracted what he calls water bugs, so he took his vacation to rid himself of the pests.

We welcome our new attendant, Big Gus Reinert, who stands 6 feet 5 inches tall. He is also a member of the famous Blue Club of Queens.

"Football" Freddie Walker, who weighs little more than a canary, claims he eats more than any man in the precinct. How about this, Jake Noll?

Lieutenant "Sailor" Berg is going to join the Polar Bears this winter and swim all year. Who wishes to join him?

Patrolman Shannon has been temporarily assigned to the Detective Bureau. He has proven his sleuthing ability by bringing in several known criminals.

Patrolman "Buffalo Bill" McCormack is now operating a Radio Car. There is hardly any room left on the seat of the flivver when he gets in.

Patrolman Joe Hill, the demon song writer, has been elected Mayor of Mill Island, down by the marshes.

Detective Moroney, of the Main Office Squad, Brooklyn, was told by Patrolman St. John, the patrol wagon driver of the 78th Precinct, that he was taking on too much weight. Moroney suggested a rowing machine that was on sale at Davega's. The "Saint" replied: "Who the hell would flood the house to use it?"

12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Chericich
69th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Hitz

PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

The members of the 67th Precinct extend their congratulations to David Fallon, 77th Precinct, upon his promotion to the rank of Sergeant. Dave, keep away from those R. F. & B. No. 19s; give the other boys a chance.

Patrolman Abe (pardon us, after October 10th it will be George) Spitz entered a whistling contest in a local theatre. He had to retire owing to the fact that his upper teeth left their moorings.

Patrolman Charles Blush, a former jockey, now out of practice, tried to mount a runaway horse. Result: Blush limping in and out complaining about his leg.

Patrolman Andrew Kelly is strutting around with his chest out. Same old story, a new addition to the family. His feet are bothering him at night now. The new arrival is a girl. Both Kellys are satisfied.

The secret is out. Old silver fox, Walter Askund, has went and given his gal a big solitaire. Congratulations, Walter, but on the other hand we think it was about time.

The team of Griffen and Robertson keep the 67th Precinct on the map. This time, through the efforts of these officers, a mother and three children were saved from the grave via the gas route. Keep it up, boys.

The Beau Brummels of Flatbush had better watch out, as our own dapper Owney Fox, of the 67th Precinct, is taking all the beauties on Flatbush Avenue under his wing.

The members of the 67th Precinct wish to welcome to our midst the new bosses, Sergeants Thomas Wilkinson and Joseph Motjenbacher.

Patrolman Frank "Calm and Cool" McCann, the only man in the 67th that can take it without getting sore.

Sergeant Louie Tagliani, the Mayor of Brentwood, L. I., asked for one day from his vacation, October 12th, to attend a funeral. Funny, that was Columbus Day and the Sarg is a Columbian in good standing. Can there be any connection?

Patrolman "Baby Face" Kane is taking unto himself a fair lady of the Benedict Klan. Lots of luck and may all your troubles be little ones.

13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Iro Goynor
79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Willis

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

De affair de odder nite at Pete Laws' wedding was great. De Irish, de Dutch and de Hightalians had a wonderful time, but de forgotten men headed by Abraham Lincoln Goldman spoiled the party when they started to criticize the Dutch.

Members of the 77th are delighted that the Honorable Eva Stillger is being transformed closer to the big tent. Watch out, Banculario, Annazetti, and last, but not before last, Patricia Curtain.

The feature of Pete Laws' wedding was when Cantor Bancalari and Barbercarlo De Foe sang, "When the Organ Played the Handle." They received an awful ovation, better known as the Bronx Cheer.

Congratulations are in order at the 79th Precinct for the boys who hit the list, namely: William Hauk, John Quaid, John Browne, James Cleary and George Mueller.

At the same time, Patrolman Ed. McGrover, the boy cop (35 years seniority) has enrolled at one of the local preparatory schools, preparing for the next Sergeants' examination.

Last but not least: What happened to Hendry's sub-division?

The "Three Musketeers," Patrolmen Rao, our clerical man, Thomas Hammil and Walter Grebner, took a choo-choo recently to the west coast and

visited Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Venice and Long Beach in California, and from there journeyed to the National Convention of the American Legion at Portland, Oregon. From all reports they had one swell time.

Sergeant Henry McCarthy recently was overheard asking the clerical man what form he should use to make application allowing him to do patrol sans a hat. He claims it looks collegiate and shows his wavy lock. Yes, I said lock.

What a sheik Big Tim O'Meara is. Not much on looks, but he has IT. The girls just love to see him go by.

The boys of the 1st and 2d Squads received a pleasant surprise the other night when they were invited down to Hank Smith's girl's house to sit at a big spread and help celebrate Hank's twenty years in the Department. Gus, the cave man, was the hit of the party, dancing with that big blonde.

Patrolman Max Bauersfeld, of the 81st Precinct, who was injured responding to a radio alarm, is convalescing at Trinity Hospital. All the members of the precinct wish him a speedy recovery.

Patrolman Thomas Hartman recently responded to a radio alarm and caught two colored men in the act of holding up a store at Fulton Street and Saratoga Avenue. Keep it up, Thomas, nice work.

Maurice Greewald, the Arab of the 81st, is busy repairing his tent for the coming winter. Awnings that have outlived their usefulness will be graciously received by Maurice at this precinct.

The 81st Precinct baseball team, after a very successful season, will bring it to a close by crossing bats with the Roosevelt Savings Bank team. The proceeds of the game will be used in aiding the unemployed of the precinct.

Patrolman Cipriano, while making a survey of the precinct unemployed, took advantage of the opportunity by soliciting new customers for his brother's ice business.

Congratulations to the Adonis of the 88th Precinct Patrol Wagon Operator Edward Freaun. We hear he is to be married to a wealthy widow. Is that the reason for the rose petal cream in your locker? Now don't hold out on us, Ed, for we are looking forward to a good time. Ed has taken on a Berry Wall appearance since shining up to the "Gal Friend." Good luck, Ed, but don't forget the story you told us about the first husband.

Another member of the 88th Precinct, Patrolman Hayes, has been observed looking at furniture on Fulton Street. We wonder if Arthur is going to come through with that long-threatened blowout when he steps off during his vacation.

Patrolman Joseph Brown slipped away on his vacation with his future battle ax. May all your battles be little cut ups, Joe.

Patrolman Walsh, alias "The Brute," has been trying to change his vacation in order not to return to work on Election Day. It is believed Christy is to take unto himself a colleen from up on the farm.

14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

90th Pct., Ptl. Emanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry V. von Hassel
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Members of the 87th Precinct take this opportunity to thank the members of our ball team for their remarkable showing in the season just closed. Our record stands with 39 wins and only 11 defeats, finishing with a percentage of 780.

Floyd Gibbons Aldrich, Home Run Bauer, Tee Bone Curran, George Clark, Adam Patchogue Doering, Old Man Goodman, Wallie Swede Gramberg, George Sergeant Gehr, Lefty Hanold, Schultz, Herrlitz, Matt Mull-yan Lyons, Mucha Torchy Kelly, Ice Man Machel, Priggy McCambridge, Lightning Pinell, Antique Andy Polchow, Biscuits Quinn, Laughing Harry Riel, Red Radlein, F. X. Risdell, Otho-Pathic

Renz, Clerical Bill Schwebel, John Baldy Smith, Robby Two Out Smith, Bill Silent Smith, Tiger Al Weiss.

And to each and every member of the 87th Precinct who made it possible to make such a showing by their ardent support, not forgetting our congenial Captain Billy Amman for his moral and financial support.

John Shannon, the love bird of the 94th Precinct, is counting every Thursday on the calendar. Congratulations will be in order right soon.

Tommy Vicat, Bobby Lind, Anthony Santa Maria and Tom Murphy are in Shannon's class. This will be a great year for proud daddies at the 94th Precinct. Good luck and best wishes to the Mrs.

Joe Kuefner and Sergeant Louis Wagner have qualified as fox hunters. Each has one catch to his credit.

Members of this command were sorry to see Sergeant Dick Austin transferred. One darn good boss lost to Greenpoint. Best of luck to you, Sarg.

Our outdoor cleanliness man, Patrolman Arthur Mahon, has done a swell job. Greenpoint is now a "Garden Spot."

Tony Walsh looks swell after spending a few weeks in the mountains. How's the Cookie, Tony?

15TH DIVISION

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Herman J. Manners

103d Pct., Ptl. August Burger
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egan

Since Herman Lammers (Pot Cheese) became a resident of Creedmoor (not an inmate) it is hard to hold him down. He is seen daily walking arm in arm with Cholly on the hospital grounds. (Some vacation.)

We will soon miss the figure of our general utility man, Joseph Eisenla, and our able delegate, Denis Sullivan, as they were seen looking over volumes of Strout's Agency Catalogue for a farm in the country. Any information in this respect will be greatly received by the above old timers. It must be cheap.

Since the last issue of this magazine, "Milkmaid Morf" has been going around looking for the man who put him on the spot. (The truth hurts Milkie.) A milkman was seen leaving his home, which is a good reason to believe that milk was delivered to his door. The Mrs. will now have to readjust the budget.

Since Neal Sullivan made the Sergeants' list he's been standing before a mirror practicing the proper way to return a salute. What a tough baby you will make.

Bert Hanson, the Hack Inspector, was seen coming from the station house the other day with that little black bag. He looks like a doctor.

Bill Cowden, the welfare officer, was seen with a new hat. Was this meant for the unemployed?

Herman Schramm, the dog man, was seen giving some advice to Lieutenant Wallace about his sick mongrel. The Lieutenant will soon be looking for a new dog.

Here's looking forward to a speedy recovery for our good friend, Sergeant Lockyer. We miss you, Sarge.

The Hearst movietone made George Koch a flattering offer due to the fact that he sees, hears and knows everything. What a man!

Sergeant John Feeley, of the 104th Precinct, is not only the "King Fish Sergeant," but he also knows his clams.

Sergeant James Sabatino refused to go "West" to the American Legion Convention. He said he did not believe Horace Greeley in that go "West" stuff, and, furthermore, his wife disapproved.

Patrolmen Lucaire and Sittig were given a great sendoff when they left for the coast. The "Dumwhite Band" of Ridgewood and the "Burgomasters" were both there at the depot.

The two members of the "Necker Squad" are telling the boys that they do their stuff well, and will get four other members to finish out the detail. Patrolmen Wolz and Roach certainly are good-looking "Rookies," and can make any "Corpse" look natural. They both are on the funeral squad.

Sergeant Best, while on a recent fishing trip in his worthy three-mast sloop, "Full of Holes," caught a fish that was all perspired from swimming so fast. Try and beat that one!

Sergeant Seymour, while on patrol inspecting signal boxes, observed a man in blue uniform leaning against a box. He shouted, "Does that bell ring? Is there a pad in that box?" The man in uniform turned around and said, "I'm a fireman, this is a fire box, not a police box."

Patrolman Roland's tailor has been complaining that since Roland came out on the Sergeants' list he has had to re-enforce all the buttons on his coat with wire, as the cotton wasn't strong enough to hold the increased expansion.

Patrolman Doherty was seen talking to the apartment house superintendent on his post. It is rumored that he is looking for a second-hand baby carriage.

Since Patrolman Klaukemeyer is the proud father of a bouncing baby girl, Patrolman Haber pesters him about buying a slightly used high chair. He claims he used it and that it's an antique.

16TH DIVISION

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio

111th Pct., Ptl. Reinhardt Schmidt
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

Jack Gerien has been observed coaching Feeny for the next Sergeants' examination, especially the rule as to the Sergeant's duty when he finds a patrolman off post, and to what the patrolman should do when he finds out the sergeant is looking for him. I bet he could get 100 per cent. for the latter part of the answer.

Patrolman Maloney is back after having taken the salt air cure at Rockaway for the summer. The stores in Bayside will soon put out the "For Rent" sign.

The eighth wonder of the world occurred recently. Jack Saywell asked the boys if they knew anyone requiring monetary aid.

Patrolman Jacobs seems to be getting back to himself lately, having been down in the dumps for awhile after the list came out. I guess Virginia is pampering a bit, so she won't lose him via the rope.

"Many are called but few are chosen" is Louis Barmonde's explanation for his third futile stab at the list.

Patrolman Dreschler's shoes are supposed to be the models used for the construction of the new ocean liner "Rex."

Gochel, the sausage man, was recently seen looking over Sergeant Martini's dog, but passed it up saying it was too battle-scarred from getting hit with rocks while dumping over garbage cans.

Patrolman Francis "Fat" Mooney is spending his first vacation in Florida under the palm trees, so as to save money on phone calls.

Detective Cornibert has been hit by the depression, and as a result he trotted out his fedora for the fifth season.

Patrolman Dan Healy, alias Dan McGrew, returned from his vacation to the West Side and brought back a quick-drawing holster a la Tom Mix.

Patrolman Schmidt, our attendant, has a lot to answer for. He caused Gates and Dugan to retire. They claimed he overworked them.

You can talk all you want to about artists, but you ought to see our Captain draw on a pipe.

Patrolman Treitler was back in his old game for awhile, out with an organ and monkey.

Sergeant Maskiel is overcoming the depression. He is increasing his corporation.

Something we all missed. Patrolman Draghi's wife trying to light the gas range with lipstick matches.

One would think Lieutenant Mutter was a native of California from the amount of raisins, nuts and grapes he eats.

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A. Patrolman William Mahr, known in the inner circle as "Snuffy," while on his way home on September 7, at 1:30 A. M., seemed to differ with a couple of gents who were holding up a bread man. After a short chase via foot and taxi, he landed one armed thug in ye "Green Lantern Inn." A few minutes later a radio car announced the presence of the other armed thug.

This makes our total 3 stickups, 5 men and 5 guns. No property lost, no one hurt; that is, outside of the bandits. Pretty good for Traffic "A"—No?

Say, Walter, that poem you sent in to us is a hum-dinger, but if you'll think back to about September, 1930, and look in that issue of the magazine, you will find that the poem was used then. Tell your village blacksmith to think up another one.

On September 17, Patrolmen Faity and Gibson, hearing the cry of holdup, chased two armed stickup men into a cellar on 14th Street, and after a battle royal (they looked it) persuaded them to give up peaceably the payroll they had in their possession. One of the guns showed the trigger had been pulled several times but failed to fire. Patrolman Gibson's wrist was hurt and he was off several days.

On September 26, Patrolman Schad (who does the reporting also) found time to capture an armed bandit making his escape from an attempted stickup on 6th Avenue. After disarming him of one he found the other gun which the bandit had left behind. A little persuasion made the bandit come along peaceably. Total results: 3 armed men, 4 loaded revolvers, nobody hurt (except three men's feelings) and all properties recovered. Let's hope they do right by us. And does our Captain like to hear of such doings? Huh, you're asking me?

This ought to give our new Sergeant, Francis X. Murphy, the famous cartoonist, a pretty good idea of the boys he's to work with. Come on, boys, on your toes, and let's hope he doesn't draw any cartoons of us.

Shades of "49"! Have you seen the covered wagon and trailer of Patrolman Weiss? He's going hunting soon. Oh, yeah? We're still waiting for those deer steaks he promised last year.

Has a certain party heard from "Bella Rose" yet? And is it a certain hairless gent from Woodside, known as Mac?

Is Patrolman Chevrett going to have a party in honor of his first year of retirement, or does his missus still say no?

Who was responsible for a certain sergeant to relieve Sergeant Kee while on vacation on the late tours—and what sergeant believes "silence is golden?"

B. Patrolman Michael Topf, the beau brummel of Centre Street and Tryon Row, and his pretty bride, Pauline Siegel, are receiving congratulations from all over the world. They are now on their honeymoon in Virginia, with the fighting marine, Patrolman Varcoe. The party is chaperoned by Mrs. Varcoe. Good luck, Mike.

Patrolman Frederick Bauer, alias "Herman," is open to congratulations on the arrival of a new baby girl; fighting weight, 12 pounds.

A welcome home party will be tendered to Sergeant Brady and Patrolmen Hoey, Crovo, Devaney, Conroy, Kemach, Sullivan, Mungo, Oswald and John-

son on their return from Coney Island to Manhattan. Peanuts and popcorn will be served, after which the party will be escorted by Lieutenant Patrick Crowley on a bicycle to Federal Hall, Bryant Park.

Patrolman Wilky Kosinsky, the well-known navigator of "B," went deep-sea fishing last Thursday, off the Banks, with his cronies, Patrolmen Henry Quinn and William Funke. A mess of skates was the total catch, but notwithstanding this a good time was had by all, especially Quinn, who has always had ambitions to join the marine division.

Patrolman Joseph Lyman is spending his vacation in Bermuda. Joe has promised the boys some choice onions and a steady post on his return.

Patrolmen Patrick Connolly and Heindrick Spaeth recently completed the construction of an 18-foot power boat in Connolly's cellar. They are now debating how to get the boat out of the place without raising the house.

Patrolmen Oscar Hettler, John Shanley, Francis Miller, Michael McCarthy, Timothy McAuliffe, James Hughes, Thomas Glenmon, Reuben Welsch, Paul Stobbe, Joseph Svce, John Glasser, Edward Brennan, William Scott, Karston Schlimmermyer, Michael Shea, Emil Wagner, Joseph Keegan, all members of the famous Hindenburg line on Lafayette Street, held their annual clam bake at Witzel's Grove last Sunday. Patrolman Shanley, master of ceremonies, declares it the best event in years, but complains that the clam shells were tough.

Patrolmen John Bartemk, Joseph Sommers and Maurice Shanahan, alias Faith, Hope and Charity, have their hats in the ring for the honor of leading Fum-Fum Lombardi's baseball team down Park Row to the Fulton Street "El." Lombardi's team has a record of 8 games played and 9 lost. No hits, no runs, no errors.

Patrolman Charles Figge, guardian of the pedestrian crossing at Bowery and Canal Street, is a strict vegetarian. Among his converts is Sergeant William Keating, who declares a carrot and string-bean diet "the healthiest thing in the world."

With surprise, the many friends of Patrolman Stephen Jurica learn that he is a chicken fancier. Thirty Rhode Island Reds gracefully strut the rear lawn of his home to the amusement of his neighbors. The suggestion that he play host with a chicken dinner was scornfully declined by Stephen, who wants it clearly understood that his pets are for show, not for sale nor slaughter.

C. Traffic "C" wishes to congratulate their 25 members on the Sergeants' list.

The Traffic "C" Head Hunters are inquiring daily as to the health of their superiors.

The League of Nations, known as the Special Summons Squad, consists of: 1 Burgermeister in charge—4 Mussolinis—1 Son of Abraham—10 Chermans—1 Hen Pecked Husband—1 Head Hunter—1 Go-for. The rest—"Yes Men."

Virginia Keeling, two months old, has superseded Mrs. Keeling as head of the Keeling household. She has the Lieutenant doing late hours, 60 minutes to the hour.

E. Patrolmen William Ehlers and James Sullivan were the outstanding heroes of Traffic Precinct "E" during the past week by their sensational pursuit and capture of three armed holdup men. It is reported that when the smoke and dust cleared away Bill and Jim calmly marched the bandits back to the 34th Precinct for safe keeping. "Fine work," said Deputy Inspector Meade as he warmly congratulated our pals.

Sergeant Dan Doyle is now No. 1 on the Lieutenants' list for promotion. No doubt Dan will be decorated with the Royal Order of the Gold Bar ere the next issue of SPRING 3100 is published. The entire personnel of Traffic "E" therefore take this

opportunity to extend to our beloved "King" our warmest felicitations and best wishes for his continued success.

Sergeant James Mohan is expected back to toil next week after a belated but ideal vacation in that happy hunting ground known as Prospect Park.

Patrolman Thomas Collins, who spent years regulating traffic at Fort Lee Ferry, recently left Traffic "E" to assist the magistrates in Traffic Court in upper Manhattan. Tom, we wish you good luck in your new undertaking. Incidentally, his sidekick, Joe Carroll, feels blue since Tom went away. Cheer up, Joe, we are going to assign that lovable character, Jerry O'Connor, to keep you company.

We are reliably informed that the Adonis summons man of "E," Patrolman Charles E. Fox, frequently visits New Jersey via the George Washington Bridge. The winter is fast approaching, Charlie, dear, and we strongly advise that two can live cheaper than one if they only save the bridge fare.

Patrolman Michael J. McDermott met with a slight accident, being knocked down by an 8th Avenue trolley car. Mike, the boys of "E" are rooting for your early return to duty. Incidentally, Mike is next in line for promotion to Sergeant. We sincerely hope that your illness will not interfere with the blessed event.

Since Patrolman Harry Correll got a new Ford he compels George Fitzpatrick to salute him. Don't worry, Georgie, it's a long lane that hasn't a turn.

2D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

G. Ptl. Gene McGuinness

H. Ptl. Narcisse Gervais

Traffic Precinct "G" is claiming the speed championship in capturing criminals. It took 11 minutes from the time a radio alarm was sent from the 40th Precinct until the perpetrators were apprehended by Patrolman Harry Hill at West Farms Square. Whoever informed these criminals that Police Broadcasts don't work near subways are in bad.

Patrolman John Leahy has such control of pedestrian traffic at 174th Street and Boston Road that they cross without signals.

Patrolman William Burke is out strong for the next examination. He expects to beat Sergeant Wilkin's lucky number seven.

Patrolman Charles Vepert is known as the "Piano Expert."

Patrolman Harry Rudman is wearing the smile that won't come off since he became Pistol Expert of his precinct.

Patrolman Walter Rooney has had a most enjoyable vacation and is still tanned up from Subpoenas.

Patrolman Henry Brown is singing "There is no place like home," since he's been dispossessed from his old post at Freeman Street and Southern Boulevard.

Patrolman Hugh Kohler is preparing to celebrate his 20th Anniversary at Mott Avenue and East 149th Street, and is still going strong.

The honors of Traffic "H" go to Edward Pfodenhauer and George Fenn for their safe position on the recent Sergeants' list.

Patrolman Pat Gettings is always near right about his days off. He is never more than three days out in calculation. If you doubt this ask Sergeant Tighe.

Patrolman John Pendergast was vexed recently when Sergeant Egan's bees got mixed up in his typewriter.

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

I. Ptl. James Kenney

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell

J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

L. Ptl. Harry Hughes

M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

Captain Hackett has returned some of our best patrolmen, and from their looks they all had a good summer of it. Welcome home and thanks, Captain.

Clerical Patrolman Hughes's new lullaby: "Men, men and more men." Oh why don't you behave, men.

The special election for delegate for the P. B. A. was a honey. Didn't know Bechtold had so many good points until after reading about him through his publicity manager.

Patrolman Neis, who was on the short side of the count, is to be commended for his good sportsmanship.

That fiery, innocent-looking delegate by the name of Rock, should be named Granite Rock when it comes to breaking him up in an argument.

Luttge (Bill) has discovered the waters of perpetual youth at Sea Isle City. Sorry, Bill, but all you can do is to look and not enjoy.

The staff of the Third District office heartily joins Traffic "L" in congratulating Captain Kenny upon his promotion.

We predicted in the August issue of SPRING 3100 that Bill Martin, of Traffic "J," was about to enter the state of Matrimony. Well, he has! The event took place on Sunday, October 9, 1932, down in Flatlands.

The boys gave Bill a bachelor supper and christened him "The Poor Sap."

Near-Sergeant Tom McWalters and Ed. O'Connell had a heated argument over who had the most hair.

Retired Detective Buck, Bill Martin's father-in-law, rendered several beautiful German ballads, assisted by Charlie Reidel, Gus Legge, Ruddy Faust and a Scotchman at the piano. John Clyne sang a pathetic number, "The Widow Brown's Domestic Animal," with Bill Callaghan at the piano... Frank Keliher was conspicuous by his absence but Joe Haack made up for the noise Frank would have made... Everyone had a heck of a time.

Now that the baseball season is over, John McCarthy, of Traffic "I," and Tom Harrington, of this office, have buried the hatchet. Tom still keeps picking on Ed. O'Connell, and Red the Rabid Robin Rooter seems to have lost his voice.

K. Can Dave Maune do tricks with his legs? Puts them around his neck and everything. With Big Sam Oldham walking on his hands we have the making of a good side show.

About time to hear from Hoenighausen, Knoble and Travis getting the bowling team together.

Jack Conefrey saw a bear on his vacation, chased a moose and shot a small squirrel. What a big-game hunter!

Is Louie Laut going to spring that John Gilbert topcoat on us this year?

L. Patrolman LoPresti: "Oh, gee, my name is in SPRING 3100 again. Can I buy some extra copies, Lieutenant, I want to send some to my people on the other side?"

Retired but not overlooked or forgotten, Robert J. Dixon. The best of luck to you, and may you enjoy your well-earned fruits of long and faithful service to the city and your side partners.

Matt Craven, custodian of the basement and sub-basement, has just wakened to the fact that all he is is a Mat as far as the widow is concerned. MORAL—Don't take your friends around to tea.

Members of Traffic "L" wish to congratulate Captain Martin Kenny upon his promotion and wish him the best of luck.

4TH DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. WILLIAM P. KEARNS

N. Ptl. John H. Westervelt

O. Ptl. Edward T. McKenna

P. Ptl. Thomas E. Sheedy

Paddy Coleman defeated his clansman, Sergeant John Coleman, in a hard-fought 18-hole golf match. Both of these boys are very good and desire matches on their home course, the Fresh Meadow Club.

The Paramour can't take it... "Moth Ball" Billy

Beck is substituting for Tom Dugan. And what a substitute!

Jack Howell, the crooning minstrel, is leaving for Pittsburgh immediately after the show. Going around the world again.

Teddy Brenneis has been observed wearing dark glasses.

Ralph Kaufman is falling away to a ton....Eddie Townsend should have a hat to match the green sweater.

Phil O'Brien, the new sensation on the R. K. O. hour, is now coaching Allen Murphy.

MIDTOWN SQUAD

PTL. JAMES J. WELDON

Lester Cornelius Dwyer is the latest one of this command seen filling out a "change of social condition," thereby adding one more good man to the ranks of married men. We extend best wishes to Patrolman and Mrs. Dwyer.

Patrolman Pfant also conceived the bright idea that two can live as cheaply as one. He'll find out! However, congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Pfant.

Patrolman John O'Brien displays much curiosity regarding the wedded state as evidenced by his cross examination of the newly married men, which leads us to the belief that he is contemplating matrimony in the near future. Don't say we didn't warn you, John.

Patrolman Flaherty has all the bootblacks on West 42d Street dizzy from running around cars and up the library steps, etc.

Patrolman Tate is anxiously looking forward to his vacation, and he tells us confidentially that he intends to take a trip to Lake Placid for the winter sports. Bronx Park is also a nice place, Francis.

Patrolman Lennox was overhead the other day asking, "Where is post 1 and 1/2 of 2?" Foolish question No. 9876453.

Edward Boyle, Jr., the Department's worst checker player, takes consolation in the fact that he was successful in trimming Patrolman Preston.

Patrolman (Steeplechase) McDonald was roundly abused by a motorman the other morning. For further particulars he will explain upon request.

The motorists on Fourth Avenue complain that the glare from the buttons on Patrolman Krebs' uniform shines in their eyes and they cannot see the traffic lights. Freddie tells us that his wife keeps him looking cleaned and pressed.

Patrolman Podraza was bitten by a dog the other day and the dog died. Pat must be a tough man.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

A trifle late, but worth repeating. Congratulations to the boys who made good on the Sergeants' list from the License Bureau. Patrolmen William Geise, Walter Harkins, Joseph J. D'Azevedo, George Wilson, Patrick Coleman, Frank Robb, William Reilly, James Costello and Clinton Townsend. Well, fellows, lots of luck and hope that we'll soon be extending the salute to each one of you.

What's this story about Patrolman John Higgins of the Boiler Squad and the two bucks?

Patrolman Charles Brown left on his vacation and we hope he has a good time. Charles is noted for his keen memory.

Patrolman Isadore Nathanson, of the Drivers' Bureau, has joined the veterans, having completed his 25 years' service in the Police Department. Congratulations, Nat.

Patrolman James Hughes, while on his way to

Rumson, New Jersey, to spend a few days, left a package containing two dozen bottle caps on the train. Now what was Jim doing with those caps in the first place? Something must have been brewing in his mind.

6TH DET. DIST.

DET. CORNELIUS J. BROWNE

Detective John Anderson, 23d Squad, has just returned from his vacation, and has rejoined his team mate, Omar Ames, better known as AMOS & ANDY. It is rumored that Detective Anderson had his clothes stolen somewhere in the State of Tennessee, and has had a general alarm sent out to arrest and apprehend anyone seen wearing boys' clothes that look like a detective outfit. We are awaiting replies.

Acting Captain Louis Hyams is on a cruise down to South America on his annual vacation. We hope he enjoyed it immensely.

Acting Lieutenant Battle's introduction of his boys: "Fellows, I want ya to meet my BOYS." Lieutenant Battle is in charge of the radio car.

I have been wondering what Detective Frank Spottke, 28th Squad, was doing walking up and down 125th Street between Lexington and Park Avenues with the sandwich sign over his back. What restaurant are you working for, Frank; give the unemployed a chance.

Well, we saw Detective George Lane of the 25th Squad going into a baby store buying baby clothes. I wonder if he will call it George.

Detective Peter Golemboski, 25th Squad, alias the Dove, who is one of those rural sleuths, spent his vacation up on the farm, and is now distributing a price list of what onions are selling for.

Detective Mansfield, 23d Squad, who now controls Prudence bonds and other securities, is still a big-hearted gentleman. He gives Jean, the coffee sergeant, a penny and tells him it is the new red dime.

Detective William B. Caputo, 23d Squad, has finished his 25 years in this department, and is talking about organizing a Police Department in Centreport, L. I. Hello, Chief Bill.

15TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. AL. WING

The members of the 104th Precinct Detective Squad have formed an Athletic Association under the able guidance of Detective Isaac Jacob, and are training daily in a strenuous manner....Detective Jacob is out on the golf links at St. Albans and reports doing well....Detective Hughes is strolling over the hills at Hackettstown, N. J., and being of "Silent Nature" does not give any idea about his condition....Detective Kavanagh is spending his spare time wrestling so that he cannot be caught off guard when he is called upon to face Jim Londres....Detective Jeffries spent his time pulling his motorboat on and off the beach....Detective Williams is busy playing tennis for grace and form, while McCann and McElligott ride horses. The above-named youngsters expect to form a "Polo Team" and have challenged the 106th Detectives to a match....Detective Boyman, the 106th "Beau Brummel," has accepted. The horses and carousels at Bergen Beach have been dusted off so that the teams will meet in neutral territory....Detectives Schuchman and Whitton have been seen often lately in the swimming pool of the Grover Cleveland High School. Boy, oh boy, what a change has come over this squad.

EMERGENCY SQUAD, No. 5 SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Uncle "Lally" Cudahy is going around giving youngsters advice on how to become policemen. Well, "Lally" is the boy who can teach anyone the intri-



cacies of this profession. Yonkers Gazette please copy.

If that watch keeps coming out of Eddie Pasco-cella's pocket much longer he'll wear the gold right off. Wonder what makes him keep looking at the time so often?

Patrolman Cogan, the cop with the perpetual smile, was in very high spirits at a recent gathering. Don't let this happen too often, officer.

"Kabbibble" Savage was seen at the Bronx Zoo recently. He was trying to take a few stripes off a zebra so he could put them on his sleeves. The depression did this.

Rumor has it that there's going to be some swell party in this squad very soon.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 6 PTL. LEO SHEVLIN

Charley Mohler, who has taken numerous prizes for his literary efforts in SPRING 3100, can be found most any evening folded up near the radio getting some first-hand tips on crime detection from Doctor Watson and Sherlock Holmes. Look out, Charlie, that you don't get a cauliflower ear from massaging the loud speaker.

Mike Degnen suspects intrigue in the squad room these days. It seems every time a point of discussion arises Mike finds himself with his back to the wall and fighting off five or six of the boys. (Of course verbally.)

Mike says that if he ever becomes a boss there will be plenty of compliments handed out.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 8 PTL. JAMES A. SPARROW

(Hospital Scene—Patient all swathed in bandages.) "All I did, doctor, was to ask Bill Dudley to sign a paper, that's all I remember."

Since "Peachy" Weiss came back to the city his flivver breathed a sigh of relief.

The big navy men, Mills and Land, are still ragging each other. Must be professional jealousy.

Mike Hartling, the cold-hearted commissary man, is in the Adirondacks about this time in company with Mr., Mrs., and the little Bob—hunting deer. . . . Tell us about the time the big hunter killed the porcupine, will you, Bob?

Patrolman Lamb still thinks that Patrolman Charles Raphael fixed that gas leak in the telephone.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 20 PTL. GEORGE GAULER

It has always been a mystery why Gauler admires Sea Gulls. He has taken up deep-sea diving. Pity the poor gulls now.

Two of our horseshoe players, Eddie (Pin Head) Delvin and John (Western Union) Ulrich, received a challenge from those two gallant players of M. C. No. 3 to a contest. The challengers are Charles (Alice) Quirk and Little Georgie (Pop-Eye) Cornell.

The 20th Squad handball players are open to any challenges from any other truck champs. Kindly get in touch with our manager, Charlie (Cheese-cake) Martin.

All the boys are interested in Kelly's hat. (Get out the oars.)

Our ALFIO is in secret training for the old men's walking contest.

Bill Colberg is still the best tomato grower in this section. Ask Dan Daly.

Tom (Father Time) Connelly found out how to get rid of baldness. Rotzman told him to stop quarreling with the cook.

Since the "Boss" Mulligan returned from his vacation, Geen hasn't so much to say.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2 PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

We notice of late that George Lindsay and Acting Captain Miller have put on a lot of excess fat due to the iron horse they ride around in. Our advice to them both is to alternate with the iron horse (Ford) and the real horse every four hours if they want to keep in trim.

Now that the season at Barren Island has ended, Morris Schaefer is an authority on Tents. If in doubt ask Goo Goo Gaines.

Among those who returned from C. I. was Gasolene Deinhardt and Loving Cups Williams. Incidentally, Williams announced the arrival of a blessed event. Congrats, Pete.

Bill McNally, the golden-haired hunter of 2-F, is preparing for the deer hunts. Bill, as you know, never misses!

Frank Grace is all set for his hunt, but for a different kind of dears.

Sergeant Joe Henry was seen looking through the lockers for the fellow with the green hat. Joe is looking for the gold bar.

The boys of E. N. Y. extend their congratulations to their old buddy, GENIE Rooney, upon his becoming a proud papa.

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1.

Patrolman Eddie Heffernan's happy bachelor days are numbered, we hear, and it won't be long now before he takes it gracefully on the chin to the tune of Mr. Mendelssohn's beautiful Faretheewell March. Eddie has at last made up his mind that a cook at home is worth six in the cafeteria, and for nearly four years now has been grooming a certain very pretty model for the job. She's a gorgeous red head, he confides, with a temperamental leaning and a form divine—or something like that.

THE CHIEF INSPECTOR'S CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM.



Left to right: 9, John Smith, Manager; 2, Tommy Fay; 1, Walter Brummerhop; 3, Walter Mooney; 7, Steve Whalen; 8, Tom Mooney; 6, Sam Goldhuber; 5, Tommy Randals; 4, Bill Burke; 10, John Gilligan.

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolman John E. Meenan, 18th Precinct, while on patrol at about 4.30 A. M., Sept. 4, observed four men standing on the corner of 49th Street and 10th Avenue, one of whom, Bernard Leahy, a notorious criminal with a long record, answered the description of a man who earlier in the morning had discharged a revolver in front of 425 West 53d Street. As the officer approached with revolver drawn Leahy attempted to draw his own weapon. Another of the quartette then got behind Leahy and, using him as a shield, fired at the officer, who promptly returned the fire killing the man instantly and seriously wounding Leahy.

Detectives James Lynch and Francis X. McLaughlin, 23rd Squad, were assigned on August 25th to investigate the disappearance from an apartment at 1100 Park Avenue of jewelry valued at \$975, together with a quantity of foreign coins. A searching investigation led to the arrest on Sept. 19 of Cornelius Haggerty, an elevator operator employed in the building, who admitted having looted the apartment with the assistance of a confederate who was also arrested and likewise admitted his guilt. A search of the homes of the two men resulted in the recovery of the stolen property together with the loot obtained in several other burglaries to which they also admitted.

BRONX

Patrolman John J. McDonnell, 44th Precinct, while on patrol at about 11.30 P. M., September 3rd, was notified that there were four men loitering in a suspicious manner on Burnside Avenue, between Grand and Davidson Avenues. Hurrying to the scene he met Patrolman Franklin Oliver, also of the 44th Precinct, and from the shelter of a darkened hallway they observed four men approaching whose coat pockets bulged suspiciously. With revolvers drawn the officers intercepted the men, lined them up against a wall and found each with a loaded revolver in his possession. Further investigation by detec-

tives of the 44th Squad disclosed that the four men were on their way to hold up a card game. A taxicab driver and another man named as accomplices were also placed under arrest. Five of the prisoners have previous criminal records.

BROOKLYN

Patrolman Emanuel Uhfelder, 90th Precinct, while on motor patrol duty at about 10.45 A. M., September 20th, observed a man running with a hammer in his hand from an apartment building at 358 Flushing Avenue. The officer immediately gave chase, overtook and subdued the man after a severe struggle, and upon returning with him to the premises, found that the prisoner had just assaulted and seriously wounded with the hammer a woman tenant whom he attempted to rob of \$5,000, and had likewise assaulted another tenant while making his escape.

QUEENS

Patrolmen Daniel McAlevy and William J. Quinn, 110th Precinct, while on radio motor patrol duty at about 4.06 A. M., Sept. 25, received an alarm that a woman had just been held up at revolver point in front of her home at 3719 93rd Street, Jackson Heights. The officers obtained a description of the bandit and ten minutes later arrested at 89th Street and 34th Avenue a man who answered the description and who was afterwards identified by the complainant as the man who had committed the crime. The prisoner was armed with a .32 calibre revolver containing two exploded and four unexploded shells.

Detective Charles Malley, 112th Squad, was assigned on Sept. 9th to investigate a holdup by three armed men in a store at 6018 Clinton Avenue, Maspeth. Intelligent and persistent investigation resulted a few days later in the identities of the perpetrators becoming known, and their arrest on Sept. 15. Detective Malley was assisted in this case by Detectives Edward Hatrick and Francis Farley, also of the 112th Squad.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

Stabbed and killed Bernard Kroll, at 399 Blake Avenue, Brooklyn, on March 20th, 1932.



**MORRIS FOX, aliases
CURLEY MORGAN and AL MORGAN**

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 6 feet, 170 pounds; blue eyes and blond hair. Has a remodeled nose that is distinctive. An amateur boxer and may be located at a fight club.

WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap, 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**ARTHUR LOFFREDO, alias
EDWARD LOFFREDO**

DESCRIPTION—31 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 194 pounds; brown eyes; black wavy hair; stocky build; dark complexion; clean shaven. 2d Pct.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT AND ROBBERY



**HUGO WILLGEROD
aliases HUGHIE WILLS and HUGH J. WILLIS**

DESCRIPTION—36 years; 6 feet 2½ inches; 176 pounds; blue eyes; chestnut hair; natty dresser. 17th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER

Stabbed and killed Bernard Kroll, at 399 Blake Avenue, Brooklyn, on March 20th, 1932.



MEYER FOX

DESCRIPTION—Age, 26 years; 5 feet 6 inches, 145 pounds; black eyes and hair. Neat dresser.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.

Spring 3100

NOVEMBER 1932



Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

VOLUME 3

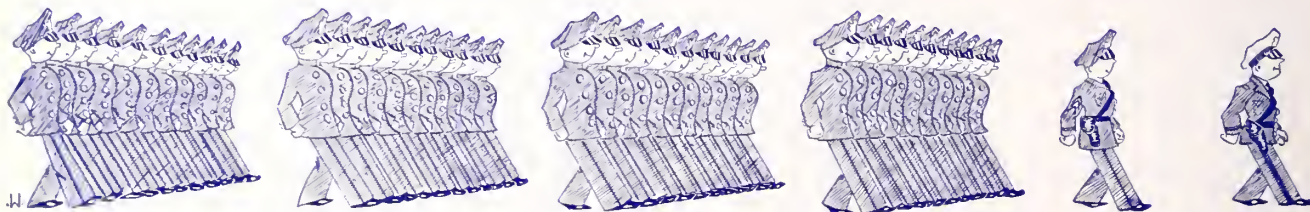
NOVEMBER, 1932

NO. 9

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorially Speaking



King for a Day



WELL, dear fellow members of our club, here we are right smack in the middle of the Thanksgiving month with turkey down to a new reasonable low, and tomatoes and potatoes cheaper. We wouldn't know whether this was the right time to fall in love as the song goes, but anyway it should be a pretty easy rejoicing time with the Democratic landslide just around the corner, and beer and light wines and prosperity ahead.

Perhaps it isn't quite proper to speak of this with Thanksgiving or rejoicing, but the big boss is going to eat his Thanksgiving dinner in Italy, and we must say we hope it is a good one. We are certain at any rate that it will be a happy one, since Mrs. Mulrooney and the Misses Helen and Elizabeth Mulrooney are with him, and furthermore it's his first vacation in nearly three years. The Commissioner will as always have the work of the Department foremost in his thoughts, for his final words on the eve of sailing were:

"I certainly hope everything will be quiet until I get back."

Shortly before the Commissioner sailed, he sent to Mr. Lewis W. Fehr, Editor-in-Charge of the New York American Christmas and Relief Fund, three checks, aggregating the sum of \$6,508. This total represents the contribution made by members of the Police Department to that newspaper's annual Christmas Relief Fund, and we hope that everyone will digest his Thanksgiving dinner better when he thinks of how many needy people will be helped by this generous gift.

The members of the Department, in addition to contributing so generously to the aforementioned worthy cause, have also given liberally to the American Red Cross Fund. The figures for the latter gift are not yet available as this issue of "SPRING 3100" goes to press, but we are confident that they will equal the splendid record of former years.

The entire Department was saddened by the sudden death on October 25th of our veteran and well beloved Chief Clerk, Grant Crabtree, who was stricken with an attack of apoplexy and died instantly. This efficient official hid beneath a brusque manner and a pungent form of speech one of the kindest and most sympathetic personalities we have ever encountered. He never refused a favor which he could properly grant, and he will be sincerely mourned by countless numbers of friends both in and out of the Department.

As The Trucks Roll Along

By ACTING LIEUTENANT RICHARD A. FENNELLY, *Safe and Loft Squad*
Police Academy Lecturer on the Stealing of Trucks and Merchandise and Allied Thefts

HIGHWAYMEN



A TRUCK laden down with imported perfumes, the shipment being intended for sale as Christmas presents to gladden the feminine heart, pulls away from a North River pier. The driver had guided his vehicle only a few blocks in the direction of his firm's warehouse, when he is stopped by a traffic signal.

The time is late afternoon of a day early in December, and although the wide street is usually teeming with traffic, it now looks deserted and gloomy as its empty stretches fade away in the gray twilight. As the driver reaches for his gear shift, men spring from the shadows on either side of the truck and the new pair press pistols against the side of the truck driver and his helper. "Do as we tell you," snarls one of the armed men, "or it will be the last ride for you and your buddy."

The driver is then forced to steer his truck into a dark, narrow, and little-frequented side street, where one of his captors orders a halt. The driver and the helper are then ordered to sit on the floor of the rear compartment of a big black limousine, which, with an armed guard sitting beside the driver in the front seat and another sitting on the rear seat, starts away.

Four hours later, the truck driver and his aide rush breathless into a station house in one of New York City's outlying precincts and hurriedly tell their story. The specialists of the Safe and Loft Squad who also deal with such cases of truck thieving are quickly notified and the usual alarm is sent out. The driver and his helper are taken to the scene of the robbery and the crime re-staged. It is needless to say that the black limousine had not been gone many



seconds before other members of the gang of thieves had driven off with the stolen truck and its load of perfume.

As a result of the alarm which was issued, the stolen truck was soon located, but it had been stripped of all its contents. Not long afterwards a truck was found abandoned and the detectives decided, after a minute examination of the vehicle, that it was the one in which the stolen goods had been placed when they were taken from the original truck and that in the second vehicle they had been transported to a building known as a "drop," which is really the storage place for thieves' loot.

Further examination of the second truck, which, in the language of the underworld is known as the "switch" truck disclosed a rung which is an instrument used by truckmen to unload cases or barrels from their trucks. The rung had been painted with lampblack, but a persistent and shrewd detective removed the lampblack with benzine and found beneath it the name of a corporation. Officials of this corporation (it was a trucking concern) were interviewed and it was found that the rung had been lost from one of their trucks. However, the officials did not know when or in what manner the rung had been lost and, while willing and eager to help the detectives, seemed to think they had no information pertinent to this case.

The detectives persisted nevertheless in their inquiries and learned from the trucking concern officers where they garaged the trucks. The detectives went to the garage and questioned its owner and his employees, but obtained no information. The detectives returned again at midnight and questioned the night man in charge of the garage and their persistence was at last rewarded.

The night garage man recalled that the "switch" truck had been placed in his garage one night and had been driven away in the morning without its driver paying the storage charge. When the night



Switching the loot

man sought the person to whom the license plates for this truck had been issued so that he might collect the storage money, he found that the plate holder was unknown at the address he had given. The detectives made inquiries at the address of the plate holder and, although they found no one living there under the name given by the plate holder, they did find that a truck thief with a lengthy record resided at that address.

The skill shown by the specialist detectives was again displayed at this point in the case. Instead of immediately arresting the truck thief, as inexperienced detectives might have done, the investigators kept him under surveillance and three days later trailed him to a "drop" on Long Island, where the detectives suspected the stolen goods had been stored. One of the detectives then remained to keep watch on the warehouse so that the goods could not be removed, while the other continued to trail the thief. A raid made on the warehouse that night resulted in the recovery of the entire truck load of stolen goods, while another raid, made some miles away, resulted in the arrest of the thief.

The prisoner was identified by the owner of the warehouse as the man who had hired space for the storage of the goods and he was also identified by another warehouse employee as the man who drove the "switch" truck to the "drop" and unloaded it. The night garage man also identified the prisoner as the driver of the "switch" truck and, with all of this evidence against him, he was convicted, although the driver of the perfume truck had never seen him. The court imposed a severe sentence and the stolen goods were restored to their owners.

This is merely an example of the manner in which truck thieves do their work and of the skillful way by which the detectives outwit them. The men of the special squad handling cases of truck thievery must be especially watchful during the Christmas season, for while the hearts of most of us are filled with good-will at that time, it is during the holiday season that the truck thief is especially busy looting department store wagons. Trucks containing furs

are usually stolen in the fall and winter months, while those containing silks are looted in the spring and summer season.

There is even a time of day in which the truck thieves generally work. Trucks containing butter and eggs have their contents stolen early in the morning, when they are parked near restaurants and hotels. The trucks from the piers and shipping offices are attacked in the late afternoon, when everyone is hurrying to get home and usually attending strictly to his own business.

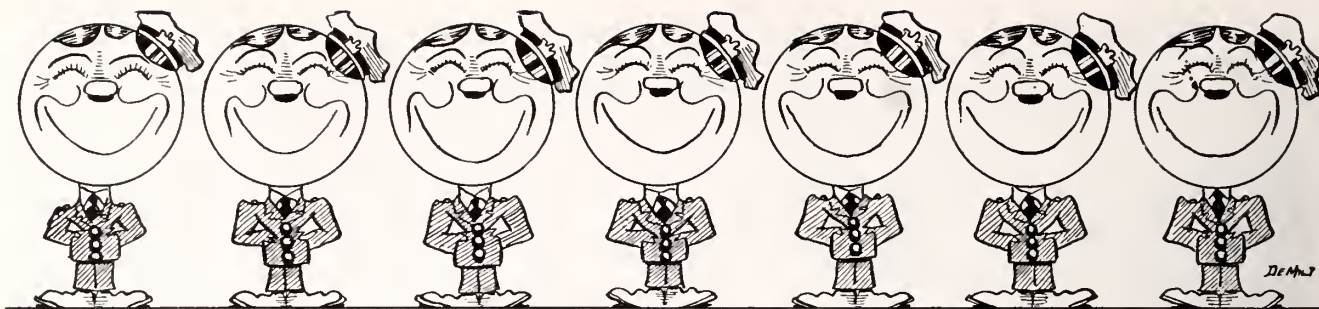
The thieves who specialize in stealing trucks with their contents or the contents alone, vary in age from boys of 16 to men of 45 or so. Most of them have at one time been truck drivers or helpers, and they all have of necessity a fair knowledge of the methods of shipping and handling freight and other merchandise. Most of them when not actually engaged in committing a robbery spend their time in lunch rooms, garages or other places frequented by truck drivers. The thieves form acquaintanceships with the drivers and learn from them the various kinds of merchandise which they transport, the street routes they follow and other valuable information.

The thieves who operate around the city usually work in groups of four or five, while along the piers, and around shipping offices, they may operate singly or in pairs. One of them is usually rigged out like a truckman, having a jumper and apron on with a cotton hook around his neck. This thief, who is a driver, is known as the worker or jumpman.

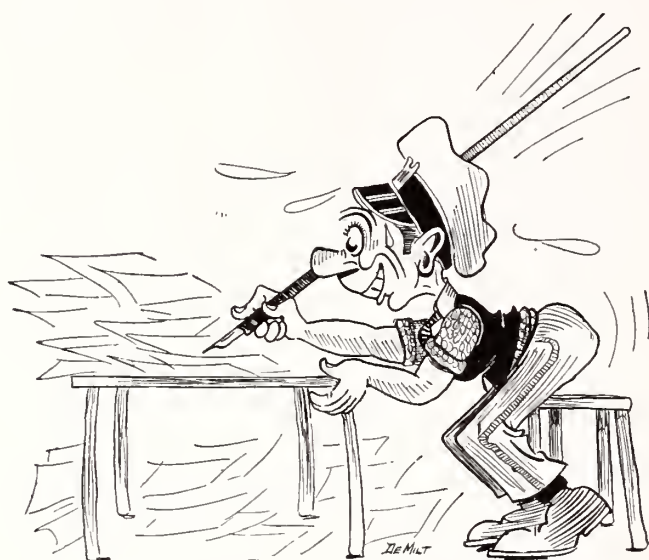
Besides the first method I described, that of kidnapping the driver and his helper from a truck and holding them captive in an automobile for four or five hours, so that the truck may be unloaded and abandoned before the police are notified, there are several other well defined ways in which this class of thieves operate.

One of the most usual is to drive off with a truck which may have been left standing almost in front of the lunch room in which the driver is eating. The thieves, who have probably been trailing this truck for some time, have thoughtfully placed a couple of

(Continued on page 18)



The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Morrell E. Davis, Crime Prevention Bureau

2d Prize, \$10—Sergeant John B. Morrell, Emergency Squad 8

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Sergeant Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "A."

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.

Patrolman Anton Svoboda, 23d Precinct.

THE RULES

Each month, **SPRING 3100** will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Answers must be received by the Managing Editor not later than December 8th.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

FOR THANKSGIVING

A Lovable Vagabond.....	PTL. CHARLES HARROLD	Cover
Editorially Speaking		3
As the Trucks Roll Along		
ACTING LIEUTENANT RICHARD A. FENNELLY		4
The Prize Winners.....		6
Police Fliers Save Two Lives.....		7
The Tip-off—1st Prize Short Story		
PTL. MORRELL E. DAVIS, Crime Prevention Bureau		8
Reading the Minutes.....	Old Man Sunshine	10
Police Horses Win Ribbons at Show.....		14
2,000 Children Made Happy.....		14
Wanted by Radio—2d Prize Short Story		
SERGEANT JOHN B. MORRELL, Emergency Squad 8		15
The Police Academy		
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL		17
Sports.....	PTL. JOHN LENA	20
Pistol Team Annexes More Championships.....		21
Looking 'Em Over.....		23

POLICE FLIERS SAVE TWO STUDENTS



Patrolmen Friedman and Harkins—intrepid airmen

ANOTHER notable achievement was added to the splendid record of the Police Air Service Division on October 30th, when Patrolman Quelle Friedman, pilot, and Patrolman Frank Harkins, mechanic observer, saved two Yale students, William W. Barksdale, Jr., and Henry C. Rowland, Jr., from a watery grave in Upper New York Bay.

Mr. Barksdale who is 20 years old and lives in Clarksville, Tennessee, and Mr. Rowland who is the 19-year-old son of Henry Cottrell Rowland, author, of Washington, D. C., were week-ending in New York when they decided to view the city from the air. They hired a two-passenger Waco plane at Floyd Bennett Field from its owner, Milton Oscher of 163 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn. Barksdale who is a private pilot took the controls, and Rowland settled

into the passenger's cockpit for the sightseeing air trip.

The students had flown only a short distance when, at an altitude of 3,000 feet, the motor of the Waco stalled. Barksdale with great coolness looked for an available landing place, but could find none and decided to set his plane down in the Upper Bay opposite 69th Street, Brooklyn. The Waco is a land plane and although Barksdale handled it skillfully, it immediately nosed over on striking the water and the occupants were thrown out.

However, Patrolmen Friedman and Harkins, who were on air patrol in the Police Department's airplane P.D.-1A, had observed that the Waco was in difficulty. They followed it down to the water, and 10 or 15 seconds after the land plane had submerged, the Police Department's Loening amphibian roared alongside. At this time there was a strong tide and a choppy sea, whipped up by the 22-mile gusty wind which was blowing.

Despite these difficulties, Patrolman Friedman skillfully maneuvered the Police plane alongside the submerged land ship. Patrolman Harkins came out on the wing and drew Barksdale out of the water, and then aided Rowland to get on the wing also. The combined weight of the men partly submerged the wing of the Loening, so Patrolman Friedman quickly ran out along the opposite wing, counterbalancing the ship and preventing it from capsizing. After the rescue, Patrolman Friedman flew the students to the Police Air Base at North Beach, Queens, where they were provided with warm clothing and hot coffee. The wrecked plane was towed to the foot of 69th Street, Brooklyn, by a Marine Division launch.

On the day after the accident the Police Commissioner received a letter from the Yale students which said:

"We owe our safety to the watchfulness and skill in maneuvering their ship under adverse weather conditions, which the two patrolmen showed.

"We hope that this account will help to show the value of the service that was rendered us."

Patrolmen Friedman and Harkins have been recommended for Departmental recognition because of the splendid rescue.

GREATER N. Y. POLICE POST INSTALLATION

COMMANDER JOHN D. TRACY of the Greater New York Police Post No. 1999, Veterans of Foreign Wars, was inducted for his second term of office at the post's annual installation of officers held Wednesday evening, November 16th, at the club-rooms, K. C. Club-Hotel, Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue. The impressive, colorful services were conducted by Arthur Ladd, New York State Senior Vice-Commander. The post was organized in 1930, with ex-Police Captain Daniel J. Prendergast as commander. A collation, entertainment and dancing followed the installation.

Those installed were: Commander, John D. Tracy; Senior Vice-Commander, Francis J. Quigley; Junior

Vice-Commander, William R. Waters; Quartermaster, Robert S. McAllister; Adjutant, Joseph Colombo; Post Advocate, Herbert Balser; Chaplain, Joseph A. McCaffrey; Officer of the Day, George B. Freer; Patriotic Instructor, Joseph Gerardi; Post Historian, Abraham Stern; Sergeant Major, Patrick E. Murphy; Quartermaster, Henry T. Schmidt; Guard, William C. Seubert; Sentinel, August Tierro; Color Bearers, George W. Perkins, John Horan and Charles W. Carr; Bugler, Adalbert Melichar; Trustee, David McFadden.

The post meets monthly on the first Monday at the K. C. Club-Hotel, Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue. Heretofore it met in the Trial Room at Headquarters.

The Tip-Off

By PATROLMAN MORRELL E. DAVIS, *Crime Prevention Bureau*
First Prize, Short Story Contest

THE patrolman grasped the arm of a small grey-clad figure which had come, slipping and sliding, from the semi-darkness of a nearby doorway. Jerry struggled for a moment to keep his feet on the icy pavement, then looked down into a wide set pair of gentle grey eyes.

Gently supporting the thin figure, Jerry strode toward a towering hulk of a man, who stood smiling evilly at the couple as they approached him.

"What's the trouble?" the patrolman asked sharply.

"Guess I'm able to run me own household," the big man answered.

The woman interrupted hesitantly. "It—it's all right, officer. I—I can m-manage now."

The big man glared at the officer.

"Don't get ideas, Tarzan," Jerry warned.

The big man buttoned his huge overcoat and shuffled slowly down the street, finally disappearing into the swirling mists of the storm.

The woman critically surveyed the strong face before her and nodded her head approvingly.

"Where do you live, ma'am?" Jerry asked.

She named an address a few doors beyond Jerry's post. He guided her gently along the slippery street, patiently awaiting the story.

"We had a wonderful home once," she began. "but Jeff mixed with a fast crowd. I was uneasy, and put away most of the money that he showered upon me. The inevitable crash came. He salvaged what he could and left me to face a horde of creditors. By careful management, I have been able to keep going, but I was not expecting to be found by him again."

As the simple story ended, the woman paused before a neat looking apartment building, and turned to the officer.

"I thank you so much," she spoke with fervor, adding gently, "and may God bless you."

Jerry looked down into the sad, wistful face which had been prematurely aged by sorrow and broken dreams.

"Don't you worry," he told her, "I'll be looking after you."



He turned away, his eyes blinking rapidly; there was a lump in his throat.

Reaching his post, Jerry stepped into the friendly shelter of a doorway to escape the biting wind. Somehow the memory of that gentle old lady haunted his thoughts. His own mother had passed on while he was quite young, and he realized now,

more than ever, how empty his life had been without the care and guidance of a mother. He made up his mind to visit the home of this wonderful old lady, and do what he could in order that some of her dreams might be realized in her declining years.

Jerry stepped from the protecting shadows of the doorway into a biting wind, whose icy blasts had driven most of the pedestrians from the streets. The patrolman glanced at his wrist watch. It registered 11:30 P. M.

A final inspection before 12, and another tour would be safely left behind.

Jerry walked briskly toward the upper end of his post, stepping in and out of deep entrances. He was "trying doors" and peering searchingly into the dim recesses of faintly lighted stores for uninvited visitors.

Reaching the end of his post, Jerry turned and faced the tall figure of Tony Jerome coming across the street toward him. Tony, the square shooter, the "right guy"; big, smiling, jovial Tony. Once



The big man glared at the officer

Jerry had listened to the legends woven about this glamorous character with a glow of pride. Tony had been his idol. And now . . .

It had happened nearly a year ago. The word had been passed to Tony that a badly wanted criminal had crept into a house on a lonely side street, intending to spend the night in a vacant apartment.

Securing a key from the janitor, Tony and Jerry entered the apartment, slipping stealthily down the long hall.

As Jerry cautiously opened the first door leading from the hall, a resounding crash reverberated through the darkness before the glare of his flashlight had penetrated the gloom. Blind, uncontrollable panic gripped the young officer. Jerry's mad dash had almost carried him to the front door before his scattered thoughts could be gathered into a semblance of order.

Slowly returning down the hall, Jerry's flashlight picked out the still figure of Tony, standing before the open door.

"Just the old window shade crashing in the draught, Jerry," Tony explained, all the while regarding Jerry with a teasing, quizzical smile.

During the commotion caused by Jerry's panic, their quarry had made his escape from an adjoining room by taking advantage of a convenient fire escape.

Of course the news had gone around, and, in spite of his diligence which had netted him several good "collars," Jerry could not escape the pitying look which he sometimes surprised in his brother officers' eyes. They seemed to say, louder than words, "We have the tip-off on you, young fellow."

Even though Tony was friendly, in a detached sort of way, the old camaraderie, so dear to Jerry's heart, was gone. So now he awaited Tony's approach with a mixed feeling of bitterness and wounded pride.

"Say, Jerry, we have a job down the block," Tony said, "woman's old man gone berserk."

"O. K.," answered Jerry shortly. "Let's go."

The officers were met by a frail little woman, whom Jerry recognized as his newly made friend. She smiled gently upon recognizing his stalwart figure.

"Be careful, boys," she murmured plaintively, "he's bad, all bad."

"Don't worry, ma'am," boomed Tony's pleasant bass, "we'll have you tucked in peacefully for the night in a jiffy."

Jerry tersely explained the situation to Tony as they walked down the street. He paused before the house, and they climbed three narrow, dimly lighted flights of stairs before the woman paused before a door at the end of the hall.

"Be careful," she admonished again.

Jerry patted her shoulder reassuringly. "Don't worry," he told her.

Gun and flashlight ready, Jerry turned the knob and pushed open the door.

A wild, demoniacal peal of laughter, accompanied by the stabbing flash and deep roar of a heavy calibre gun, greeted Jerry as he stepped into the hall, inside the door. Instinctively, he reached the

door with his foot, closing it. He could hear the woman running, screaming, down the stairs.

Hugging the wall, Jerry advanced slowly and cautiously down the narrow hall. Listening intently, the patrolman heard the slight squeak of a floor board in the room beyond. Carefully removing his cap, he tossed it down the hall, toward the opposite side. The soft thud of the cap unleashed a crescendo of shots and yells from the waiting gunman. Jerry fired slowly and methodically at the crimson flashes. Suddenly, a sharp, metallic click ended the salvo from within the room. Holding his flashlight away from his body, Jerry leaped into the room, sweeping the room with the bright light. It came to rest upon a heavy, ill-kempt figure, sprawled upon the floor, arms outstretched, clutching a smoking automatic in a grimy fist.

"That's that," Jerry muttered grimly. "If Tony . . ." Say! Where was Tony? Thinking back, he could not remember having seen Tony since stepping into the darkened hall.

Jerry wrenched the gun from the ham-like fist of the man on the floor, and raced down the hall. Throwing open the door, he saw Tony sprawled grotesquely on the floor of the landing. Curious eyes peered from the half-opened doors of neighboring apartments.

Feverishly unfastening the clasp of the heavy coat collar, Jerry raised Tony's head from the floor. He carefully examined the long welt on the side of the wounded man's head.

Tony slowly opened his eyes. He had the sensation of being suspended in mid-air. Raising his hand to his throbbing head, he tried to identify the voice that somehow sounded so familiar, and yet seemed to be so far away.

Consciousness slowly returned.

"Wh—what happened?" he asked thickly.

"It's Jerry, old man; snap out of it," Jerry was soothingly stroking the throbbing head.

Slowly the events of the past few minutes began to filter through his clouded brain. The old lady, and Jerry; he remembered Jerry pushing open the door, then a crash—and darkness. Yes, that was it; he had been knocked out of the picture at the beginning. It seemed so long ago.

"How did you make out, Jerry?" he asked anxiously.

"He's all right now," Jerry said.

He grasped Tony's outstretched hand.

Tony's brown eyes had lost their smiling glint as they probed searchingly into the brooding grey eyes of Jerry.

"This revised tip-off on you is mighty fine, Jerry. And I'm glad." The smile had returned to the sparkling brown eyes.

"Geez," murmured Jerry.

He smiled happily as he saw the slender, grey-clad figure leading a phalanx of his blue-clad brothers toward him.

A broad grin illumined his features as he turned to Tony.

"This is the Tip-Off on my little mother, too," he said.

Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



IT'S all in fun, of course, yet despite our lack of ethereal expression (*not bad, eh?*) and the dignified manner in which we strive to get over a cheerful message every once in a while, the fact remains that not in several years has that distinguished gentleman, The Right Honorable John J. Gobbler, November's most illustrious citizen, spread the spirit of Thanksgiving so effectively and with such optimistic abandon.

He has brought to us this year rosily tinted visions of happier days to come, with a chicken verily in every pot and a bottle of good cold lager on every table.

And best of all, a message of cheer to those who through no fault of their own have been forced to tread hopelessly the darkened byways of depression and want.

The Forgotten Man will soon forget he was ever forgotten, and we've already arranged with our old

friend Colonel Ruppert for a nice job for him in the Colonel's lovely brewery.

And if any of you have ever enjoyed the hospitality of the good Colonel's brewery in days gone by you will appreciate that a job within its sacred confines amounts actually to a *Position*—second to none we can think of or to which we would lend consideration.



So while we're on our favorite subject (*and whose isn't it these days*), remember that while the merry Dominion to our north is one of the friendliest places we have ever visited, *it will be a rare treat next summer to be able to enjoy a well-brewed vacation without necessarily having to cross its borders.*

Getting back to earth, however, wasn't it nice on Thanksgiving Day to be able to preside over that luscious turkey—elegantly roasted to a turn—with an abundance of dressin' and fresh vegetables and candied sweets and mince pie and such?

And maybe an ancient "soldier" or two that had been jealously hidden away for just such a joyous occasion?

Surely you must have felt that life isn't so terrible a proposition after all, and that no matter how dismal the outlook there is always a way out—as a certain gay Lothario once said when he found himself scrambling down the fire escape because of an old flame—if you get what we mean.

Anyway, and before we pack you up for the time being, permit us to bring again to your attention that most inspirational of axioms:

*"Laugh and the wife laughs with you
Weep and you sleep alone"*



IN THE GOOD OLD DAZE

An apt caption for this rare old photo posed for by the original Bicycle Squad in 1896—a mere 36 years ago

WE take considerable pleasure now in announcing the most unusual contest it has ever been our happy privilege to foster.

The idea is to borrow a magnifying glass somewhere, focus it carefully and see how many of the old Bicycle Squad shown in the rare old photo reproduced above you can name or identify.

Lieutenant Bill Whitley of the Chief Inspector's staff is the sponsor of this unique contest and has donated a magnificent prize which he, personally, will present to the winner.

It consists of a particularly well broken in mustache cup (strainer and all) which has been one of Bill's treasured possessions for more than 39 years, and which he was reluctantly forced to abandon a few years back when the March of Progress called a halt on the practice of raising spinach for other than food consumption.

He explains that it can best be used now as a rock garden for the aquarium at home. The handle will make a very pretty Japanese bridge, and the strainer can be used as a beach upon which the gold fish may relax while sunning themselves.

Incidentally, Bill himself is very prominent in the picture and can easily be identified by the luxuriant crop he sported in those halcyon days and which for elegance and pulchritude was unmatched anywhere in the Department.

Lieutenant Phil McGuire of the Photo Bureau is managing this contest for Bill and all answers, queries, cablegrams and money orders should be sent to Phil at his office, 240 Centre Street, Manhattan.

ON a recent visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art we happened across some very lovely high school lassies, art students all, who listened enraptured as James Montgomery Flagg, the noted artist, lectured to them delightfully on Art and its intricacies.



One of his closest listeners was a seventeen-year-old petite young miss named Edna McDonald, who will tell you proudly that she's the daughter of Deputy Inspector Jay McDonald, of the 7th Division.

Her dad tells us that Edna shows every promise of some day blossoming into another Nell Brinkley. Also that she is one of our most enthusiastic readers, never misses an issue, and is particularly enthusiastic about our drawings. Is that really true, Edna?

Anyway, Edna, here's a sketch we made of your distinguished dad some two years ago. He really is much nicer looking than the sketch implies, but in SPRING 3100 we seldom give any of our subjects a break. Rather we try to give them a smile. Get the idea?



How about making a sketch of him yourself, Edna, send it in to us and maybe we'll reproduce it some time in another issue.

ON THE SPOT

A lesson in fast thinking—presented especially for the benefit of the boys who worship at the shrine of Lady Nicotine.



HER ONLY SALVATION

A Short Sad Story

HE gazed longingly into her beautiful brown eyes so alluringly fringed with thick, curling lashes, and with a final, pitiful gesture begged her to listen at least to reason.

She was of medium height and exquisitely proportioned, with a figure that would cause even a seasoned traffic cop to strain a ligament or two in acknowledgment of her loveliness.

Her silken, transparent blouse failed dismally to conceal the soft curves of slender white throat as it swelled into a gorgeously moulded bosom which rose and fell rapidly, as if in suppressed excitement.

Heartlessly she slammed the door in his face, and with a pout of daintily curved scarlet lips picked up her SPRING 3100 (Adv.), stretched herself luxuriously on the broad divan and in a few moments was again happily lost in the pages of her favorite magazine.

What a pest the fellow was. Never had she given him the slightest encouragement, the tiniest intimation that his daily visits were even remotely to her liking. Actually he made life miserable for her, never permitting her out of his sight, clinging to her veritably like a drowning man holding fast to a passing trolley car.

Every time she went out he was there at the door to greet her. When she came home there he loomed like the Statue of Liberty on a cloudless night. She feared to answer the phone, the call of the dumb-waiter. Nine times out of ten it was he, pleading—supplicating.

She could stand it no longer. There was only one way to rid herself of his attentions. Steeling herself for the dreaded ordeal she opened the door boldly one night, handed over the three overdue instalments on the mink coat, and in a softly modulated and highly cultured voice told him to get to hell out and stay out.

The End

THE average patrolman of today is a smart, quick-witted, resourceful chap who will face any danger and any situation unflinchingly. He laughs in the face of bandit bullets and grins cheerfully when the going is hottest.

And for all of that there sometimes comes the moment when Courage and Heroism become merely bywords—when he finds himself suddenly and decidedly *on the spot*—with the proverbial *China-man's chance* as his only out. For example:



In the picture we see John J. Patrolman apparently *nailed with the goods* by the uncompromising Sergeant.

It's a most embarrassing situation indeed, as can easily be gathered from the expression of the Sergeant, which clearly indicates that that gentleman's digestive organs have not been functioning properly of late.

The only evidence the Sergeant has is the freshly lit Unlucky Strike smouldering innocently at the patrolman's feet.

Like the rumbling of distant thunder comes the ominous query:

"What about this, officer?"

Four words, no more—no less.

The big point now is—what answer would YOU make if YOU were in this young patrolman's shoes at the moment.

After you've made your decision we invite you to compare your answer with the one Old Man Sunshine claims is the only logical alibi worthy of presentation in a predicament of this kind, and which you will find neatly encased in a small box at the bottom of the next page.

FLYING HIGH

An Epic of the Air

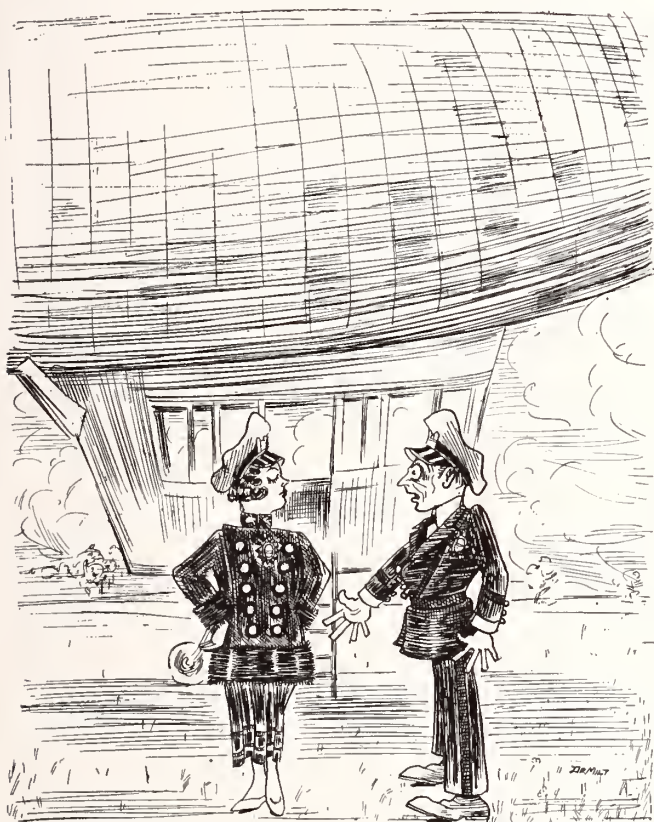
NEVER before had she been known to go up in the air.

Calm, poised, imperturbable no matter what the provocation, always her reputation has been to hold solidly to the ground.

That's why it was such a complete shock on a recent sunny afternoon to see her go up in the air glaringly, and only for the reason that she'd never been up before.

Inspector Louie Costuma, dapper executive officer of the Crime Prevention Bureau, looked on aghast. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes. How could she come to do such a thing! What could have driven her to so violent an extreme!

He tried to reason with her—but to no avail.



He pleaded—cajoled—exhorted! He begged her to consider her health, her happiness, and even her blood pressure—but she listened to him not.

He, neither, had ever been known to go up in the air, and steadfastly he refused to go up now.

He's no coward, the inspector, but a firm believer, nevertheless, in Sir Isaac Newton's theory that whatever doesn't go up CANNOT COME DOWN.

And that a feel of good old terra firma underneath is far more assuring than just a peek at it a mile or two down.

It was real, stark drama out there at the Holmes Airport in Jackson Heights that day as the lovely and gracious Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon climbed sedately into the cabin of the Good-

year blimp "Resolute" and with a majestic wave of hand signaled the pilot to do his worst.

It was Commissioner Additon's first experience aloft—and thus her reputation for never going up in the air is lost to her forever more.



JUNIOR SPEAKS HIS PIECE

Another Short Story

JOE SCHULTZ, able widower, with a nine-year-old heir on his payroll, decided that life without the added incentive of blissful connubiality was not worth while.

Or, at least, not half what it's cracked up to be.

He skirmished around briskly, therefore, and in due course fell in with a voluptuously buxom widow—of considerable charm and quite some heft.

She was no sophisticate, this lovely creature, and with each successive visit Joe's blood pressure mounted appreciably.

The Perilous Proposition popped pleasingly. It went over BIG. The hog-tying process followed almost immediately.

They threw the customary Big Party, and when the guests had departed Joe turned proudly to his offspring.

"Well, son, what do you think of your brand new mamma," he beamed.

Junior looked the lady over appraisingly—critically—calmly. He replied:

"Don't kid yourself, pop, *she ain't so new!*"

ON THE SPOT

Q—"What about this, officer?"

A—"Go to it, Sarge, you saw it first."

POLICE HORSES WIN RIBBONS AT SHOW

MAJOR-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, Chief of the U. S. Cavalry, awarded the blue ribbon to Ramp, with Patrolman Harold Hahn of Troop A up, at the conclusion of the forty-seventh annual Horse Show which ended last Tuesday night at Madison Square Garden. The red ribbon went to Brandon with Patrolman Frank Henry of Troop F up. The third and fourth prizes went, respectively, to Webster, ridden by Patrolman John Bell of Troop C. and Cruiser, ridden by Patrolman Robert F. Hyland of Troop E. The Police Department had twenty-six entries, but only twenty-four competed.

The Police Department entries made a remarkable showing in the annual classic and took part in three events. Heretofore the police only figured on the closing night.

Those who took part in the drill were: Captain Thomas L. Byrne, Acting Lieutenant William H. Meyn, Sergeants Arthur Butler and Jerome S. Harratty, Patrolmen Benjamin Barnes, John J. Duggan, Peter J. Ennis, Christopher McGee, Edward M. Grout, Edgar J. Pesky, James B. Bell, Cecil Dunwoody, Harold Hahn, Henry F. Sauvan, Douglas Haerle, John V. Sjöholm, Edmund H. Burke, William Fleming, James P. Leonard, Michael F. Quinn and Francis J. Murray.

Rough Riders: Sergeant William Mott, Sergeant Albert Harriott, Patrolmen Joseph Masterson, William Molder, Peter Machini, William Heingarten, Walter McKenzie, William Wahrkin, Howard Lee.



Henry O'Brien, Olaf Weighorst, Michael Hickey, Victor Ballouf, William Woods and Thomas Gray.

SPRING 3100 HAS A "HE-MAN'S KICK"

CHILDREN'S COURT
City of New York

November 5, 1932.

Dear Commissioner Mulrooney:

I find your monthly magazine, SPRING 3100, a very interesting pamphlet, and every month I get a "kick" in reading it.

I have always known that there are a very considerable number of policemen who have not only courage, but real brains, and this is well demonstrated in the many written contributions to the magazine.

The story in the October issue, "A Poor Shot," by Patrolman George Moeller, Jr., 114th Precinct, is commendatory. Any man who can write as good a story as that may well hope for promotion in the Department.

I am happy to state to you, Commissioner, that I have been meeting your boys now for about twenty years and find them to be an excellent and reliable group of real "he-men."

With every good wish,

Yours sincerely,

SAMUEL D. LEVY,
Justice.

2,000 CHILDREN MADE HAPPY

FIVE HUNDRED boys and girls, through the kindness of Mrs. William F. Carey, wife of the president of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, were made happy on October 30th and on November 9th when they attended matinee performances of the Rodeo and Horse Show, respectively, at Madison Square Garden. The tickets for both of these events were presented by Mrs. Carey to the Police Commissioner for distribution.

The children who had been chosen to attend the performances met on the respective days at the offices of the Crime Prevention units and, under the guidance of Crime Prevention officers, were taken to and from the Garden in buses, private automobiles and taxis. All of the young guests returned home enthusiastic in their thanks for a most enjoyable and happy afternoon.

Mr. W. J. Wollman, of 120 Broadway, who is a director of the Heckseher Foundation for Children, will entertain 1,000 children, selected by Crime Prevention officers, as his guests at a Thanksgiving Day dinner which will be held on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day at Childs' Restaurant at 17th Street and Sixth Avenue, Manhattan. These children will meet at the offices of the various Crime Prevention units and will be taken to and from the restaurant under the guidance of the Crime Prevention officers.

Wanted by Radio

By SERGEANT JOHN B. MORRELL, *Emergency Squad 8*

Second Prize, Short Story Contest



In strode Sheriff Watson

NOW listen to me, yon fellows are all wet about the use of the radio in the New York City Police Department, the only thing the cops will catch are colds in their heads. They'll never know what the radio is all about, much less catch crooks through it. Say, I'd like to see the cop that can put one over on me. I can tell them a mile away, with or without radios."

So spoke Jimmy Wellingford, star commercial radio broadcaster and wise guy, of the Nations Broadcasting Radio Company, to his fellow broadcasters who were discussing the merits of the radio system of the New York City Police Department, used in connection with apprehending criminals and persons wanted by other authorities.

Jimmy, always the life of any party, was leaving the studio to spend the week-end in the Adirondacks with his wife and some friends who were waiting in his automobile. He hurriedly grabbed his bag and departed with this comment on the efficiency of the Police Department.

Making Schenectady in fast time in his new eight-cylinder Reo sedan, he telegraphed to his pal, Clyde Lytell, humorist broadcaster, who was stopping at Blythewood Inn, on Loon Lake, a famous hostelry in the Adirondacks, that the gay party would arrive about 11:30 P. M. Jimmy also told him to have plenty of ginger ale and cracked ice, as it was a very



dry trip and they were camels all the way enroute.

Arriving at Blythewood Inn on scheduled time, the party were shown to their rooms by the genial hostess of the Inn. Jimmy, in exuberant spirits, ordered all the ginger ale in the house, and carefully carried his bag to his room. "Precious stuff in that bag," said Jimmy. "Hey," he yelled, "all guests are invited to my room." No second invitation was needed there, so everyone came, young and old alike sitting on the beds, chairs, floor, and even on the washbasin, while Jimmy the mixer was mixing.

A knock on the door and the voice of Mrs. Stephens, the hostess, was heard, "Mr. Wellingford, the Sheriff of Warren County is here and wishes to see you."

"The Sheriff! What the devil does he want me for? All right," said Jimmy, opening the door, and in strode Sheriff Watson of Warren County, a six-footer, broad of shoulder, ruddy face, with a six-shooter in his belt, and carrying a Winchester .45 repeater under his arm. Well the Sheriff looked two Sheriffs to Jimmy, gold badge and all.

"Wal, are yer the owner of a Reo sedan, license No. 1-N-655-N.Y.?" said Sheriff Watson, addressing him. "If yer are, I would like to see yer licenses."

"O. K., Sheriff, here they are, what's the big row about?" asked Jimmy.

"Wal, I reckon yer the party all right, yer charged with reckless driving, speeding about 70 miles an hour on the rear dirt road near Chester-town, and killing Mrs. Murphy's blooded calf. Yer under arrest, git yer hat and coat and come along to the county jail."

County jail! What a place to spend the week-end for a big shot radio man. "Say, Sheriff, please be human," he pleaded. "How could anyone travel 70 miles an hour on that dirt road at this time of night? Why, you can't see your hand in front of your face, it's so dark; only a crazy man would do that. I was only doing five miles an hour and never hit anything, not even that calf. Be reasonable, Sheriff, my wife was ill all the way on the ride here."

"Maybe all the crazy people are not in the asylum yet. Come along, tell that yarn to the Judge," was the Sheriff's ultimatum.

So off started Jimmy ahead of the Sheriff with the guests following, to where his automobile was parked in front of the Inn. The night was cold and with nothing to eat or drink that ride to the jail did not appeal to him, so he decided to make his last stand.

"Say, Sheriff, can I ask you a question of law?" inquired Jimmy. "I am charged with a crime. Well, where is the *corpus delicti* of this crime. I demand as a citizen to see Mrs. Murphy's calf, and that you examine this automobile in the presence of myself and these guests as witnesses for any marks showing that it struck the calf. And furthermore, Sheriff, how did you get the license number of my car, and know I was stopping at this Inn?"

After borrowing several of Mrs. Stephens' lamps, the Sheriff proceeded to examine the car in real country fashion, hemming, that it was a wonder the goll ding thing didn't kill a half-dozen cows instead of a calf, and hawing, that there be enough mud on the wheels, mud-guards and body to show it was going 80 miles an hour instead of 70 miles. Meanwhile, Jimmy was telling his friends in a low voice that the Sheriff was an old country fool without a grain of sense, and couldn't rope him in. With more hemming and hawing the Sheriff finally concluded his examination of the car without finding any evidence that it had struck a calf or anything else except mud.

"Wal, I reckon, Mr. Wellingford, Mrs. Murphy will produce the dead calf in court to the satisfaction

of all parties concerned, and as to yer license number, that was obtained by a citizen of this yere county, who telephoned it to the Chestertown Police, who in turn radioed to the New York City Police Department for information as to the owner. They radioed their reply within three minutes, giving yer name and destination, and that's how I cum yere so quickly."

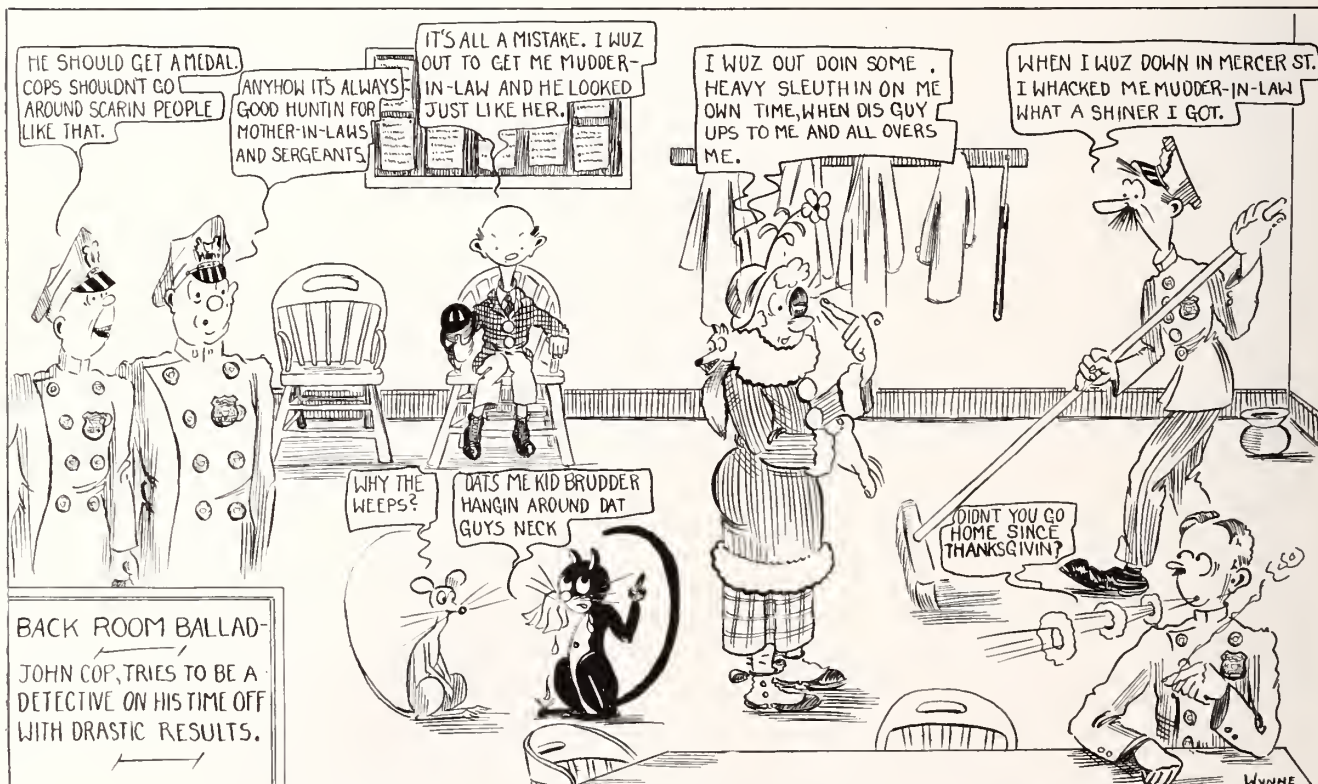
"Well, I'll be darned, to think that this hick town with a bumpkin sheriff used the radio, and those city cops got me like this." It's too much for Jimmy Wellingford. Sheriff, I must be the man," he exclaimed.

Just then the Inn's tom-toms were set going, resounding through the mountainside, while Clyde Lytell spoke up to the astonished Jimmy.

"Jimmy, allow me to introduce to you the Sheriff of Warren County, Sergeant Cornell of the New York City Police Department, a guest at this Inn; the joke's on you," said Lytell.

The guests started laughing and jesting, while dejected looking Jimmy, slowly realizing that he was the victim of a hoax, shook hands with the "sheriff" and said: "Well, it's the first time a New York City cop put anything over on me."

The following Monday night, before going on the air at the Studio, Jimmy was reminded of his remarks on Police Radios. Now thoroughly convinced that it was one of the most efficient units in the Police Service, Jimmy surprised his listeners by saying: "Boys, there's nothing wrong with the radio system of the New York City Police Department, they always get their man, for they sure got me."





THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

(b) Under what circumstances would a proposal of marriage be criminal?

4. It is a general rule of law that a person cannot be convicted on the unsupported testimony of an accomplice. What is meant by an accomplice?
5. Give the authority that empowers a police officer to administer oaths.
6. What is meant by an issue of facts?
7. Foundlings are subjects of the crime of abandonment. What are the main provisions of the rules relative to foundlings?
8. The enforcement of the laws relative to explosives is important. List the persons, places and conditions that would be subject to investigation and supervision.

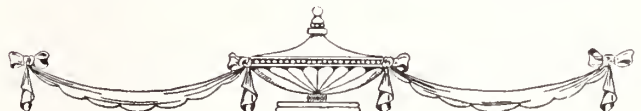
ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

In Memoriam

QUESTIONS FOR THE NOVEMBER, 1932, ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. An information alleged that the defendant committed the crime of Assault, third degree, by "striking and beating the complainant with a frying pan." The defendant was tried and convicted on this information. Will the conviction stand on appeal by defendant? Why?
2. A person, picketing in front of a store where there is no strike, carries a placard that there is a strike on in said store. In addition such person stops and admonishes customers not to enter the store. Is this a violation of law? What would be the charge?
3. (a) Under what circumstances can the abduction of a person be a misdemeanor?

Ptl. Benjamin B. Miller	103d Pct.	Nov. 3, 1932
Ptl. Frederick F. Franklin	122d Pct.	Nov. 7, 1932
Ptl. William E. Arsell	Ch. Cl. Off.	Nov. 6, 1932
Ptl. John J. Kelly	Traffic A	Nov. 9, 1932
Ptl. Michael J. Fannon	Bur. of Tel.	Nov. 10, 1932
Sgt. Bernard F. Butler	M't'd Squad 2	Nov. 12, 1932
Ptl. James T. Connors	18th Div.	Nov. 15, 1932
Ptl. Raymond A. Terbush	46th Pct.	Nov. 16, 1932
Ptl. Michael J. O'Brien	19th Div.	Nov. 17, 1932



ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. No. The crime of assault is divided into three degrees—first, second and third degrees.

The definitions of the first and second degrees make it clear that intent is a necessary element of the crime of assault. The definition of assault in the third degree does not use the word "intent," but since it is another degree assault it must contain the element of intent.

Every use of force on the person of another is not necessarily an assault. Under Section 246 of the Penal Law there are set out instances where force may lawfully be used. Therefore, since the information does not say that the beating and striking was intentional and unlawful it is defective.

Since the information is defective and insufficient the judgment of conviction must be reversed as the court acquired no jurisdiction of the person.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. Yes. Disorderly conduct. The admonishing of customers not to enter a store which they are about to patronize is an act tending to a breach of the peace.

Picketing with false signs relating to a place where there is no strike is of itself a violation of law, constituting disorderly conduct both under Sections 722 of the Penal Law and Sections 1458 and 1459 of the New York City Consolidation Act.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

3. (a) Section 772, Penal Law, provides in part "any person or corporation who by abduction, duress or any forcible or fraudulent device impedes, prevents or interferes with the free exercise of the elective franchise by any voter is guilty of a Misdemeanor."
(b) Section 2175, Penal Law—"A person who, under promise of marriage, or fraudulent representation that he is married to her, seduces and has sexual intercourse with an unmarried female of previous chaste character, is guilty of a felony."

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. To constitute an accomplice a person must be so connected with a crime that at common law he could be convicted as a principal or as an accessory before the fact.

At common law a principal was one who actually committed the crime or one present, aiding and abetting; an accessory before the fact was one who, not being present, advised or encouraged the perpetrator of the crime. The expression principal and accessory before the fact at common law are now included in the penal law definition of principal.

Therefore, the term accomplice is synonymous with principal.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. Section 301 of the Charter provides that any person making a complaint of felony or misdemeanor may be required to make oath or affirmation thereto, and for this purpose the Police Commissioner, Deputy Commissioner, Chief or Deputy Clerks of the Department, Inspectors, Captains and Sergeants of Police shall have the power to administer oaths and affirmations.

Section 551, C. C. P., provides in part: "And any captain or sergeant of police, or acting sergeant of police, or lieutenant of police, in any city or village of this state, must take bail for his appearance before a competent and accessible magistrate the next morning from any person arrested for a misdemeanor between eleven o'clock in the morning and eight o'clock the next morning, just as soon as the person offers himself as bail for the person or persons arrested. When such captain or sergeant of police, or acting sergeant of

police, or lieutenant of police, takes bail, he must take it by an undertaking in the form in this section mentioned, executed in his presence by the defendant and at least one surety, who must justify under oath, or by the deposit of money or personal property accompanied by an oath of ownership, in the cases and in such manner as hereinafter provided; and for these purposes the officer may administer all necessary oaths."

Section 87a, Inferior Courts Act, provides: "Where a summons is served by a police officer in New York City in lieu of arrest the Captain or Lieutenant of the Police Department assigned to the Precinct in which the service of the summons is reported is authorized to administer to the officer necessary oaths in connection with the execution of the complaint to be presented to the Magistrate in prosecution of the case."

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. In a legal proceeding an issue of facts means all facts or statements which are affirmed on one side and denied by the other. A statement made by the prosecution and denied by the defendant is an issue of fact.

The jury judges the facts in issue and arrives at a verdict according to the evidence proved or disproved, according to law and procedure.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. Rule 346 provides that a foundling shall be brought to the station house of precinct where found.

If found by a private person such person shall be requested to go to the station house for the purpose of making an affidavit as to the circumstances attending the finding of the child.

The desk officer shall record the child's pedigree and description of child and clothing. If unable to obtain pedigree he should so certify on form. Records and forms provided for aided case should be made, also notifications to the various bureaus and squads. Case should be entered on complaint file and referred to detectives for their action.

Desk Officer should cause a policewoman, if available, to deliver foundling to designated institution. If the case occurred in the Boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx or Richmond the child should be sent to the New York Foundling Hospital. If in Brooklyn or Queens to Brooklyn Nursery and Infants Hospital.

The pedigree, description and affidavit must be forwarded to the Department of Public Welfare.

Proper records, reports, forms and correspondence to be made and filed.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8

8. Persons handling, using, storing, selling or transporting explosives and combustibles or inflammable material, should have certificates of fitness, certificates of approval, registration and various kinds of permits and bonds.

Places for manufacture of explosives, ammunition, fireworks, matches, mineral oils; garages and magazines; motor vehicle and motorcycle repair shops; dry cleaning and chemical establishments; paints, varnishes, lacquers; refrigerating systems and steam boilers; motion picture films; oils, fats, liquors, wholesale and retail drug stores; tear gas and fumigants.

Conditions. Persons so engaged must comply with laws and ordinances relative to explosives and possess proper certificates and permits.

Buildings must be kept in a condition that will not endanger life or property, and with due regard to the interests of public safety, fire prevention, crime prevention and public health.

As the Trucks Roll Along

(Continued from page 5)

cars or a truck directly in front of the lunch room, so that the driver must park his vehicle just out of sight while he lunches.

The looting of department store wagons, which reaches its peak at this season of the year, is usually done in the following fashion: An automobile will trail the wagon until the driver is making a delivery. Then the automobile comes alongside the wagon and one of the thieves snatches several packages from it and tosses them into the automobile which speeds away. In some cases, the thieves drive the wagon around to the next street where, in a few minutes, it is stripped of all of its contents.

One of the most ingenious methods is used for stealing packages left outside of express offices. One of the thieves, after removing his hat and coat, will hang around the express office and sit on a package or some other article, in full view of the genuine office workers who, having become used to his presence, pay little attention to him. Then, at what the

thief deems a favorable time, he signals his partner, who comes walking along, picks up the package and walks away.

The package is then taken into an adjoining building and thrown behind a cigar counter. The owner of the cigar stand has, of course, been declared "in" on the proceeds of the theft, and if the thief is pursued, all the pursuer usually finds is a man purchasing a cigar from the owner of the shop. This procedure has baffled many amateur and private detectives.

This article attempts only to outline some of the chief methods more generally used by truck thieves and against which all civilians, as well as all detectives, should be constantly alert. It has been found that 70 per cent. of the truck stickups and larcenies are committed with the drivers' knowledge the latter having been either frightened into compliance with the thieves or else being declared "in" on the proceeds. This collusion imposes an additional handicap, but if all police officers remain constantly alert and observant, this type of crime, as well as all others, will be effectively suppressed.

CHIEF CLERK, GRANT CRABTREE, DIES

GRANT CRABTREE, Chief Clerk of the Police Department, fell dead from an attack of apoplexy on the elevated platform at the Bowery and Grand Street station at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of October 25th. He was on the way to his home at 8 Moody Place, West New Brighton, Staten Island, after completing an arduous day's work at Headquarters. Mr. Crabtree, a descendant of an old Staten Island family, was 59 years old.

Mr. Crabtree became connected with police work in the late 1880's, when he was appointed as a clerk of the old Richmond County Police Department. In 1895, he was promoted to the post of Chief Clerk of the Richmond County force. When Staten Island was consolidated with New York City in 1898, Mr. Crabtree became a Deputy Police Clerk in the greater city Police Department. On September 8, 1921, Police Commissioner Enright promoted him from Assistant Chief Clerk to the post of Chief Clerk of the Department, to succeed Roger Walsh who had died a month before.

The late Chief Clerk had charge of the voluminous files of the police personnel and all other records,

with the exception of those of criminals. It was also his duty to swear in new patrolmen or officials and those who received promotion. He was a highly efficient executive, and the charm of his personality which included a fine pungent sense of humor endeared him to a host of friends.

The Police Commissioner when informed of Mr. Crabtree's sudden death said:

"Mr. Crabtree was as fine a type of efficient and faithful public servant as I have ever known. He will be greatly missed."

The Rev. Dr. A. Hamilton Nesbitt, chaplain of the Masonic Grand Lodge of the State of New York and also a police chaplain, conducted a Masonic funeral service for Mr. Crabtree on October 28th, at his late home. The service was attended by the Police Commissioner and practically all of the ranking officials of the Police Department, in addition to the officers of the Masonic Grand Lodge of the state. The body was taken to Governor, N. Y., where interment was in the Riverside Cemetery. A widow, Mrs.

Mary Crabtree, and two daughters, the Misses Dorothy and Gladys Crabtree, survive.



A TRIBUTE TO FATHER McCaffrey



THE 10 o'clock Mass celebrated on Sunday morning, October 23d, by the Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, chaplain of the Police Department, at Holy Cross Church, 329 West 42d Street, of which he was

recently appointed pastor, was attended by several hundred members of the Police Department as well as many old friends of Father McCaffrey.

Among those in the congregation were Police Commissioner and Mrs. Mulrooney, Deputy Commissioner and Mrs. Felix A. Muldoon, and Chief Inspector and Mrs. John O'Brien. Former Governor Alfred E. Smith with Mrs. Smith and their son, Alfred E. Smith, Jr., were present, together with Justice John E. McGeehan of the Bronx Supreme Court.

Father McCaffrey preached a short sermon thanking the members of the Department for their manifestation of love for the priesthood and praising them for their courage and character. Father McCaffrey in his new appointment succeeds the late Rev. Francis P. Duffy, whom he also succeeded as chaplain of the 165th Infantry, the famous old 69th Regiment of the New York National Guard.

Sports

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

HORSE-SHOE PITCHING TOURNAMENT, 8TH DIVISION



LIEUTENANT FLYNN, the philanthropist and physical director of the 8th Division, put over another rip-roaring success up in The Bronx. Not satisfied with winning the Bronx County and P. A. L. Baseball Championships of Greater New York, he put on another brewing pot and when the lid popped off two brand new champs were coronated in the 8th Division whom we take pleasure now in introducing. Patrolmen Hughes and Shopland of the Emergency Service.

Lieutenant Flynn put this one over in record-breaking time. Within three weeks this tournament was planned, put under way and completed. Sixteen teams, representing the 8th Division office, Crime Prevention Bureau, Traffic H, 52d Precinct, and Emergency Squad No. 9 competed.

Each match was attended by a large and appreciative gallery. Favorites were cheered, technical shots and ringers were enthusiastically recognized by the audience. Each match was eagerly looked forward to, and each team had its loyal support and following. The tournament was one round of pleasure from start to finish. Prizes were awarded in the form of gold, silver and bronze medals.

Many thanks to Lieutenant Flynn for the grandeur of the prizes and the interest and amusement stimulated among the men of the 8th Division.

HORSE LAFFS AT THE CONTEST

John Cox took it on the chin with a smile, but holtered foul after the bell.... "Sure Shot McAndrews," the hot favorite, sustained a stinging defeat in his initial game. A consolation prize consoled him.... Champion "Al the Limey" lost because some dope sucked a lemon up in the front row.... "Amadahan" O'Connor took a "Navy Yard rest" just before his match. What's the idea, O'Connor?.... "Three-man Lift" Parsons would rather throw ketchup bottles, then he could hit the peg every time provided Jiggs O'Rourke was the peg.... "Snuffy" Siemers says he could do a lot better with the shoes he used as an "A. D. T.".... Patrolman Repetti claims that he would have thrown more ringers with an auto tire.... Harry Rock lost by a nose. "If I only had another partner to hold up the other end".... Mike Clancy used to play in Ireland, but there they threw horse and all.... "Dangerous" Dan Coughlin, the painter's man, hung all his ringers on the back fence.... The Champs are just a pair of "Blue Ribbon Terriers".... The greatest swindle since Barnum and Bailey.

PRELIMINARY ENTRANTS

Winners	Losers
Hanson—Rock Score, 53	McCarthy—Curtis Score, 43
Jaworsky—O'Connor Score, 53	Repetti—O'Rourke Score, 30
Lynn—Junior Score, 60	Clancy—Parsons Score, 47
Nalevaiko—Coughlin Score, 50	Retz—Krieg Score, 49
Walsh—Lynch Score, 52	McAndrews—Tiernan Score, 50
Gilhooley—Murray Score, 50	Fisher—Siemers Score, 30
Cox—Brady Score, 60	Markham—Collins Score, 20
Shopland—Hughes Score, 50	Greenthal—Witzman Score, 38

QUARTER FINALS

Winners	Losers
Walsh—Lynch Score, 52	Hanson—Rock Score, 50
Lynn—Junior Score, 50	Jaworsky—O'Connor Score, 30
Cox—Brady Score, 57	Gilhooley—Murray Score, 36
Shopland—Hughes Score, 51	Nalevaiko—Coughlin Score, 50

SEMI-FINALS

Winners	Losers
Cox—Brady Score, 56	Lynn—Junior Score, 35
Shopland—Hughes Score, 50	Walsh—Lynch Score, 30

FINALS

Shopland—Hughes Score, 50	Cox—Brady Score, 43
Walsh—Lynch Score, 50	Lynn—Junior Score, 48

BOWLING

The 64th Precinct has again got together a strong bowling team and hereby issues a challenge to the pin toppers of any other precinct for a series of games. Sergeant Burton Royce, who so capably handled the team last year, has again taken over the reins.



Last season this team lost only 2 games out of 28. (Not bad, eh?) The team consists of Patrolmen

Joseph Santa Maria, Joe Bonoro, Joe Schreiber, Eddie Murnane and Ray McCrystal. These pinmen have been practising real hard, and they expect to have a banner year. (Who's going to be the first team to knock them over?)

HANDBALL



THE FAMOUS HACK BUREAU HANDBALL TEAM

Left to right: Patrolmen William Casey, Charles Murray, Walter Markins, Peter Nesdale.

The Hack Bureau is going handball crazy. Recently they held a tournament among themselves and found they had quite a few stars. These men have now reached the stage where they want to branch out and meet some of the select players of the Department, and they hereby issue a challenge to anybody in the Department to do combat, singles or doubles, on either the one or four-wall courts. Get in touch with Patrolmen William Casey, Walter Har-

kins or James Green of this bureau, and be prepared for a shellacking.

Patrolman Anthony Gorodovich, of the 109th Precinct, challenged any of the one-wall players to a game. Patrolman Fred Luder, of Traffic "B," took him on, but was defeated in two games, 21-16 and 21-16. (Anthony is still looking for more scalps.)

A number of coppers from the 23d Precinct traveled over to the Y. M. H. A. and witnessed a match between Joe Thompson and Bill Drettler of that precinct. Thompson won, but Bill promises to beat him after he practices a bit with his left hand.



BASKETBALL

Last issue we asked the different precincts to let us know what they thought about Patrolman Talbot's suggestion in reference to a Precinct League. We haven't received any response, so we'll have to struggle along for a while longer without one.

However, we will try and match up the various teams and publish the scores on this page. By the end of the season we will know who the undefeated teams are, and then we will hold an elimination series to determine the champion.

All basketball teams in the Department are invited to send in their scores, together with the highlights of the games. (Come on, fellers, let's see if we can't get up a little more interest in this popular sport.)

PISTOL TEAM ANNEXES MORE CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE North Atlantic State Police Championship was annexed handily on October 9 by our victorious Pistol Team in a match held at Hartford, Conn., and sponsored by the National Rifle Association under regulation police rules at 25 yards—slow, timed and rapid fire. The boys carried away all the prizes and left only the range behind. The scores follow:

New York City Police	1362
Boston City Police	1342
Massachusetts State Police	1322
Hartford City Police No. 1.....	1321
Hartford City Police No. 2.....	1254
Providence City Police	1253

The match was featured by the remarkable shooting of Patrolman Adolph P. Schubert, our team captain, who shot a score of 284. The scores of the other members of the team were: Patrolman Koehler, 275; Patrolman Migliorini, 274; Patrolman Wendel, 265; Patrolman Sackett, 264.

Another important event, the Courant Trophy Match, which carried with it the Individual Championship of the North Atlantic States, was won by Patrolman Schubert with a score of 274 out of a possible 300. Patrolman Koehler finished second with 270 and Patrolman Sackett annexed third place with a score of 269.

A free for all match in which members of the Army, Navy, Police Departments and civilians were

entered resulted in victory for Patrolman Migliorini, with a top score of 274. Patrolman Koehler won second place with 272.

Again, on October 12, the team visited Greenwich, Conn., where they added the Connecticut State Championship to their already long list. This was a specially arranged match in which three-men-teams were featured.

An Interstate match with New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts competing was next taken over by our boys with a winning score of 1098. This match was featured by the phenomenal shooting of Patrolman Sackett, with a score of 289.

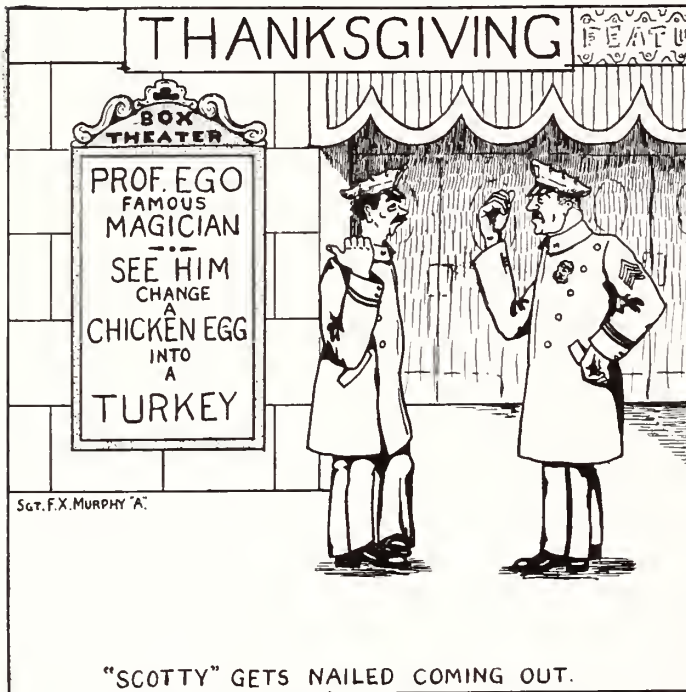
Besides the several championships, the team brought back with them a beautiful Championship Plaque, 35 medals and other prizes and the plaudits of the losers. A great deal of the team's success is due to its enthusiastic instruction, support and supervision by Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, commandant of the School of Recruits, and to its intelligent coaching by Sergeant Joseph M. Evans.

Naturally we're proud of our great Pistol Team and the remarkable manner in which they sweep aside all competition.

And, quoting from the slogan of a well-known automobile concern, we're sure that when better records are made—our boys will make them.



PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



"SCOTTY" GETS NAILED COMING OUT.



THE DOORWAY TO "HELL"

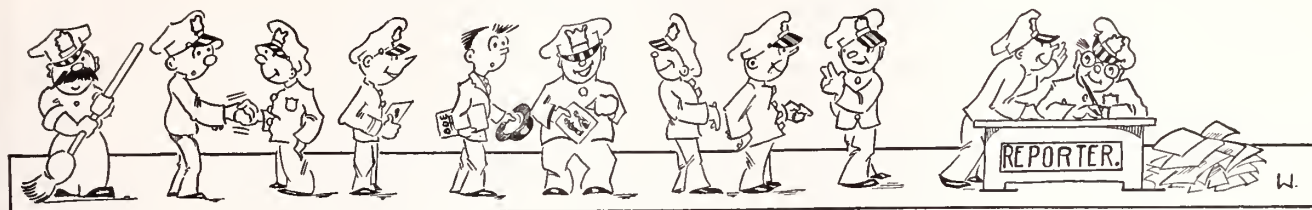


SARG: - WELL, WHATS THE CONVERSATION!
PATROLMEN: OH, WE WERE JUST TALKING
ABOUT WHAT A GOOD FELLOW YOU ARE "



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch
6th Pct., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

When the German battleship Karlsruhe docked at Pier 42, N. R., the officers and crew stood at attention while the band played the "Wearing of the Green" as Acting Captain Smith and his Adjutant, Sergeant Michael Flynn, boarded her. The Acting Captain was mistaken for the Admiral from Kerry.

Jimmy McMahon, the lame duck, has returned to his first love, that of being an EFFICIENCY EXPERT.

Joe Iannone, the talking delegate of the Columbia Society, has finally signed up Patsy Magnerino and Mike Treacillo as members of his organization.

Attendant Joseph Obermeyer was blackeyed by one of the "local bad girls."

Harry Kavanaugh, the javelin thrower, didn't like the idea of being cooped up Election Night, so he used his athletic talents with a broomstick.

Billy Blickendorfer's report about that "what's-this" found on West Street is a classic. Lieutenant Jacob Dillemath will verify this.

Sergeant Lewis Hunt is now manager of our bowling team. Due to the fact members of the team are on different squads, Pete Monaghan has found it impossible to be with them.

Speaking of Sergeant Hunt, it was a pleasure to hear the words of praise heaped upon the clerical force and 106 men. They sure have a warm spot in their hearts for his helping hand.

Believe or not, fellow citizens, Johnny Maguire had to escort a female material witness to a turkish bath, and is his face red!

That old-timer seen every day around Sheridan Square is none other than retired Patrolman John Flanagan, who was appointed on the Metropolitan Police force in 1866 and retired in 1886. If any of Patrolman Flanagan's friends are still in the business, they can get in touch with him at 5 Sheridan Square, New York City, his home.

At the 1st Precinct....It's a boy at Jock McConville's....Snapper Collins is also giving lessons to Muldoon....Pete Long is thinking of taking a dive into that sea of matrimony....Porky Flynn still has hopes of landing in the Bureau. Dimples Loures says he doesn't eat enough cheese....That reminds us, Patrolman Undertaker Lehman says the cheese on spaghetti is Dutch cheese; Det Casazza says he is thinking of Sauerkraut....Tom Heaney was seen looking at baby's shoes....Phil Korber wants to know your address, Tom....Dapper Dan Collins wishes to know who wants their piano moved, as he is getting out of shape....Jess Cooley almost lost his Pilot's License when the lugs got loose on 500....Friedenthal says 1064 is strictly Kosher; better not tell that to Paddy....Jack Hickey is going to have his tonsils out. He should see Kramer or Flanagan, they have a lot of knives....We claim to have the best umpire in the Department, Honest Tom Gillen, he says so himself. Sergeant Ed. Lunny and Matt. Lernihian think he needs glasses.

Lieutenant George Renselaer, 8th Precinct, is going around disconsolate these days. He has recently had all of his upper teeth removed, and this interferes seriously with his appetite for salami, his favorite after-dinner bite, and which he loves to chew on by the hour. Michaelus, his favorite chef, misses him sadly, but George promises to catch up just as soon as the new store crockery can be installed.

2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph A. Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

Our good friend, Captain Malley of the Harbor Squad, and Jimmy Flynn, messenger of the 6th Division, two noted sportsmen, went on a hunting trip to Montgomery, N. Y. Their patience was almost exhausted after three days of fruitless effort to snare a rabbit when the dog finally landed one. Captain Malley took careful aim—fired, and what happened is nobody's business. The rabbit was dead! But evidently through no fault of the good Captain or Jimmy. An autopsy was performed on the rabbit, and no bullets were to be found. The poor rabbit died of heart failure. No runs! No hits! No errors!

3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Edward Clark

John Lawlor, the "keyhole snoop," who reports gossip of the 10th Precinct, cleaned up Xmas expenses on Halloween night by renting himself out to his Flatbush neighbors as a "Hobgoblin."

4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

LT. JOHN J. FLYNN

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

Patrolman Dave Lenchan, of the 14th Precinct, wishes the world to know he will soon make that eventful trip to the altar with the sweetest girl in the world. Bashful Dave refuses, however, to let the boys know her name. Well, good luck, Dave, and God bless you. Patrolman Joe Katz, who is to act as best man, sticks to his pal and refuses to talk.

Patrolman Frank Silkman, the cocker spaniel fancier, announces the stork has presented his pet dog, Rabbies, with a couple of baby rabbies.

Patrolman Albert Walters was down-hearted and blue October 28, 1932, Honor Legion Ball night. Walters says, "Gee, I wish I could be a member of that Legion."

Patrolman Abraham Shlukker, alias "Flashie Abe," has moved to an aristocratic section, Union Avenue, The Bronx. Coming up in the world, Abe?

Patrolman Paul Minor, the fashion plate of the 19th precinct, lost his \$15 Stetson hat. He offers \$5 reward to the finder. Beware, boys! He is setting a trap for you.

Patrolman John Babson, after completing a mission, made this statement: "At last I've found myself." After thirty years John found himself!

Patrolman Frank Chrystie is now the Captain's echauffeur. Quite a promotion from a 1st Avenue post. Good luck, Frank.

6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Broveman

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Patrolman Bauer, of the 23rd Precinct, our demon reporter, has left on his vacation. When last seen he was headed for the north woods, his auto loaded down with guns, ammunition, fishing poles and tackle, traps, etc. The boys wish him plenty of luck on his hunting and fishing expedition. He should be good, for he was a corker hunting "DEARS" on Mazda Lane, and we expect he will return with a real mountain deer.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF THE 25TH PRECINCT

When bigger and higher sewers are made, Patrolman Astel will find them....A new song entitled, "I'll never be the same after that Diddo" by Patrolman O'Brieter....Fifty miles for one eight-hour tour should be plenty for any radio ear, says Patrolman Edward Callahan....Patrolman Victor Weinum asks can the mileage index be read backwards....Patrolman George Kevil was heard singing to Patrolman Woods "I wonder what I would do without you" after that very close shave.

The 25th Precinct reporter cannot close without mentioning the wonderful arrest made by Patrolman John Weber of this Precinct and Patrolman Troy of the Midtown Squad. These men captured an armed thug in the 125th Street subway station, who had just held up a restaurant. Nice work, boys.

Patrolman John Tutt, 25th Precinct, is a shining example of the cleanliness Patrolman Friedman lectures about daily. The boys of the precinct are proud of you, John. They don't come any cleaner inside or out than Patrolman Tutt of the 25th Precinct.

For the past two years, Sergeant Abe Braveman has threatened to buy a car. We have kept a strict check at the 25th Precinct and find that to date 44 representatives of various automobile agencies have demonstrated their product to Abe. He has received at least 150 pieces of literature and has digested their contents eagerly. We confidently expect to see Abe buy that car before he retires.

The members of the 32d Precinct extend their hearty congratulations to Captain Frank Brady upon his promotion to the rank of Deputy Inspector. We realize a great loss in losing him; however, we wish him every success in his new job. We also welcome his successor, Captain John J. Flynn, and promise him 100 per cent. co-operation.

The members of the 32d Precinct confined to Harlem Hospital due to illness or injuries, take this opportunity of expressing their gratitude to Police Surgeon Louis T. Wright for his sincere interest in their welfare, while confined to the hospital under his care.

Rumor has it that Lieutenant Hughes and Sergeants Norman and Dwyer are so well versed in the Manual of Procedure and the Penal Law that they discuss the various subjects without referring to the text. Smart guys.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronon
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

Good Time Frank Taylor and his chauffeur, Sheik Concannon, of the 40th Precinct, who are always trying to get someone's goat, had a real goat wished on them recently, so they decided to make him the station house mascot. Sorry to report, however, the owner claimed him.

Patrolman Carl Daum was sent to investigate a case of a disabled dog. He reported over the signal box: "The dog refused medical aid and left for home."

After dodging Dan Cupid for years, our deputy coffee sergeant, John Hauser, has finally become a

Benedict. "Good luck, John, and may all your troubles be little ones."

The five-man bowling team of the 40th Precinct met and defeated the team of the Foresters of America in four straight games. The match was held at 231st and Corlear Avenue. We are open for matches with other precincts.

Hot-cha Jimmie Hughes has designated himself as coffee sergeant for the day squad, and carries out his duties well.

We have learned that Patrolman Luigi Tennebruso is the proud daddy of a baby girl. He has traded in his long pan for the old University Avenue smile. Congratulations, Luigi.

One on the scribe....He was sent to settle an argument on 167th Street between two barbers. He was getting along grand, when the wife of one of the combatants threw a pail of water at her husband's opponent; she missed, and little Joey got it right around his neck.

Some of the boys visited a Bronx jeweller, and were seen looking over a tray labeled "engagement rings." Joey Green explains his presence in the shop by saying he was having his watch fixed, and we know he hasn't got a watch!

Henry Andres of the 41st Precinct is off the fish diet, and is now strong for cream puffs. He is looking for the house detective to help him find the bag he lost.

Brody, our East Broadway Adonis, thinks he is in politics and is running for Congress. Pardon the error! He got mixed up in his assignment to the Congress Theatre.

John Gunn, chief switchboard operator, is using a new hair remedy to keep his hair back, and is looking for a new receiver to stop mussing his hair.

Three cheers for Freddie Diehl, our new third broom. He is now trying to get an automatic coal feeder for the furnace.

In all seriousness, Auer was telling the boys how he beat the firemen in the last baseball game. He said himself that a new "Dick Merriwell" story has been created.

Elkins cannot understand—studied for seven years and still not on the list.

If Vince Day had anything to do with the write-ups for SPRING 3100, what a razz the reporter would get.

Andy Tucker has a habit of calling G. Conway "Pop." Well, the old man looks younger than you do, Andy. Take a look at your head.

Promotions are in order from Fourth Assistant Janitor to the Radio Car. "Grandma" Travers and Matt Powers want to know who is going to polish the car next.

Lieutenant Hilgeman delights in telling the boys about his new country estate on Long Island. When it rains he doesn't have to go to the lake for fish—just throws a line out of the window.

Just our friend Walter Kuntz. Cousin Frank Finger knows the answer.

Hen Ayers has invented a new chair dance. He calls it the spinner. We saw him pushing the chairs around at the Holy Name entertainment.

Gilligan and Butler make a good fishing team. Gilligan rows the boat and Butler sleeps.

Tony Goshony, the "Mayor of Longwood Avenue," cannot see why they call it Longwood Avenue. There are only stones on it.

Does Tommy Fitzgerald love oatmeal? Ask Jerry Daly.

Charlie Dieda said his name does not appear in SPRING 3100. Well, Charlie, tell the boys something about yourself.

Patrolman Bill "Schnozzle" McGronan, of the 42d Precinct, who enjoyed a good season playing first base for Sergeant Jack Tracy's baseball team, will be

a candidate for the basket ball team. He shouldn't have much trouble catching a basket ball.

Patrolman Johnny Murphy, of the 42d Precinct, who is falling away to a ton, when last seen was standing outside of a restaurant at 161st Street and 3d Avenue, when someone told him to move or they might stick a fork in his hand.

We are interested in knowing just how far into the Maine brush our sharpshooter George Geibel will go.

Patrolman Nelson suggests that the boys bring plenty of Hershey milk bars with them.

The advance guard, consisting of Patrolmen Jack Ellis and Frank Quigley, are meeting Sergeant Jacob Gucker in Boston who expects to join the hunting party in Maine.

Bob McAllister, the "Flying Copper" of the 42d Precinct, has a new prodigy in Hugh Ludden. He expects great things of Hugh.

"Good Time" Frankie Taylor, who did such wonderful work at the S. S. Observation disaster, watched two boats, a sister ship, Montrose, and a barge, sink at the same location, but could not make any rescues as there was no one aboard.

On November 1st, a dinner was held in honor of Sergeant Thomas Dooley, and a grand "Tad" he is. The new sergeant was presented with a token of appreciation from his many friends. Sergeant Con Miller made the presentation speech like a real spell-binding orator. Either political party would have grabbed him. He was so good, in fact, that Mrs. Dooley inquired, "Is that my husband he is talking about?"

Patrolman Jacob Bach said the party was better than post 28 any day. . . . Joe Bulver was all dressed up in a new suit and let everyone know it. . . . John P. Connelly was keeping trim by using a miniature shooting range in the ante room; he made three bull's eyes in 100 shots. . . . Tom Sheridan beat his record by getting five bull's eyes in 50. . . . George Mahoney went around talking about his T. B. Some weak boy, poor chap. . . . The hack bureau of the precinct was well represented and kept their waiter busy.

8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. Terrance Donelon

45th Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt

46th Pct., Ptl. Dominick J. Masella

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. Robert T. Cashel

50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan

52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

Patrolman Boscia, of the 43rd Precinct, is now driving a car. He struts around proudly and admits that in efficiency and good looks he is surpassed by very few in the precinct, if any.

Big-hearted Marty "Homer" Higgins, of the 46th Precinct, says he is tired of running around for the cats for the boys in the house. All you can hear is: "Hey, Homer, how many bottles of milk did you get?"

Patrolman Nat Moskowicz, better known as "Moskie," is a great fisherman. He likes to go fishing because it doesn't cost much and fish food is brainy. Here's hoping you catch a whale next time, but buy your bait instead of digging up the whole back yard.

Patrolmen Tom "Tiny" Kelly and Homer Higgins are always quarreling. Homer says Tiny has a lot to say for a little half pint and if he, (Tiny), wasn't so small, he would show him a few pointers in the manly art of self-defense. Never mind, "Tiny," some day you'll grow up to become a big help to your mother.

That well-known love bug seems to have a permanent grip on some of the boys in Ryer Avenue. Big Ed "Marmalade" Rowan may be seen hurrying out on post on the day tours. Who is she, Ed? Don't try and tell us it's the school crossing that's waiting for you.

Patrolman Phil Connolly, alias "Silent Jim," must be in love. He used to say at least three words every

tour, but now all he does is wander around with that faraway look in his eye. Don't get downhearted, "Silent," that is how it affects one.

Bill "Bing" Crosby is another quiet gent lately. Since he was elected Alderman of the 10th Squad his burdensome duties of office are driving him frantic. We think he has the same affliction as "Silent Jim." It looks like May, the girl friend, will soon put the hooks on "Bing" if he's not careful.

Patrolman Art Nevins' bad habits are few. He chews a little terbaccey occasionally. John (Pay your dues) Nilon, the attendant, is very much put out because Artie's aim is bad and that keeps John moping.

Patrolman Sam "Aginsky" Landsman may be heard whooping his old war cry, "Why don't I get my post any more; I ain't no squawker, etc., etc." O. K., Hymie, we'll take it up with the Voiker's Union. That may help.

Pat Touhy and Dominic Masella are on the Sergeants' list and it won't be long now. They have both promised it would be O. K. after 8:30 A. M. on the late tour. Well, that leaves us the day tour and 4 to 12 tour, anyhow.

Pat Sheehan states that if he gets any more theatres to guard, he is going to join Motion Picture Projectionists' Local No. 306, or become an actor in the bargain. Mr. Kaplan please copy.

Willie Schmidt was seen sporting a brand new pair of false teeth. Where did you get them, Willie?

Any suggestions for Mike Kelly, daytime gasoline dispenser, to work, generally brings forth the ejaculation, "I'm on light duty and am not supposed to get my hands dirty. However, I'll pitch you a game of horseshoes whenever you're ready."

I WONDER!

Where Gleason got that heterogeneous "pink" necktie?

How Kilgallen manages to keep that rosy complexion?

Why Fiegoli doesn't join the wrestling trust?

If Carolina Courtney ever loans his corncob pipe to anyone?

Who "borrowed" Hochberg's nightstick?

What time Bob Maher has to be home nights?

How green is Greene?

If Branch will soon extend into a lot of little Branches?

What lotion Gabe Clark is using for his curly locks now?

If Max Bernstein found the young lady's address?

What kind of dye "Jean Harlow" Morrissey uses for his platinum locks?

If Zitzelsberger is ever going to shorten his moniker?

If Princiotto still removes his shoes?

"Pop" Nekola has applied for an air pilot's license; he figures he has been aviating to all details out of the precinct so much lately that a plane would get him there faster, and they could even send him farther.

Tillie Terwilliger has changed greatly since he had his operation. He had his coppers removed and is rehearsing faithfully for the next social function, where he promises to startle the musical world with his repertoire of operatic arias. He says of the last meeting, "WHOOOPS, TILLIE, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET."

Joe Haeser will soon need glasses if he does not stop looking over the telephone type messages and the special orders looking for retirements, deaths, etc. He claims the new angle he has taken on the importance of position in life is due to his moving into an elevator apartment house and not his position on the Sergeant's list.

"Goona Goona" Koehler still claims he could have been No. 1 on the Sergeants' list. He is waiting for bigger odds on the next one.

The big question at the 43rd Precinct is: Why does Sergeant Delano wear elastic sleeve garters? We don't care to cast any reflections, but we do think the Sergeant is holding something up his sleeve.

Sergeant Whalen of the 43rd Precinct has recovered sufficiently from his recent operation to do the things he likes best.

Patrolmen Jackson and Guenzenburg, the radio twins, have been cornering the market on stolen cars. We now brag of two Eagle Eye Gns's.

Patrolman Bravo, former bull fighter, brought in a Chinaman who insisted on registering for the Election. Lieutenant McNamara was trying to explain things to the oriental, when the attendant walked in and remarked "the only one he could understand was the Chinaman."

9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Crossen

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

F. Steckelman, in a hurry leaving home, grabbed his sister's white stockings instead of gloves and had to use them on his hands turning out on the 8 A. M. roll call.

J. Smythe had an accident ease and took a man with only a broken nose to the hospital. He then started to take a dying declaration and said, "Mister, do you know you are about to die?"

D. Murray told a group of little children in front of a toy store window, "Don't let anyone fool you, kids, there really is a Santa Claus, and he has the swellest toy factory at the North Pole."

J. Boylan, trying to open clams with his teeth and eat lobster, shells and all, and trying to fill a pitcher with a piece broken out of the bottom, at the 123rd Precinct clambake.

C. Crosson trying to help A. Huber to attain a full 100 per cent P. B. A. membership.

J. O'Gara trying to give advice to a mother of eleven children on birth control and still stay young and save money with an income of only \$22 a week.

All the boys are after Detective H. Goodrich's job. . . . C. O'Leary proved his ability by detecting a dead cat behind a fence by its odor and finding the corpse. . . . J. Kearney proved his sleuthing ability by piecing together several bits of sea shell and proving it to be a clam. . . . E. Smith, shaping up for the job, discovered who has been throwing cans and papers in the empty lots. He did this by finding wrapping with the names and addresses of the culprits thereon.

E. Manney, looking for a gas leak on a gas line, when everything went boom on Radio Patrol 999. One out. C. Essig didn't believe gasoline would ignite: he tried it: everything goes BOOM BOOM; another flivver bit the dust. Two out.

C. Franklin wishing C. Zipf a Merry Christmas or vice versa, and exchanging gifts, phenol and cyanide.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schenpp
62d Pct., Ptl. Vincent Ferrante

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. George O. Diffin
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis C. Regan
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

Just a bit late in congratulating our brother officers of the 64th Precinct who are on the list for Sergeant, namely, Detective James Dowdell, Patrolman Frederick Gloss, Detective Joseph Billott, Detective Frederick Kuhne, Patrolman Harold Riker and Patrolman Jacob Berke.

Sergeant Burt Royce, captain of the 64th Precinct bowling team, is ready to challenge the teams of any precincts. Beware!

Sergeant John Hess will soon attain the rank of Lieutenant. It can't come too soon to suit John.

Patrolman Willie West, the daddy of a bouncing boy, seems to be losing his hair. What's the matter, Willie? Is the kid too rough?

The 62nd Precinct had their baseball gathering after the close of a successful season. A good time was had by all, and a vote of thanks goes to Patrolmen Al Smith and Vic Ferrante, who sponsored the affair. The team's record for the season was 15 games won and 9 lost.

Patrolman Abe Marker comes forward and says Patrolman "Gumshoe" Persinger, the radio ear kid, does 40 miles an hour when cruising, and 60 miles an hour when answering alarm number 30 or 31.

Patrolman Henry Kludt, our Adonis with his chest in the wrong place, went hunting with Patrolman Soukow. They were bitten by a fox, which enhances their chances in the next Sergeants' examination. They also bagged a bear, but no one believes it. Now if Patrolman Stanley Murzurke bagged something, O. K., because Stan is the best bagger out this way.

Our two good checker players, Patrolmen Lexander and Roberts, play checkers all day with polling cards, Chief Assistant Captain Wenz judging.

The son of the father and son recently complained of the increase in his electric bill. Investigation brought out the fact that the coming Captains' examination was the cause of much midnight oil being burned.

It is rumored that Sergeant William Eason, 66th Precinct, likes to do desk duty, and is changing with the other sergeants.

Amos 'n' Andy of the radio ears can now take a long looked for vacation. Charlie Miller and James Riddle can fill their places. "Ain't gonna do it."

Patrolman Joe Workman is trying to persuade Patrolman Mahoney to take him on that long-awaited trip around the world. (Why not, George?)

Did you hear the name of our Hack Inspector, "Windy Hen" to you, mentioned as taking an extensive course in pinochle from Lenz?

Patrolmen Van Cott and Ben Turpin are always sparring. Watch out, Hen?

Patrolman Sweeney says he furnished one of his rooms with soap coupons. When asked about the other rooms he said they were filled with the soap.

Steve Hennessey has gone poetic with the following.

'Twixt the jeweler and the jailer
The difference is, says Wells,
That one of them sells watches
And the other watches cells.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. John Murray

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

Another month has passed and still the threats of felonious assault, mayhem, etc., come pouring in to this reporter, but we must carry on for dear old Parkville. The threats are having their effect, however, for the hair is gray that once was brown. My main wail is, where can I get items to amuse the boys? They are getting as scarce as hen's teeth. There must be a column for Parkville, so here goes.

The boys had a grand time at Dominick Griffo's wedding reception, the refreshments were enjoyed by all. After spending his honeymoon at Atlantic City, he returned to post and can now be heard humming, "I'll never be the same." Tell us, Dom, is it because you like that popular tune or are you by any chance referring to your days of freedom?

Tony Morda pulled a fast one on the boys by quietly slipping off and getting wed. Good luck, Tony, but the boys said the refreshments weren't so good.

If Dame Rumor can be depended on, John Reed is the next one to step off. What is this, anyway? Are the boys playing follow the leader?

"Say It Isn't So" is a pretty refrain, but it would be better if rendered by our crooning tenor, Claude Frey, who, as his side kick says, exercises his vocal chords daily much to his discomfort.

It seems as if Vito Luongo would have a better chance of selling the Brooklyn Bridge than getting the two small boys, John Langan and Dominick Lombardi, to join his football team.

We have not as yet heard any mention of precinct bowling teams being organized. Wonder if Jack Healey of the "Dog Squad" has his gang practicing yet? They need it. The Parkville boys enjoyed a swell time with the Borough Park boys last year and are anxious to renew the feud. Let's hear from you.

Parkville boasts of sending the best announcer in the Department to the radio broadcasting station. We mean Abraham Kessler, known as operator 83.

Preparations are being made for the spaghetti eating contest between Detective Cal McCarthy and Patrolman Edward Briglio. Date, time and place will be published later in "SPRING 3100." Lieutenant Tom Hand is willing to bet \$2 straight on McCarthy. That's going some.

Detective Jerry Murphy was seen wandering around his old neighborhood in "Tin Can Mountain" trying to locate the Norwegian who changed its name to "HOOVER CITY."

The men of the 76th Precinct have a tough time trying to convince Patrolman John Dowd that Muggsy Muldoon is not Italian.

Detective Jake Blum must have thought he was still working in the milk company when he lifted the two bottles from a stoop on Woodhull Street.

Detective John McTernan attended the recent prize fight between McLarnin and Leonard in Madison Square Garden, and insists that he was sitting in the Limousine Seats.

The boys of the 76th thought Willie (Gong Gong) McLaren had struck it rich when he brought chicken sandwiches for his lunch for a week, but Tom Carroll and Dave Feffer let his secret out by telling the boys he had worked a chicken market the previous Saturday and carried them in a Larsen's Bakery Box. The latter explains where he got the rolls.

The Pied Piper who had all the rats in the town of Hamelin follow him had nothing on Patrolman Frank Scheid, who had all the flies in the community following him.

The fellow who writes the cartoon in "SPRING 3100," namely, "Down in Mercer Street," must have received the idea by watching Cackling Tom Russell go to sleep on the end of a mop in the back room of the Hamilton Avenue station house.

Detective Shorty McGovern, of the 76th Squad, wishes the Mayor's Committee would give out the clothing soon, as he needs an overcoat and a pair of shoes badly.

It's tough to be a reporter at the 76th Precinct. The boys' wives get peeved when you write about their hubbies. I'm sorry, Mrs. Hambrecht and Mrs. Searamel.

A new attendant graced the portals of the Butler Street station house. If he is half as good as his reputation, we will have a clean house. Welcome to Dave Landa, formerly of Bergen Street.

The English language is oftentimes poorly spoken, but it is butchered by a patrolman who works along Furman Street. Here are a few of his sayings: "The water it come down fast." "Make me see if I like it." "What poll you go Election Day?"

Patrolman Joe Zaremski accommodated a young lady recently by changing a twenty-dollar bill. The

girl left with his change and Joe now is the proud possessor of a counterfeit twenty.

Ralph De Martino has taken up song writing and is collaborating with Joe Hill. The title is "Carolina Lullabye."

Charlie "Wanderlust" Archna has left the local waters and is now a deep sea fisherman. He throws back anything under ten pounds. Boston, Phillie and Wildwood see him on his days off.

Nick De Lisa and Larry Shannon have worn down five pairs of rubber heels since their assignment to the Bureau.

Young Driscoll, the peerless operator and demon typist, has been promoted from the rank of Coffee Sergeant and is now a Second Lieutenant.

Bob Richardson is convalescing at his Flatbush Estate. Bob fractured his wrist in that free-for-all on Van Brunt Street, when four suspects were arrested. Commendations are in order.

Herman Blatz now has third pick on the fourth squad due to Roach going on the radio car teamed with "Cutey" Meagher.

We have learned that the originator of "Dick Tracy" has taken a few pages out of Jim Cunningham's book.

12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherich
69th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Hitz

PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

The 63rd Precinct turned out 100 per cent for the annual outing at Barren Island. The Lieutenants, Sergeants and even Andy Blum lent their presence to make the affair a gigantic success. Mahatma Ghandi Rose and our sterling tenors, "Happy" Byrnes and "Morton Downey" Delano, put on a show that was worthy of Broadway stars, and they were well received by all present. Speeches and good ones were the order of the day. Among the welcome guests were several former members of this command who just couldn't resist the chance to mingle with the old pals of their Alma Mammy. Last and far from least was the feed which consisted of pigs knuckles and kraut with all the necessary trimmings, with nothing missing.

We understand Johnny Byrnes wants to change his square monicker; he claims 200 Byrnes is a couple too many.

Where is that smile of Patrolman Lannigan's? Only four months married and he was caught trying to give 19 cents in change for a quarter. Well, we warned you, boy!

Welcome back to Patrolmen King and Vitali, after a summer at the Island. It did very well with Vitali for he brought back a new daughter. Speak to him, Joe King, he seems to know his business.

We herewith announce that there will be three new divers into the sea of matrimony at the 63rd Precinct. They refuse, however, to name the day or date. Well, anyway, we wish Patrolmen Fitzgerald, Abondonola and Stahl happiness, contentment and healthy children. Can we wish more?

But, why do you, Officer Stahl, take her walking around the cemetery? We know the longest way round is the sweetest way home, but, still, why around a cemetery?

Is it a Colleen that is calling Patrolman Jordan to the "Ould Sod" for his vacation? We shouldn't be surprised!

To Lieutenant Finkelstein: We, the members of your command, take this opportunity of extending our heartfelt sympathy to you in your bereavement.

We are pleased to announce that Patrolman Kenavan is well on the road to recovery, after a serious operation.

The worries of two of our members are ended. Patrolmen Asher and Dietz have got their coal in for the winter.

How does the Canarsie air agree with your new Ford, Johnny Rapp, and is it large enough for the entire family?

In closing, we hope all the boys enjoyed their day off during Registration Week.

"Get It Up" Johnny Kissane, the demon P. B. A. delegate of the 63rd Precinct, in a confidential mood informed the boys to the following: "Saw Joe Moran and everything is O. K., we're not going to take a cut." Keep it up, John, they are looking for good men in the Detective Bureau, especially persons of the soft spoken manner.

Is there anything you wish to know? If there is, ask "Encyclopedia" Dunlap, the chief attendant. A sort of a news weekly that sees all and knows nothing.

The assistant do-nothing attendant Schroeder and Delegate Bert Hoover Whittam, were at the World's Canary Bird Convention. The topic of conversation ran something like this: "They stuck me on this hen or the duck eggs were represented as Hartz Mt. Specials." The boys are all expecting to see the lads come to work on the back of an ostrich.

The proper procedure under the rules on "How to make a cup of coffee": See Lieutenant Plant for the coffee pot, Lieutenant Kasin for the coffee and sugar, Joe McLaughlin for the water and heat. Tins are N. G. and taboo at these coffee clutches. Drop your coin in the tin box.

Our Radio Expert, Johnny De Felice, will soon hear the battle cry from the newly acquired better half each first and sixteenth of the month; it goes like this: "HAND IT OVER, BIG BOY, AND NO HOLDING OUT!" John, you have our sympathy; no more two for a quarter Havanais; it's two for a nickel Marconi's from now on.

We welcome our old friend Raymond C. Mooney back, but the postal authorities didn't. Ray has been sending mail to himself and they requested the permission of the Police Department to install a sub-station at the station house to handle Raymond's mail.

George Kinsella, our relief bureau expert, has moved to the wilds of Bergen Beach. His home was built by master mechanics, says George, We hope it was.

All the beaches are closed, but you can still swim at Roxbury's. For reservations see Buckey.

Kraut Head Eifler and Hay Fever Levine are proud papas. The gang hopes the new additions and their mamas are in the best of health.

Archilles (Chilled) De Stefano went out to buy grapes for Lieutenant Kasin the other day and brought back raisins.

Our Captain, after all his experience, finally has made two glaring errors. He selected two batchelors, Lieutenant Douglas and Patrolman Maher, to handle the Unemployment Relief Bureau. The Captain overlooked the many spinsters residing in Canarsie who seek relief from their present homes to new quarters. Speak to Bert and Joe, Cap, they could perform some real relief, if they would only join the army of BENEDICTS.

Time, 2:30 A. M.; place, 67th Precinct station house; Lieutenant Pal McCarthy behind the desk. The Lieutenant answers an incoming call from a female: "There is a kitten in the sewer at Brooklyn Avenue and Linden Boulevard." Sergeant Louis Tagliani is notified; he issues a dozen orders and leaves the station house with Wally Smith, who held a rope. The Sergeant tells the Lieutenant he will let him know if he needs the Emergency Squad. One hour later, the Sergeant returns covered with mud holding a kitten in his hand; Wally Smith comes in

with a pain in his back from holding Louie's feet, and the ambitions of both wilted.

Lieutenant McCarthy—"Officer E. Kelly, will you take this property to the office of the Public Administrator?"

Officer Kelly—"Is that the place down at Floyd Bennett Field?" (Administration Building was what he had in mind.) Good man gone wrong.

Patrolman Reynold was presented with a bouncing baby girl and congratulations are in order.

The third broom. Johnny Heckman, after receiving many injuries rushing out for sandwiches, is on a diet. Believe it or not. Mostly not.

Patrolman Charles Hudson, one of the prize Emergency men, sneaked away on the night of June 24th and took unto himself a bride, the beautiful Kay Roberts. Best of luck to bride and groom.

Patrolman Jim Gherich, the "I'll be right with you kid," sold stale buns before entering the Department. He brags of the buns he gave to the cops, but forgets that they always bought the coffee.

Radio recorder Lofmark wants to be known as a Swede, not a German. He has cultivated a mustache. Can it be an election bet? or is there a woman in the case?

The officers and men of the 67th Precinct extend their heartfelt sympathy to Patrolman William Hayes and members of his family on the loss of their father.

13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

The Super-Hetrodyne was on a "look-up" visit to Newark, following the "Brown-Darby," and blew his volume tube which prevents listeners on Pacific and Herkimer Streets from the "High Frequencies."

A few of the candidates for Pollocks Cult: Germany, Big and Fat Wegner, Ticklish Rock, Mushroom Seigleken, Shrivie Larry and Useless Seshingar, with Stubbie Zowie.

It's surprising to learn where some of the boys are able to get their suits. "Howey" showed up with a Berry Wall at Pete Law's shindy that must have come up with the drillings of his new well out at the end of Long Island where Captain Kidd is buried. Who knows what else came up with the suit?

Oh, yes, and SOME HATS. You've heard of those forty quarts, stove pipes and cheese cutters; w ll, just plant yourself at the front door of our station house and see an incoming platoon outgoing after their day's labor. Fischer Bodies, Alcos, Macks and even the Austins make their regular parade before the desk.

"What? Twenty for liverwurst? Why, yestiddy I had Hem Belony fur six."

Patrolman Santangelo, while enacting a court order with a city marshal was badly burned with a solution of lye which was thrown upon him by an enraged woman. He was removed to the hospital seriously injured. (All the gang at the 79th Precinct wish him a speedy recovery.)

Bushe and Rear are not that way anymore—ye scribe cannot find out the dirt, but 'tis so, anyway.

Ray Kane started to do a Mueller act, but the boys wanted to know if the mustache could stand another summer without water.

Isreal Stenzler, I notice, hasn't been sojourning out to the sticks lately.

The silver head Pop Ernst of the 80th Precinct has a side line of his own. On his spare time, biting puppy dogs' tails, in so doing lost his front teeth.

Our favorite pal, Patrolman Dario Fossa, has returned from his long stay in the back woods, looking like a sun-kissed babe.

A big hand to our good pal, Big Bill Casey, chief of the Dicks of the 80th Squad, and a speedy return to our Acting Lieutenant, Uncle Henry Reif.

Chief Operator Carmine Ranghelli, of the Radio Patrol, otherwise known to the boys as "Rags," who lost his hair a month ago, is now getting a new crop by the direction of M. D. Vincent Lopez, head of the Old Clothes Squad of the 80th Precinct.

Now that the flounders are coming strong, the deep sea divers, Starkins and Moldenshardt, of the 81st Precinct, are getting their fishing lines together. Hope they don't fall overboard again.

Patrolman Nolan of the 81st Precinct says the next time he goes fishing he will take along a bottle of Grade A milk.

It is not good form for the reporter to brag about himself, but he wants it known that he is now the proud father of a 9½-pound daughter.

And Patrolman Benjamin Bohland of the 81st Precinct is the proud father of a bouncing baby girl, and has named the new arrival Johanna.

14TH DIVISION

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

90th Pct., Ptl. Emanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry V. von Hosset
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Patrolmen Swing, Sheridan and O'Hearn, the youths from Greenpoint, the garden spot of Brooklyn, are all assigned to the 88th Precinct. O'Hearn and Swing are doing nicely, but Sheridan is an also-ran. He has to take care of his feet, hence no car.

John Ormsby, second broom of the 88th Precinct, has been losing his figure. To offset this he has been rushing around with the broom and dust pan.

Since the latter part of this summer, Lieutenant Robert Wood has been planning a trip to Florida to visit his brother, and Mrs. Wood has had the wires burning up trying to obtain the best and most direct route which the various gasoline companies claim they can lay out; but after Augie Schimp and Johnnie Merwede submitted the route, their friends and I can assure you they have Bob going around in circles.

Lieutenant Henry Schmidt was in conversation the other evening with Louis Michaels about what their occupations were before they came into the Police Department. "Well," Henry said, "I was a roofer." So Louis said: "Well, that is too bad. If I had only known that, I could have given you a job on the battleship I commanded down in Peru. You know," continued Lou, "I was a Commodore on the battleship." This was too much for Henry, who demanded that Louie bring his discharge papers and other documents to prove same.

If Bill Pleininger keeps taking aspirins daily, as he has been observed, he will surely be nominated an officer of the Wacky Club. There are others who don't have to take the little white tablets to be eligible for the office.

In a recent issue of SPRING 3100 there appeared an article about Charlie Bollier and Nick Rogers, relative to lolly pops. Rogers took the joke very well, but wanted it known that it was he who bought the pops and not Charlie.

The boys of the 83d Precinct sincerely hope that their commanding officer had a pleasant vacation, as he appeared in the best of health upon his return. Some of the boys surely were lonesome during his absence.

Patty Googan became very nervous one morning on the late tour when some one said to Patty: "What are you going to eat?" Much to his surprise, it was Dick Birmingham who offered to pay. It was not the paying so much that frightened Paddy, but he was scared when he saw moths flying from Dick's pocketbook; he thought the Banshee was around.

Although it may be a little late for baseball, we cannot help mentioning the enviable record made by the 87th Precinct. We won 40 games and lost but 11. We hereby question the "Little World Series," held between the 111th Precinct and the 42d for the precinct championship. The 111th has but one game to the good on our team, and the 42d called off their scheduled game with us. Why were we not included in the series? Let us hope next year we have a precinct league, then we will know who are the real champions.

Lieutenant John Hoar, a resident of Flatbush for many years, has pulled up stakes and has hied for the wide open spaces of Queens County. Good luck in your new home, John.

Big Jim Morahan, ace of the 90th Precinct radio crew, pulled a slick one on the boys. He stepped out and got married to the sweetest girl in Greenpoint. A good time was missed by all. Anyway, good luck and happiness to you both.

Vincent Healey has returned from his vacation at Lincoln Park, Chicago, where he played them on the nose. He and his assistant, Tony Hins, are now mixing their coffee; the drug stores will reap a harvest.

The 92d Precinct spreads the following gossip to all who care to know.... Hank Donovan, sheik of Schwaben Hall, was seen giving cigars to all his girl friends.... Patrolman Smolinski was seen bringing home a great big watermelon, in celebration of an expected blessed event.... We have a new Prince of Wales at the 92d. Visit us and ask Charles Williams how it feels to be tossed over a horse's neck.... Fearless Jerome Coughlin is always ready and anxious to escort pretty young femmes to their homes in the wee hours.... George Morgenthaler has been selected judge of a beauty contest; he qualifies because of unlimited experience. Where, no one seems to know.

The boys of the 14th Division are having difficulty in picking a No. 1 man on the coming Captains' list. Among their choices for the post are:

Lieutenant Condon, ex-mounted man, ex-marine, bachelor de luxe and authority on Webster, sparring for the glory.

Lieutenant Duncan Cameron, the congenial Scotchman. His handwriting is the envy of the Department; he has many backers.

Lieutenant Bill Kent gets a look-in for his superb showings at Mike's trials.

Lieutenant Peter von der Schmidt, ex-deep-sea-marine, is the dark horse, but not so dark, for many of the boys believe he will nose in for the grand prize.

We are not so anxious who comes No. 1, but we hope you all make it, and don't forget when you do that you were poor yourself once.

John J. Burns, of the 90th Precinct, journeyed to the Adirondacks to hunt deer, and wound up with the State Troopers and the local police hunting for him. Johnny got lost and used up all his shells trying to locate his friends. He spent the last three days of the trip cooling his puppies in hot water.

Patrolman Ed (Starfish) Drexler, the big hook-and-line man of the Hoodlum or 10th Squad, was heard singing that new ballad "Ah, Ed, I don't wanna go home."

15TH DIVISION

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

100th Pct., Ptl. James Honnigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Hermon J. Monners
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egon

103d Pct., Ptl. Joseph A. Doyle
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kolbacher

Patrolman "Tomato Crates" Quinn is leaving for a trip around the world; his first stop will be Havana, Cuba.

Patrolman Langer, of the 104th Precinct, can't bear to see the unemployment situation last so long, so he gave "Pete," the boy bootblack, a job to shine his

shoes. The boy remarked that he wished he had a paint brush. He never saw such large and flat feet in all his life.

Our P. B. A. delegate has gained the title of Judge Clarence since he was assigned to court, in Queens. He has selected as his court crier, when he enters the back room, none other than Unemployed Goldman (his pal), the boy with the sweet soprano voice.

Public Enemy No. 1—Patrolman Johann is so used to carrying a cane on his time off duty and wearing his best Hollywood clothes that he carried his night baton with him on Fresh Pond Road as late as 9:10 a. m. after a late tour.

Public Enemy No. 2—'Tis rumored that one of Richmond Hill's fair ones saw her loved one over her left shoulder at a Halloween party, and now we see Baby Face Fitzmaurice hiring all the German bands on his post to play the wedding march. Patrolman Quinn has promised to give him away.

Public Enemy No. 3—Patrolman Flanagan is gradually losing his taste for the old corn-beef and cabbage, and is coming around to where he can dunk his bread in the coffee and go to the Koffee Klotzes and have a good time.

Patrolmen Rickes and Albrecht have filed applications for entrance into the coming six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden. They were bicycle cops for twenty years.

Tony Walleck, of the 102d Precinct, who retired last month, has become Chief of Police of Park Ridge, N. J. So beware, New Yorkers, while passing through this town. GOOD LUCK TO YOU, CHIEF.

Bill Lambiasi will soon be eligible for the Mountain Climbers' Club, as he became a member of the Happy Husbands' League last month.

The following 5 and 10-cent hounds, Joe Eisenla, George Witbeck, Chris Mehling, Jim Powers and George (Bull) Burling have discovered an economical way of saving their shoe leather. Soles can now be bought at the 5 and 10.

Herman Lammers has changed his diet from pot cheese to bologna. He couldn't stand the publicity.

Jim Dunn and Bill Walton have received some flattering offers from three movie companies who want them to take the place of Lon Chaney.

Jim Dunn has been seen sporting around wearing that old Tar Pot (black derby). He calls it a Dunlap. We agree with you, Jim. It must have done about four laps so far.

Since Louis (Red) Miller lost out in capturing the flat burglar, he has been practicing the art of going up and down fire escapes.

Jim Powers, also known as useful, our attendant, removed some ashes from the cellar the other day without anyone helping him. It was the first time in years that Jim worked alone.

Mike Hogarty is the busiest man in the precinct. He is also known as the walking encyclopedia. (He knows all.)

The 103d Precinct has two newly married men—Patrolmen Brady and Rhinehart Strebel. Isn't love grand? Ask Phil.... Sergeant Byrnes' Broad Channel bungalow was last seen floating near Sandy Hook. Somebody please call out the Coast Guard.... Freddie Bodkins is now known as Dick Tracy of Jamaica. Keep up the good work.... Dan Brown will soon celebrate another blessed event. Congratulations, POP.... Old Man Sunshine (Patrolman Joe Brown) of the day squad admits that the job to-day needs young blood. That's why he doesn't like the late tours.... Sergeant Conley's all-star bowling team will meet Sergeant Byrnes' All Americans. This will be the coming game of the season.... Plain clothesman Roy Gough was last seen entering Whelan's

drug store looking like a tramp; what's the idea?.... Patrolman John Callahan, who was supposed to be married in June, is still waiting for the big day. Getting cold feet, John?

Patrolman Menninger, Service Station No. 4, has found out why he failed in the recent Sergeants' examination. He answered one of the questions by putting down on the paper, "10 gallons of gas and 1 lb. of grease."

Patrolman Herman Cook has been walking around the repair shop saying: "It ain't on the level; it ain't on the level."

Patrolman O'Rourke, of the 106th Precinct, will soon be leaving for an extended tour of the West Indies and Cuba; the well-dressed man will wear his white flannels if the furnace hasn't ruined them. He is quite an artist with his pastels and crayons. The boys will be expecting some sketches or paintings.... Patrolman Schultz is about to join the Ancient Order of the Benedicts; keyholing again, Carl, O.K.?.... Beatty would make quite a picture for the front of this magazine, pushing a peanut stand along Liberty Avenue.... How's ya whistle?.... Willmott was last seen at the equipment bureau looking for a new hat.... What a head.... Schliemer is still on the job washing diapers.... Are ya listening?.... Where's the Buick that Wagner had—the way of all flesh.... The biggest event that has happened—O'Connor, Tom, received a big surprise—it's a boy. Lots of luck for a dozen more.... Pyle has a new coat on, and you would think he was the big chief.... Yousa. Yousa.... Clerical Patrolman Morris wonders why the boys look at his legs. Take the stilts off, Harry.... De Guili, the boy wonder—in again, out again—any lost children around for Bill?.... The 9th Squad surely needs the towels.... O.K., Joe, don't hide behind Andy's back.... Timmes is back in the fold after being in the hospital for that mosquito bite.... Ha, ha, bite?.... That Mennella guy sure does get them in his association.... Oh, I forgot, he's the Secretary of the Columbia.... Keep your chin up.... Are you listening? See you all again sometime.... Hope you like it.... Yousa.

16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

111th Pct., Ptl. Reinhardt Schmidt
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuada
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

Said the boss to MASON one day, "Why do you STAAL?" MASON replied, "What, are you WISE? Tell that to SWEENEY, I know my FRENCH, that WALL is WELDON." The boss then said, "Don't hang LOWE," and with a BECK of his finger called over some BRAUN and continued saying, "I don't like any KNOX on the job, but I will sing you a CARROLL if you promise not to LYNCH me and the FISHMAN doesn't do me up BROWN."

Our minute man, Lang, having been tried by the precinct baseball team and found wanting, is going to take up ventriloquism. Just hear him say Twa-Twa.

You'd never think that Regan was once with the Chester Hale girls. Well, he was; he moved the piano.

Patrolman Cattaneo, the Mussolini of this precinct, was recently seen strumming a guitar. He'll probably be an itinerant musician when he retires.

Sergeant Martini was observed playing golf the other day. When asked whether he was a good driver, he said, "Oh, yes, I have never had an accident."

Patrolman Mason, while bowling, was asked to look out for a "poodle." He replied, "Why don't the owner keep his dog out of here and it wouldn't get hurt. It will only interfere with my game."

They say the National Trail was built by the wide wheels of the old covered wagons. It's a good thing

Landman was not known then, as his feet cover a lot of ground, for which all Bayside is thankful, as road building machinery is a rare treat.

Patrolman Huber, the wonder baker boy of Bell Avenue, is gradually getting somewhere. He's expanding all over the place.

Patrolman Werderman may be the Beau Brummel of Bell Avenue, but what a lily he'd be on 10th Avenue!

I wonder why Sergeant Mach's dog keeps away from Mr. O'Donnell's property.

All of us are glad to hear that Patrolman Louis Barmonde is on the road to recovery.

Patrolmen LeStrange and Broderick, prospective detectives, were given a test of their ability the other day. They were given a leaf of cabbage and told to find the head from whence it came.

Patrolman Pete Smyth is awaiting the holidays. He usually takes the part of Santa Claus in some of the department stores.

Patrolmen Strauch and Draghi are also glad the holidays are coming, as Woolworth usually has a lot of pretty extra salesgirls to wait on you.

A recent addition to the home of Patrolman McGowan was a bouncing baby girl. Congratulations.

Patrolmen Schleimer and Callahan recently joined the rank of Benedicts, for which the boys all wish them good luck.

Patrolman Schnier, our new attendant, is a recent arrival from Mercer Street. Let's hope that he was not the model used in the back room ballads of SPRING 3100.

Our baseball team, the champs of the Department, wound up the season with a turkey dinner which was attended by the players and their wives. A good time was had by all, and another good season hoped for next year.

Well, the 108th Precinct is on the air again, and we wish to report that congratulations are in order for the following for good police work: Patrolmen Roy (Happy) Dust, Joe (Sleepy) Brambora, Acting Detective Frederick Smol and Artie (Boy) Bickmeyer, all on the "Honor Roll" this month.

Who kept giving Lange the "needle" Election Night? Ask young Golden, he knows.

Did you see the Italian radio car yet? No? Smiling Willie Ammaan and Mike Geueal Tassio. What a load of Pastafazula!

Here's hoping that our buddies, Eddie and May Foley, are with us again soon.

Talk about your German band, we have them licked forty ways. Read this line-up: Willenbocher, Fenstenacher, Schultz, Miller, Verbowens, Bickmeyer, Lange, Meyer, Heinold. Try them on your saxophone together with Shumeyer and Schmidt.

Will someone please return the cosmetics to Patrolman Battestien? "She's" so embarrassed without them. Oh, dear me!

Papa Bruns says that he still believes "Blue Law" will win even if they have to carry him in on a trailer.

That was a swell turkey sandwich Joe Clark had on election night.

Meet our constabulary, Henry Hohn, from Lowell Hill, the pal of young McDermott, of Macy's fame, and also the Anable Avenue side.

Heard at the 112th Precinct dinner the other night:

Sergeant McKeogh: "Do I have to bring all the grub?"

Roessler: "Don't cry on my shoulder, I'm not your mother."

Frank Smith: "You Dracula, you!"

White: "Gee, I do all the work and I don't get any credit."

Sergeant Kraemer: "I don't go to cheap affairs."

Groh: "Vas you dere, Charlie?"

Geiger: "I ketched him right between the two eyes."

Sergeant Gonden: "Some leg, hah, kid? Chicken."

Brennan: "Yes, sir, Lieutenant."

Lieutenant Smith: "Get out and stay out—you're useless."

Sammon, 1st Mop: "We never had anything like this when I worked down in Mercer Street."

Sergeant McKeogh: "Good old Utah, take a little hop for yourself."

Donnelly: "Holy hat, who stole my car?"

Mike Faherty just got back from his vacation in Ireland, and says he still thinks there is no place like New York.

McQuade, Winkel, McAndrews and Wilbert went on a little hunting expedition to the Adirondacks. They had a lot of fun, but only caught one deer, Wilbert being the lucky man.

Some more cracks heard at the 112th Ranch:

Stampler: "Vell, I'll tell you, Sarge, I'm not a trouble maker—BUT."

R. Scott: "Is that so? Gee whiz!"

McKeefrey: "I used to be a song and dance man."

Stypmann: "Why should I bend over?"

Sergeant Pooler: "This is Sergeant Pooler, third and last time. Hey there, fellow."

Erickson: "Tap me on the head."

Knutson: "Any more vacancies since yesterday?"

Finnety: "I still can't understand it."

McQuade: "It's got to be good."

Sergeant Lisa: "What, no summonses? I'm gonna burn somebody up."

Lieutenant McKenna: "Look up that what's this—now, you know, the whaddayacallit."

Stevenson: "I swear I seen ghosts in that church."

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A. A little late, boys, a little late, but this reporting job keeps one busy. Yeah, busy ducking the boys from the September number, and now I'm ducking some more from the October number.

Patrolman Toomey sure enjoyed his visit to Traffic "D," and his five little playmates did everything possible to amuse him, but just the same he was glad when he left. . . . As I said last month, we're still waiting for those deer steaks. Patrolman Weiss is back, and has failed us again. Well, there's one out on Queens Boulevard, in front of the Elks' Club, just waiting for him. . . . Our proud daddies, Patrolmen Finn, Buelow and Menken. . . . Who's the forgotten man of Traffic "A," and does it mean we are in for a cold winter because Sergeant Stabile is letting his mustache grow once more? . . . Is it true that our boy friend, Wilbur, is known as satchel back, and that he got that way from being with O'Hara? . . . The depression is over. Smiling big Joe, from Canal Street way, will soon sport a new pair of shoes. He will christen them the Europa and Bremen. . . . Just a big smile: Patrolmen Bauman and Brassil showing their gold teeth every Tuesday and Thursday. . . . Must be the power of the mighty "Cremo." When and if Patrolman Mahr gets that commendation (saw him looking over the last page to-day), I believe he ought to give a party. (Some 150 others believe the same.) Well, au revoir, the boss is calling to warm up our iron horse, auto 771. (There's a number to play.) So I'll be leaving you until next month.

B. Sergeants Patrick Brady and Patrick McGuire were declared the winners in the recent domino elimination contest, and during the week of December 1st will compete for the championship of Traffic Precinct "B."

Patrolman Louis Greenberg is a busy man these days. He has taken up the study of farming in a big way. His instructor is none other than the well-known professor, Reuben Weltsch, the long-armed traffic man of Spring and Lafayette Streets and points north. For the first time Louis found out that eggs do not grow on egg-plants.

Patrolman Albert Kreuger has another fish story. This time the bottom of their skiff was sawed out by a sword fish.

Patrolman John J. McCann and the missus have just returned from a vacation spent on the St. Lawrence River.

C. Strayed or stolen, a truck load of love birds and canaries. Driver last seen in conversation with a soft hearted and headed traffic cop. Any information notify Patrolman Breen who is much concerned.

Who said that attendants do not clean under desks? Our able bodied attendant found a pair of pliers under one.

Eddie Dyrlic's pal, John Riley, to show his appreciation of Dyrlic's friendship, has given him a tuxedo suit. Fits here and there, mostly there.

To all in all boroughs: Enjoy yourself at the Blue Club at Sergeant Dillon's expense.

Believe it or not: Fat—Lent can be seen any rainy day walking to the station in New York's Finest uniform protected under a lady's umbrella. Does it all get under, Jimmy?

Papa Valder and Lent, the corporation twins, shall from this date on be known as Huddle and Duddle.

On sale at Traffic "C," the new sensational hair restorer. Anyone desirous of availing themselves of this great opportunity, see the Hen Pecked Husband.

All the boys of Traffic "C" miss Lieutenant Weisenreider, and hope for his speedy recovery and return to us.

Now that the doom of prohibition is inevitable, Sergeant O'Connor will open a saloon at 5th Avenue and 23d Street. Patrolman Sidney Hutchins will be appointed to tend bar.

D. Patrolman Charlie (Handball) Baumgartner is away off on his game lately. Rumor has it that he's in love. Someone caught him writing a letter to his sweetheart, who happens to be a school marm, and they actually saw Charlie peeking into a dictionary, taking some of Webster's biggest words. He wants to show his girl friend that he's not only a good handball player but also a good linguist.

E. Happy to report that the outstanding hero of Traffic Precinct "E," Patrolman John Montague, is now well on the road to recovery. It will be recalled that on October 12th John encountered a dangerous highway robber who was engaged in holding up a storekeeper at 57th Street and 8th Avenue, aided by a female accomplice. John bravely faced the music, and, although wounded from six bullets fired at him at close range, he succeeded in bringing the bandit down and arresting his accomplice. John was personally congratulated by the Police Commissioner, who arrived shortly after. Splendid work, John.

Recently, Sergeant James Mohan was unanimously selected "King" delegate for the Sergeants' Association to take the place of Sergeant Dan Doyle who left us to join the Royal Order of the Gold Bar. Jim, we are all with you, and no doubt in the near future you will receive your "Crown."

Patrolman John Hart, who so efficiently regulates traffic at Amsterdam Avenue and 181st Street, is so conscientious that whenever a traffic stanchion is damaged he simply picks it up and straightens it out. Hope those stanchion shop mechanics never find John playing with their personal property.

Patrolman Johnny O'Connell, our clerical midget, was recently heard beefing about football passes. Why worry, John, use the cuff.

James Matthews, our smiling traffic officer at Dyckman Street and Broadway, recently joined the order of Benedicts. We are advised that Jim sailed the briny Hudson to pick his charming bride. Jim, may your joys be as deep as the ocean and your sorrows as light as the foam.

Sergeant Joseph Meade distinguished himself in the recovery of a pedigreed police dog. Joe says he never before had to jump so many fences or climb so many mountains, and hopes it never happens again.

2D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

G. Ptl. Gene McGuinness

H. Ptl. Narcisse Gervais

Lieutenant Pat McDonald, of Traffic "H," takes no chances at political meetings. Pat was seen carrying his night stick at a recent Bronx rally.

Patrolman Frank Wiacek insists that Chicagoans display their own State registration plates hereafter instead of Illinois. Lucky that Captain McGrath was nearby or the violator wouldn't get away with it.

Patrolman John Shelley, of Traffic "G," won't allow the traffic lights to be turned on at Westchester Square until it receives some other name. John lives nearby and is much interested.

Patrolman James Lyons' red socks would remain a secret as well as a hit were it not for the big "Stiff," Patrolman John Hickey, who saw him coming from a Bronx basement sale.

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

I. Ptl. James Kenney

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell

J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

L. Ptl. Harry Hughes

M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K—Count Jacob Von Hoenighausen, the sheik of Traffic "K," recently returned from vacation sporting a brand new hair lip. Yeah, one hair. It is real cute. Charlie Chaplin please take notice.

Harry Shortell, the reporter of Traffic "K," reminds one of the Cubs' pinch hitters in the late lamented world series; just a STRIKE OUT.

4TH DISTRICT TRAFFIC

PTL. WILLIAM P. KEARNS

N. Ptl. John H. Westervelt

O. Ptl. Edward T. McKenna

P. Ptl. Thomas E. Sheedy

Teddy Brenneis is competing with the alfalfa farmers of the middle west. He is cultivating a patch on his upper lip.

Smiling Billy Beck, the singing waiter, forgot to return the "soup and fish" to its rightful owners. We believe he intends to attend a masquerade on Thanksgiving Day, or probably he is saving it for the wedding on Christmas Day.

Lieutenant "Bob" McSchuster has won the deed to Eddie Townsend's house. When you dance you pay the fiddler, Ed.

Acting Lieutenant "Con" O'Brien has a prize Irish Terrier which he intends to enter in the dog show. He is getting it in shape. The nightly sprint along the beach causes the dog much discomfort. Better put shoes on the mut.

Charlie O'Burgess lost his rabbit. After much scouting and snooping in cellars, he located it, back with its family.

Charlie Johnson has a brand new son. The canaries resent this very much.

Dick Hanley is now a resident of Hollis. His former neighbors of South Jamaica have been invited to attend the house-warming.

"Gypsy" John Bazazzian, "the Collich Pernt swamp filler," is using high pressure salesmanship on Lieutenant Cobey. Don't weaken, Lieutenant.

"Chubby" Westervelt was observed shopping for

a floor lamp and an end table at the Post Office auction. If you weren't successful, "Chubby," try the Salvation Army.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

The "Relax Club" held a meeting the other night and the ladies were there in goodly numbers. The high bowling score was made by Mrs. Willie Reilly, while Mrs. Duncan was the victor at bridge. Ask Dad Maurice Healy about the prizes; he knows. Bill Ruddy and his famous horsemen entertained the guests with numerous songs and selections, while several acts from the R. K. O. kept the two hundred or more guests in good spirits for the evening, during which time pretzels were served, for which a request was made.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles Cleveland (Pistol Bureau) are taking an extended trip to Bermuda, where you can satisfy yourself to your heart's content with everything good under the sun. Well, Lieutenant, it is hoped that you both will have an enjoyable time.

Patrolman Charles Brown (Boiler Squad) is out of sorts these days. It is rumored that the telephone has been removed from Charlie's desk. Apparently, Charlie would sooner have the itch instead of a phone on his desk.

Any time you want to make our own Johnny Gevin break out into a big smile, ask him where you can obtain a good feed of corned beef and cabbage. Can she make it? John says she can. How about an invite some day? Out of luck, says you.

You never know when and where you run into a boss. The other day, Joseph Wixted and his better half hopped from Washington, D. C., over to Atlantic City to spend a little vacation, when who popped up on the boardwalk, and mind you, at 7.30 A. M., our old friend and side-kick, Lieutenant Paul Lustbader, and Billy Mitchell (of the Quartermaster's office). After assuring Joe that everything was on the up and up they went on their way.

There is always a reason for everything. Stanley Povey, our Tennis Champ, insisted upon taking Maurice Healy to dinner one certain day. What was the big idea, Stanley, let's in on it.

Our future sergeant, Willie Reilly, is waiting for a blessed event at his home, and Frank Robb is looking forward to a new automobile.

CRIME PREVENTION BUREAU, UNIT No. 4

PTLW. IRENE PETERS

Now that the baseball season is over, what next?

Lieutenant John O'Grady has the distinction of having the only girls' baseball team in the P. A. L. They played a good game and won most of the contests; not through chivalry, however, but through good work. Kitty Kelly, of the Chelsea section, is a favorite with John, and she was proud to display her prowess, the result of John's excellent coaching.

Incidentally, O'Grady has organized a girls' basketball team in addition to his regular hockey and handball teams. Contest games open to all Units.

Patrolman Ed. Fitzgerald is looking rather well these days. The prospects of a long and happy future that is in store for him with the "one and only" may be the reason.

Patrolwoman Gert. Winterhalter may be a prize-winning short story writer for this magazine, but you should hear the ones she tells the gang.

Our latest reports from "Min" Gilbert, who has been at Ray Brook, state that she now weighs 160 pounds, and can play nine holes of golf at par. If she sticks to her vitamins and the doctor's orders, she will soon be back with us.

Unit No. 4 celebrated its second birthday recently. Just a big, happy family in one small unit.

Another born to John O'Hara—this time a boy. He says that's a good start.

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD No. 1 PTL. CARL J. FRITZ

Congratulations, Al (who do you call it), on those two additions in your family. We are all very proud of you.

One of our brother members who studied hard for the sergeants' examination, but for some reason went blank in the examination room, Joseph Martin Patrick Sylvester Clark, who was keeping company at the time, is now married to a school teacher, and to see for herself what he does for the hour and a half, goes to school with him and waits in the car outside. She can't understand how anyone can go to school for four years and then not shine. Now he gets a hundred words to spell, four major crimes, ten legal definitions, five rules and two articles in the manual to study each day, and she wants to see his report card each month. Good luck, Joe, see you on the next list.

Oh yeah! I forgot to tell youse guys that those two additions in Al's family were a canary and a puppy.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2 PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

Question by Sergeant Shaw: "Do they use periscopes on auto trips?" Well, Sarge, all the boys hope you enjoyed your vacation.

Fred Fitzgerald qualified as a Civil Engineer's understudy while observing the subway construction work on Fulton Street. It is rumored he gave that fellow a summons because his truck fell off the car tracks.

A sweet young thing approached one of the boys with the query, "Did you see MY Clark Gable?" The mountie said, "Why, who is he?" The S. Y. T. replied, "Joe Dickers, of course." Is my face red?

Jimmy Brennan says that when he retires he is going to raise pedigreed dogs. Watta ya mean you lost your dog?

Jack Schaefer entered a stall in Bar 2 E the other day and was astonished to see horns on its occupant. No, it wasn't a cow, just the neighbor's goat.

Terry Jennings was ordered to the Alien Bureau the other day. We sincerely hope he was not deported to the Ould Country (Jalapa). He's still missing.

Jack Reed, the demon "State Trooper," is recovering from injuries received in stopping a runaway horse. Speedy recovery, Jack.

The Prince of Wales would find excellent material for his Royal Life Guards in Tommy Hopkins, Ted Johnson and Pete O'Rourke, all big men, tried and true.

TELEGRAPH BUREAU

PTL. BRIZZOLARI

"Paraphrase Portrait"

JOSEPH CRONIN....Chief Dispatcher....Announcer....Director....Collector....Tragedian....Comedian....and what have you of Radio Stations W.P.E.G....W.E.E.F....and W.P.E.E....Born in Ireland in 1879....gray haired and plump....a Telegraph Bureau wisecracker whose gags are swiped by "Bring 'em back alive Murtha," "Frozen Face" Honig and "Chesty" Vollmer....Went through Fordham in one afternoon....with the janitor....then became a traveling salesman for a porous plaster company....but didn't stick....joined up with a medicine show....as ballyhoo man....selling a tonic....90 per cent hooch....trailing Billy Sunday....Billy would dry up a town....Joe would wet it down again....then landed with a burlesque troupe in Hoboken....playing the part of a wave in a storm scene....is known as the best Ad Libber in Police

Radio...made a record for National Broadcasting Company with "Sparks" Francis and "Big Shot" Cuff...which will be heard outside New York...thank goodness...also did a movie short with "Grumbling" Brown...keeps company with beautiful women...but still single at 53...lives in New York at 49th Street near 3rd Avenue...his boon companions are "Potts Town" Keene and "Father" Curtain...recently went off gold standard...had his teeth drawn...now has pearly white ones instead of gold...very becoming...he's the guy who told September Morn there was a fly on her back...he still believes in promises of Presidential Candidates...favorite pastime is to sit with a stein on a table with Louie Melloh and "Boils" Barth and talk about Bridge...Golf...n' Radio...a regular fellow...JOE CRONIN.

Anyone wanting pointers on Deer Hunting should get in touch with John Sullivan. He recently had an experience near Hawthorne, N. Y., which might interest you.

6TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. CORNELIUS J. BROWNE

The members of the 6th District wish to congratulate Detective Short of the 28th Squad and Detective Jerry Smith of the 23rd on their recent promotion to 1st Grade Detectives.

We're all glad to see Captain Hyams back from his vacation. If looks count for anything, he's fit to stay up for many nights during the coming year. Let's go, Captain, 2 A. M., just a little homicide. Answer: "All right, send the auto, I'm coming to the precinct."

Correction of the last issue: I wish to give you the correct name of the sleuth who gives the Coffee Sergeant a penny instead of a nickel for coffee, and who has the Prudence Bonds cornered. It is Detective BERNARD GUNSON and not Joe Mansfield.

We have a great disappearing detective in this 23d Squad—now you see him and now you don't. Henry Grippen, what a man!

If anyone has a dog that he wishes to give away, please get in touch with Detective Florence McCrohan, of the 23d Squad. Anything from a Newfoundland to a Pekinese will do.

Detective Peter Golemboski, 25th Squad, while on his vacation in an upstate town, assisted his brother in arresting two men. When he returned to duty he put the two arrests on his monthly report, but the old Hawkshaw clerical man sent the report back with notation that two assists would not be allowed.

There is a rumor that Detective Connelly, 32d Squad, had high blood pressure while in charge of the precinct. Since Lieutenant Kiley came back to take charge, they say his pressure is again normal.

We wish to congratulate Detectives Gill, Grippen and McCrohan for making good arrests.

8TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. WILLIAM S. SECOR

Detective Pete Crotty, 45th Squad, Broadway's playboy, was hit by the depression. His beautiful Hollywood Sweetheart fell for a Chicago millionaire. Stew bad, Pete.

Charley Nelson, now Sergeant Charles O. Nelson, Jr., was 13th on the list. The District wishes that Charley goes higher, and the 46th Squad, especially, hopes so. Good luck to Charley and to Colonel Stoopnagle.

Tom Williams was given an assignment in one of the local theatres, and, while he was done out of his meal period, Tom was tickled to be among the artists to get some new material for his own act, around the squad room.

Bobby Reers, that very funny fellow from Westchester, told the boys that the name of the Seagull

song is "Hit the Deck." Pudgy is always coming out with a new one.

Conny Mancini, the wittiest fellow in the District, is collecting new material for the winter season, and by this time next month we ought to have a little dope on the boys in the District.

Andy Tully and Walter Dinan, of the Homicide Squad, are in fine shape to match any four men when it comes to eating. Someone remarked that they would rather clothe than feed them. Two good fellas.

Mike Foley is getting high hat since he got his store teeth in. Well, who wouldn't?

Al (Mickey Mouse) Laurino is still a nut for the movies, especially where Mickey and his girl are concerned.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 4 PTL. CARL L. REU

We take this opportunity to openly congratulate Patrolman Pat Clancy upon his promotion to Acting Sergeant. We also welcome and congratulate Acting Sergeant Petrenchick.

Our shipwrecked sailor, Commodore T. Batto, is still narrating his death defying experience on that lone and desolate island.

All you hear from Patrolmen Reedy, Reilly and Loss is, "When I was up in Canada on my vacation." This was the first time Reedy was ever outside of the city, and you can imagine what we have to put up with all day.

Patrolman Traficenti threatens to win a prize for cartooning in "SPRING 3100." He's practicing copying pictures from all the comic sections of the newspapers. He can draw pretty good now, especially on that pipe of his.

Patrolman Huber intends to rewrite the "R. & R." and "M. of P." because his opinions differ with the books.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 5 SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Patrolman (Fire Buff) Rek is always found around fire houses on his time off. Every time he hears a fire engine he goes ga ga.

Patrolman Savage is trying to get someone to teach him how to make Mulligan stew. We know a Mulligan that would enjoy some Savage hash.

Oh! oh! Christmas is coming and McCusker will let out the moths again.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 6 PTL. LEO P. SHEVLIN

Walter (Frank Buck) Feddern is having a swell time telling the boys about his hunting trip. He tells the one about the voracious animal taking him unawares. It seems he was walking along a jungle path rather absentmindedly, when out of the brush came a terrific roar. Well, what was Walter (Frank Buck) Feddern to do? He ups with his gun and catches the beast squarely between the eyes. It took about two more shots to finish this gigantic mammoth, and lifting the squirrel onto his shoulders he proceeded homeward. And today, my children, the name of Walter (Frank Buck) Feddern is revered throughout the country surrounding Lake Carmel.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 8 PTL. JAMES A. SPARROW

What we are thankful for: Gallagher gives thanks that there is only one land and that there is only one Gallagher...Brooks, for that big "A," what a ship...Hartling, for his October vacation...Mullins, for Murphy, Inc....Egan, Kriesler and Innenberg, for the beautiful girls...Hennings, for his handball...McGrath, sh-h, it's a secret...Light, that he has Kelly to argue with...Mills and Carlson, for their fishing days...Maddock, for the song "Margie"...Lynch, for the addition to his family...Ryan, Weiss, Dndley and yours truly for the first and sixteenth...Meyer, for his V 8.

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolmen George A. Kevil and Patrick J. Woods, 25th Precinct, while on patrol at about 2 P. M., October 15, interrupted two men in the act of looting an apartment at 235 East 120th Street. One of the men pointed a revolver at the officers and commanded, "Stick them up!" Patrolman Kevil knocked the man's hand upward as the gun exploded and discharged a bullet into the ceiling. Patrolman Woods then discharged one shot, killing the man instantly. The robber was a fourth offender with a long criminal record. The second man attempted to escape, but was apprehended and placed under arrest by Patrolman Woods.

Acting Lieutenant Henry P. Devlin and Detectives Walter F. McCusker and Francis X. Short, 28th Squad, at about 11:30 P. M., October 31, arrested in a basement apartment at 3 West 117th Street, Earl Hall, wanted for a homicide committed on May 28, 1931, at 5th Avenue and 118th Street. The officers were compelled to force the door to the apartment in effecting the arrest. This man was also wanted for having fired several shots on April 6, 1932, at Patrolman John Elliott, 20th Precinct, in the apartment of Hall's mother at 223 West 62d Street, from which he afterward escaped through a rear window.

BRONX

Patrolmen Raymond A. Scanlon and George Wolsey, 50th Precinct, while on radio motor patrol duty at about 11:45 P. M., October 17, received an alarm of a holdup in a drug store at 261st Street and Riverdale Avenue. Hurrying to the scene, they were informed that the two holdup men had escaped in a green sedan, license number unknown. The officers searched the neighborhood and at 230th Street and Broadway observed a green car which they pursued and forced to the curb at 225th Street. The two occupants, each armed with a revolver, were forced from the car, a search of which revealed a quantity of perfumery and \$104 in currency, the proceeds of the robbery. Both prisoners were identified and admitted the crime.

BROOKLYN

Patrolman John W. J. Fink, 71st Precinct, while off duty and visiting a sick friend, William Moyland, at 235 East 32nd Street, at about 3.10 P. M., October 8, was using a paint remover on woodwork in the apartment when it caught fire and exploded. The officer raced to a firebox in the vicinity, sent in an alarm and while endeavoring upon his return to rescue Moyland from the flames, suffered burns and other injuries from which he died on October 15 in Kings County Hospital. Moyland escaped practically uninjured.

QUEENS

Patrolmen Philip Faber and John Rush, 110th Precinct, while on radio motor patrol duty at about 8.30 A. M., October 21, received an alarm of a holdup in a delicatessen store at 64th Street and 39th Avenue, Woodside, where they were informed two men had held up the proprietor at revolver point and escaped with \$17.22 taken from the cash register. The officers searched the neighborhood and at 71st Street and 35th Avenue took into custody two men who answered the description of the bandits. One of the men was armed with a fully loaded revolver. They were identified by the complainant and both admitted the crime. The stolen money was found in their possession.

At about 10.20 P. M., October 14, two men entered a store at 1906 Ditmars Boulevard, Astoria, and with revolvers pointed attempted to hold up the proprietor and about 15 men customers. When resistance was offered, one of the men opened fire, killing one of the patrons instantly and fatally wounding the proprietor. Painsstaking investigation by detectives resulted in the arrest on October 20 of the robbers. They were identified and both admitted the crime. The officers chiefly concerned in this arrest were Detectives Frank Overlander, Thomas Gallagher, Hugh Sullivan and David Nigri, 114th Squad; Detective Anthony Sadlo, 108th Squad, and Detectives Fred Trumpf and Irving Higgins, Queens Homicide Squad.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

Stabbed and killed Bernard Kroll, at 399 Blake Avenue, Brooklyn, on March 20th, 1932.



**MORRIS FOX, aliases
CURLEY MORGAN and AL MORGAN**

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 6 feet, 170 pounds; blue eyes and blond hair. Has a remodeled nose that is distinctive. An amateur boxer and may be located at a fight club.

WANTED FOR MURDER



Alias
IRVING GREENE and BOBBY GREEN

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 130 pounds; dark hair and complexion. Has pimply face. Wears heavy eye-glasses. Wore dark suit, grey fedora hat. Occupation, chauffeur.

WANTED FOR MURDER

Stabbed and killed Bernard Kroll, at 399 Blake Avenue, Brooklyn, on March 20th, 1932.



MEYER FOX

DESCRIPTION—Age, 26 years; 5 feet 6 inches, 145 pounds; black eyes and hair. Neat dresser.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY DEMINO, alias
LOUIS ANELLO MARI, alias STUMP**

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 5 feet 2½ inches; 125 pounds; brown eyes; dark chestnut hair. Pimples on face. Wore gray overcoat and soft hat. Residence, 2423 Camrelling Avenue, New York City. Photo number in New York Gallery B79742.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.

Spring 3100

DECEMBER 1932



CHARLES
HARRISON

*Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year*

Spring 3100

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

VOLUME 3

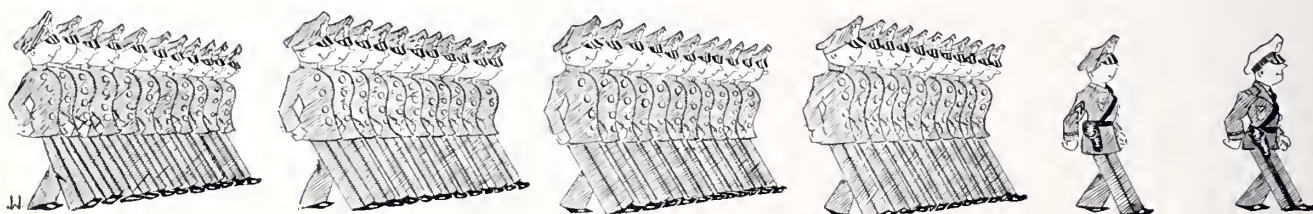
DECEMBER, 1932

NO. 10

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

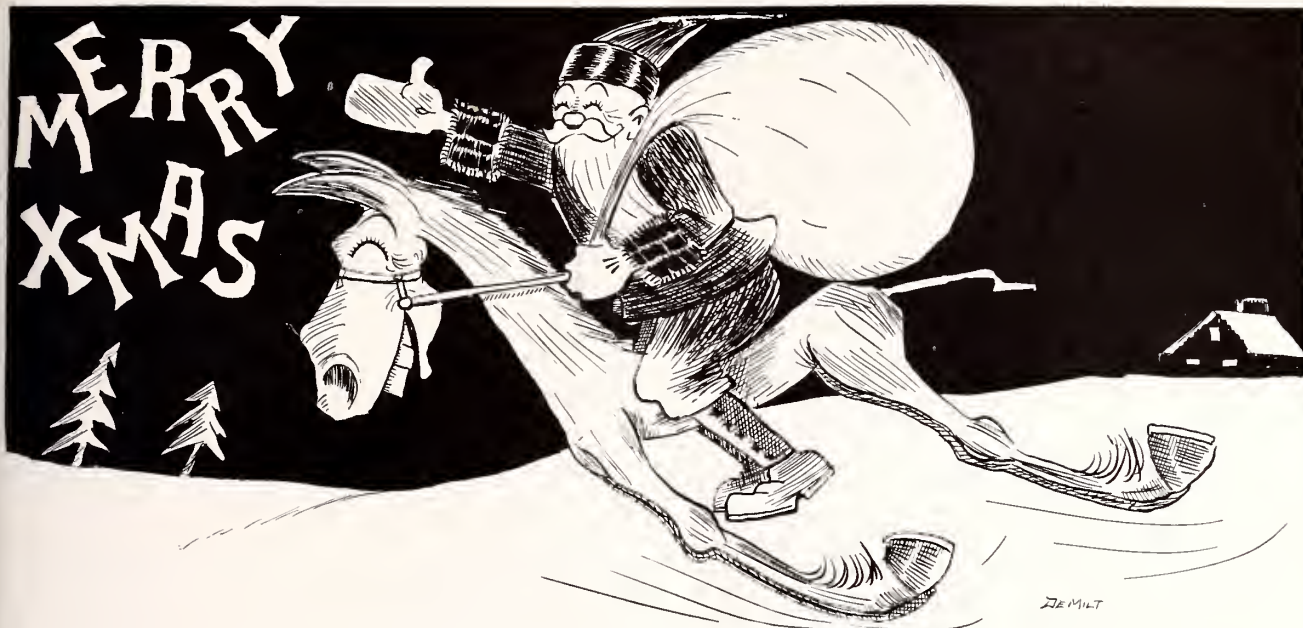
STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.



THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington

November 16, 1932.

Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney,
Police Headquarters,
Centre Street, New York City.
My dear Police Commissioner:

The admirable police arrangements during my recent visit to New York added greatly to my pleasure and comfort and I wish you to know how cordially I appreciate your efforts.

I will be obliged if you will also convey to the members of your Department my thanks for their part in this valued service.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.

Editorially Speaking

To our Police Commissioner, who has always given his staunchest support to our magazine and who is the only man who ever told Mussolini that the New York City Police Department was the finest in the world, and got away with it, "Merry Christmas."

To Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessey, because of his splendid article, "Policing Coney's Great Conflagration," in our October issue, "Merry Christmas," even though he has to write an article for us occasionally to rank as Associate Editor.

To Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell, whose erudite columns on the Police Academy make our magazine welcomed by all serious thinkers, "Merry Christmas."

To Inspector Joseph J. Donovan for his skill in selecting our Criminals Wanted photographs, "Merry Christmas."

To Lieutenant James A. DeMilt, whose Old Man Sunshine columns serve as an antidote to our weighty essays, "Merry Christmas," and—well, never mind, it's the holiday season.

To Patrolman James Wynne, for his Back Room Ballads, "Merry Christmas."

To Patrolman John Lena for his excellent work as our writer on sports, "Merry Christmas."

To Patrolman Charles Harrold for his graphic covers for SPRING 3100, and to his side-kick, Patrol-

man John Colletti, who keeps our circulation figures at par, "Merry Christmas."

To Detective Edward J. Wright, of the 73d Squad, who captured the brothers Fox, whose photographs had long adorned our back cover, "Merry Christmas."

To Dr. Ernest Fahnestock, honorary surgeon of the Department, who has just established the Fahnestock medal for valor, to be awarded annually, "Merry Christmas."

To the president and executives of the Police Association of New South Wales, who sent us a Yuletide card all the way from down under, "Merry Christmas."

To all our prize winners, in addition to their prizes, and to all those who participated in the contests and didn't win any prizes, "Merry Christmas."

To all of our reporters who do not get any prizes anyway, although they certainly deserve them, "Merry Christmas," and the hope that next year we can work out some manner of rewarding them.

To all of our subscribers, "Merry Christmas."

To all of our readers, even if they are not subscribers, "Merry Christmas," with the hope that they may see the better course and subscribe.

And finally, to Chief Inspector John O'Brien and to all members of the Police Department of the City of New York, "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in 1933."

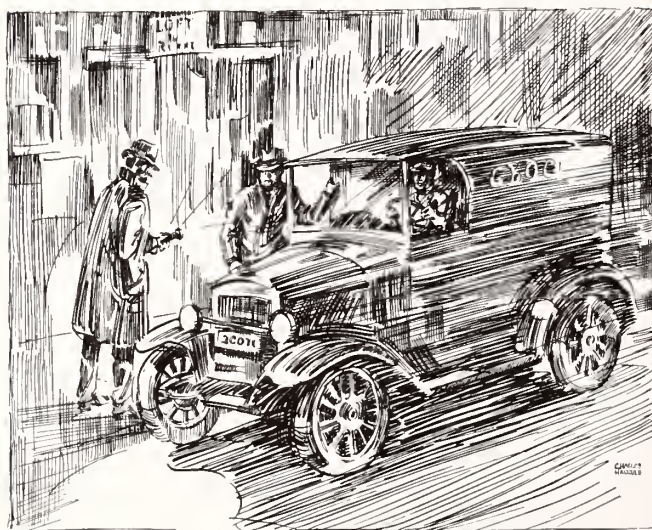
Three Wise Men

By ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN

CHRISTMAS EVE is a holiday for ninety-nine and ninety-eight one-hundredths of the entire world, but for the remaining two one-hundredths it is merely another day, marked only by the prodigious amount of labor the unfortunate worker has to perform and the entirely unnecessary gaiety of the holiday celebrants. Policemen, newspaper reporters, shop-keepers, delivery men and their helpers may all be classified among the unlucky two one-hundredths and most of them regard Christmas Eve with a jaundiced and cynical eye.

Chris Waters, the toughest detective in a squad which was known throughout the underworld as being very tough indeed, had something of the aforementioned feeling as he paced eastwards on Eighth Street, Manhattan, one snowy Christmas Eve and regarded with the utmost gloom that portion of the world which his weary eyes surveyed. He had already sent his partner home to trim the Christmas tree for his (the partner's) children, and so was forced to anticipate performing the remainder of his night duty in solitary grandeur. Bachelor Chris, who had only a lonely dinner to look forward to on the morrow, shrugged his shoulders and told himself that it didn't matter anyway.

The detective stiffened suddenly, somewhat after the fashion of a hunting dog who has marked his point, as two men emerged silently from a narrow doorway a short distance away. Both of the men carried large bags which they placed in the rear of a small truck parked in front of the doorway and then one of them slid behind the wheel as the other went around the car to enter it from the opposite side.



Waters, flashlight in his left hand, pistol in his right, came forward as quietly as a shadow upon the pair. The beam of his flashlight showed the man behind the wheel to be "Flash" Haddon, known as a foremost loft burglar and a criminal arrested twice previously by Waters and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

"Just a minute, Flash," said Waters, "I'd like to see what you have in those bags."

"My God, Chris," said Haddon, "it would have to be you, wouldn't it?" and strangely enough, at these words, the burglar's companion, a skinny boy of about seventeen or nineteen, began to cry silently.

"What the hell's this?" demanded Waters. "Pile out of that car with your hands up and no monkey business. I asked you what was in those bags and where you got 'em."

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you what was in them or what I wanted them for," replied the burglar, "but I'll do it, anyway. Way over on the East Side, past Avenue A, this kid's wife and mother are freezing and starving to death in two empty rooms. Both the women are down with the 'flu.' There's coal in those bags and I stole it from old Parkins's loft to heat those rooms and to keep the women from freezing to death. Even the car is borrowed and so's the gas."

"A swell story," snapped Chris, "you an ace loft thief and you have to steal coal. And anyway, what's a kid like this doing married?"

"We had to get married, sir," said the boy simply.

"Yes, and you and your ex-copper commissioner have got this town sewed up so tight that a loft thief's lucky to get coal," chimed in Haddon, only not so simply.

"Come on," commanded the detective, "get back into that car. I'll go with you and if your story's true I'll pay Parkins for the coal and see what the Department can do for these people. But if it isn't," and his voice trailed off leaving the threat unuttered.

These days of depression have made us all familiar with cold, unheated, unfurnished rooms and starving people. There is neither need nor desire to dwell upon the sad details of the setting in which Waters found two very sick women, or rather a woman and a mere slip of a girl, but it was just as "Flash" Haddon had described it. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that neither the former loft burglar nor his youthful aid went to a cell that night, although old Parkins was paid for his coal.

Broadway on Christmas Eve was a much more cheerful place than the section in which Chris Waters had been working, but its bright lights and throngs of merry makers brought no joy to the soul of Billy Rattigan of the Pickpocket Squad. A strange man, Rattigan. If Waters was known as a hard-boiled tough detective and others of the Headquarters men were suspected of being sentimentalists, Billy Rattigan was known as an impersonal man of steel. His closest friends were accustomed to say that they could count on the fingers of one hand the times they had seen him smile. "Yes, and not have to use the thumb and little finger," they would add.

So on this night when Rattigan saw "Dad" White, a notorious "fob worker," trying to ply his nefarious trade, it looked like curtains for "Dad." A "fob worker," as described by my good friend Acting Captain William J. Raftis, head of the Pickpocket Squad, is a man usually between fifty and seventy years of age who, having tried every branch of pocket-picking, is now rounding out a hopelessly mispent life. He steals either from the outside overcoat pocket or the right-hand inner coat pocket, and

since this was Christmas Eve and a cold and snowy one to boot, "Dad" White was trying the outside overcoat pockets.



"Well, Dad," said Rattigan, and little spurts of white fire came from his blue-grey eyes, for the detective hated thieves in his own impersonal way.

"Dad" tried to speak, but although his jaws worked convulsively, no sound issued forth from his aged lips. "Well?" repeated Rattigan, and this time the words gushed from the fob worker's mouth.

"I was going straight, so 'elp me, Mr. Rattigan," he quavered, "me 'ands shake too much for me to be any good anyway. But tonight, it's me little granddaughter, Grace, sent me out—she wants some roses."

"Well," inquired Rattigan for the third time.

"I 'aven't the price of one rose," said the old pickpocket sadly, "and the 'ospital doctor and the charity people, they've been good and kind, but they 'aven't money for roses either—and she's awful sick and only ten. So I was going to 'ave one last try, but I 'adn't got nothing when you spotted me."

Rattigan backed his man into an unlit doorway where a quick frisk showed him that the pickpocket was without a cent. He knew "Dad" had always worked alone, and even if he hadn't in his prime, no thief would now take as a partner an old man whose fingers shook as though palsied.

"Where do you live?" asked the detective. "Dad" gave him an Eleventh Avenue address, and that is why a pickpocket's granddaughter had some beautiful roses on Christmas Day. If this sounds extravagant, let me say that it really wasn't, for on New Year's Day her flowers were Heavenly posies.

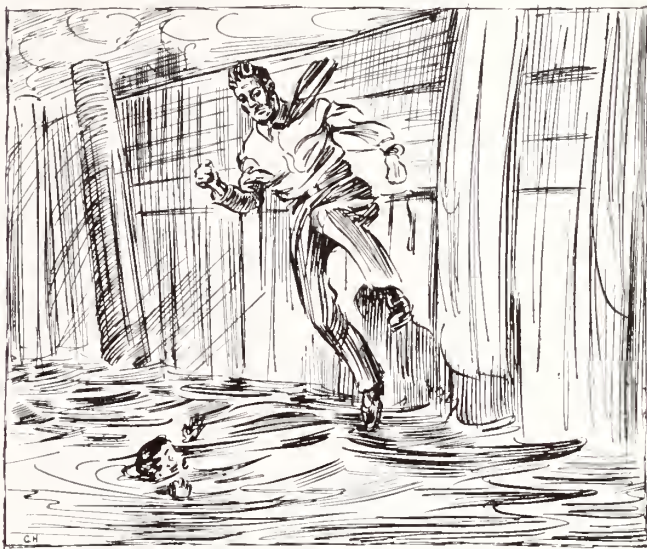
"Big Jim" Sullivan was a happy man on this snowy Christmas Eve, although he was only a "harness bull" and his post lay along the East River front where it was especially cold and windy and chunks of ice swept by in the swift, dark current. "Big Jim" was thinking that his twenty-five years in the job would be finished next month and then he could retire to—

"A Sullivan County farm for a Sullivan," said "Big Jim" aloud, "and I bet I live to be a hundred there even with this bum ticker."

A terrified yell from the captain of a barge moored

at the pier near where he walked, brought Sullivan back to reality with a jerk.

"My boy's overboard," shrieked the man on the barge, and "Big Jim," looking closely, saw a small form struggling in the water. Even as he looked he had been discarding certain articles of clothing, overcoat, blouse, cap and shoes, for his quarter of a century in uniform had taught him to react speedily in emergencies.



The thought of his "bum ticker" didn't check his dive for an instant. The shock of the cold water almost made him stop breathing, but he fought hard and for a few minutes was the same famous swimmer who had once been the envy of lifeguards on the city beaches. He went under twice in deep plunges for the boy, and got him the second time.

The barge captain and his helper pulled "Big Jim" kicking feebly, and his unconscious burden, out of the water, and an enthusiastic young ambulance surgeon gave them first aid. Before the sawbones did so, he had to use a shiny steel probe to get the fingers of "Big Jim's" left hand loose from the boy's collar. The policeman shook himself and stood erect.

"Is the kid all right, Doc?" he asked.

"He's coming along fine," said the surgeon as the boy stirred and showed signs of returning life. "We'll rush him to the hospital, and he'll be O. K. for Christmas."

"It's the finest Christmas gift I could wish—to have my boy safe," said the half-crazed father, beginning to calm down a little. "How can I ever thank you, Mr. Policeman?"

"That's O. K.," said "Big Jim" Sullivan, "all in the line of duty, you know. That's a fine-looking boy you have, and next Christmas I'll invite you up to my farm, where it may not be so exciting, but we'll have a dry Christmas."

"Big Jim" was wrong, however, for the "bum ticker," which hadn't checked his dive, failed now, and he reeled and fell into the surgeon's arms and was dead when they laid him down. "Heart disease," said the surgeon briefly, "the shock of the cold water was more than he could stand."

But the police chaplain at his funeral said the Christmas gift of a boy's life was undoubtedly very acceptable—Up Above.

Honor Legion Memorial Service



Commissioner Mulrooney pins gold stars on Legion flag in honor of our departed Police Heroes

THE twentieth annual memorial services conducted by the Police Department's Honor Legion were held at 2:30 o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, December 11th, in the Schubert Theatre, 233 West 44th Street. The service was preceded by a parade in which 400 policemen, representatives of the Legion, led by the Police Band, marched over slippery streets through a fine snowfall to honor their deceased comrades.

The parade began at 65th Street and Central Park, wound down Fifth Avenue, across 43rd Street to Eighth Avenue, north to 44th Street and east to the theatre. The parade was headed by the Rev. George Caleb Moor, Protestant Chaplain of the Department; Lieutenant Charles C. Steinert, president of the Honor Legion, and Lieutenant Sylvester Hlavac, sergeant-at-arms of the Legion.

The audience of 1,500 persons who had also trudged through the snow to attend the service, was composed largely of friends and relatives of the thirty-six policemen who died this year. Eleven of these made the supreme sacrifice in performance of duty that others might live.

The ceremony of the roll call began with the sounding of "Taps" by a bugler in the wings and an-

other in a remote part of the theatre while the audience stood at attention in a darkened auditorium. Then velvet curtains were drawn, revealing a pyramid of forty lighted candles, thirty-six representing those policemen who had died this year, while the remaining four symbolized the Legion's World War dead, all deceased members of the Legion, deceased honorary members of the Legion, and the deceased of the entire Police Department.

On each side of the candles was a bower of roses flanked by flags of the nation and the Police Department. A uniformed patrolman stood at the right with a long snuffer. While the names of those who died during the year were read by Lieutenant Steinert, president of the Legion, a member answered "Absent" after each name and another member responded with the date and occasion of the absent member's death. As each name was called the snuffer extinguished a candle flame.

While the lights were still dim, Police Commissioner Mulrooney stepped forward and eleven new stars were handed to him by Lieutenant Steinert. The Commissioner pinned the gold stars one by one on the gold star flag of the Legion, its field already three-fourths filled with stars placed there during the last twenty years in memory of police heroes who died in line of duty.

After the invocation by Mr. Moor, representatives of the church, bar, bench, labor and the Police Department joined in paying tribute to the dead. Among those who spoke were Commissioner Mulrooney, District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crain, former Representative William W. Cohen, Deputy Police Commissioners Felix Muldoon and Nelson Ruttenberg, the Rev. William G. Ivie and Rabbi Isidore Frank, police chaplains, the Rev. Edward Hughes of St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, George Gordon Battle, City Court Judge Joseph T. Ryan, Judge Joseph Fennelly, State Senator John J. McNaboe, Magistrate Benjamin Marvin, and Joseph P. Ryan, president of the International Labor Union.

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. John F. White of St. Agnes' Church. The Police Department Band and a double quartet of the Police Glee Club contributed to the musical program.

Following are the names of the policemen who died in the line of duty between December, 1931, and December of this year, with the circumstances of their death:

John Kranz, detective, shot to death in a taxicab on December 29, 1931, while taking a man and woman prisoner to the East 67th Street Station.

John Walsh, patrolman, of Traffic C, shot to death on January 21, while attempting to prevent a holdup at 206 East 86th Street. He was off duty and in civilian clothes.

James R. Goodwin, patrolman, of the Wadsworth Avenue Station, also off duty and in civilian clothes, shot to death on February 15th attempting to halt a holdup at 2196 Amsterdam Avenue.

George L. Meyers, patrolman, of Traffic I, killed by an automobile on February 17th while directing traf-

(Continued on page 17)



"BROTHERS ALL"

P. B. A. Plans Gala Night, January 28

OFFICIAL approval has been given to the application of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association to hold its annual entertainment and reception at Madison Square Garden on the night of Saturday, Jan. 28. It will be the eighteenth occasion for a reunion of the relatives and friends of members of the Police Department under the auspices of the oldest and the largest of police organizations.

On the night of the affair Joseph P. Moran, president of the Association, will hand to Mayor John P. O'Brien, for the city's unemployed, a certified check for \$10,000 from the proceeds of the sale of tickets. It will be the third time that such a donation has been made by the P. B. A. At the affair in January of 1931 the check was received by Mayor James J. Walker and in January, 1932, in the absence of the Mayor, Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney accepted the donation and over a wide radio hook-up praised the members of the Department for their generosity.

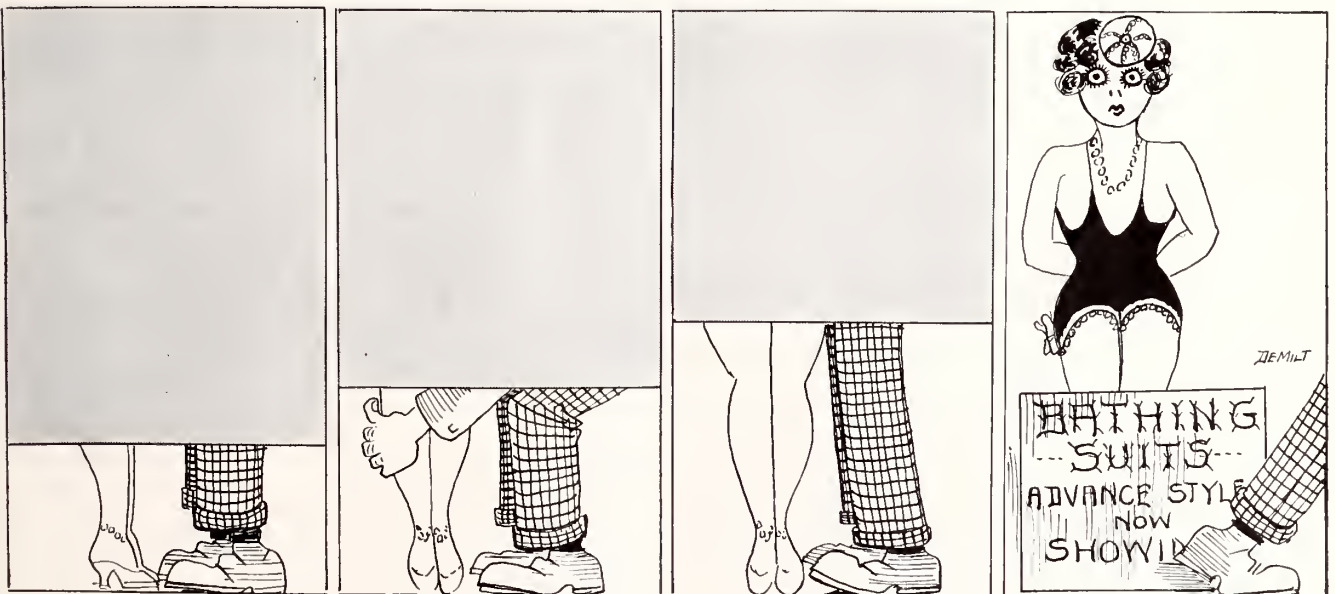
Features of the entertainment will be a concert by the Police Band and the Police Glee Club. This part of the entertainment with short addresses by

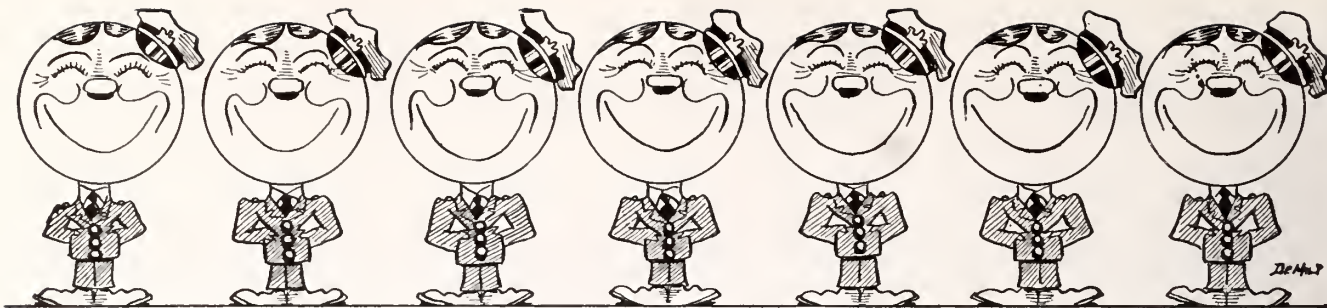
the Mayor and the Police Commissioner and greetings to be read by President Moran will be broadcast for an hour in the eastern part of the country for the benefit of the public.

The Garden on the night of the ball will be a Mecca for delegations of police organizations of this and surrounding States. The 35,000 members of organizations affiliated with the State Police Conference of which Mr. Joseph P. Moran, this year, is State President, will be urged to listen by the side of their radios, and it is expected the Police Commissioner will talk to the largest audience of policemen in history.

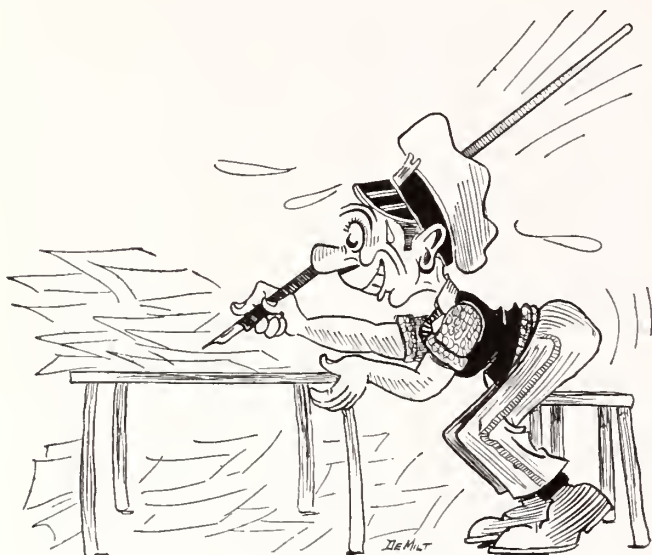
A limited number of tickets will be sent to the P. B. A. members in the various precincts, squads and bureaus, and it is hoped that the response will once more demonstrate the success of any undertaking of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. It is hardly necessary to inform members of the Department that the show to be put on at the Garden that night will be worth many times the price of admission. The best stage talent in the city at the time of the affair is always on hand to entertain the large and enthusiastic audience.

PROVING THAT THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM





The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Sergeant William P. Flaherty, 94th Precinct.

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Frank W. Lent, Crime Prevention Bureau.

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Sergeant Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "A."

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.

Patrolman H. Brennan, 92d Precinct.

Patrolman Frank J. Pipolo, Emergency Squad 7.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received by the Managing Editor not later than January 8th.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

YULETIDE GREETINGS

Merry Christmas	PTL. CHARLES HARROLD	Cover
Editorially Speaking		3
Three Wise Men—A Christmas Story	ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN	4
Honor Legion Memorial Service.....		6
P. B. A. Plans Gala Night.....		7
The Prize Winners.....		8
Pistol Team Wins Highest Honors.....		9
Make 'Em Like It—1st Prize Short Story	SERGEANT WILLIAM P. FLAHERTY, 94th Precinct	10
Reading the Minutes.....	Old Man Sunshine	12
Side Partners—2d Prize Short Story	PTL. FRANK W. LENT, Crime Prev. Bur.	16
All Aboard for Havana.....		18
Sports.....	PTL. JOHN LENA	19
Dr. Fahnestock Donates Medal.....		20
The Police Academy	DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	21
Kop Komiks		23
Looking 'Em Over.....		24



SPRING 3100 PRIZES AWARDED

THE Police Commissioner on the morning of December 14th awarded to the winners of the SPRING 3100 contests the prizes which they had won during September, October and November of this year. The Commissioner in a brief address to the prize winners who were assembled in the Board Room at Headquarters, congratulated them and spoke of his own personal pride in SPRING 3100.

"Our magazine," said the Commissioner, "is regarded not only throughout the United States, but almost throughout the world, as a most distinguished member of the police department magazine field. You men who have just received prizes have contributed materially to our magazine's success, and I congratulate you not only upon winning your prizes, but also upon helping the magazine to obtain such distinction. I hope that your achievements will encourage you in further distinguished effort and that they may also serve as an inspiration to the other members of the department."

The prize winners were:

SEPTEMBER

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman William Meyer,
Emergency Squad 8

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Charles Mohler,
Emergency Squad 6

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZE \$2

Patrolman A. L. Mortensen, 64th Precinct

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct

Sergeant F. X. Murphy, Traffic "A"

OCTOBER

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman George Moeller, Jr.,
114th Precinct

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Joseph P. Thierry,
Emergency Squad 18

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZE \$2

Sergeant F. X. Murphy, Traffic "A"

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct

Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop

Patrolman Frank J. Pipolo, Emergency Squad 7

NOVEMBER

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman Morrell E. Davis,
Crime Prevention Bureau

2d Prize, \$10—Sergeant John B. Morrell,
Emergency Squad 8

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZE \$2

Sergeant F. X. Murphy, Traffic "A"

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct

Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct

Patrolman Anton Svoboda, 23d Precinct

PISTOL TEAM WINS HIGHEST HONORS



L. to R., Patrolmen Migliorini, Koehler, Schuber, Sackett, Wendell

THE Police Department's pistol team has just completed a most successful season in which the team competed in nine matches against approximately 70 teams and won all of its contests. The team matches were shot at Trenton, N. J.; the United States Military Academy, West Point, New York; Peekskill, New York; Fort Howard, Maryland; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford and Greenwich, Connecticut; Briarcliff, New York, and at Camp Mulrooney. The team during these matches won the following championships:

Inter-State-Inter-Collegiate Championship.

Maryland State Championship.

Eastern Regional Championship.

North Atlantic States Championship.

New England States Championship.

Besides these championships, the members of the team won many individual contests in which they competed against several thousand of the best pistol shots in the United States. Both the Police Commissioner and the Chief Inspector have followed the work of the team with the greatest interest and at the close of the season congratulated Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, commandant of the School of Recruits, under whose charge the team competed, and Sergeant Joseph Evans, the team coach.

The members of the team for the season of 1932 were:

Motorcycle Patrolman Adolph P. Schuber (Team Captain).

Patrolmen Arthur V. Sackett, John L. Wendel, Charles Migliorini, Herbert W. Koehler, Thomas McGovern (substitute).

Practice and instruction for the Junior team members will be resumed this winter. Two members of the Junior team, Patrolman Robert W. Schmidt and Patrolman Earl W. Rowe, have already distinguished themselves by their excellent shooting. Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Noonan, Commandant of the School of Recruits, extends an invitation to any member of the Department who would like to compete for Junior team membership to send to him his name, shield number and command.

Make 'em Like It

FIRST PRIZE—SHORT STORY CONTEST

By SERGEANT WILLIAM P. FLAHERTY, 94th Precinct

AS Officer Dave Burke was patrolling his post on First Avenue, Charley O'Neill sought an interview.

"Dave, a boxin' match is scheduled in the 69th Regiment Armory for the benefit of War Veterans' orphans," Charley O'Neill explained. "I've heard of your argument with Handsome, the 'pug' I manage, and, knowing that you are pretty nifty with your mitts, I thought we could get together and make a piece of change out of the affair."

"I like Handsome and figured he is goin' to be champion some day," Burke replied; "that's why I stepped aside to let him keep company with your sister, Bessie. But I am sore at Handsome now, because he is bummin'. The first opportunity I'm goin' to take that bird down the water front in a rough-and-tumble."

"Don't be goofy. That's a violation. Here, I'll tell you what's on me mind. Handsome is so swelled up I can't do nothin' with him. He's hittin' cabarets and speakeasies, soused half the time, can't train properly and won't take advice from nobody. What that guy needs most to make him champion is to hear the birdies singin' just once, understand. He'll soak up more wisdom if the referee counts over him than he could get out of Shakespeare. Are you listenin'?"

"I am; that's why I want a street fight."

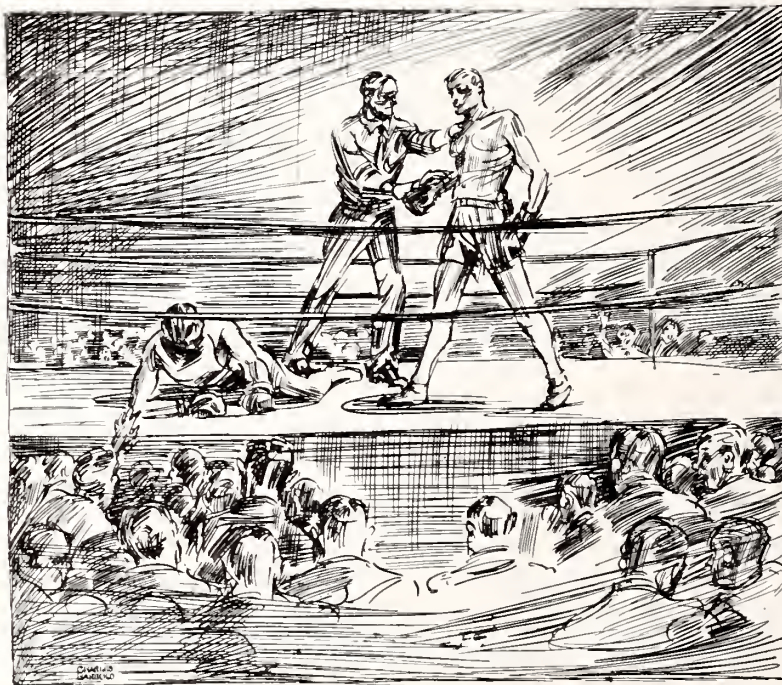
Charley O'Neill tilted his derby thoughtfully. "Handome's as clever as a dip's fingers, strong as garlic, as fast as a propeller; but that don't mean nothin' if he ain't in condition and you are. If I get permission from the Police Commissioner to have you box for the Vets' children, and you are taught to protect yourself and shoot haymakers, will you take a chance with my numbskull? Remember, this is for charity."

"You're interested in Handsome as a meal ticket," rebuked Dave, "while I am interested in the guy's morals. Anyhow, I'll fight Handsome to have him live better and make him like it."

"Fight Handsome?" Burke thought as he resumed



patrol. "Why, that is exactly what I wanted to do. But even if I win, Bessie will hate me for marrin' Handsome's classic beauty. And if I lose, of course she'll hate me and feel she was right in choosing the better man. Win or lose, my chances with Bessie are no good. But I have sworn I'd teach Handsome a lesson, and here is my chance to do it without gettin' in a jam on the Force."



A promoter who knew the psychology of sports had thousands of placards printed displaying Handsome's gorgeous picture in trunks, together with Dave's photograph in uniform, announcing the sensational boxing events. Sporting writers indited many columns intimating that the reputation of the Police Department was at stake.

The night of the fight was a gala one. The great 69th Regiment Armory was thick with smoke and vibrant with excitement. The band played "Garry Owen"

mingled with the good-fellowship strains of "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!" This brought a boisterous chorus from the galleries. General admission was two dollars, with many sitting in extra chairs in the aisles; others perched on iron beams overhead. Gracing the main floor were the Mayor and others prominent in all walks of life.

Ten o'clock came, disposing of the preliminaries

and elevating the curtain on the main bout. There were introductions and wild cheers; then a hush of expectancy as the announcer's voice was heard:

"Final bout, eight-round exhibition. In this corner, Handsome Waterman, contender for the heavy-weight crown, weight 200. In this corner, Dave Burke, pride of the Police Department, weight 177."

The referee instructed the fighters, waved everyone else out of the ring, then nodded to the time keeper. The bell clanged.

The best physical trainer in the city service, Mike Conlon, had spent many tedious hours in the past month teaching Burke feints, sidesteps and blocking. Conlon knew that as long as Handsome's strength held, no amateur could stand toe to toe with him and withstand his punishment. He cautioned Dave to jab incessantly, cross with a right, but under no circumstances stand up and fight until so instructed.

Handsome opened the first round with a short right and followed with a terrific left hook to the face. Dave clinched, then backed away. "Stand up and fight!" Handsome taunted. Handsome landed two left hooks then caught Burke with a right that did not travel five inches. Burke's knees sagged. The bell rang and Handsome laughed derisively.

In the second round two more rights and a left hook to the face increased Dave's distress; then he was hit by a right which dropped him on his face. He rose to his feet at seven. His left eye was shut tight and his right half closed. Groans of dismay from the main floor were lost in the hoarse tumult from Handsome's adherents in the gallery.

The third and fourth rounds Burke also received an unmerciful beating, although he tried his best to put into practice the footwork and defense taught him. He was dazed and confused by the strange surroundings, the glare of lights, the pressure of ropes at his back, the avalanche of advice from all sides. He sensed that the cool figure circling about him so gracefully was a master of ring generalship. Handsome boxed at long range, weaving in and out of clinches with arm locks that protected him perfectly.

After the fourth round Burke inhaled deeply of spirits of ammonia. As his mind cleared he heard Conlon whisper, "Handsome is stimulating himself with booze. He's tired. This round give him everything—"

"Make a man out of him, and make him like it!" interpolated Burke.

The bell rang. Out from his corner Burke flashed like a hurricane. He jabbed three stinging lefts to Handsome's face and a right to the heart. Handsome went to the ropes. Burke followed, crouching low, sending jolt after jolt to Handsome's stomach. The giant clinched. The referee separated them. Handsome darted to the center of the ring. Burke followed and the two stood facing each other, punching like wildcats. Burke, eye closed, body crimson, but a natural fighter, was oblivious now of everything but the annihilation of his opponent.

Handsome, evidently realizing he might lose the fight through exhaustion, took careful aim at Burke's jaw and smote savagely. Burke sidestepped and his right glove whirled upward and found Handsome's chin. Handsome staggered against the ropes. Burke was bringing up a haymaker, but stopped as he heard the bell. Handsome shook himself; his famous

right loaded with dynamite, he caught his opponent below the heart. Burke fell in a heap.

The audience was electrified. Then a deep condensed murmur of indignation rose from the main floor. Handsome fell, rather than sat upon his stool. He waved a hand at his jubilant admirers, to shield his actual condition.

The referee raised Burke's helpless hand as the winner on a foul. Six thousand spectators, including the gallery that invariably goes wild over an unexpected winner, stood up and roared: "Burke! Burke! Burke!" The policemen forgot their majestic dignity and cheered till the blare of the band was unheard in the joyous din, till hearts beat so fast that they seemed too big for the ribs that confined them, till they were hoarse and tears of emotion came.

In the dressing room, Conlon kept a crowd of admirers aloof until he removed Burke's gloves, produced sponge and water, and applied arnica and styptic collodion to the red ruin. Charley O'Neill squeezed through the crowd and congratulated Burke.

"Charley, how did the big bum take his disgrace?" Burke asked feebly.

"Oh, the ham is cryin' like a baby!" In his happiness O'Neill almost sang. "Handsome's pride is hurt. Swears he is off liquor and women for life. It was pitiful to see him bawl, but I didn't give him no sympathy."

Burke remained in bed three days healing his wounds and resting aching muscles. The fourth evening he resumed patrol on First Avenue. Bessie O'Neill was standing at the entrance of the lunch-room.

"Good evening, Mr. Burke," she said in a clear but cool soprano voice. "Oh, Dave, your face is swollen and scraped. Charley told me of your victory. Dave, I never did a thing to make you mad at me!" said Bessie, half turning away.

Burke was dazed. "But you were keeping company with Handsome and wearing his bracelet?" he demanded.

"I only went out with him to please Charley." Bessie seemed on the point of tears. "The bracelet is an imitation—I bought it at the five-and-ten."

At this Burke took Bessie into his arms.

"Dave, you're on duty," Bessie pleaded. "Stop acting like a cave man!"

But Burke disregarded the regulations and implanted a kiss on her ruby lips.

"Bessie, I'm crazy about you and I want you to marry me," he whispered. "I treat 'em rough, and make 'em like it!"

LEACH HEADS POLICE SQUARE CLUB

President William R. Leach of the Square Club of the Police Department was unanimously re-elected for his third consecutive term at last week's annual election of the club, which was held in the club-rooms, Carnegie Hall, Fifty-seventh street and Seventh avenue. All of the old officers were renominated, but there were spirited contests for both tilers and for membership of the executive committee. The installation will take place at the regular monthly meeting in January and will be witnessed by a number of prominent Masons of the metropolitan area.

Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



IT hardly seems that a year has flown since we last settled ourselves to the solemn task of grinding out the annual Christmas sermon with which we never disappoint you at Yuletide.

Another hectic year has gone into the great discard, and, if we may be permitted to exercise for the moment our somewhat limited powers of analyzation, we cheerfully prophesy that Old Man 1932 will be little missed.

Which might be another way of expressing how a lot of you feel when the Little Woman announces sadly that Cousin Tillie and the children will be unable to come down for that week-end visit—as they had faithfully promised.

Or, when the Telephone Typer suddenly proclaims the transfer of that *Certain Sergeant* whose penchant for *popping up at inopportune moments* always caused you pain.

Good old Kris Kringle has promised to report promptly as usual. He never weakens. But this year—like the last—his heart is not altogether in his

work. There are thousands upon thousands he is forced to pass up again, and who will wait in vain on Christmas morning for that friendliest of all visits.

For some, the Christmas season brings untold happiness. For many it's just plain hell—as *His Satanic Majesty* would explain when greeting a newcomer to his domain.

Such is life, however, and few come in closer contact with its grim realities than we of the Department.

And surely, none will deny that we are always ready and happy to extend a helping hand.

A fact which Commissioner Mulrooney points out frequently—and with quite pardonable pride.

Mentioning the Commissioner, by the way, brings to mind some *highly interesting facts* concerning that recent pilgrimage to the Eternal City, from which he has just returned.

Would it startle you to learn that the Commissioner originally planned to make the trip by AIR—and with no less able a pilot than *Roger Q. Williams*, famed New York-to-Rome flyer, at the controls?

Why the plan fell through we cannot say—except that maybe the Commissioner figured it might be healthier to become mixed up in a *plan falling through* than in a *plane falling down*—or something like that.

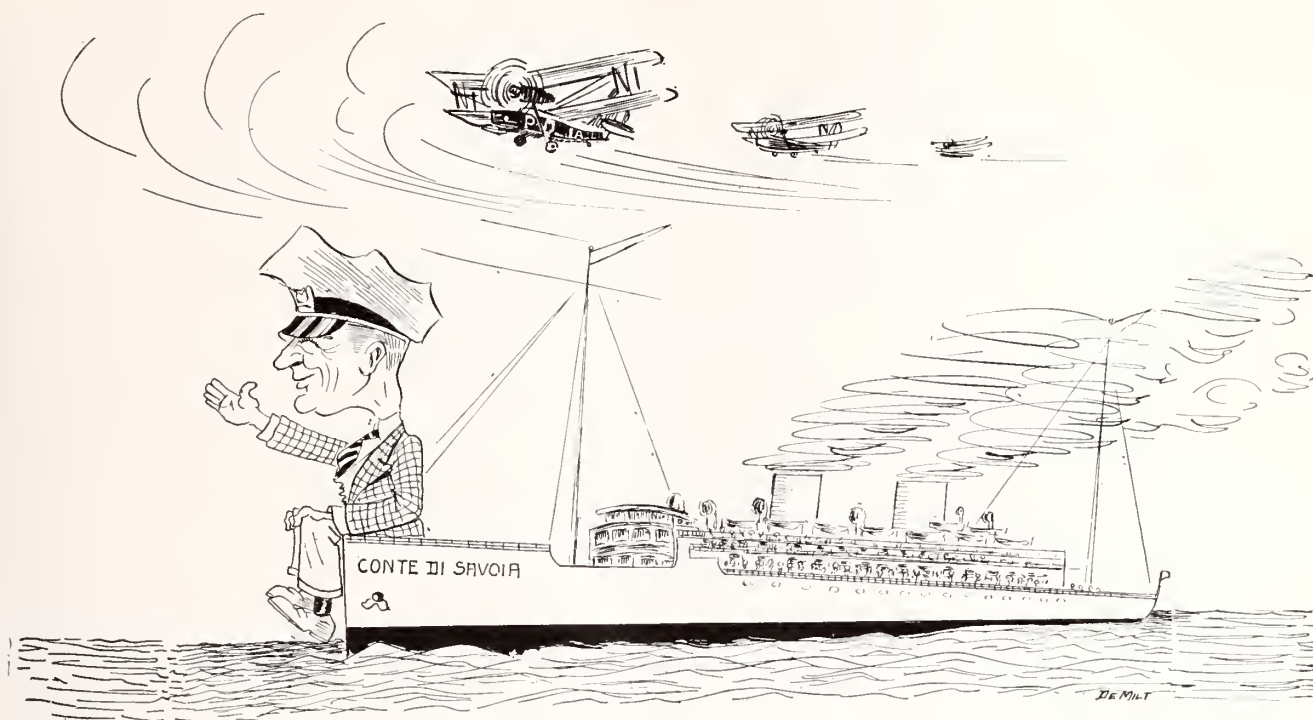
And did YOU know, Commissioner, that the big cabin plane that overhauled and circled the “Rex” in a gracious gesture of farewell on the day you sailed was piloted by the aforementioned Roger Q. Williams, and that in the plane were also John Falton, an old friend of yours, Christie Bohnsack, director of the municipal broadcasting station WNYC, and Captain Johnny McManus, of the 63d Precinct?

And that on the deck of the “Rex” the boys dropped a message of *bon voyage*—in which the flying Captain plaintively regretted the impossibility of escorting you clear across—because of police regulations requiring his presence in the precinct that night?

And wifely regulations requiring his presence at the breakfast table next morning?

Coming out of our tailspin, however, there is little doubt that the Commissioner enjoyed his first crossing of the Big Drink immensely, despite the reckless rumor that a drinkful trip in the “Rex” wrecks one wretchedly—or at least prohibitionlessly.

The Big Boss proved himself a very good sailor indeed. He stood on one nicely secluded spot all the way across—*close to the rail*. Unquestionably he likes the water a lot—though a lot of us suspect it might have been purely a case of mal-de-mer—



"Welcome home, Commissioner—delighted to have you back"

a form of "reaching exercise" usually indulged in when the waves start reaching for the pilot house.

He astonished everyone with his ability at shuffleboard. He was easily the best shuffler aboard, due in no small measure to his years of experience shuffling around a post. He explained that *shuffleboarding aboard* is much pleasanter than *shuffling along the pavement*, and not nearly so hard on the arches.

Upon landing he was welcomed by the Reception Committee with much ceremony—and in characteristic old-world style. He claims it reminded him so much of his courtship days, and that not since had his cheeks been smacked so fervently and with such enthusiastic abandon.

He was then asked to say a few words. He did. "Bring on those Raviolis pronto," he orated, and immediately bedlam broke loose. That speech sure made a hit with the natives, as did the interpreter when he introduced him all around as "Commissionaire Macarooney."

Vainly the Commissioner tried to straighten the fellow out. "Even though I like macaroni a lot," he explained, "my name nevertheless is Mulrooney."

"Si, si, signor," beamed the interpreter, "that's a fine old Italian name, too." And not wanting to become entangled in any foreign controversies, the Big Boss smiled meekly and let it go at that.

They then adjourned to a nearby restaurant where the Commissioner's party ordered a light repast, consisting of grapefruit, ham and eggs, apple pie and coffee. The interpreter muffed again, unfortunately, and what they got was *Antipasto, Spaghetti with Meat Balls, Spumoni* and a large bottle of *Vino Bianco*.

The meal proved quite enjoyable, the Commissioner later explaining that a fellow couldn't do better even here on Mulberry street. Afterward they had some delicious *Peetzayole*, following which they all went for a gondola ride.

For a while the Commissioner thought he was back in the Harbor Squad, until the lilting strains of "O Solo Mio" brought him back to his surroundings.

"Wie gehts, Ed," greeted Premier Benito Mussolini, when they were introduced, "how's the biggadda-boss of New York's Finest?"

"Bene, Bennie," retaliated the B. B., "you're looking pretty good yourself."

"I understand you have some 2000 of my good Pisans working for you," continued the mussy one, "how are they behaving themselves?"

"Macaroniously," replied the B. B., "we could use a couple of thousand more of your boys very nicely."

This latter crack went over big, naturally, and when the visit ended Mussolini tried to present the Commissioner with a black shirt, emblematic of the Fascisti. The B. B. wisecracked again: "Don't bother, Bennie, mine will be black enough by the time I get home. The Missus forgot to bring her washing machine along."

A sightseeing trip through Rome proved eminently disastrous—for the B. B. we mean. Mrs. Mulrooney and her two charming daughters became intrigued with the lovely shops and the still lovelier wares they featured. *Be assured Papa went for Plenty*. He even went for a nice new overcoat for himself, exquisitely tailored and beautifully finished, and it was nearly two weeks later that the Commissioner fainted when he discovered sewed to the garment a label with the monicker "Moe Levy & Son" neatly inscribed thereon.



The Big Boss proves he can inhale Spaghetti with the best of them

On the return voyage the brand new "*Conte di Savoia*" suffered a bad attack of stage fright, brought on by a leak in the diaphragm, or something.

Immediately the Commissioner figured here was a good spot to show off the Emergency Squad to advantage. For nearly half an hour he spoke with Headquarters over the radio phone, but alas, none could understand a word. He had forgotten himself and spoke in *Eyetalian*, proving once again that he's a firm believer in that ripe old adage, "*When in Rome do as the Romans do.*"

But was he happy when a formation of three police planes, the biggest one piloted by our managing editor, flew over the *Conte di Savoia* as she arrived at Quarantine and gave him the first thrill of his homecoming!

Anyway and nevertheless, Commissioner, we are indeed happy to have you back with us again, and pleased in the knowledge that you enjoyed your well-earned vacation thoroughly.

And you will now agree, we are sure, that a little good Vino with the Pasta Fasule certainly makes a difference.

NOW that we've completed that lovely boat ride, permit us to introduce another seafaring man in the person of Harold Neary, secretary to the P. C., whose recent activities exemplify plentifully another of those age-old axioms, "*When the Cat's away the Mouse will play.*"

Hardly had the Commissioner pulled out last month when up the gangplank of the "*Leviathan*" steamed Harold—*extra shirt and all*—Paris-bound.

Why he chose La Belle Paree as a restful vacation spot is beyond us. Could it have been the lure of the Montmartre? *With its legendary promises of endless nights and captivating mademoiselles?* We wonder!!!

Harold, let it be known, is an eligible young bachelor of much promise—although the **BIG PROMISE** he has so far studiously avoided. From a feminine perspective he is right easy to look upon; pulchritudinous, personable, playful and pleasant of dis-

position. *Why he wasn't grabbed off long ago goodness only knows.*

He was greeted royally upon his arrival and escorted under military guard to the Arc de Triomphe, where, in a brief address of some forty or fifty thousand words, he explained he had come *merely to make a study of traffic conditions*, at the earnest behest of Deputy Commissioner Phil Hoyt.



In the accompanying picture Monsieur Harold is shown busily engaged in this most commendable task. For four hours straight he had stood on this particular corner watching the traffic go by, and is now firmly convinced that while over here we run more or less to platinum blondes, the Parisienne assortment don't turn your stomach either.

So if you contemplate a trip to Gay Paree sometime don't start without first consulting Harold.



He is now in a position to furnish you with much helpful data—*trafficalogical and otherwise.*



THE highly decorated Fighting Man posed here in the uniform of a First Lieutenant of the U. S. Army Reserve Corps is Sergeant Johnnie Piazza, attached to Inspector Joe Reynolds' staff in The Bronx, and the only man who, as a *New York police officer before entering the service of Uncle Sam in the late World War*, returned from the shell-torn battlefields of France with that coveted military decoration, the *Distinguished Service Cross*, pinned proudly to his breast.

According to Johnnie's version there was really little to it. *The citation reads otherwise.*

It happened on a cold and desolate October morning back in 1918, while his outfit, the 312th Infantry, was engaged in the bitterest of the Argonne Forest scramble. A change of position was ordered, in the execution of which the Lieutenant in charge of Johnnie's company fell wounded. He lay prostrate in a clearing, helpless, unable to move, exposed to a withering cross-fire of enemy machine guns and mortars.

Johnnie, as Sergeant and second in command, hesitated but an instant. Fastening the steel helmet a little tighter over his head, he crawled grimly out of his shell hole, and lying flat on his stomach made his way tortuously to his stricken chief's side. Slowly, inch by inch, he started back with him. His buddies looked on helplessly. It seemed impossible that he would make it.

The barrage increased in intensity, but gamely Johnnie plodded on. They are now within a yard or two of the line. Willing hands reach out and drag them in safely. Johnnie had achieved the impossible.

He blushed happily when, two months later, on December 23, General Pershing slapped him on the back and in the presence of his outfit decorated Johnnie with the Distinguished Service Cross—one of the highest military honors within the province of the United States Government to bestow.

Before receiving this decoration, Johnnie had already broken loose and soon found himself sporting the equally coveted *Croix de Guerre*, awarded

to him by the French government for conspicuous bravery in action while engaged with his company in the famous shindig at St. Mihiel.

Came the Armistice, and on June 15, 1919, Johnnie again found himself patrolling a post, in the Alexander Avenue Precinct in The Bronx.

He was promoted to Sergeant in 1928 and sent to East 35th Street. Last June he was transferred to the 7th Division, where he is now assigned in charge of the plain clothes staff.

Among the other decorations with which Johnnie's chest is generously adorned may be found the *Department Medal of Honor* (awarded in 1924), the *Department Order of Merit* (a post-war award conferred by former Commissioner Enright), the *New York State Conspicuous Service Medal* (also a post-war honor), together with three or four others similarly bestowed.

Johnnie, now 42, married and the daddy of three children, became a member of the Department on October 18, 1917, five months before he togged himself out in khaki and set sail for France.

A modest, unassuming chap well liked by all. And though you'd little suspect it when you meet him, *truly he can be characterized as a fighting man who knows what it's all about.*

WELL KNOWN SAYINGS



"The Arm of the Law Reaches Far"

Old Man Sunshine now takes time out for a moment to wish you all a real Merry Christmas—a happy and thirstless New Year—and a whole sky-full of his last name.

Side Partner

SECOND PRIZE—SHORT STORY CONTEST

By PATROLMAN FRANK W. LENT, Unit 4, Crime Prevention Bureau



"A good night for a couple of homicides"

"GEE, did you ever see such a night?" queried Patrolman Joe Sheen.

"I never saw it rain so hard in all my life," answered his side-partner, Patrolman Harry Kelly, adding: "It'd be a good night for a couple of homicides."

"Don't be joking about it," continued Joe, "we might have our hands full before the tour is over."

The two patrolmen were standing in a doorway sheltered from the rain, near a signal box, having given their respective "rings," which were seven minutes apart. It was 3:15 A. M. and the patrol sergeant had not been seen as yet, which, both decided, was rather unusual for the "gent who was riding." Just as Joe was telling Harry he'd see him on the next "ring," a loud report like the sound of a shot was heard above the drone of the pouring rain.

"What d'ya call that?" Harry quickly inquired.

"It's up on my post and I'm getting right up there!" replied Joe, and just as he turned to leave, a familiar form hove in sight. The patrol sergeant was drawing up to the curb near the two.

"What's the nature of the conversation?" he asked.

Joe was so surprised at what seemed to him an absurd question under the circumstances, that he hesitatingly stammered out something about hearing a shot.



"Never mind the shots, and get up on your post and try your doors. You might find something up there," bellowed back the sergeant, and Joe hurriedly departed. He could hear Harry getting a lecture, and concluded it was along the same lines.

Joe was muttering uncomplimentary adjectives about the sergeant as he rapidly walked north on his four-block post, trying each door, and shining his flashlight into the rear, to see that everything was all right. He had only gone about a block, when he heard several loud reports similar to what he had heard previously, but quickly assured himself that the sergeant's car was backfiring. "Well, I'll finish trying my doors," said Joe to himself, reflecting with self-satisfaction that he was a good cop.

He had covered three blocks when he began to feel a little disappointed that he found nothing unusual. True, a frightened cat darting out of a butcher shop doorway had given him a sudden start, and in several of the stores his own reflection in the mirror or show case in the rear made him look a second time, but he felt a little peeved over the rebuke from the sergeant, and was hoping something would happen to relieve his injured spirit. He thought to himself how differently he would act towards the cops if he were a sergeant.

Only twenty more doors to try on this side of the avenue, calculated Joe, and then back on the other side. He was wondering how Harry was making out, but then realized that Harry's meal period was from 3:30 to 4, and it was now 3:40. What a wonderful pal Harry was, thought Joe. They had come into the job together, and for the past three years had worked adjoining posts.

Joe found himself going over the many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes they had experienced while on patrol together. They were both of very venturesome natures, and each admired the other for his courage. There was not a situation they would be afraid to tackle together, no matter how great the odds were against them, and they had proved their mettle on various occasions. Both agreed on fatalism, and were of the opinion that neither name

was written on any bullet, and this had seemed to be true in the past and gave them added courage for the future.

Joe was getting hungry and a little drowsy, but the thought of his own meal period at 4:30 gave him renewed vigor, and he continued trying doors. He had reached the third from the last door on one side of the avenue, and as he tried the door he was startled by a dark form which loomed up in the rear of the dress shop. His heart skipped a beat, but he moved on as if nothing unusual had taken place. The door was locked, so he came to the conclusion that the entrance was gained from the rear.

He tried the next two doors and being satisfied they were locked, he drew his revolver, and took up a position at the end of the row of stores, where he could observe the rear, and by running a short distance to the front, he could observe the front door through the corner windows of the last store. In this way he could cover the front and rear and no one could escape without his knowing it. He decided if he couldn't get help, he'd keep this up until the burglar came out, even if he had to stay there until daybreak. How he wished he had Harry with him now.

A minute elapsed and it seemed like eternity, but he continued his vigil, first running to the rear, and then to the front. He was startled a second later, but overwhelmingly thankful for a taxicab that pulled up to the curb in back of him. He quickly told the driver to go to a restaurant where he knew Harry was eating and to bring him back as rapidly as possible. Within two minutes Harry was leaping off the cab, gun in hand, and Joe quickly outlined the situation and plan of procedure, and told the cab driver to wait. Harry took the front door and Joe went to the rear. They knew each other thoroughly, and one knew exactly what action the other would take. There was no hesitating. To Harry and Joe, this was what they were being paid for, and they got a big thrill out of it.

The stage was set, and the tentacles of the law were slowly closing in on the criminal.

Joe found that the iron bars on the rear window had been forced apart wide enough to admit a person, and concluded this was how the entrance was effected. He was not surprised at not finding a lookout, as it was still raining. He also decided there were two inside of the store.

Harry in the meantime waited in the front and was prepared to crash the glass panel in the front door with his night stick the moment he got the signal from Joe. He did not wait in vain, for hardly had a minute elapsed when the sound of wood striking stone rent the air. This was the signal. With a mighty thrust of his night stick a loud crash of glass was heard as the panel of the door went through. Harry stepped back a second to permit the glass to fall, and then rushed in. As he did so two crouching figures flew through the air, and knocked him to the floor. He managed to fire one shot, and that went wild. A terrific struggle ensued, with Harry getting the worst of it. In the meantime, Joe had climbed through the rear window, and bringing his night stick into immediate action, took all the fight out of the two burglars. With the assistance of the cab driver, the two prisoners were brought to the station house, and as they were being booked the patrol sergeant who had rebuked Harry and Joe a short time previously, was now commending them for their intelligent police work.

An investigation revealed that several thousand dollars' worth of dresses were saved, and the two prisoners confessed to numerous other jobs, with the result that a considerable amount of valuable property was recovered. Harry and Joe were the recipients of handsome rewards, as well as departmental recognition.

Shortly afterward, a certain cab driver's family were overcome with joy, when a bulky little envelope was delivered to the home.

A very pretty young lady is wearing a diamond solitaire on her left hand, but Harry wants it strictly understood that he is to have at least one day a week to spend with Joe.

HONOR LEGION MEMORIAL SERVICE

(Continued from page 6)

fic at Flatbush Avenue Extension and Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

James A. Morrissey, patrolman, of Traffic F, crushed between trucks on April 13th while on traffic duty at 58th Street and Lexington Avenue and fatally injured.

Joseph A. C. Kelly, detective, of the East 35th Street Station, killed instantly at the same corner four days later when the radio patrol car in which he was riding collided with another machine.

John J. Burns, motorcycle patrolman, injured fatally on June 5th when his machine collided with a coal truck at Bay Parkway and 64th Street, Brooklyn.

Joseph B. Burk, patrolman, of the 32d Precinct, shot to death by holdup men at 2327 7th Avenue on June 18th.

Peter de Carlo, patrolman, of the 72d Precinct, Brooklyn, shot to death by robbers at 537 Court Street, Brooklyn, on September 3d.

Charles Farrell, detective, of the 10th Detective District, Brooklyn, killed in an automobile accident in Brooklyn on September 23d while taking a prisoner to court.

John W. Fink, patrolman, of the 71st Precinct, Brooklyn, off duty, fatally burned on October 8th while attempting to effect a rescue from a Brooklyn fire of a man ill from pneumonia. Fink died one week later in a hospital.

All Aboard for Havana

New York City Police Post No. 460, American Legion, Announces Completion of Plans for Long-Awaited Pilgrimage to the City of Gayety and Sunshine



ON Saturday, March 25, 1933, the palatial turbo-electric liner "Morro Castle" of the Ward Line will gracefully weigh anchor at 4 P. M. and with a farewell screech of her siren set sail merrily on that long-awaited six-and-a-half day pilgrimage to Havana. This trip is available to all members of the Department and their families and friends. The "Morro Castle" is under exclusive charter for the cruise and the committee promises that nothing will be left undone to make it an enjoyable one—an adventure you will look back upon in later years with satisfaction.

The rooms have been especially priced, ranging in rate, per person, from \$55 for those situated on the lower decks to \$153 for the spacious de luxe cabins equipped with twin beds and a private bath room. These rates also include two sightseeing trips and maintenance aboard ship while in Havana.

EVERYTHING IS INCLUDED

You live aboard the ship throughout the cruise, including your stay of two days and one night in Havana. It is not necessary to transfer from the ship to a hotel room and back again and no customs examination is necessary.

There are no additional bills to pay. There is no cost for entertainment aboard during the entire trip. Music, dancing, games and sports are yours without outlay for extras.

You live aboard the "Morro Castle" in regal style, going and coming as you choose. Your sightseeing trips begin and end at the ship. Nothing could be more convenient, more economical, more satisfactory. And should you not feel like getting up for breakfast, it will be served in the room by your steward. A right pleasant feature indeed.

SAILING SCHEDULE

Leave New York—Saturday, 4 P. M., March 25, 1933.

Arrive Havana—Tuesday, early A. M., March 28, 1933.

Leave Havana—Wednesday, 6 P. M., March 29, 1933.

Arrive New York—Saturday A. M., April 1, 1933.

For reservations and further information apply to American Legion Department, Pier 13, foot of Wall Street, East River.

TELEPHONES

For Information, John 4-4600.

For Reservations, John 4-1821.

A deposit of 25 per cent of the passage fare for each person is required by the option date given with each reservation in order to hold berth or state-room, and the full amount of passage money must be paid two weeks before sailing.

Hold everything, Havana, we're practically on our way now.



Dancing Under Tropical Skies



By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

Who Wishes You a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

BASEBALL NOTES

FRESH FROM THE HOT STOVE LEAGUE

You'd never suspect the baseball season was over if you had watched Sergeant Abe Braveman and his crack 25th Precinct baseball team strut about chestily on the evening of November 29th at a gala Dinner Party tendered in the team's honor by their brother precinct members, at Odd Fellows' Temple in East 106th Street.

The good wives and lovely sweethearts turned out in real Junior League style. The mammas and papas, too, were there in goodly numbers, and altogether it proved as homelike and cheery a precinct representation as anyone could look for.

The speakers, introduced by Lieutenant James A. De Milt, included Congressman James J. Lanzetta, Justice William J. Slevin, Chief of Police George Darrow of Ridgefield, N. J., and Captain Thomas Farley, all of whom extolled in glowing terms the fine spirit of good fellowship displayed and the splendid support and co-operation accorded the boys who last season strove so valiantly to put the 25th Precinct at the top of the baseball heap.

Sergeant Braveman, speaking for the team, thanked the assembled guests warmly, and with hand solemnly upraised promised that the 1933 precinct baseball championship already may be considered safely in the bag. (WHOSE, ABE?)

More power to you, boys, here's wishing you lots of success—and lots fewer strikeouts—during the ensuing baseball season.

Are you listenin', Mr. Manager?

HANDBALL

THE following is a list of the best ten players in the last four-wall tournament. If you think you can beat any of them or deserve a place on this list send in your challenge, swing into action and we'll publish the results.

JACK LEHNER—25th Precinct. He's the champion. 'Nuf said.

WILLIAM HART—41st. The runner-up. Expects to be at the top soon.

DETECTIVE JAMES KELLY—72d Squad. Still able to make the young fellows say: "UNCLE."

TOM COX—17th. A little bit wild, but what a pair of mitts!

JERRY MEAGHER—47th. Has a balloon service that gets your nanny.

DETECTIVE TOM KILLORAN—44th Squad. A regular tiger. He won't give an inch.

MIKE WALSKI—19th. Likes the bottom board. Goes wild when he misses.

JAMES HAMILL—19th. Sort of nervous but very fast.

LIEUTENANT PAUL LUSTBADER—22d. A heady player. Past master at blocking.

SERGEANT TOM LYONS—50th. Very cagey. Hits the ball hard but lacks wind.

Patrolman Mike Hartling, of Emergency Squad 8, a lad with bright ideas, suggests an inter-truck handball tournament. Teams to represent each borough to be selected via elimination contests. They in turn to meet for the finals. What about it, Mr. Emergency Men, are you interested? Write Mr. Hartling.

Patrolmen William Casey and James Hamill of the Hack Bureau kept their winning streak intact by defeating John Lena and Larry Runey of the 19th Division on the Hack Bureau one-wall court. The games were close and the onlookers were satisfied. These boys are still open for challenges.

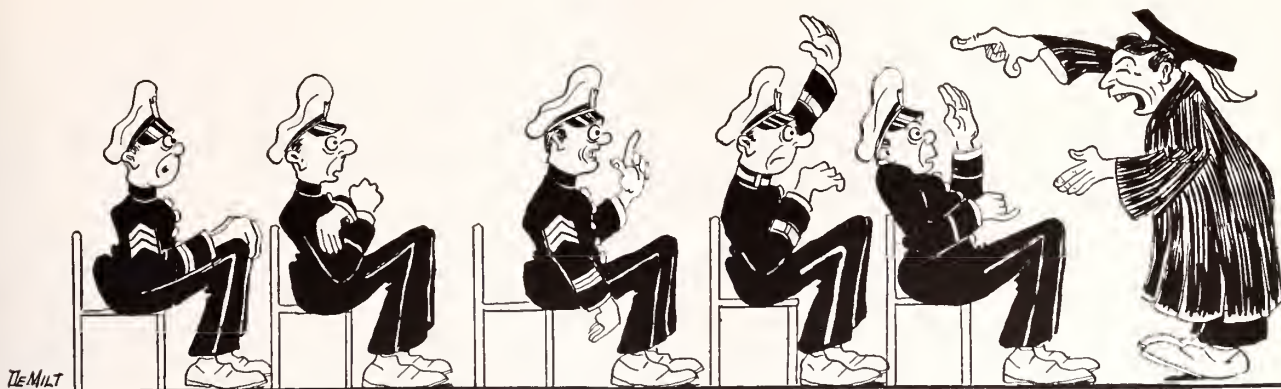
BOWLING

The 64th Precinct team started their season with two victories, trimming in turn the Chief Inspector's and Surprise Restaurant teams. The scores were: 64th Precinct, 881-820-890; Surprise, 860-825-870; 64th Precinct 860-890-823; C. I. office, 710-800-859. Both games were hard fought and the precinct pin-men had to do some tall bowling to come out on top.

Sergeant Royce, of the 64th, would still like to hear from other precincts for games. Home and Home series. (Give him a buzz.)

SERGEANT BOB CONLEY and his 103 Precinct team is going strong and would like to hear from other teams. The team consists of Sergeant Conley, Sergeant Byrnes, Patrolmen John Burger, Harry Bjohn, Joe Furey and Tom Frederickson. (You can give the Sergeant a call at the 103d; he'll be waiting—and not with a pencil).

LAST but not LEAST, we have Sergeant Charles



THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Tuesday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Wednesday	-	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Friday	-	-	-	7.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

a magistrate in the county in which they are to be executed.

Cite some exceptions to this procedure.

5. After fire lines have been established at a big conflagration, certain persons seek admittance within them. Name at least six classes of persons whom you might properly admit.

6. Explain police action which should be taken by a desk officer in case of complaints made at a station house as follows:

(a) A man from Chicago reports that the sum of Five Thousand Dollars has just been obtained from him fraudulently by two men who have disappeared.

(b) The mother of an illegitimate child wants the father of the child arrested.

(c) A wife wants to compel her husband to support her.

7. What are the elements necessary to convict for:

(a) Burglary

(b) Robbery

(c) Larceny.

8. When are confessions admissible in evidence?

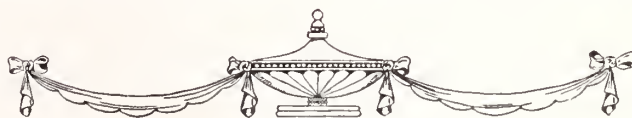
ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

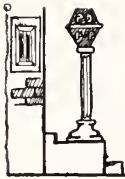
In Memoriam

QUESTIONS FOR THE DECEMBER, 1932, ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. Briefly describe the recent changes in law in relation to the issuance of police summonses.
2. A boy of 19 years is arrested at 11 P. M. charged with operating an automobile while intoxicated. His father, who is the owner of the car and a licensed operator, is present and requests that the boy be summoned and released. How should the desk officer proceed?
3. According to the provisions of the Vehicle and Traffic Law, the re-registration of certain types of motor vehicles for the year 1933 shall take effect on March 1, 1933.
 - (a) What types of vehicles are included?
 - (b) Briefly outline the law.
4. Warrants of arrest of persons charged with crime may be executed in counties other than those in which they were issued only by endorsement of such warrants by

Ptl. Jacob P. Weinbaum	41st Pct.	Nov. 22, 1932
Ptl. Michael J. Cotter	123d Pct.	Nov. 24, 1932
Ptl. Patrick Bligh	28th Pct.	Nov. 28, 1932
Ptl. James F. Glassey	100th Pct.	Dec. 6, 1932
Ptl. Daniel Horgan	Boiler Sqd.	Dec. 6, 1932
Ptl. John H. Grattan	M'cycle No. 1	Dec. 9, 1932
Ptl. Michael J. Moroso	23d Pct.	Dec. 12, 1932
Ptl. George L. Gerhard	20th Pct.	Dec. 14, 1932





ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. The following sections of the Inferior Criminal Courts Act dealing with police summonses, have been repealed by Chapter 537, Laws of 1932:

Section 83, providing for the issuance of summonses in lieu of arrest in certain cases under certain rules as made by the Board of Magistrates with concurrence of the Police Commissioner.

Section 84, providing for the issuance of Identification Cards by the Police Commissioner.

Section 85, authorizing the Police Commissioner to make rules and regulations for the issuance of reports on and return of summonses.

Section 86, authorizing the Chief Magistrate and Police Commissioner to make regulations for the return date of summonses.

Section 87, providing for the form of police summonses.

The same chapter, 537, adds two new sections as follows:

Section 83 (New), provides that a magistrate shall not be liable for any process issued by him in good faith for a crime or offense unless it can be shown he was actuated by malice or deliberately abused his authority.

Section 84 (New), provides that the Board of Magistrates with the concurrence of the Police Commissioner shall adopt regulations providing for the service of summonses in lieu of arrest, but not in the case of a felony.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. The desk officer should direct the arresting officer to conduct the "oral" and "general" examination of the prisoner; see that the results thereof are entered on Form U. F. 127 in duplicate and signed by the arresting officer. Verify license, registration, and previous record through Bureau of Information.

If the prisoner was able to care for himself, is properly identified, orderly, and this is his first offense for so operating a motor vehicle or motorcycle, the desk officer may direct the issuance of a summons in lieu of arrest if satisfied the owner will not permit a recurrence of the violation, otherwise the prisoner should be held.

If released, proper entries should be made in the blotter, summons record, summons cards, previous record form, and report to magistrate on U. F. 49. The officer should be instructed to appear in court on date returnable for preparation and presentation of complaint papers. The summons stub, previous record form, Form U. F. 127 and report on U. F. 49 should be forwarded to court on date returnable. (See Manual of Procedure, Article II, paragraph 52a, 57, 75, 76, 84, 93 and 102.)

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO.

3. a. Hearses, depot wagons, tractors and trailers.
- b. Notwithstanding any provision of the Vehicle and Traffic Law, the 1932 registration certificate of the above named vehicles shall continue in full force and effect until March 1st, 1933, and the re-registration of any such motor vehicle or trailer for the year 1933 shall take effect on March 1st, 1933.
- Such re-registration shall not be made by the Commissioner until after February 15, 1933, and the number plates may be displayed as soon as issued as provided in Section 11 of the Law.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. Such warrants may be executed in any county in New York City without endorsement as prescribed by the Inferior Criminal Courts Act.

If issued by the following judges: a Judge of the Supreme Court, General Sessions Court, County Court, City Court, Special Sessions Court; Recorder of a city as provided in Section 155 of the Code of Criminal Procedure.

Members of the State Police may execute warrants of arrest or search issued by proper authority, in any part of the State as provided in Section 97 of the Executive Law.

Members of the Police Departments in second class cities, may execute warrants of arrest or search issued by any magistrate in any part of the State as provided in Section 142 of the Second Class Cities Law.

Bench warrants as provided in Sections 304 and 478 of the Code of Criminal Procedure.

Warrants issued by the Governor of the State.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. Rule 355, provides that members of the Force shall admit within fire lines the Mayor, and upon display of proper authorization, the following persons:

a. Members of the Police, Fire, Building, Post Office Departments, Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, ambulance attendants and members of the Fire Patrol, in the performance of their duties.

b. Employees of a lighting or a transportation company if upon duty connected with the fire;

c. Officials of the Dock Department if the fire is on a wharf or bulkhead under the jurisdiction of that Department;

d. Persons with fire-line cards signed by the Fire Commissioner; or Press Cards, or Police Line Cards for emergency service only, issued to employees of public service corporations, signed by the Police Commissioner. These cards will be recognized only during the period specified thereon. Possession of these cards does not authorize access to buildings.

Rule 358, provides that in the maintenance of fire-lines, members of the Force shall exercise care that the rights of persons and property are not interfered with unnecessarily.

Article XXIV, paragraph 40e, Manual of Procedure, provides that if it shall appear to the officer in command of the police force at a fire, or, if he shall be notified by the officer in command of the fire forces of the Fire Department, that, by reason of danger from unsafe or falling walls, spreading of fire, explosion or other causes, it is necessary that pedestrian and vehicular traffic through any of the streets adjacent to the fire be stopped, or that any persons other than the police or fire forces be excluded from within fire lines, such Commanding Officer in charge of the police, shall at once adopt such measures as may be necessary.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. a. Obtain his name, city residence, Chicago address and full facts of the larceny, including: exact place of occurrence; details of complaint; method of approach and operation of the thieves, how they left the scene and direction, whether automobile was used and, if so, the license number of same; complete description of the two men.

Enter facts in complaint file and if place of occurrence was within precinct boundaries in which reported give complaint a serial number. Have complainant taken to the office of the precinct detectives for the assignment of a detective to the case. Send complaint file card to the detective office. Advise complainant that the detective assigned would keep him advised of progress made. If the place of occurrence was in another precinct the full facts would be telephoned to the desk officer of precinct concerned, where the above procedure would be taken as if reported direct. Only the precinct where the crime occurred would give the case a serial number.

b. Advise the mother that an arrest could not be made in such paternity cases without a warrant. Direct her to the Department of Public Welfare, 7th Floor, 49 Lafayette Street, where her complaint is received. Then application is made to the Court of Special Sessions for warrant or summons. Make record on complaint file.

c. Obtain her name and address. Enter facts on complaint file. Refer woman to Family Court. Comply with G. O. 32, 1932.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. a. (1) Break
(2) Enter
(3) Building
(4) Intent to commit crime therein.
- b. (1) Unlawfully taking
(2) Personal property
(3) From the person or in the presence of another
(4) Against his will
(5) By means of force or violence, or
(6) Fear of injury immediate or future to his person or property, or
(7) To the person or property of a relative or member of his family, or
(8) Of one in his company at the time of the robbery.

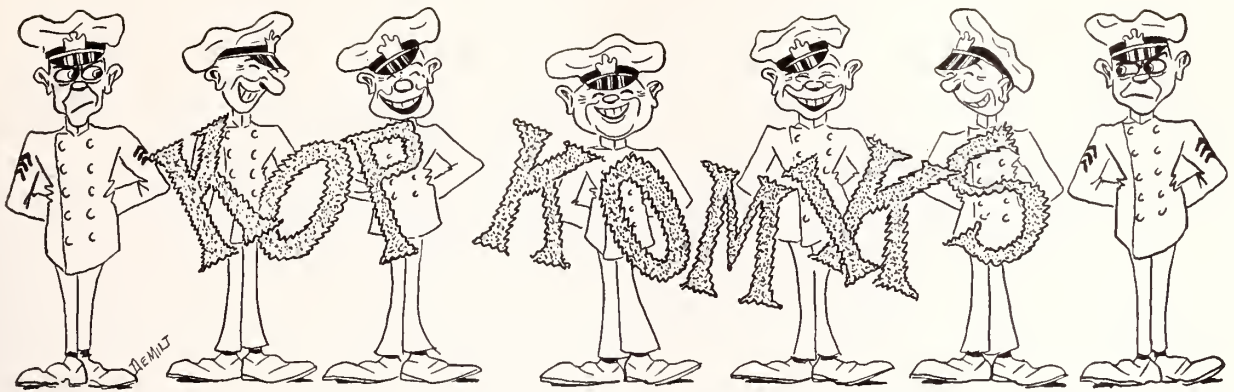
To constitute robbery, the force or fear must be employed either to obtain or retain possession of the property or to prevent or overcome resistance to the taking. If employed merely as a means of escape it does not constitute robbery.

c. Intent to deprive or defraud the true owner of his property, or the use and benefits thereof, or appropriates the same to the use of the taker, or any other person:

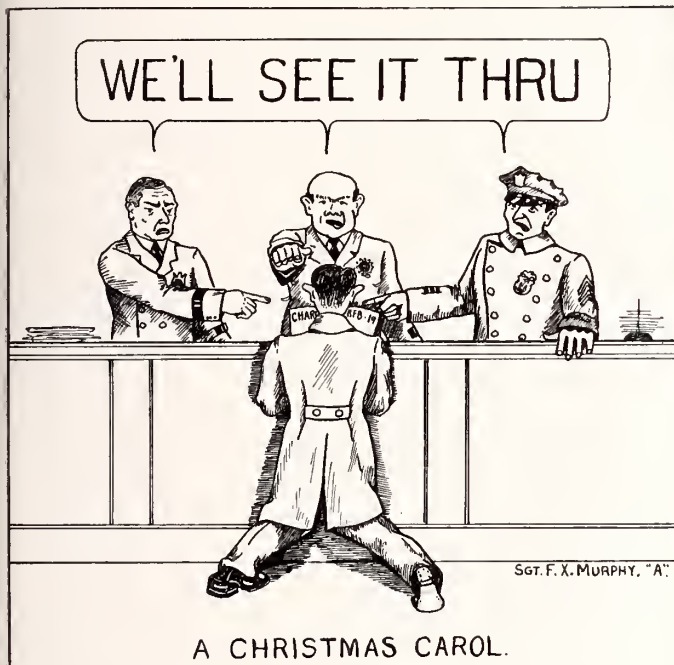
- (1) Takes from the possession of the true owner, or of any other person, or
(2) Obtains from such possession, by color or aid of fraudulent or false representation, or pretense, or of any false token, or writing, or
(3) Secretes, withholds or appropriates to his own use, or that of any person other than the true owner.
(4) Any money, personal property, thing in action, evidence of debt or contract, or article of value of any kind, or
(5) Having in his possession, custody, or control, as a bailee, servant, attorney, agent, clerk, trustee, or
(6) Officer of any person, association or corporation, or
(7) As a public officer, or
(8) As a person authorized by agreement, or
(9) By competent authority,
(10) To hold or take such possession, custody, or control
(11) Any money, property, evidence of debt or contract, article of value of any nature, or thing in action or possession,
(12) Appropriates the same to his own use or that of any other person other than the true owner, or person entitled to the benefit thereof,
steals such property, and is guilty of larceny.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8

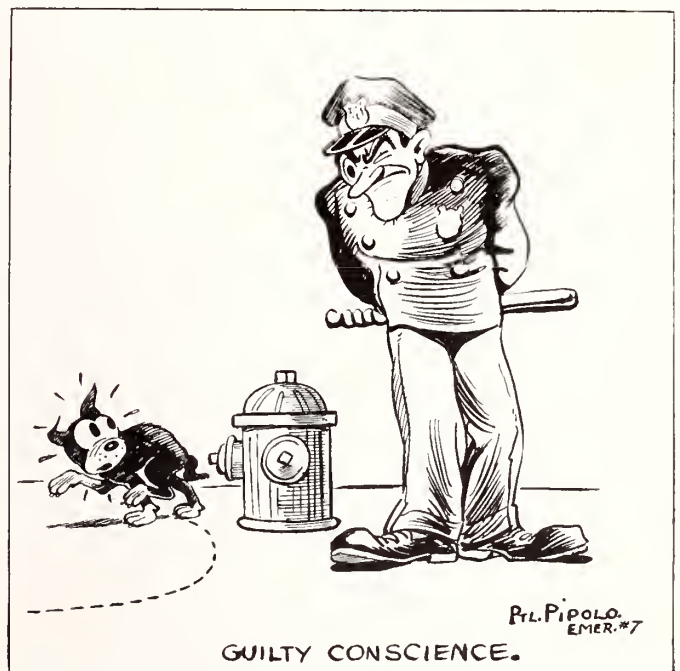
8. a. When the confession is given freely and voluntarily by the defendant, and
b. When it is not made while the defendant is under the influence of fear produced by threats, or fear of violence, or
c. When the defendant in making the confession is not influenced by promise of immunity by a person who has charge of him.



PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT

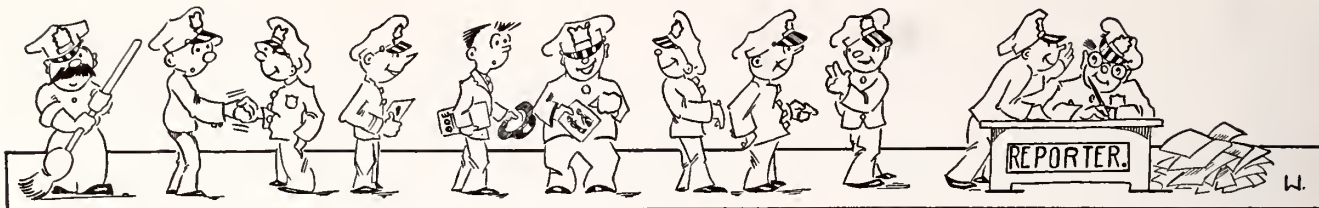


3 Thugs: Yeah! "If he had had a dollar on him he would have killed us."



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

4th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch
6th Pct., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly

2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

Heap Big Sal Maggio has been made a **MEDICINE MAN** of the Ravioli Tribe of Mulberry Ear Benders. As a reward for his grafting white skin to that Red Skin Chief Sitting Bull who had to stand up three days because of Sal's blue surgical efforts. UGH!

The photographer had to tape Benny Farren's ears back to keep them in focus for his picture. Benny gave the camera likeness to his wife for Christmas. She doesn't know who the man in the picture is yet.

Fred Botie, ace radio receiver of our STAR Radio Crew 1080, got his sun tan at the Nut Club on 7th Avenue Beach after telling the boys he was going to Miami. **THE ONLY SAND HE EVER SAW WAS IN HIS SPINACH.**

Roy Frisco, sensational Kayo Artist of the welter-weight ranks, does most of his shadow boxing with **HANDSOME ANTHONY LO FRISCO**, his beat-pounding brother; Roy has won 22 straight fights in spite of this handicap.

They dug up the street in front of the Charles Street Station House last month. The **RUMOR** is that they were looking for a nickel that Adam Reydel lost in 1921. No money was found, but they did unearth a ginger ale bottle, so Adam got his nickel back anyway.

Detective Max Devine, who commanded-in-**CHIEF** while Lieutenant Shevlin lolled on sunny Florida shores, had an easy time of it during his rise to power. Things were so quiet you could hear a cough drop. He very seldom went home to his wife, though, so there were dull days for the Devine lady also. Some pun, eh, kid?

Pete Cusiek and Eddie Moore led the pistol brigade with a score of 97 in the November cycle. Before they had finished, the target raised up hands and offered to surrender. No resistance, huh!

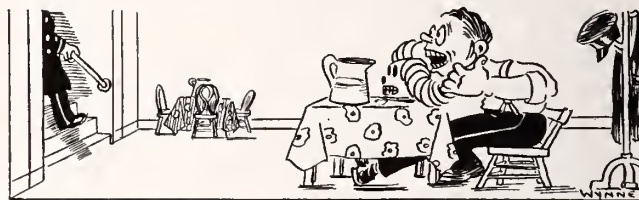
Walter Noonan, the man who taught Culbertson how to play bridge, held 13 clubs in his hand in a game last month and made a psychic bid of seven spades. He only went down ten tricks, however. Damn clever, these Chinese.

You can tell a man by the company he keeps, but you can't tell Johnny Maguire anything. He's not keeping company any more.

It's a Gull of a time at Sammy Rosner's Rockaway Beach home. Next year he expects a Buoy.

The members of the 6th Precinct congratulate Lieutenants Smith and Dillemath for their fine showing in the Captains' examination.

The members of the 6th Precinct extend their heartiest wishes to the staff of **SPRING 3100** and our friends in the Department for a joyous Christmas and a very Happy—aye, even prosperous—New Year.



Patrolman John Lovett, of the 5th Precinct, long a member of the "Local Order of Pig's Head Eaters," switched his allegiance recently, much to his sorrow. John allowed a neighborly Roman on his post to talk him into the goodness of sheep's head. Poor John succumbed. When he had the ram's horns wrapped around his ears and was engaged in the serious business of eating, an unwelcome caller entered. John will probably have the advice of counsel at the review.

Patrolman Charles Hartwig, the efficient dispenser of final dispositions at the Final Disposition Bureau, was the recipient of social and diplomatic honors at a recent festival. He met the distinguished Senator Wagner, Mr. Elliot Roosevelt, son of our next President, and August Gennerick, a member of our Department and the President-elect's bodyguard.

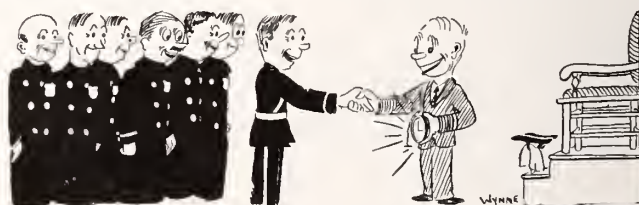
It was a dark and stormy night, but a good time was had by all. Attaches of the Criminal Courts building please note. Is there a Final Disposition Bureau at Washington, D. C.?

3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Harry Nullet



On Saturday, November 5, 1932, our genial friend, Frank Fiordalisi, was presented with a watch in honor of his thirty-fifth year in the employ of the members of the Police Department at the 20th Precinct, in the capacity of bootblack. The presentation was made by Captain George H. Marxhausen in behalf of the members of the command at which time Frank was thanked for the faithful and efficient service during the years of employment, and it is the sincere hope of all that he will remain at his post for an equal number of years, that he will wear the watch with the well wishes of the boys and enjoy health and happiness.

After the presentation Frank reciprocated by inviting all the members to a chicken and spaghetti dinner, which was quite a success, in that an abundance of talent in the person of "De Valera" Hanley warbled a few songs and astonished the boys with some of his natural imitations. Detective Kirk also sang a few numbers, and what a tenor! Charlie Hubener kept the boys busy with a number of good jokes in Scotch dialect, and it is the expressed opinion of all that Charlie must be Scotch to twist his tongue in such a fashion. Joe Byrnes entertained at the piano and gave the dinner a jazzing tone. Walter Stanton's brother, also a talented singer, amused the boys with a few up-to-date songs. "Darling" Jack Elliot insisted that "Goo Goo" Johnson, the crooner of the command, offer a number, but "Goo Goo," being of a bashful nature, refused to be enticed. Joe (Patalano) Loughran acted as master of ceremonies and was so busy that he failed to eat anything until the next day, at which time you may rest assured that he did himself justice. Charlie Clark acted as critic of all the talent and voted that Joyce did pretty good as he sung the only songs that he (Charlie) knew, which were pretty old. This fellow Clark must be an old man. Was you there, Charlie? Jack Colton surprised the audience with his baritone solos and in company with Kirk put over a few snappy numbers. Charlie Ox, a spirited singer, obliged with a few opera songs, which of course no one understood but Loughran, and in order to make him sit down the waiter walked in front of him with a dish of "Bostavasool." All in all, a merry time was had by all, and to Frank, good luck, success and long life.

Eddie Clark wished to apologize for his non-appearance, as he said that the baby needed attention. In case you haven't heard, he is the proud father of a nine-pound baby girl. Excuse accepted.

Patrolman John Holland recently celebrated his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and to you, John, we extend the congratulations of the boys.

Patrolman Trepal, he of the second broom, recommends the following breakfast for long life: "Two dill pickles, half a pig's head, sauerkraut, coffee and a bottle of beer topped off with a glass of milk. It is a known fact that this is his menu twice a week.

Saturday evening, November 19, 1932, at precisely 7:11 P. M., there came into existence the greatest child ever known; weight, 9 pounds 10 ounces. The baby was born with a head of wavy hair, like his daddy, John Lawlor, Jr. The daddy also gave all the above info. It must be in the air, for the families of Bill Vogt and Anthony Bertani have been increased by the arrival of sons. Congratulations and the best of everything to all.

Will John Zahn join the above group? He has been seen giving bassinets and baby clothes the once over.

Ed Jimison of the 10th Precinct and John Gribbin of the 6th Precinct, the big deep-sea fishermen, have slipped. Both of these enterprising young men have been observed by your keyhole reporter fishing in Ed's new gold fish bowl. Some fishermen!

George Healy has quit bottling root beer. He claims the bottles have ragged edges. Hereafter he will use an atomizer to quench his thirst.

That "shiner" John Peterson had was caused by a cold. Ha! ha! ha!

Leo Krumholz will continue to smoke his pipe until Jack McKeever's tobacco gives out.

Tom Grady, our "Big Pent House Man," is going to play the leading man in a dramatic skit titled "Valley Farm." Further details to be announced.

4TH DIVISION

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

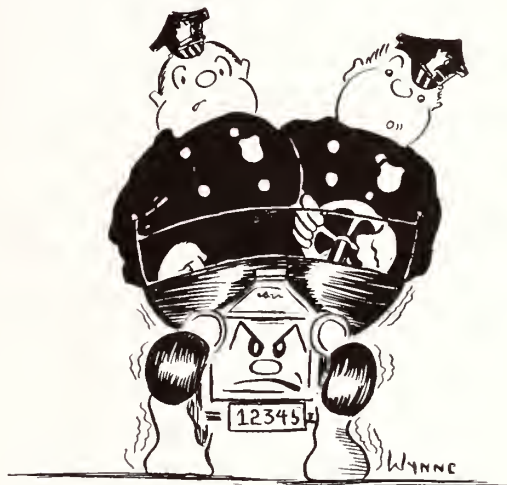
The little patrol wagon driver of the 17th Precinct, Eddie "TIN EAR" Butler, heard they were going to make detectives in the radio repair shop. He put an aerial in the sheepfold garage. Was it one of the detectives you were confiding with recently that tipped you off? You can sew up the one-way pockets when you are made, Ed.

The well-known Secret Service pair of the 8th Squad at the 19th Precinct, Patrolmen Joe Katz and Joe Kelly, are going better than ever. Pst, Pst, Pst.

Patrolman Cecil Clive Southern, alias "Whispering Smith," now holds the title of Coffee Sergeant at the 19th Precinct.

The hair on Arthur Bernert's head is getting sparse. Anyone knowing of a way to save it kindly get in touch with him. The gag of saving it in a cigar box is out.

After January 14, 1933, Patrolman Ed. Ferguson will be 75 years young. He still feels as good as he did when we had horse cars and roundsmen.



We have 610 pounds of public protection riding the radio car at the 19th Precinct, namely, Henry Fischer and Frank Brounankamp; and does poor "Lizzie" Ford show it?

6TH DIVISION

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Sergeant Francis Miele, of the 23d Precinct, when he left on his hunting trip mentioned something about "game." Later a postcard was received reading: "I have shot a buck." Some one remarked: "That guy even shoots crap on his vacation." To prove this remark erroneous the Sergeant drove up to the precinct upon his return with a big buck deer on each fender. He certainly brought home the venison.

The reporter wishes to take this opportunity of broadcasting that he didn't even shoot "crap" on his hunting trip.

Pete Finnegan is now crooning love songs to his pretty bride beneath a tropic moon at Bermuda.

Patrolman Louie Waxman has gone in training for the return of beer. He takes four yeast cakes every day to be sure he will be in condition for the return of the prodigal beverage.

Lieutenant Paul Del Gardo, the 23d Precinct's "aviator," is busy in his spare time drawing plans for a new fence around his house. Not bad, either.

Patrolman Pete Schell is now engaged in the exterminating business. He is ridding the precinct of flies. Of special interest to Pete are those that light on "Baldy" Baer.

When Patrolman Irving Bloom works the telephone switchboard, he always wants to open that window on the Lieutenants. Can you have an ulterior motive, Irving?

We suggest that at the next meeting of the P. B. A., under the heading of new business, they buy our delegate, Mike Brennan, a new pipe.

Patrolman Walter Baer, the bareback rider of the 23d Precinct, decided to take Mrs. Baer and the little Baers for a ride to Bear Mountain. He suddenly discovered his pockets were bare, a bare fact he couldn't bear, especially on a bare stomach with a bear of an appetite. He then bore to the left and lost his bearings and found himself back on Bear Mountain. A boy scout then gave Baer his bearings. Mr. and Mrs. Baer arrived at the Baer home with Baer having barely time to get to work.

Patrolman Joel Kashuck had a quiet time while on his vacation, except that he had his tonsils removed and then contracted pneumonia. Finally he had to have his appendix removed. Tough luck, Joel, but never mind, the boys of the 25th Precinct wish for your speedy recovery and return to our midst, and next year we hope you have a more pleasant vacation.



Patrolman Paul Galente, 25th Precinct, was seen on Lexington Avenue in front of his green battleship reciting the following:

I cranka the car but she no run,
These automobileel, shesa sawnova gun.
Shesa stop in the mid of a street upatown,
I watcha de carburate, but shesa no drown.
I poosha da clutch and shaka da wheel,
I knocka da brake, da engine I feel.
I looka da tank; Oh, what I see—Yas
Da sawnova gun shesa all outa gas.

The 25th Precinct congratulates: Patrolmen John Mahoney, Phillip Curtin and James Clavin on their choice of life partners. We wish you luck. (You'll need it.) . . . Lester Norberg and William Glinzman on the new arrivals at home. . . . Edward Eddington and Arthur Felton for their arrests of burglars made during the month. . . . Henry Volk for that wonderful arrest for assault and burglary.

We take our hats off to the committee in charge of the wonderful affair tendered the members of the 25th baseball team. These boys will appear in the field next season equipped like Big Leaguers, uniforms and all. If the Ways and Means Committee can promote another affair the team may train in Florida. All we need now that we have the uniforms, are ball players.

Sergeant Thomas J. McLoughlin returned to our midst with a beautiful coat of tan obtained while

vacationing at Miami Beach. His wonderful appearance bespeaks a vacation well enjoyed.

Ye scribe of the 25th Precinct wishes to inform the Feature Editor that there is but one thing that keeps him from buying a car, namely, the "Gelt." If that is forthcoming his wish will be gratified.

We of the 25th Precinct wish all members of the Department and readers of SPRING 3100 a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

A casual 6th Division observer has good reason to believe "Fireman Jim Flynn" did not injure that good right arm while on a hunting trip. We suspect the soreness was caused by continual use of a straight right to "Ole Barnacle" Tripp's rear porch. What a sorry spectacle it will be if the left arm goes. The old boy will then have to use his head.

It is rumored that the railroading of "Sandow" Gleason was caused by some jealousy between Flynn and Tripp, who were overheard remarking: "The kid is getting too good." However, a little coal shoveling is what the boy needs to develop his robust physique.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
44th ct., Ptl. Joseph Green

Lieutenant (Uncle Jim) Quinlan wishes to serve notice on all criminals who, when giving themselves up, kindly unload the gun first. Patrolman (Third Broom) O'Keefe agrees with the Lieutenant.

Why do all the women when applying for aid at the 40th Precinct call Patrolman (Home Relief) O'Rourke by his first name, "Davie"?

Joe Epstein, of the 41st Precinct, tried to be a magician by donating to everything. The check did not hold out. He now wants someone to run a benefit for him.

Gene Finning would like a big chain for his keys. He forgets them so often.

Kretchman asked a good one when he asked the reporter to find his lost glove. He was referred to the house detective.

Jim Priest complains of the heaters being left out of the radio cars. He was told to bring along a hot water bottle.

Joe Greene says his house was not washed away during the recent storm. House boats don't wash away, Joe; they drift away.

One year has passed, so Walter Moran will not have to worry about being called rag-a-muffin on New Year's Eve.

Sol Chesler wanted a new pair of red suspenders. He was told to wait until Christmas.

Bill Farrell wants an elevator installed to carry papers up to Traffic G. He was told to hang a rope on the stairway.

Since the baseball season is over, Ed. Dougherty has taken up basketball.

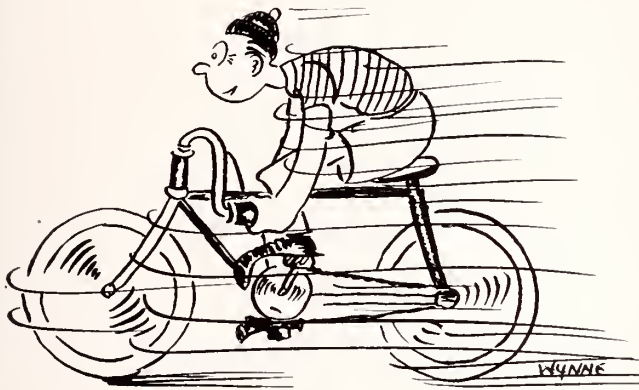
There must be a rainy season in City Island while the sun shines in The Bronx, for Tony Goshony carries his raincoat back and forth every day.

Vince Day said: "You will have to admit she has wonderful eyes."

Doings at the Art Lempke success celebration: Sergeant Burpeau was annoyed no end when he found no finger bowls. . . . The boys requested George Bell to sing "Say It Isn't So." . . . Bill Robinson Evan began with a waltz clog and ended up with a riot. . . . Ed. Finland resented being asked where the pipe rested last. . . . Ed. Miller of the Brains Department rendered the classical ode to spring, "Sweet Violets." . . . All eyes centered on Red

Seltenrich's hands while he sang "I Got You in the Palm of My Hand." . . . Jimmy Dermody, who left us for the East Bronx, made an eloquent address. . . . As a toastmaster, Lieutenant Rice of this squad came second to none.

The Silver Toned Sleuth, Bill Herrick, entertained with some old-time ballads. They were well received and appreciated by all. Everybody had a corking time with our old comrade upon his promotion, and if this goes with all promotions, then boys, you can't get me sore by being promoted. The evening closed with Clary Davis playing the Mountaineer Melodies on his harmonica.



We often wonder why Sergeant Archie Burns never entered the six-day bicycle race. He had a world of experience on Riverside Drive a few years ago.

8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. Terrance Donelon
45th Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt
46th Pct., Ptl. Dominick J. Masella

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. Robert T. Cashel
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

Dear Santa Claus:

Kindly bring Corrao a new automobile; Maher, a baby carriage; T. Kelly, one baby nipple, size 3; Quinlan and J. D. Higgins, a set of Sergeants' chevrons; Berke, a pair of shoes to fit; Landsman, a crying towel; Beaman, a longer post; Moskowitz, some home-made fish bait; Morrissey and Clark, some hair tonic; Ryan, one radio for his Stude; Marty Higgins, more milk; Gleason, louder and better neckties; Nilon, reversible cuspidors; Ketchie Eager, more and better matches; Kubicek and Flood, one radio patrol guaranteed not to lay down and die; Touhy, more retirements from the Sergeant's rank; Princiotto, removable non-collapsible shoes; Nat Hochberg, an invisible nightstick; Connolly, a dictionary; Hoffman, a can of putty; Waxy Gallagher, another promotion league; Nespor and Schlaffer, another pig's knuckles and sauerkraut; Jimmy the bootblack, more cash customers.

"Benneh" Gobel, 46th Precinct, was seen coming from a blacksmith shop after purchasing a pair of shoes for his pups.

Patrolman Nonnon's chest has assumed unusual proportions. The Frau has presented him with a prospective policewoman. More power to you, Vince.

Sergeant Skala desires to hear from anyone wishing to purchase a pair of full-blooded pedigreed sardines.

"Silent" Jim Connolly has increased his vocabulary to five words per day. Don't tell us Peggy is after you, Jim!

"Homer" Higgins wishes to announce his real cognomen is Marty. All right, "Homer," we will call you Marty, old boy.

Hudson, N. Y., is forming a police department. Jim Connor, the Jovial, has applied for the job. He

is of the opinion that his years of mopping experience will clean up the criminal element.

The famous Collins Brothers, automobile repair men, have had an "OUT TO LUNCH" sign on their door ever since Max Bernstein acquired that '20 model Chevrolet.

Jack Daughton, the former U. S. Marine, claims he has been neglected for not being mentioned in the magazine. Jack, we hope this makes it O. K.

Sergeant Salomon is in the best of humor now that he possesses his full quota of ivories, and is again able to bite into a nice juicy steak.

Lieutenant Conroy is on a diet. The other evening he had a light repast consisting of three roast pork sandwiches, one dill pickle, a few pieces of cake, and washed that down with a container of coffee. Two hours later a Sergeant sent for coffee and asked the Lieutenant if he cared for anything. The reply was, "Oh, just a cup of coffee and a steak sandwich."

9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Grossen

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Grossen

Economy is the slogan of the 123d Precinct. Here are some of the savings practiced: Frank Benedict buys a bottle of milk for his meal, drinks half and brings the rest home. . . . "Sniffle" McEwan chews tobacco, dries the cuds, then smokes it in his fumigator. The final operation is to use the ashes to clean his teeth. . . . Diamond Dick Crosson takes out his false teeth when he eats and sleeps, to save the wear and tear. . . . Clarence O'Leary scouts the early morning papers on his way to work; he then saves them until he gets home to get the news. . . . Carl Zipf says the 3-4-10 Cremos are a blessing. . . . Carl Essig now attends only all the free rackets. . . . Charles Franklin drains old crank case oil, lets it stand, syphons the clear oil off and uses it again; a darn clever guy this Staten Islander. . . . Our new students, Pauze, Essig, Kelly, Jensen, Benedict, Payton and Davidson, have the bugs and are using the old lesson sheets of Huber and Holbert. They also take personal instructions from these future Sergeants gratis. Should they be successful it will cost them exactly \$0.00. . . . Our golfers, Goodrich, Huber, Ballweg, Bruns and Smith, refused the invite to the tournament because of the buck entry fee; it would be against the economy principle. . . . All our economy fanatics wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New York. Even that costs nothing.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp
62d Pct., Ptl. Vincent Ferrante
70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan

Patrolman Frumkin, of the 62d Precinct, is going to California on his vacation via the air route. He will be welcomed by his brother, Sydney Franklin, America's famous Toreador. Brother Sydney is now in Hollywood making pictures, so he may use our boy, too. Too bad Patrolman Herbert Etheridge, the cattle man is not going. He doesn't throw bulls, but he can flop the horses.

Lieutenants Conroy, Bradley, Gallagher and Bucetta of the 62d Precinct, are expected to be among the first ten on the Captains' list, because they are all getting grey hair, especially Bucetta.

Patrolman Francis McLaughlin is leading this league in big time arrests.

Patrolman "Speed" Coffey boasts of his car singing to Atlantic City in two hours. Patrolman "Lightning" Bone said he can make his car talk and bark the same distance in one hour and a half, on three

cylinders and two spark plugs. Everyone believes Bone, not Coffey.

Patrolman Harry Newman, of the mop and broom department, is looking for the one who is eating chow mein and spaghetti around the station house. He complains about washing the dishes. Be thankful, Harry, the boys may switch to Limburger and Gorgonzola any day.

Our Adonis, Anthony Splitzer, has four bodyguards to keep the girls away. He is holding out for his ideal girl. Better hurry, Tony, she may come too late; you're getting older.

Patrolman Joe Savignano is taking a correspondence course in literature. We notice he is getting very polished with his English.

Eighteenth Avenue misses Patrolman Mullins, now assigned to the radio car. It will be hard to replace Moon Mullins; he was very well liked.

Patrolman Al Maher, the Back Room poet, gives us the following:

THE SPECIAL POST BLUES.

Oh, please, Lieutenant, pity me.
Don't send me out to Special Post Three.
Although I'm not one to complain,
Being out there gives me a pain.
Those Supervisors are so unkind.
I've always got them on my mind.
They come like some unwelcome guest,
To cause me worry and unrest.
When they get you right, they do their worst,
But they'll never get me if I see them first.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA! The Hack Bureau of the 66th Precinct has broken a rule; they bought a package of cigarettes.

Who is the patrolman who flashed his shield to get into the synagogue? Ask Selig, he may know.

Also, who was the detective who tried to pay his way into the same synagogue? Detective Black is assigned to the case.

Patrolman Pulsifer recently returned from his vacation up on the border. He had a good time and wishes the repeal bill passed pronto.

During a recent fishing trip the boys caught nary a fish. The scagoing van of the Hack Bureau became sick; his groans and yells scared the fish away.

Pop Reidy, upon his retirement, will engage in the paper bag business. He declares the demand will be great, for we all shall be holding one.

TOPICS OF THE DAY AT THE 64TH PRECINCT.

Lieutenant George Seiss is now in command of the 64th Precinct during the absence of Captain Lawrence Patterson, who is on his vacation.

Sergeant Burton Royce announces that at the end of 1932 he will tell you exactly how many teletype alarms are open or canceled.

Sergeant John Holland, the famous map collector, received a telephone call from his missus bawling him out for forgetting to put the ash cans out. (Boy, how he can take it!) Ask Sergeant Holland why Sergeant Dawson insisted upon treating him to a light collation, and you will hear the story of the "Missing Dollar."

Congratulations are in order for Sergeant John Scully and his missus in their celebration of their twentieth anniversary.... A blessed event occurred in the home of Patrolman Alex. Levine. It's a boy. Congratulations to the Levines. Alex is looking well.... Patrolman Miles Dutton will go before the Honor Board for his good work in stopping a runaway.... Patrolman Dave Gerrity and Patrolman Petraska went and did it. Lots of luck to them and the brides.... Patrolman "Rube" Hanson is the

proud possessor of a brand new misplaced eyebrow that's coming out very nicely.... Patrolman John Rowan ought to go and see more football games; he last 12 ounces at the last game he attended.... Patrolman Ed. Healey can be seen wearing a broad smile. We wonder why? Let's in on the secret, Ed. Our eminent P. B. A. delegate ought to get himself a soapbox when he tells about the P. B. A. meetings.... Keep up the good work, Frank.... Our good-will ambassador, Patrolman Mike Santinello, is doing good work in his handling of the emergency.... Patrolman Dan Spellman is sporting a new pair of spats. (Oh, for goodness sakes!) Patrolman Joe Gallasso suggests that the 64th Precinct theme song should be "A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich and You." The 64th Precinct lost a good attendant in the retirement of Patrolman John O'Leary, who has left for the plains of Texas. We wish you all the luck in the world, John.... We all hope for a speedy recovery to Patrolman Oscar Johnson, who is confined at home with sickness.... Patrolman Ralph Goldstein, the Brighton Beach Terror, is going into strict training for the selling of P. B. A. tickets.... While recently teamed up with Beau Brummel Ed. Hanarahan he almost gained prominence. Ask Ed-die.

Your reporter while vacationing in Miami was accorded a wonderful time by Detective Sergeant Edward Melchen and Patrolman Jack Weber of the Miami Police Department.... Patrolman Jack Flanagan, while doing patrol duty on Shore Road, apprehended an escaped prisoner from the Fort Hamilton Reservation. Good work, Jack.... We wonder if the missus knows about the \$25 reward.

We wonder why Patrolman John Page, when in a tight corner, can be heard talking in a foreign tongue? Maybe it's the wit of the Celt.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. John Murray

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennesly
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

The Wall Street edition and the racing final may mean plenty to a lot of people, but the paper that gets the rush out here is the Special Order, Pop Gerrity, the 11th Division messenger brings in every afternoon. The boys look for the retirement of superiors, and should they see none, there are great lamentations and rending of garments. The stand-out reuter and weeper is Joe Maron, the South Brooklyn forager of foodstuffs. The only relief we get is when the dinner bell calls Joe to put his knees under the table. "Coffee" Neuman, the South Albany speed sensation, does plenty of weeping on his own. What makes him unique is, he hides behind the locker and sulks like a guy that took a special course in sulking. "Brown Suit" Reiger, the smashing left-handed typist, lights his pipe and wonders if 300 on the list will be reached. Archie "Anarchy" McNeill, a little low on the list, left the Sulkers' Association and went hunting. He bagged two moose, four bears and four deers. Some of the Sulkers say he should have confined his operations to the City of New York, for those boys who just won't retire. However, we enjoyed the venison Archie handed around.

Johnnie Toohall has a new quarterback at his house, weight 9 pounds. Further accounts of this lad will be found in the All-American selections for 1950 when he calls the signals for the Notre Dame Ramblers.

Tommy Sullivan, the west side jockey, is all tied up like a Christmas package. He has a few misplaced ribs. They were received while doing some

interior decorating, sez him. We know, nevertheless, that the erstwhile Biograph motion picture rough rider tried a come back at the recent rodeo. He trained six weeks at Borden's stables on the milk-fed bronchos, but them thar western mustangs didn't like milk and Tommy was picked up much the worse for wear. He will now confine his riding to elevators.

Our motto still remains—"TWO SERGEANTS FOR EVERY PATROLMAN."

The men of the 76th Precinct and the 76th Squad wish the members of the Department and their families a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

John McTernan has taken unto himself a bride, and the following changes shall come into his life: He will not have to COOK his own meals, but will have to do some LYON for PHELAN to come home early. He claims there is no woman any WILDER than he, so with this attitude he better prepare for some RUFF treatment, as she will be MANNING the situation before the flowers BLUM. Well, John, we HOPE that when you WALKER down the Avenue you will take the rubber band from the GREEN backs and BEYER an ice cream COHN, as you can't be MEEHAN to your little TOOTSIE WOOTSIE.

The depression mustn't have hit Bill Higgins, our esteemed attendant, as he was seen entering a barber shop for a shave.

Patrolman Scaramell's wife now allows him to cash his check, but sends here brother with him. SO ENDS A BEAUTIFUL HUNGER STRIKE.

The "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow" was fortunate to have a horse to lead him around, says Detective Walter Curtis. Well, why don't you get a horse, Walter?

Victor Andy Gump Lessage is fond of singing in the bath tub, but his neck shows he is out of practice.

Patrolman Frank Heedles would like to know who put red pepper in his bun. Ask a certain Lieutenant in the 76th Precinct. He may know.

Rumor has it that Lieutenant Rorke will take unto himself a bride. The whispering one also says it will be a double wedding, Mr. and Mrs. McTennan being the other pair.

Jimmy Durante, look to your laurels, for the Schnozzola title may pass to the Micciancio brothers, Rosario and Felippo. They have the necessary; all they need is the publicity.

When Patrolmen Murray and Briglio walk down the street the former is often mistaken for the latter's shadow.

Detective Jerry Murphy dallies on the steps of the 78th Precinct station house displaying his new chin-chilla coat. Cal McCarthy claims the likes of it was never sold in the little Rogers Peet shop on Fulton Street in the old days.

To Delegate John O'Neil, of the 82d Precinct: When you were spending an enjoyable vacation at the Police Recreation Camp recently, did you lose anything? Yeah, you lost a fountain pen. Well, the long arm of the law found it and if you will communicate with the office of SPRING 3100 you can have it back. Say, who is this guy Philo Vance, anyway?

13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Willis

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

Bashful Tom Morrissey took us on a little jaunt one night to a "basket" along Park Plaza, where a couple of Pennsylvania "coal hods" were gassed by the "soft coal and printers' ink" served by the "Bawston kidney bean" who had previously summoned

"Pepper Hick" for a replenishment of "Fink's XXX Subway Lacquer" which put the softer of the two "coal hods" out for the joust.

A Buick around these parts has a "Marquise" installed in its loft which enhanced the value \$38, which now makes the car worth exactly \$37.75.

The "Hard Rock" from Zono Park has equipped himself with a physician's "Der Tag" to stalemate "Muzzolinia" from giving him windows and voting machines, but the "Dictator" received the "info" from his "Fascists" and sent word back that a "49" was sufficiently strong to carry the load to pastures of Central or Prospect lanes, and the "Der Tag" to the Atlantic by way of our underground system.

In one of the mix-ups that always occur, we got a couple of "gamehunters" that never came out of the same "pod," "Coco-Cola Davie" and "Bizness Nate," the former a talkative young gent and the other a stolid still man.

Nick Gaffanboom, now a head hunter, has dug up a new novel, "Skull-Remover," that may assist Bill Old and Young Merchandise on the list by recommending and getting "Female Hamburgers."

And the skipper said, "Nelson, you are the best operator I have ridden with," causing consternation and activities among the peddle pushers.

Detective Thomas "E." Strowbridge (the "E." stands for empty), the muscle-bound detective of the 79th Squad, has returned from a cruise with Captain "CLARK." An investigation as to why Tom's neck was so black, made by "DICK TRACY" Mahoney, disclosed that the trip was made on a coal barge. One day, "EMPTY" was seen in an automobile which he said he had just bought. It proved to be a Drive-Your-Self car which Tom had borrowed. Paul Revere had nothing on Junior Strowbridge; he can be seen in Prospect Park most every day running behind the horse with the necessary equipment.

Congratulations are extended to Patrolman John Conroy, of the 70th Precinct, who took unto himself a wife.

Captain George Kauff, 80th Precinct, returned from his vacation to Havana and other places. He had a wonderful time, but we are glad to have him with us again.

Moon Mullins and B. C. King stepped out and became recorders on the radio patrol. Rookies, beware, but the crying towels are still in existence.

Since Pop Ernst went to a dance a week ago and drank some Coco-Cola he has been breaking up everything in the 80th Precinct.

Gus Herr, the cave man, says he can't take it since the boys have been bothering him lately. How about the cement bags?

Has Sergeant Marathon Mullen caught up with Rabbit Byington? The Rabbit has been yes-sirring the Serg to death lately.

We were all glad to see Dario Fossa back from Otisville and looking good, but like a bird on the wing he heard the call of the South and became a sparrow cop in Prospect Park. Good luck, Dario.

We are having trouble with our brooms. Fitzgerald, the senior broom, claims he has rheumatism in his fingers. Sam Kaplan, the third broom, a Mercer Street Alumnus, complains of having pains in his back. He tells of the November tornado nearly blowing his mansion into the ocean; he saved it by tying a rope around the chateau and using himself as an anchor.

Short Story Summerville can now keep his blimp on terra firma. He bought a super charger, and you

can now see Percy smoothly traversing the roads of Flatbush.

Sunshine Ernst and Pop Winters went to Mastic Beach, to annoy the fish. They became stranded in Great South Bay until 3:30 in the A. M. Harry was for summoning aid and making out U. F. 5s, but we know his oars were leaking.

The operators and recorders of the 80th Precinct wish to know who is boss, the operator or the recorder. Who can enlighten us?

Patrolman George Buck, of the 81st Precinct, met the girl of his dreams while attending Sunday School. That's what he got for sleeping in church. George had the ties bound while vacationing. Good luck, may all your troubles be little ones.

Patrolman Joseph Macy has returned to work after a recent illness. Glad you're back and looking well, Joe.

We expect the local letter carrier to have a big increase in deliveries. Patrolman Eddie Sonn, our Adonis, has returned from his Florida vacation.

There was a hurry call for inhalators the other day when Cipriano, Interrante and Franzone lit up the Di Nobiles.

Patrolman Joseph Eichorn is our new checker champion; he defeated Patrolman Abe Cohen in three consecutive series.

14TH DIVISION

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schwebel

90th Pct., Ptl. Emanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry V. von Hassel
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

Schnozzola Louis Schwartz and "Pop-Eye" Wilbur Wesner challenge any two-man bowling team in the Department. Schnozzola claims every time he tosses the ball down the alley all the pins drop. "Pop-Eye" doesn't say much except "I'm good, too." Address all challenges to their reliable manager, Boo Boo Kennedy, at the 90th Precinct.

Johnny Burns took a week's vacation for the sole purpose of hunting deer, hare and wild duck. After a week he bagged one skunk, using a gun without a front sight. This gun is a wonder piece; it scents the animals out.

Johnny should have taken Lumberjack Krause, a real hunter, with him, then the boys would have been eating venison for a week.

15TH DIVISION

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Herman J. Manners
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egan

103d Pct., Ptl. Joseph A. Doyle
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egan

Patrolmen Henry Ebert and Bill Tomford, of the 103d Precinct, recently returned from a hunting trip up the State. Both shot and killed the same buck. What the boys would like to know is, who really killed the buck?

We are glad to see that Patrolman John Scott has recovered and is back to work again.

Joe Furey and Bill Touwsma, the fashion plates of the 103d Precinct, will hold a debate on what the well-dressed man will wear.

Ray Wilkinson, the cream puff kid, was seen scouting the lunch wagons at 4 A. M. looking to buy some cream cheese.

Joe Sullivan had a new hat on for inspection the other day and looked like Omar the tent maker.

George Brust, the Mayor of South Street, is reported sick, and his public wish him a speedy recovery.

16TH DIVISION

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio

111th Pct., Ptl. Reinhardt Schmidt
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

Did you notice how Smiling John Conway, of the 108th Precinct, has thrown his chest out lately.

There is a reason. He's the proud father of a nine-pound boy. His wife, "Lil," is the happiest gal in Queens.

Who are the two coppers who think it advisable to BUY gasoline in the future?

Why don't they send Battestein down to that candy factory more often? The girls all like him.

Why is Gordon Woods keeping his coming marriage such a secret?

Why doesn't Gabriel take off his rose-colored glasses and see things as they are and not as he wishes they were. Oh, those blondes!

What makes "Deadpan" Clark like that? . . . Slick-land better not eat any olives, or they'll show. . . . Who is the coming pool champ that lives out around St. Albans and spends all his time down in the cellar? . . . Who said Lange posed as a balloon in the Macy parade?

It is rumored that if the present Chancellor of Germany had not accepted the position, Von Hindenburg was on the verge of appointing either Hartman, Steal, Ludwig, Loeschman or George Schneider.

Patrolman Caniano has enjoyed his first year of married life, but as yet there has been no report of progress.

Anybody wanting to know anything about Gupies, see Patrolman Wirth; he can answer all questions.

Patrolmen Twomey and Witmeyer, the sunshine boys, can be seen any day admiring the light near the booth.

The boys spend many a pleasant hour listening to Lieutenant Conneely recite about the days when he worked under Commissioner Roosevelt.

Patrolman O'Keefe was recently seen buying a quantity of handkerchiefs. He stated that since handling the poor and needy he has done nothing but weep.

The 9th Squad having been beaten in each and everything they competed in, have begun to close up their mouths like clams. They can't take it.

Anyone desiring information about promissory notes, our expert accountant, Jacobs, will explain in detail all facts involved.

I wonder why Vic Kirschner gets so upset when anyone mentions the name of "Marie." There must be a reason. Could it be a guilty conscience?

Tommy Barhold would make a good collar "ad," and so would Patty Walsh, for horse collars.

Dick Smernoff, the pride of Douglaston, is ready to meet all comers. Any manner of hold permissible.

Since Lieutenant Dooley joined the 111th Precinct bowling team, he is just another spare.

Patrolman Stanton, known as Buster of Astoria, is filling in the important office of Assistant Mayor of Little Neck.

Patrolman Gosselin has taken his second trip on the good ship Matrimony. More power to you, and good luck.

Patrolman Fuzzy Busch, the little man with the white socks, always explains when saluting, "I was just giving them a ring, Sarge."

Patrolman Fennell, our gas man, is practicing setting-up exercises so that he will be on time at 8 A. M. roll calls. (Massachusetts papers please copy.)

Jimmy Reilly, the fair-haired boy of Rosewood, is just plain Petsum in Woodside.

Patrolman Sullivan, our champion weight thrower in the 2-ounce class, while bathing this summer was mistaken for an eel.

Patrolman Schmidt, your Walter Winchell in this book, takes this opportunity to wish all members a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and, as

Lowell Thomas says, "So long until next year," when the dirt will come as fast as ever.

Sergeant Miller, our new Sergeant, is touring Florida. He will be back with a coat of tan.

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A—First, I wish to extend on behalf of my brother men and myself, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all. Even they who fill out those pink slips.

This past month we mourn the loss of Patrolman Honest John Kelly, who always looked out for his side-partner.

For what reason have the boys along Delancey Street nicknamed Patrolman Menken "the sergeant with the nickel-plated shield"?

Patrolman (Shiek) Gilkerson knows his groceries. That's the boy, Pop, shop on 8th Street and save money.

The needle men had their annual needle jabbing contest this past month, and who was used for the cushions?

What reason have Patrolmen Begley, Estes, Pier-son and Sherman for being proud?

Patrolman Flood walking around the Village gathering in the sunshine, or was he?

The front room has had its face lifted. It sure looks nice and clean. Congratulations to our "Order of the Mop."

For Sale—One load of gravel. See D. H., our D. L.



Hide, boys, here comes Sergeant Murphy with his pencil.

B—The members of Traffic Precinct "B" extend best wishes, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

The Apple Knockers' Club staged their annual Christmas party and dance in the ballroom of Fum-Fum Lombardo's Club at Borough Park. Among those present were Patrolmen Albrecht, Bardens, Cava, Clair, Damstrom, Drayton, Eckhardt, Enright, Farrelly, Gerry, Gaynor, Johnson, Klink, Knight, Lazzaro, LeViness and Slater. Fum-Fum Lombardo's jazz orchestra furnished the music. Patrolmen Mooney, Coughlin, McAuliffe and McCarthy did a song and dance act which met with much applause. Patrolmen Schneider, Schultze, Schlimmermeyer, Spaeth, F. Steiner, Stobbe, Scheffel and Schaffner, of the old Glendale Glee Club, rendered the old-time song, "Up the street come soldiers marching down." Patrolman Richard Daly told the story. "When I was a boy in Troy." One of the invited guests, Patrolman Patrick Connolly, failed to appear, but was found outside on a ladder looking in. His explana-

tion was that he wanted to see that all present were P. B. A. members before he entered. Patrolman Henry Quinn, who was holding the ladder for Connolly, denies the explanation. The new matinee idol of this great city is now our own, the well-known 106 man, Herman Metz.

C—Sydney Hutchins, Tim O'Connor's bartender, wishes to make it known that there will be no drinks on the cuff in his place. No exceptions, John Mathews.

The Summons Squad's three musketeers when on a trip to Canada this summer spent their money lavishly, and left there very much to the regret of the Canadian Government. How they spent it: Patrolman Hitzler spent the mornings. Patrolman MacLaren spent the afternoons. Patrolman Miletello spent his energy trying to get his pals to part with a dime.

Since the Sergeants' promotion league started, sergeants are dying who never died before.

Bright sayings by Lieutenant Keeling: "The baby weighs 12 pounds and 16 ounces."

Lieutenant O'Leary's pretty daughter can be seen at this station house semi-monthly calling for the Lieutenant's check. I thought you were boss in the O'Leary camp!

Patrolman John Devens has been christened by the street cleaning foreman as "Hands on the hips."

E—The promised "Hassenpfeffer" feed for the clerical staff of Traffic "E" failed to materialize due to the poor marksmanship of "Windy" Corell, the Captains chauffeur, who went rabbit shooting recently and returned with Zero rabbits.

"Barney" Huestis, our mopslinger, should take a few lessons in cooking. Wonder what he worked at before he came in the job?

Ptl. Michael McDermott is now No. 1 on the eligible list for Sergeancy. Mike, we know that before this reaches the press you will be adorned with the Chevrons and your shield will be plated with gold with an eaglet flipping his wings in readiness to step out and bid the boys in blue a hearty good morning. Good luck.

Patrolman John Casey, the adonis traffic officer at 86th Street and Central Park West, has stepped off with the most beautiful colleen from the Lakes of Killarney, to have and to hold until the River Lee stops flowing and the Shandon bells stop ringing. Johnny, we wish you and the Missus everlasting joy. Incidentally, the honeymooners will be home at 110 Seaman Avenue, Manhattan, for a New Year's call from the entire personnel of "E" and their friends and relatives. Thanks, John, we'll all be there.

Funny how things happen. Our confirmed bachelor, Patrick Conneally, is also reported buckled for life. Paddy, all your pals wish you and Mrs. Conneally happiness, and that all your troubles be baby ones.

Patrolman Pete McGuire reports that Mr. Storkic paid him a visit and gave him a pleasant position of night-watchman. Pete says it's a beautiful blue eyed 10-lb. baby girl. Pete says that Lieutenant Higgins will officiate at the christening.

Patrolman John O'Connell was a little bit peevish at the last write-up. Johnny, it was all in fun. We know you're not a midget but rather a little he-man and the daddy of the finest JUNIOR in all of Jackson Heights.

Patrolman Jim Heffernan was seriously injured while regulating traffic at 145th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, by a reckless driver. We are glad to report that Jim is home for Christmas where a number of his pals will have a chance to cheer him up

a little. Jim, we are all praying for your speedy recovery and return to duty.

2D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

G. Ptl. Gene McGuinness

LT. THOMAS J. EGAN

H. Ptl. Narcisse Gervais

H—John Pendergast is a PaPa again; the stork brought him a brand new daughter, and John Healy, not to be outdone, tells us he is the Father of a Son, the kind that cries and everything. America Thanks you and Congratulates you, Gentlemen.

Henry Feder, the boy with the million-dollar smile, is taking lessons in Tap Dancing. Henry has been holding out on us. We suggest that Henry demonstrate some of those hidden talents for the boys. We promise that Nick De Ore's famous Bronx Cheer will be omitted.

We have been neglecting Frank Girvin, who is also taking lessons in Tap Dancing, but his taps are on the Key Board of a Typewriter. Frank is getting good; he dots his I's and everything. Now, if somebody will only take up singing we will be all set.

Several of the Boys tell us that Bickford's is going to close, having in mind that their friends might be interested. The only one we know that might be interested is Willie Meehan; then again maybe I'm wrong.

Hoot Gibson tells us Cuba is a great place for a vacation. From what he says, all we can add is, AND HOW!

When Sid Stalter comes back from that Hunting Trip in Pennsylvania, we all expect to eat venison. We hope it won't be some poor farmer's cow.

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

I. Ptl. James Kenney

J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell

L. Ptl. Harry Hughes

M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K—Patrolman Charlie McCrory is acting as manager for a fair young lady (Miss Marge Mullane) in a K. of C. popularity contest, and he's sure doing plenty of work getting votes. Good luck, Charlie.

Patrolman John McCarthy is acting as bodyguard for Charlie during the contest.

Eddie Becker sent some of his relatives (94) down to the K. of C. frolic to check up on McCarthy carrying out his new duties.

Patrolman Howard Nichols has open dates for wedding parties and trips to the mountains with his new car.

Volkommer had his wish granted by being transferred from the Bridges to Traffic "K". Afraid of the cold days over the water?

Mike Cully is working his points to get Post 1 back.

Don't hear anything from Jack Donohue since he is down in the market. Hope you haven't forgotten us, Jack!

Henry Nelson isn't over that furnace sunburn he received on Election Day. Owen Ahearn couldn't get the kinks out of his back for two weeks. Jack Hilbert lost 8 pounds during the furious session. Schulz didn't have any luck at all. What a game!

Talk about your bridge addicts—McNevin, O'Neill and Deutch. Who was the fourth member of the party? Someone broke up all the entertainment by blowing a fuse.

L—We don't know who the bard of Traffic "L" is, but we have heard his name is Cob.

Lieutenant Thomas Goodman has been demonstrating how youthful he is lately. You should see him go through his cellar dance.

Hey, you fellows from Traffic "J", get away from behind Patrolman Harry (Meandogs) Tice. Enough said. (Ain't you got something to be proud of!)

It has been noticed that Patrolman Martin, the house duty man of "J", hasn't much to say. Maybe mama wears the pants!

Tom Harrington and Ed. O'Connell have not had a quarrel lately. But wait until the baseball season starts and Rusty Kelly sticks his nose in. Boy, oh boy, what noise we will have. Kelly is now presiding in the Hot Stove league.

HACK BUREAU

PTL. GEORGE T. BOSCH

Patrolman Jerry Higgins (Owner's Bureau), sure kept his marriage a secret. He's been married 14 years, but human nature will out. He became jealous of Harry Schiff, when Harry became the proud papa of twins sometime ago, and Jerry came right out with the announcement that he was the father of twins also. (Must be the food we have around here.)

Patrolmen Frank Robb and Ralph Reid have become Equestrians. Frank is looking forward to becoming a Mounted Sergeant, but we do not know why Ralph is taking up this strenuous exercise.

Patrolman Eddie Drum, our utility man, was assigned to a Staten Island Precinct on Election Day. By the time he got back from voting and eating, the Captain thought that Ed lived in Ireland.

Sergeant Daniel Tierney (Our Custodian), observed the first anniversary of his wedding the other day. While a trifle out of step, and his blonde hair turning white, he is still going strong. Of course, there are a few additions to the home, such as a new radio and a few gold fish, etc. But, fellows, give a chap time. Congratulations.

The "Relax Club" held its installation of officers last month. New members were admitted and later a dinner was served. Music and talent appeared and needless to state that the three hundred and some odd that had gathered for the occasion were more than satisfied.

The flag pole on top of the Hack Bureau is suffering from old age (like some of the members who gave various suggestions about it), namely, Patrolman Fraser claimed that he could take it down in ten minutes. Patrolman Gevin remarked that up at the golf club at Crestwood they would have it down and sawed for fire wood in less time than that. Patrolman Donoghue said he could take it down and throw it over his shoulder in no time. Then the Emergency Squad came along and took it down in two hours. (Well, its down, anyway.)

BOROUGH HDQTS., BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

Now that Registration and Election is history, and the burden of the usual routine somewhat lessened, the writer starts off with a bang.

Patrolman Grassman captured two female impersonators in the act of slugging a Flatbush merchant and relieving him of his valuables. They were ebony hued females dressed as males. They have been incarcerated in the bastille.

Along comes Patrolman Colston, goes Grassman one better and bags two gunmen outside of an Ebinger Bakery in Flatbush. Both were about to enter when interrupted by the alert officer. They're now has-beens.

Patrolman Newman, the little man of the squad, broke his hand trying to down a well-known pander named "Little Caesar." The officer conquered his foe. It reminds one of the story of how David slew Goliath.

Patrolman Greenberg, "good hearted Jake", was lacerated with a machete down in the jungle (Hudson Avenue) trying to suppress the oldest vice in the world. Somebody passed the remark that "bogies" tried to get Jake's adenoids.

Sergeant Nidds, of the Warrant Squad, will soon be eating Steak and Chops again.

He's getting a new set of crockery.

Patrolman Meehan, the ex-gob and all-around encyclopedia, has a head so big that he has to have his chapeau made to order.

It's remarkable! Meehan's head is slightly smaller than that of Dan Webster. John claims he has brains he hasn't used as yet. What a man for one man!



And don't let us forget our star golfer, no other than my friend John Woods, the embryo Sergeant, who talks a very good game of golf. In the meet of the Police team recently, he went down to a disgraceful defeat. He was as successful as he was in the Sergeants' exam. He brought up the rear as usual. Of course, he expects to be made. Patrolman O'Brien of the Hack Bureau, John's old side-partner, claims much credit for John's place on the list, but says that John ignores him now; that he is as void of gratitude as an egg is of hair. John is now known as "The Man with the Varicose Head." He is slightly drooping on one side, because of carrying the BAG. He looks like a retired letter carrier.

So bon-jour for the present, and with a sigh for those who love me and a smile for those who hate me, I will conclude and be ready with more dirt for next month.

MAIN OFFICE DETECTIVES, BROOKLYN

It was a muggy August Afternoon and Detective? James Donohue also known as "Jiggs of Greenpoint" (assigned to Clerical Duty in the Main Office, Brooklyn, and if he had any sense he would stick to it or would he) was listlessly gazing at the incoming Teletype alarms. His lethargy was startled when he observed a message concerning the theft of a truckload of cigarettes and tobacco from the vicinity of his native haunts by the Vinegar works. He leaped from the Teletype machine like a frightened doe, or it might have been a bull moose, directly into the office of Captain Pritchard who was deep in his labors at his desk. Donohue's shouts of "It's in my wheelhouse, it's in my wheelhouse," aroused the Captain's suspicions. Captain Pritchard gave the case a quick diagnosis as psittacoses (parrot fever) and called Detectives O'Malley and Moroney, who, attired in bullet proof vests, and Detective Weldon's old fire hat, after a short but terrific contest managed to place Donohue in the straight-jacket which Captain Pritchard keeps in his desk for just such emergencies. Captain Pritchard kept going over the eight points, WHO, WHEN, HOW, WHAT, etc., but as things turned out all cause for alarm was needless. Three days later, haggard and lean of countenance, they staggered back to the Main Office to learn that the truck had been recovered at the instance of a Western Union Messenger Boy at Princess Bay, Staten Island. Donohue was awarded the Order of the Purple Heart for his efforts in this case and some day Captain

Pritchard is going to take him to the Gym in Manhattan Headquarters and let him touch the new brass rail on the Chief's Platform for luck on his next try.

The other day Lieutenant John Weisenrider assigned to the Main Desk, Brooklyn, and Patrolman James Rock of Traffic "L", had an appointment to play a game of eighteen holes of golf, later to be joined by Wiffey Cox, the champion of the fairway at Dycker Height Golf Links. The game was going along fine until they came to the lake, into which Lieutenant Weisenrider drove his ball sadly. Now, at this golf club, anyone who drives a ball into the lake has to pay a boy the sum of ten cents for the recovery of the ball. The boy, equipped with his diving apparatus, dove in and recovered it, with the expectation of collecting his ten cents. Now, here is where the trouble started. The Lieutenant, much to his chagrin, found that he had no change with him but offered the boy a check. The boy refused, saying he had been stuck with bad checks coming back marked NO FUNDS. At this time Detective Moroney of MOD, Bkln., stopped in and Lieutenant Weisenrider exclaimed, "Here is a detective who knows who I am." Detective Moroney identified the Lieutenant, payed the dime and everyone went away happy.

Lieutenant Weisenrider challenges any good golfer in the Department to a match and declares he will give most of them a substantial handicap on consideration of their rank and age.

The moral of this story is—Never try to get a ball without paying 10c.

18TH DIVISION, BRONX DET. JOSEPH MCCOURT

Dispatches from Maine tell us that a man up there has smoked the same pipe for 60 years. Our Detective Joe Gannon has that record beaten.

Detectives Andy Tully and Henry Ford (the latter not from Detroit), had a debate the other day. What the outcome was we don't know, as through an oversight no time limit was set, and the listeners departed one by one with both men going strong in a talk marathon.

7TH DET. DIST. DET. JOSEPH MCCOURT

Through the 60 and 61 route Detective Herman Rave, 41st Squad, was assigned to a case where many fur coats were stolen. Most of the property has been recovered. This was accomplished through Herman's knowledge of furs. He can tell you the age of a squirrel by the fur, and which way the rabbit was running when it was shot, and we expect he can tell a skunk's propensity.

Detective Joseph McAllister, 41st Squad, had a splendid season at golf, and can tell you how to get around all the traps on Mosholu links.

Detective Joseph Fleming, 42d Squad, got married recently and his partner, Detective Buddemeyer, insisted that Joe was entitled to four days off. That would not be a good policy, Fred. Some of the boys might become bigamists.

Detective Carmelo Cambria wants to know if there are any violin players with the Glee Club. No, Tony! And if there were, somebody else would get the job.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2 PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

Dave Foster was made Commander of Naval Post, American Legion, recently. CONGRATS, Dave.

Bill Bereczk is an expert trap drummer. If in doubt, ask Sergeant Markey.

Johnny Clark, Joe Donnelly, "Jingle Bells" Butler and "Scotty" Stephenson are filling the crisp air these mornings with rare Christmas carols.

Arthur Daly brought home a live turkey for Thanksgiving. All went well until the turk deposited an egg on the parlor floor.

Bob Hyland and his mount "Cruiser" brought back a ribbon from the recent horse show.

Question by WOCKY Agnew: "Well, how did you make out at the show?" Answer by Go Go Gaines: "O. K., I was YOUSING the Captain's horse and SIDLE."

GASOLINE Deinhardt inquired of some of the men at the Bar 22-E as to the best route to Florida. After minute and definite instructions he started on his vacation. When last heard from he was in Canarsie.

16TH DET. DIST.

DET. JOHN P. WERLE

While your humble scribe was beginning this contribution Henry Wittel walked into the office and told some of his "fish" stories. Henny can tell some whoppers. The one he told about the "Anchor Fish" was a beaut. He described it a la Munchausen, and Lieutenant McGovern and the boys razed him out of the room. Allen Currie, the wag, met him coming out and remarked that Wittel looked as though he was in a squall.

News events: Ralph Zengen, the shiek from Bay-side, is walking around stone broke. He just bought a ring for the "only" girl....Inspector Gallagher went hunting recently on one of his occasional leaves of absence, and without going into detail, it is only important to say that he won't go hunting for a long time again. (For those interested in the details, I respectfully refer them to the Inspector himself.) ...Vince Treanor, the incomparable, now the erstwhile sparring partner to Allen Currie, has had a special assignment without any dire or startling results.

Lieutenant Hughy McGovern, who aspires for higher office, has laid down his books temporarily and is now seeking classical knowledge....Acting Captain Burke once remarked that many of the cartoonists must have received most of their inspirations in this district. For instance, Jiggs, Mutt and Jeff, Andy Gump, etc. If they were only a little bit more specific, I would analyze the reactions of these subjects....Sadlo, Jr., was listed within the "makings" of the last Sergeants' list, and it seems as though Senior Sadlo is STILL going to be boss of the family. When the old man talks, the junior says: "Yes, Pop."

"Butch" Breen, the pencil wizard for the Homicide Squad, married only a few months—looks it.

"Smilin' Through" Ed. Hattrick, married many years—don't look it....All "Butch" can say is "How can a man smile so many years."....The Up-State Special, Ed. Lamouree, never goes fishing with his partner; therefore he never tells stories....Lieutenant John Stein, representing the Borough Office in Queens, will be back from his vacation soon and smiling broader than ever, if the Associated Press leaves him alone.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 4 PTL. CARL R. REU

The other day Bad Bill Brandon had to ride all the way down to 14th Street before the fellow threw away the Daily News. When he came in he said to Reu: "Why don't you buy a paper instead of reading MINE?"

Patrolman Hoffman tells another fish story: When he, Hoffman, came over from the other side, the boat went through such a storm that every time a wave swept across the deck a great many sardines and herrings would be left on board and all hands had to help shovel them overboard to keep the ship from sinking, due to the extra weight.

The Havana Kid, Pat Lyons, is going places in Havana at the present time. He borrowed a pair of ice cream pants and also a pair of black and white shoes to be in style. The "tux" that he borrowed was a little bit moth eaten, but he claims that the senioritas will think it the latest fashion.

The residents of Central Park are going to present Lock'Em-Up Reilly with a fine, hand-engraved leather-covered book of tickets for free rides on the merry-go-round.

A new alarm clock found its way into our quarters and Nick Traficenti displayed his detective ability by discovering it.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 5 SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Patrolman Paul Champlin is going to get a marble game from his pretty wife this Christmas. Paul still likes to play marbles, and he stays up all night playing....Patrolman McCusker is due to make a lot of money. He's going to open up a Moth Circus....Patrolman Tighe doesn't know what it means to say no. Everything is Yes Sir this and Yes Sir that....Patrolman McFaddin is still the Beau Brummel of the squad. He gets plenty of mash notes....Mulligan says he heard that they're only going to make 200 from the Sergeants' list. Well, happy holidays to all, and Cheerio.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 6 PTL. LEO SHEVLIN

Arthur De Stefano (the big block and tackle man) has ambitions of becoming a flag pole sitter. On his day off he climbs up and down the pole in his back yard. Flagpole Kelly better look to his laurels.

George Merz has just returned from Miami, where he acquired a nice tan and an abhorrence of work. It's quite a jump from the balmy Florida breezes, where one hobnobs with society, to the cold winds of Manhattan, where one has to play nurse maid to a 3½-ton Mack truck.

EMERGENCY SQUAD No. 8 PTL. JAMES A. SPARROW

Jimmie Light, the Baron Munchausen of the squad, is trying some new ghost stories on us. (Vas you dere, Sharley?)

We hear Dudley bought a new fountain pen. What is it, a parker, Bill?

Millie is using lamp black for a hair dye now.

If promotion was based on wrestling, Kriesler would be an Inspector....The seven runs Speedy Weiss had on one tour had him wishing that he was up at Peach Lake that day....Land says that the codfish are not biting. Its not the fishes' fault, Mannie.

WANTED—A big blonde for hemstitching. Apply Ruby Innerbey.



"What am I supposed to be—a heel?"
"Why ask me, I ain't O'Sullivan".

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolman Albert R. Scantleberry, 32d Precinct, while on patrol at about 4 A. M., Nov. 6, was notified that a man had just shot two women in an apartment at 252 West 146th Street. Hurrying to that address, the officer encountered the man with a revolver in his hand, beating one of the women he had shot. Disregarding the officer's command to drop the weapon, the man fired, the bullet striking the officer in the right hand. The officer then fired two shots in return, both taking effect, causing the assailant's removal in a serious condition to Harlem Hospital.

Detectives Florence McCrohan and Henry J. Grippen, 23d Squad, while on patrol at about 12:30 A. M., Nov. 5, interrupted three bandits in the act of robbing three men in an apartment at 1 East 117th Street. One of the bandits pointed a loaded revolver at the officers, but was quickly subdued and disarmed. A second bandit was likewise relieved of a carving knife in another room, where the three victims were lined against a wall with arms upraised. One of the prisoners has a previous criminal record.

BRONX

Patrolmen John J. Lynch and Joseph C. Gerhard, 42d Precinct, while on radio motor patrol duty at about 3:20 A. M., Nov. 12, becoming suspicious of the actions of two men in a taxicab parked on the Melrose Avenue Bridge, proceeded toward the taxicab, which immediately started to race north on Melrose Avenue. A taxicab driver hailed the officers at this point and informed them he had just been held up by the two men and his taxicab and money stolen. Both officers fired at the fleeing taxicab, which skidded at the corner of 180th Street and Davidson Avenue and crashed. The operator of the cab pointed a revolver (later found to be a wooden model) at Patrolman Gerhard, who promptly struck him on the head with the butt of his service revolver. The second man was found to have been shot in the right side and leg, and died from his wounds in Fordham Hospital next day. Both robbers were identified by the complainant, and also by another taxicab driver they had held up and robbed a short time previous. Both men were found to have previous criminal records.

BROOKLYN

At about 11:25 A. M., Oct. 25, five men, each armed with a revolver, entered the premises of Kastenhuber & Lehrfeld, 32 Flushing Avenue, dealers in precious metals, and stole bars of platinum, gold and silver valued at \$50,000; also \$200 in currency. Detective William S. Ford, Main Office Squad, Brooklyn, on Oct. 27 arrested three of the band whom he trapped in the act of throwing some of the bars into the East River. The two remaining members were arrested shortly afterward. The five prisoners were later identified as the perpetrators of several previous robberies of jewelry firms. All were convicted and sentenced to serve 40 years each in Sing Sing. Concerned in these arrests were Acting Lieutenant James E. Kinney and Detectives James J. McDonough, Charles Muechner, Richard V. Cleary, Thomas L. Kearns, Harry J. Eggolt, Howard R. Latting and James J. Donahue, of the Main Office Squad, Brooklyn.

QUEENS

At about 5:30 P. M., on Aug. 22, during an altercation in a restaurant at 8016 Old South Road, Aqueduct, one Thomas Smith was struck and fell to the ground, suffering a skull fracture from which he died soon afterwards. Detectives Herman Boyman and John O'Brien, 106th Squad, and Detective Thomas Coote, Queens Homicide Squad, assigned to the case, after persistent and painstaking investigation, succeeded on Nov. 24 in locating Smith's alleged assailant and arresting him.

Patrolman Walter Sellers, 109th Precinct, while regulating traffic at 158th Street and Northern Boulevard, Flushing, at about 8:15 A. M., Nov. 13, was struck and knocked down by an automobile he attempted to stop and which he recognized by its license number as being wanted on an alarm. Patrolman Henry J. Wehman, 111th Precinct, on his way in a Department car to the 109th Precinct for gas, with Patrolman Sellers pursued the fleeing car, overhauling it at Bowne Avenue and Lincoln Street, Flushing. The two occupants were ordered from the car on the floor of which was found a .45-calibre revolver. At the 109th Precinct station house the two men admitted the theft of the car, and also admitted a holdup in the 108th Precinct earlier that morning. They confessed, in addition, the previous theft of three automobiles in the 109th Precinct and four in the 110th Precinct; also two recent holdups in Queens and another in Brooklyn. Both prisoners have previous criminal records.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER



THOMAS BOHAN

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 175 pounds; brown eyes; dark hair; medium complexion; taxicab driver by occupation. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



Alias

IRVING GREENE and BOBBY GREEN

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 130 pounds; dark hair and complexion. Has pimply face. Wears heavy eye-glasses. Wore dark suit, gray fedora hat. Occupation, chauffeur.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY DEMINO, alias
LOUIS ANELLO MARI, alias STUMP**

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 5 feet 2½ inches; 125 pounds; brown eyes; dark chestnut hair. Pimples on face. Wore gray overcoat and soft hat. Residence, 2423 Cambrelling Avenue, New York City. Photo number in New York Gallery B79742.

WANTED FOR MURDER



LOUIS J. RENZULLO

DESCRIPTION—23 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 150 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; dark complexion. Occupation, taxicab driver. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.

Spring 3100

JANUARY 1933



Spring 3100

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

VOLUME 3

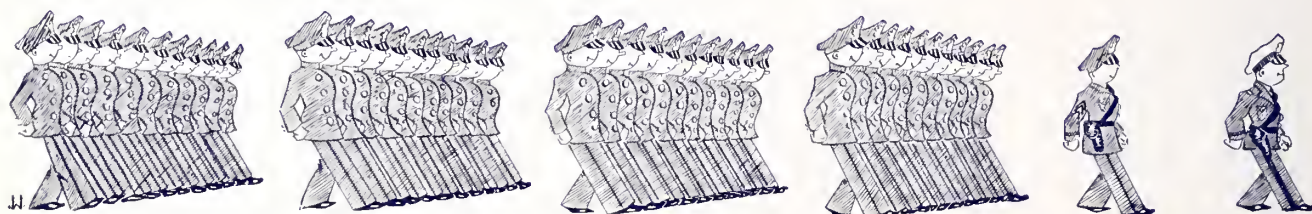
JANUARY, 1933

NO. 11

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorially Speaking



A TURN FOR THE BETTER



WELL, here we are, merrily launched into the New Year of 1933 and the fourth year of "Spring 3100's" young and vigorous life. Our first official act is to repeat our sincere wish for a year of happiness and prosperity for all our friends and to renew our prophecy that 1933 is an odds on choice to finish as a big improvement over 1932.

Joseph P. Moran, the powerfully persuasive president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, is starting things off in the right direction with the big P. B. A. Ball at Madison Square Garden on January 28th. Joe, who learned his baseball as the second sacker of the Department team some years ago, will again be on the starting end of one of the prettiest triple plays of the season. This play, an annual event at this affair, sends a ten thousand dollar check instead of a baseball, from Moran, as the representative of the P. B. A., to the Mayor, as the leading representative of our fair city, and in turn from the Mayor to the Emergency Relief Committee for the benefit of the needy and unemployed. All author-

ities, baseball and otherwise, agree that its the snappiest triple play on the record book.

While we are handing out congratulations and good wishes we must not overlook extending them to Vincent E. Finn, whose appointment as Chief Clerk of the Department to succeed the late Grant Crabtree, was announced by the Commissioner on January 12th. Mr. Finn, who has been a civilian member of the Department for a quarter of a century, has all our best wishes for several times that length of service in his new office.

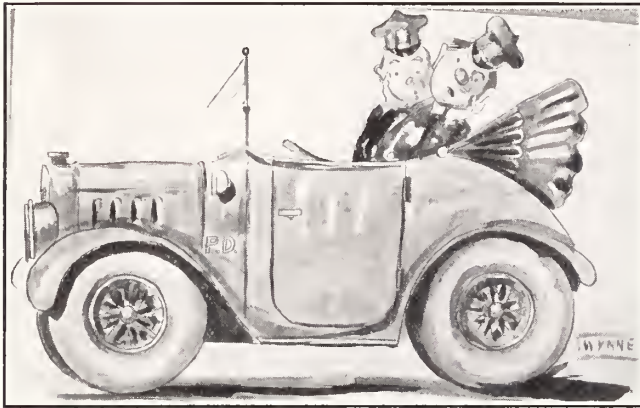
Just for a change, we are going to tell you that sometimes, indeed oftener than you might think, we receive congratulations as well as give them. One of our correspondents who signs himself only as, "A friend and reader" sent us an editorial entitled, "The Cop on The Corner", which appeared in the January issue of "Columbia" the Knights of Columbus magazine. We are sorry that space limitations permit us to reprint only the final paragraph of the editorial which was as follows:

"In New York City, a few weeks ago, memorial services were held for the ten policemen who lost their lives in the performance of their duty in 1932. The total number of policemen killed in action all over the country in a single year would run into the hundreds. The officer who ties a tag on your steering wheel—of course your car wasn't standing there more than five minutes—if he is called upon will protect your person and your property at the risk of his life. That is his duty and the list of the police dead bespeaks his faithfulness. Its a good thing to remember when your collar starts to get warm."

And so until February.

"O Sleep, Thou Art Beloved From Pole to Pole"—Coleridge

By HENRY WEINSTEIN, M.D., Surgeon, Twelfth District



*No more gassy in the tank
Some one must have swiped the crank
What to do about it
Let's put out the lights and go to sleep.*

SLEEP has long been extolled by the poets. To them it is symbolic of peace, innocence, contentment and freedom. Nature has endowed all living things with the function of sleep to restore wear and tear and allow the complicated body to carry on its activities in the environment.

By a process of prolonged sleep, or hibernation, nature spares certain animals from useless efforts, at a time when food and shelter is scarce. Apparently she also favors certain people who are not properly endowed physically and mentally for competition, by lessening the desires and demand. Only those who are over-ambitious, envious and jealous, those seeking a place above the clouds, trying to accomplish the impossible, to them no peace is afforded by reason of nervous irritability, worry and insomnia.

Civilization demands from mankind tremendous struggles for existence in a complicated and changing environment. The nervous system must adapt itself to enable man to carry on his work with the greatest ease and comfort. Unfortunately this ideal condition does not always prevail. The nervous system often gives way to wear and tear, resulting in irritability, instability, insomnia or sleeplessness, and worry. As time goes on, more and more symptoms plague an increasing number of people. It would seem paradoxical that the blessing of civilization should exact such severe penalty.

In a popular article such as this is intended to be, it is quite impossible to write extensively on this intricate subject. Suffice it to say that insomnia and worry are not diseases but two symptoms of a great number pointing to an unstable nervous constitution. Let us enumerate some of the more common complaints: General weakness, irritability, fearfulness, lack of attention, defects in memory and poor concentration are commonly observed. Then, many suffer from headache, backache, dizziness, palpitation,



sweating, flushing, digestive, urinary and eye complaints. Such people are apt to be moody, excitable, quarrelsome, unreasonable, and tend to shun their fellow men.

It would surprise many to learn that neurotic tendencies are present and increasing among policemen who worry much and sleep poorly. This should be obvious. The policeman is not only affected by the general environment, but in addition is encumbered by irregularities and matters of discipline. While it is quite true that the job is considered a choice one for a young man, and there is great competition, yet it is far from a bed of roses. On an average of three times a month throughout the year, some change of working and living conditions occur. The 32 hours off at changes of platoons seem necessary for adjustment. Besides the regular changes, there are the irregularities incidental to extra duty, the meeting of various emergencies, such as strikes, riots, etc., and encounters with the underworld fraternity. Exposure to inclement weather conditions is apt to affect the general health, including that of the nervous system.

A great source of worry and insomnia must be laid at the door of temptation. The environment of a policeman, his contact with all elements in conflict with the law, renders him susceptible, if he does not possess the strength to withstand it. Many a man has paid the penalty of an undermined nervous constitution by falling into a pit from which he cannot extricate himself.

Envy and jealousy, as is symbolized by the Joneses, is responsible for a goodly number of neurotics. The Joneses have set the standard of living for an increasing number of imitators and followers. The inroads caused would not appear so great if it did not involve the pocketbook. The lady of the house must stand greatly indicted in this respect.

We meet with a great number of nervous, irritable and unstable people who suffer greatly from worry and insomnia due to disappointments in life. This is particularly the case in a type who, unfortunately, are not endowed physically and mentally to meet competition. Should these be spurred on by

ambition, envy or jealousy, the attending strain and stress is bound to lead to dire results. Then there are the superstitious, touchy, and suspicious individuals who cannot withstand the irritations caused by reality. We have met with policemen who were beset with difficulties because they were plagued by imaginary grievances. They were greatly affected by doubt, fears, arguments and misunderstandings. Quite often they bear grudges against their superiors and develop persecutory ideas. Sometimes the complaints are justifiable. Officers vary in their make-up; some do not possess the necessary tact or diplomacy in handling their charges.

Over-anxiety, sensitiveness, uncertainty and shyness tend to undermine nervous stability, blurring judgment and preventing clear thinking. Such people are subject to worry and restlessness. A vicious cycle often follows such trend, tending to defeat the purposes of the mind. At critical moments they fail because of uncertainty. We have observed policemen going to pieces at promotion examinations on account of over-anxiety to succeed. Then they develop the usual neurotic symptoms, are given to much brooding, and are generally miserable. Disappointments are keenly felt and hard to dismiss.

The tendency to live beyond one's means engenders borrowing, gambling, and speculation. Such state is bound to lead to serious complaints, such as worry, restlessness and irritability. It may lead to such tragic end as suicide. The economic depression caused by the late Wall Street debacle was only one effect. Lives have been sacrificed by suicide, invalidism in sanatoria, etc. And the end is not yet. Broken spirits are not easily mended.

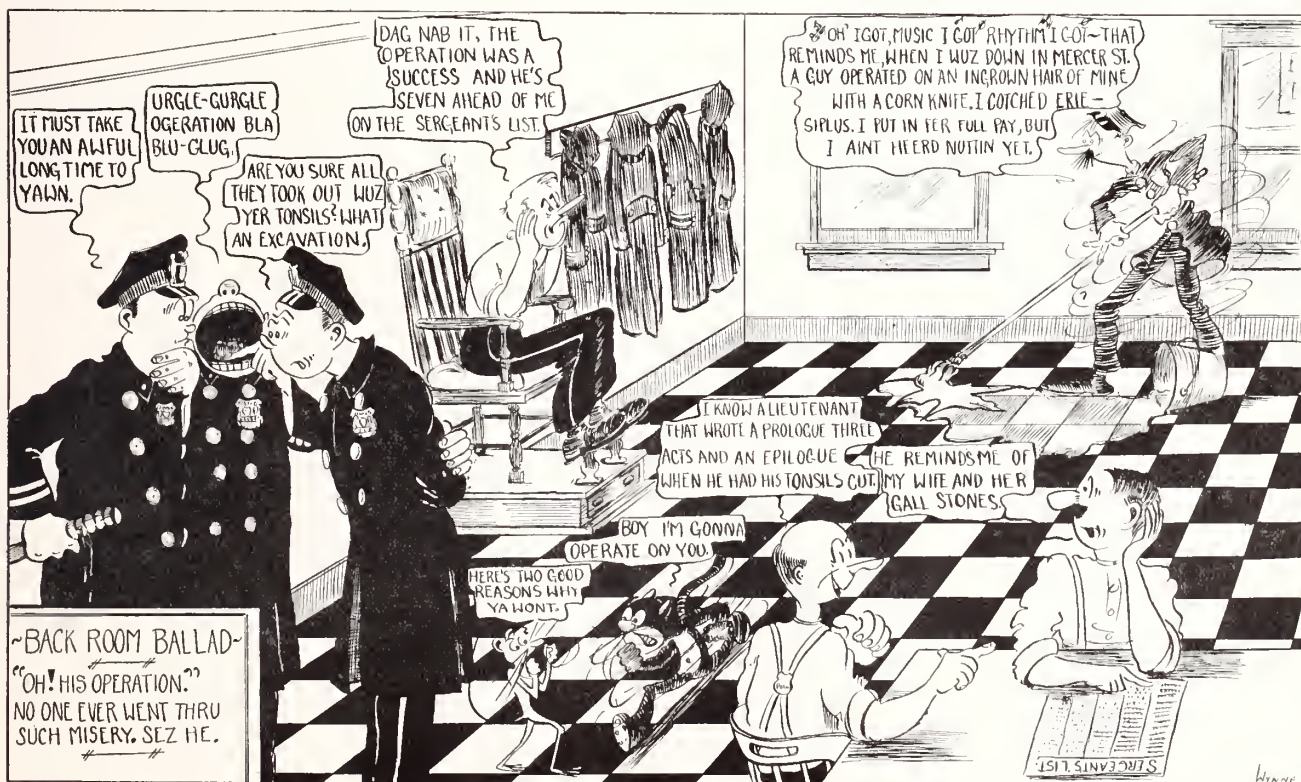
The nervous system suffers immensely as a result of dissipation, over-indulgences, and excess of all

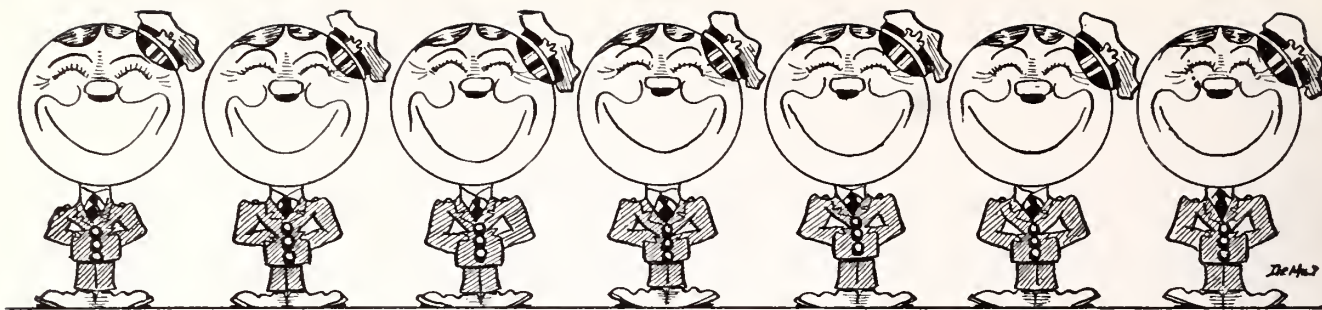
kinds. Social maladjustments, as marital incompatibility, infidelity, late marriages and disappointments in love are responsible for a number of ills. Serious neurotic complaints are precipitated by overstrain, irregular living, disease, grief and indulgence in such agents as alcohol and narcotics and immoderate use of coffee and tobacco. Trauma or injury is an important factor. Lastly, while worry and insomnia may appear as mild complaints in the ordinary course of things, they may prove to be precursors of serious organic disease anywhere in the body, and particularly in the central nervous system.

In the treatment of nervous people, no definite rules can be formulated. The cause must be removed, and each patient treated individually. In the body of this article, many causes have been enumerated and suggestions have been hinted as to how the conditions are brought about. Shortcomings must be recognized in the treatment.

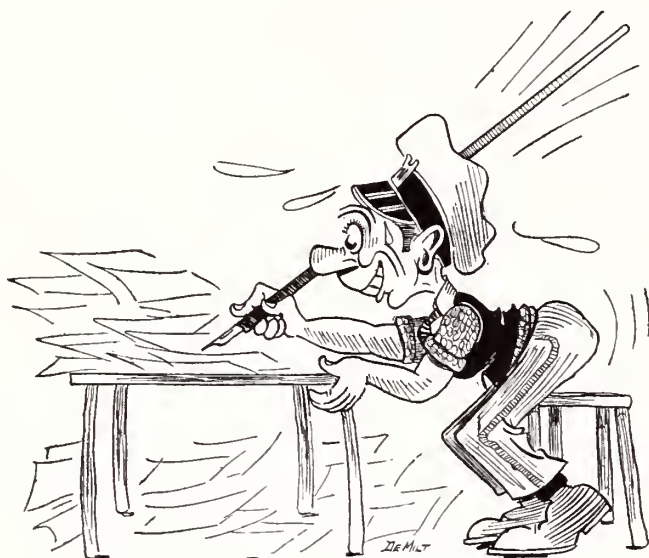
In the midst of our complicated lives, the old-fashioned ideas of clean, plain living and clear thinking still holds good. And that, too, in the era of the airplane, radio and movietone. Regular habits must be established. Plain foods, moderate exercise, avoidance of excess of any kind, the preventing of fatigue and excitement, the enjoying of relaxation and proper amusements, will do more good for modern man than they did for the generations past at the time when the struggle for life was not as complicated.

Anything tending to healthfulness, wholesomeness and comfortableness, aids in maintaining a stable nervous system. One must be interested in one's work to be happy. A good motto regarding the matter is: "Dispel fear and doubt." The best word that describes real health and comfort is—"contentment."





The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Patrolman William H. Woesthoff, Crime Prevention Bureau

2d Prize, \$10—Patrolman Eric L. Bisbee, Telegraph Bureau.

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Sergeant Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "A."

Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.

Patrolman Bill Boos, 75th Precinct.

Patrolman Frank J. Pipolo, Emergency Squad 7.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received by the Managing Editor not later than February 8th.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

OUR 1933 INAUGURAL

Make Way For a New Man....PTL. CHARLES HARROLD Cover	
Editorially Speaking	3
"Sleep, Thou Art Beloved From Pole to Pole"	
HENRY WEINSTEIN, M.D., Surgeon 12th District	4
The Prize Winners	6
The Gas Trail—1st Prize Short Story	
PTL. WILLIAM H. WOESTHOFF, Crime Prev. Bur.	7
Moran to O'Brien to Needy, \$10,000.....	9
Our New Chief Clerk	9
Reading the Minutes	10
C. P. B. Aid Made Christmas Happy.....	15
The Old Woman—2d Prize Short Story	
PTL. ERIC L. BISBEE, Telegraph Bureau	16
Fight Civic Evils	
REV. JOSEPH A. McCaffrey, Department Chaplain	18
Shomrim Society Installation Exercises	18
Anchor Club Entertainment.....	18
The Police Academy	
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	19
Merit Awards For 364	21
Sports	22
PTL. JOHN LENA	22
Kop Komiks	24
Looking 'Em Over	25

The Gas Trail

By PATROLMAN WILLIAM H. WOESTHOFF, *Crime Prevention Bureau, Unit No. 4*
First Prize, Short Story Contest



in his usual gruff manner,—“Every man here is held on duty until those ‘greasers’ are bagged.”

Bob Greene, one of the younger detectives, who had recently developed a deep interest in criminology and on this account was the victim of the Squad’s many wisecracks, listened attentively to the discourse that followed as Lieutenant Flaherty presented all the clues at hand. The murderers had used a new green Cadillac sedan, stolen a few hours before the crime from a prominent business man in the lower part of Brooklyn. The car had been abandoned about a mile from the scene of the crime. The machine guns had been removed and all fingerprints were blurred, and there was no apparent evidence as to the identity of the occupants. The man put on the spot had been dead before the arrival of the police. He had a record of numerous petty offenses, but had never been involved in any serious crimes. Investigation disclosed that he had migrated to the U. S. from Italy about fifteen years before, and had always lived in furnished rooms. Search of his room revealed nothing worth while. The murderers had worked so unexpectedly and swiftly, with the shades of the ear drawn, that the photographs in the Rogues Gallery could furnish no leads, because the few passers-by who had the courage to admit witnessing the heinous crime, merely obtained an indistinct glimpse of the occupants.

As Lieutenant Flaherty finished summarizing the case and emphatically ordered each man to diligently hunt the children killers, Bob Greene, largely due to the jibes of his fellow workers as to his “scientific” methods, resolved to exert every effort to vindicate his theories. After some deliberation he decided to handle the case from its source, and entirely disregard the fact that all clues had been run to ground without success.

He first interrogated the few witnesses, but could learn nothing further from them, and decided that he would get nowhere in this direction.

He next went to the car and examined same thoroughly, and could notice nothing unusual about it. As he noted its delicate lines and exquisite furnishings, he could hardly repress the envious thoughts that came to his mind. What a contrast between

THE group of detectives gathered in the Homicide Squad room were expectantly awaiting fireworks—and the expression on Lieutenant Flaherty’s face as he slammed the door behind him denoted they would not be held long in suspense. When Flaherty was on the “war-path” everybody toed the mark, and not one of the men would even risk a sly wink behind the Lieutenant’s back, because by the power of some sixth sense he seemed to perceive such signals, and all of the men at this particular moment were serious minded. He had been called upon the carpet by the Chief to explain why the Squad had failed to solve the Grand Avenue case—an episode which had the officials in a state of nervous prostration and the press clamoring for the apprehension of several men who had mowed down four children with machine guns in a successful attempt to put an enemy on the “spot”.

It was apparent that Flaherty’s temper was even arising to a greater degree as he mechanically removed his hat and overcoat. With twenty years service and highly regarded for his efficiency throughout the force, he felt greatly the humiliation of having been called to task. As a matter of fact the Chief had merely called him for a conference on the case, but Flaherty, who was unused to failure, left with a frown and deep determination to break the case.

The Lieutenant, who had a habit of omitting preliminaries, hit the core of the subject immediately

this machine and his small second hand car. He abruptly realized that his mind was straying from the true purpose of the car examination, and he again searched the car for some evidence. Continued scrutiny did not brighten his spirits as the car was void of all clues. Again his fancy ran free, and he pictured himself out on a highway with the throttle wide open.

"Aw shucks", he muttered, "I couldn't even afford to buy gas for a boat like this",—and unconsciously he looked at the dash board and noticed that the gas gauge read almost full. He started perceptibly—there was something in that, because the car was a heavy gas consumer and it was over thirty miles from the place where it was stolen and where it had been abandoned. He reasoned that some gasoline had been added to the tank in the interim, and took a small sample for chemical analysis. The theory was substantiated when he interviewed the owner of the car who distinctly remembered that he intended to add fuel as the tank was low.

Greene felt elated that he had found a workable clue, and immediately informed Lieutenant Flaherty of same. The Lieutenant's grouch immediately vanished in thin air, and he was very enthusiastic in his words of appreciation for Bob's alertness.

The chemist's report showed the gasoline to be of the high gravity type, similar to that used in aeroplanes, and the product of a refining company which sold only a limited quantity within the city as it was a new product and had only recently been introduced on the market.

Bob then visited the office of the oil refining company and procured a list of the gas stations handling this brand of gasoline, after which followed careful inquiry at the various filling stations, but none of the attendants could recall serving the car in question.

As the list of filling stations began to dwindle, so did Bob's hopes and he began to grow skeptical of ultimate success along these lines, but it was a "long shot", and when he saw the look of grim determination on Lieutenant Flaherty's face, he seemed to regain some confidence. The older man's dogged personality was contagious, which accounted in a large part for the place of high esteem he occupied with his men.

Upon visiting a garage on the lower East-side their suspicions were aroused that they had finally reached the source of their quest, as it bore all the earmarks of a likely hangout for a murderous gang. They refrained from inquiry there until they had opportunity to formulate some definite plans.

They retired to a coffee pot restaurant, where they discussed the case. The Lieutenant, due to his long years of experience, was opposed to any hasty steps and decided to think the matter over for a day before taking any rash action, although it was readily agreed to keep the premises under surveillance.

The following morning as Bob Greene, full of enthusiasm came into the squad room, he was greeted by Lieutenant Flaherty, whose face was enveloped in smiles, "You're no longer a detective, from now on you're a car washer", at the same time thrusting forward a morning paper folded at the want ads.

Bob looked at the sheet and was surprised to note that the suspected garage was advertising for a car

washer, and he could hardly repress a smile as he saw that Lieutenant Flaherty had underlined the salary of \$15 per week.

Flaherty explained that he was trying a "long shot", inasmuch as he had already communicated with the various newspapers and arranged that if such ad should appear it would not be published and that one copy would be made for his use with the ad in. He also explained that he had expedited matters by obtaining a more remunerative position for the previous washer, and had induced the newspaper to send a representative to procure the ad, which was finally obtained after much persuasion on his part, a cut rate and a sob story that he was on the verge of being fired for not obtaining ads.

Bob marvelled at the speed and cunning with which the Lieutenant had worked, and was in the act of saying so when cut short by Flaherty, "Now your job is to go in there and get the low-down on this gang. You're not to report here until ordered to do so, and I'll have Detective Creamer store his car there and you can give him any information you procure."

Greene took the overalls and boots, which the Lieutenant had in readiness, and a few minutes later was interviewing the garage manager. He got the job.

That night when Creamer brought his car for storage, Bob told him to bring a dictaphone and recording machine, as he suspected that the gang made a hangout of the office which was on the second floor.

Bob inwardly swore vengeance on Creamer for the high-handed manner he employed when departing. Without a smile, he ordered Bob to clean his car and not to be afraid to use a little elbow grease when scrubbing under the fenders. Needless to say he derived great pleasure when accounting the incident to the boys in the squad room, but his sense of humor seemed to disappear when Flaherty slyly remarked that he was thinking of putting Creamer inside the garage—because he could probably do a better job of car washing.

For several days nothing of importance seemed to occur, and aside from the general suspicious aspect of the premises and the appearance of several men who went in and out of the office at various times, Bob seemed to be getting nowhere, although he felt that he was on a "hot trail". He had managed with considerable difficulty to install the dictaphone, and whenever Creamer came in with his car, would give him the records of the conversation which took place in the office.

One morning after Creamer had left with the records, he returned about an hour later, and informed Bob that from the contents of the records the gang was going to meet that night at midnight, and the "Big Boss" was going to be there to pay them for putting the enemy on the "spot". The evidence already procured was quite incriminating, but Flaherty wanted records of the discussion that would take place that night.

Bob was to keep the machine going constantly and Creamer would come in at short intervals, without arousing suspicion, to pick up the records. The garage would be surrounded, and Lieutenant Flah-

(Continued on page 15)



MORAN TO O'BRIEN TO NEEDY, \$10,000

The Police Commissioner, speaking at the regular monthly meeting of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association held on the evening of January 10th in Teutonia Hall, Third Avenue and 16th Street, commended the association's charitable work. The Commissioner said:

"I feel confident that the police force has created a friendly atmosphere in New York City. I am sure that having shown by courtesy, courage and charity, your title to the good-will of the people, you will have it when questions concerning your rights and privileges are discussed."

Chief Inspector John O'Brien also praised the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association's charities. And this brings us to the real point of this article which is that in Madison Square Garden on January 28th, another O'Brien, this time Mayor John P. O'Brien will receive a check for \$10,000 for unemployment relief from the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association.

The preparations for this affair, the Eighteenth Annual Reception and Entertainment, are under the direction of President Joseph P. Moran of the P. B. A. The event marks the 17th year of his presidency and also has a state-wide aspect since Mr. Moran is also the president of the State Police Conference. This latter body is composed of 75 organizations throughout the State of New York.

The address by Mayor O'Brien together with one by the Police Commissioner and the remarks of Mr. Moran will be broadcast over a radio network which will include stations WOR of New York City, WOKO of Albany, and the radio stations of Syracuse and Buffalo.

"CONGRATULATIONS, VINCE"



THE office of Chief Clerk of the Police Department made vacant on October 25, 1932, by the sudden death of Mr. Grant Crabtree, was filled on January 12th by the appointment of Mr. Vincent E. Finn, a veteran of 25 years service in the Department. The new incumbent had served since June 10, 1929, as secretary to Fifth Deputy Commissioner James A. Sinnott.

Mr. Finn was originally appointed a civilian clerk in the Police Department on December 27, 1907, and was assigned at that time as a stenographer in the office of former Police Commissioner Theodore A. Bingham. He served in a similar capacity during the regimes of former Commissioners William F. Baker and James A. Cropsey, and on May 23, 1911, was promoted to Deputy Clerk and assigned to the office of former Deputy Commissioner Douglas I. McKay, who later became Commissioner.

There followed in turn assignments to the office of former Commissioner Frederick Bugher and former Deputy Commissioners Edgar V. O'Daniel, Frederick A. Wallis, William Gillespie, John Daly and the present First Deputy Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt.

Commissioner Mulrooney's selection of Mr. Finn for the position of Chief Clerk was widely acclaimed both within the Department and outside. Mr. Finn's office was filled with floral offerings after the news had spread and his desk soon became clogged with telegrams and messages of felicitation from admirers and well wishers everywhere.

Mr. Finn or "Vince", as he is popularly known throughout the Department, is 50, married and lives with his wife and three children at 1119 Edison Avenue, the Bronx.

"Spring 3100" is happy to extend to our new Chief Clerk hearty congratulations and best wishes for his future success.

Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



GREETINGS, Salutations and Happy Landings, good people. Here we are all set for another swing around the magic circle, and hoping again that you will pay as little attention as possible to our preachings and even less to our prattle—as has been so graciously the rule in the past.

Which is just another way of explaining that it's all in fun anyway, and that an odd chuckle every once in a while won't cause your indigestion the slightest bit of annoyance.

1932 has been officially relegated to the wet wash. The obsequies, from all reports, proved highly satisfactory. They extended for two whole days, if you recall, exclusive of time out for post-headaches and such.

Bromo and aspirin were the order of the day as usual, brisk sales having been reported from drug stores everywhere.

Taking everything into consideration—as the butcher remarks when he weighs bone and althwith the steak—old 1932 really didn't do so badly by us at all.

For one thing, another year of outstanding achievement under the masterful leadership of our popular and recently Romanized Commissioner has been duly recorded, wrapped up neatly and tucked away safely in the archives.

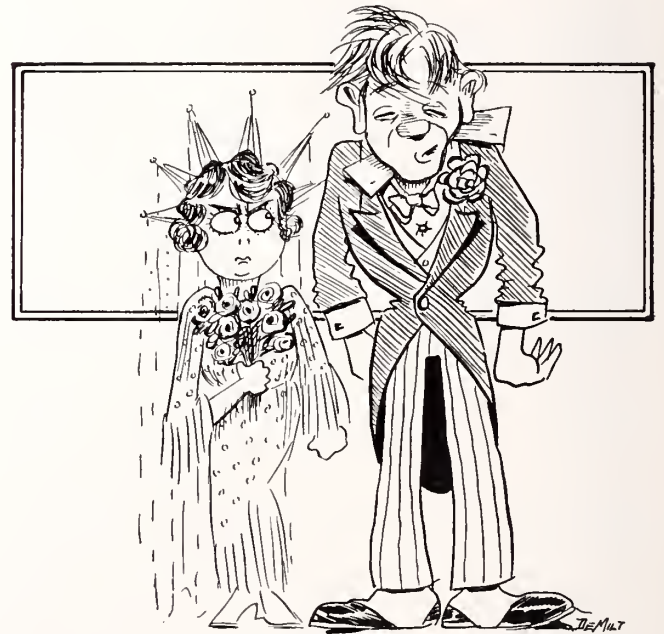
Crime during 1932 was never so efficiently and niftily handled—figuring, if you will, the vastness of its ramifications and the complex problems entailed in its control.

Of course, like the income tax and the wife's rheumatism, crime will be with us indefinitely—if not longer.

It's an ancient pastime made fashionable a good many years ago by a flirtatious lady reaching greedily for an apple—with a silly old serpent acting as master of ceremonies.

And as long as Mother Earth rolls on through the interminable expanse of time—just so long will we continue blaming our aches, pains and peeves on that cruelly maligned and much publicized apple, when in truth it was a *green pair* that really started all the trouble.

Ever since, down through the ages and back again, we have been prone to accept things at their worst—



as the young bride sadly remarked when her freshly acquired spouse reported plastered for the wedding ceremony.

And—as the plastered one *similarly* opined upon coming out of the ether next morning and finding himself confronted with a platter of the bride's first attempt at biscuitteering.

Which simply goes to prove that everything comes to him who waits—as our philosophical young Managing Editor once pointed out when he explained that *no waiter waits as patiently as the fellow who is waiting for the waiter to wait on him while he waits.* Or words something to that effect.

And now that that's been cleared up satisfactorily, we'll pause for a moment just to get our bearings—or whatever it is we're trying to get our of our system. Oh, yes, it's crime we were discussing. A thousand pardons, please.

Crime does not pay, we admit, but there can be no unserambling of the thought that a little of it now and then helps considerably toward keeping some 19,000 of us on friendly terms with the landlord.

A paradoxical state of affairs indeed, as we once explained to Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon when we extended congratulations to the charming Miss Henrietta upon the remarkable work accomplished by the Crime Prevention Bureau.

1933 now looms straight ahead—mysterious—unfathomable. What the new years holds in store none can tell. In the great game of cops and robbers we are as pawns in the hand of fate. Who is there to tell how many of us will have graced with our names—before the year is done—the Memorial Tablet in the corridors of headquarters! Fourteen made the supreme sacrifice in 1932. How many will the Grim Reaper exact as his toll this year!



Her story was that she was only trying to work herself into a better position.
Ah, well. . . .

FLYING HIGH

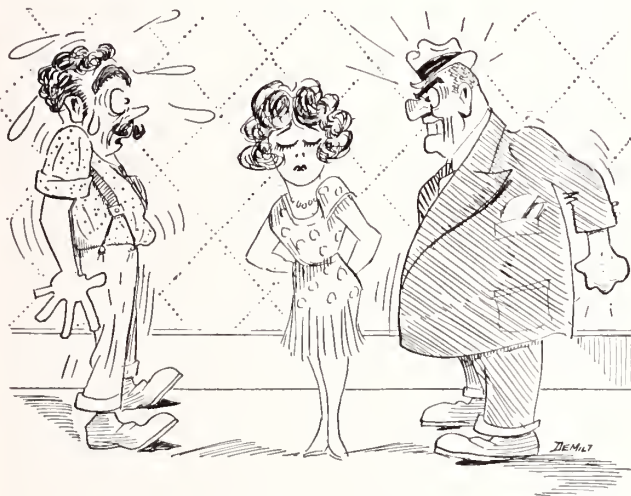
“A HANDSOME, dignified young fellow who writes poetry,” is the way Mr. Walter Winchell introduced him over the air the other night on a coast-to-coast hookup.

Detective Dick Maher. Poet Laureate of the 14th Squad, was the subject of Walter's remarks, and the story has to do with the sensation Dick created recently when spotted with no less a distinguished personage on his arm than the beautiful and delectable Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce, charmer of princes and the envy of princesses the world over.

It appears that Peggy became nervous or something one night and Dick was assigned to enact the guardian-angel-like role of Sir Walter Raleigh. They got along famously, we are told. Peggy introducing him everywhere as the Duke de la Maher, so smitten was she with his charm.

Anyway, Dick, now that you're sailing high, wide and handsome, see what you can do about fixing up an old pal. *Maybe Peggy has some nice little girl friend who likewise is shy about going out alone nights.*

We reJOYCE with you, Dick, in fact we're delighted to see you getting along so MAHERvelously.



The Icy Stare

It's all in the day's work, however, including the chances that go with it—as the ice man explained when the lady's husband bounced in unexpectedly one afternoon and inquired pleasingly as to his presence on the premises.

The lady, of course, then explained how the Frigid-aire had suddenly gone out of order, the ice purveyor, naturally, being the logical lad to call in.

Which was probably as good an alibi as the one advanced by the new stenographer, when the boss's wife dropped in casually one day and found the little lady comfortably parked on her employer's lap.

HORN-ING IN ON SING SING



DR. WALTER HORN, distinguished Honorary Consultant to the Police Department and Excavator Extraordinary of the Nose, Throat and Ear (*you've got to be dead from the neck up to interest him*) nearly swallowed his adenoids one lovely afternoon last month when the ponderous gates of Sing Sing prison suddenly clanked shut—with *Walter safely on the inside*—surrounded by mighty walls of unscalable height and non-pushable texture. A vista of much promise, indeed.

He had been sentenced to serve three hours within the gloomy confines of this exclusive up-river resort as the guest of Principal Keeper John J. Sheehy, a hale fellow well met—though it's much nicer meeting him as a *guest*, we guessed, than as *just another customer*.

Old Man Sunshine, one of Sir Walter's most delightfully detonsilized victims, bravely led the procession.



Lieut. Cuozzo

Also in the solemn cortege were Lieutenant Mike Cuozzo of the 4th Division and Patrolman Dan Sheehy of the 24th Precinct, whose reassuring presence helped tremendously in keeping the good doctor's Adam's apple from becoming entangled with his bronchial tubes—particularly when he passed in review before some 2,400 of the iniquitously inclined, evil doers all.

The up-to-date hospital quarters interested Walter no little, naturally. He immediately offered to shake loose from his tonsils any man in the house—and promptly sixteen of the inmates made a break for the walls.



Patrolman Dan Sheehy (left, in "cits") pictured with his **BIG BROTHER**, John J., Principal Keeper of Sing Sing prison.

(Sketched from life at Sing Sing.)

The "operating chair" in the death house made no hit with him at all. He much prefers, he explained, the somewhat similarly constructed operating chair in his office, particularly because **HE** doesn't have to sit in it. Fair enough.

It was Walter's first visit to this most modern of penal institutions, and he didn't feel the least bit put out, he claims, when the gates *again* clanked shut at the termination of his sentence and he found himself *again* safely on the outside—headed thankfully homeward.

A few of the things with which he is considerably bothered now are:

WHY is the place called Sing Sing when no one ever sings there?

WHY the necessity for all the cells when actually they don't sell a thing?

WHY with prohibition in effect so many bars are permitted in the place?

WHY all the padlocks when no arrests for liquor violations have been made?

WHY, despite the fact no one cried while he was there, the place was nevertheless filled with tiers?

WHY the "chair" is referred to as the *hot seat*—when in truth they seat you in it merely to knock you cold?

And so forth and so on ad infinitum.

Search us, Walter, maybe **YOU** can tell **US** *what kind of a noise always annoys an oyster?*

That's simple of explanation, too.

Anyway, Walter's oft-expressed desire to storm the portals of that deceptively named mass of stone and steel has been happily gratified.

And best of all, not a tonsil was lost or even reported missing during the entire operation.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT



AT precisely 9:56 P. M. on December 9th last, an unknown and highly indignant gentleman called the Manhattan telegraph bureau, announced himself as a resident of New York City and then explained to Patrolman Dunn, a veteran of 30 years service, that he was at the moment in *Nogales, Arizona*, and wanted to know if the hotel manager there was within his rights in ejecting him from the corridor of the hotel.

Dunn promptly advised him to tell it to the cop on post, and that probably he'd be able to straighten him out. He already had done this, the gent explained, but with very rotten luck, and insisted that Dunn take some action in the matter as he had exquisite faith in the New York police, who had never failed him.

Dunn afterwards verified the call and found that it actually came from far off Arizona, and that the toll charges were exactly \$4.70.

Are you listenin', Mr. Ripley?

JUST ANOTHER STORY

PATROLMAN CHARLIE BONAVENTURA, our genial reporter up at the 40th Precinct in the Bronx, recently brought to our attention a bit of police work not exactly provided for in the regulations.

Billy Roth, a lovable and friendly little chap of six years, was struck by an automobile on November 5 and died instantly. Patrolman George Schaefer was assigned to handle the case and immediately made up his mind that something more than a mere reporting of the facts was in order.

Billy's dad was out of work, his mother far from well, and there was a little sister, too.

Billy's untimely passing left them disconsolate. There wasn't a spare dime in the house with which to arrange for the funeral. *The prospect of a pauper's grave for Billy gnawed at their hearts.*

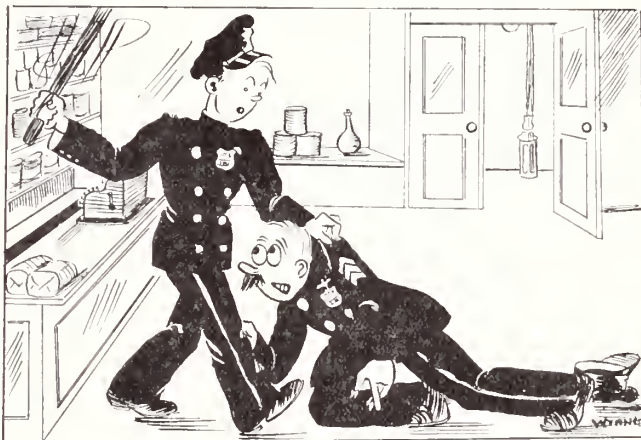
Schaefer promptly imparted this information to the boys in the back room up at the 40th, and im-

mediately things started to happen. A collection was taken up and \$107 realized.

Schaefer next took the matter up with Walter B. Cooke, a Bronx undertaker who, upon learning the facts, volunteered to take charge of the burial without compensation, and suggested that the \$107 be turned over to the bereaved parents, which was done. Billy now sleeps peacefully in St. Raymond's cemetery.

It was indeed a kindly gesture on the part of the boys of the 40th, and surely Billy's dad and mother now realize that sympathy is more than just another word to be found in the dictionary.

CONFESSIONS OF A "ROOK"



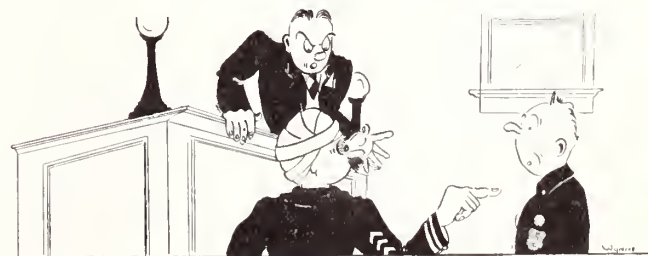
Resplendent in new uniform
They sent me on a beat;
They said your post is so and so
On such and such a street.

I grabbed my stick—pulled out my gun—
I hurried to my post;
The way I started in to run
You'd think I'd seen a ghost.

I reached my destination
With quite some loss of breath;
Then my imagination
Just seared me nigh to death.

I thought I saw a burglar
Coming baeking thru a door;
So I grabbed him by the collar—
And threw him to the floor.

"Let up you fool" he hollered,
I did—and then I shook;
It was the "SARGE" I'd collared,
All he said was "ROOK your BOOK."

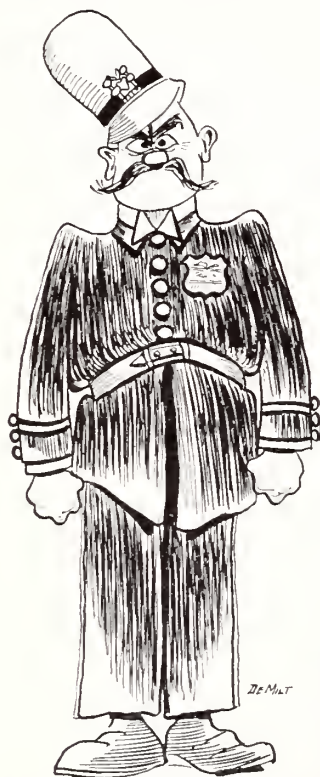


SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE—



REVERENTLY we introduce to you now former Patrolman John J. Flanagan, *oldest living member of the New York Police Department*, 90 years young and still going strong.

Yes—that's him greeting you from the photo above—as fine and wholesome a lad as ever you'd want to meet. He welcomed us royally on the occasion of a recent visit and in the coziness of his apartment at 94 Charles Street, held us spellbound with tales of adventure that date all the way back to 1842—the year John first became the subject of a joyous Blessed Event in a little town in County Galway.



As John probably appeared in action 50 years ago.

and so it was that on the morning of February 1, 1866, Patrolman John J. Flanagan reported for his

Twelve years later he landed serenely at Castle Garden, and before the sod of Ould Erin had even dried on his heels he found himself apprenticed to a horse shoer.

Time marches on, and at 22 John paused to take stock one day and found himself measuring exactly 6 feet in height and weighing 185 pounds in his B. V. D.'s—or whatever it was with which the boys *undercovered* in those days.

It was then the seed of ambition took root. Sizing up the situation carefully, John decided that the nightstick was mightier than the anvil,

first tour of patrol duty at the old 9th Precinct station house in Charles Street.

He proved himself a good cop, too, and for four years was assigned as a one-man pickpocket squad on a boat which plied daily between Christopher Street and Coney Island.

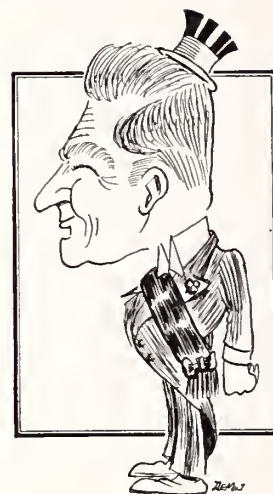
He retired in 1886 and has been taking things nice and easy ever since.

He is still hale and hearty, and belies amazingly the 90 years with which Father Time has so graciously endowed him. His advice on longevity is as startling as it is brief. "*Exercise moderation in all things,*" he counsels, "*place not too much faith in prohibition—and by all means take unto yourself a wife!*"

Frankly, this latter thought (*the wifely angle, we mean*) puzzles us not a little, and for the very excellent reason that *John himself never married*, and has very little intention, he claims, of breaking out in a rash now.

Proving indisputably that John's sense of humor has never deserted him; that he firmly believes in the principles of Free Wheeling—the Declaration of Independence—and that the *Blarney stone still has a whole lot for which to answer.*

POPPING WITH THE CORKS



SERGEANT JOHNNY WALLACE, Traffic Precinct "E" (another of our hustling young reporters, was signally honored recently by his election to the First Vice-presidency of the *County Cork Men's Association*, an organization of upstanding citizens of *Corkonic* extraction—courageous voters of the straight Democratic ticket all.

The *Cork Men* are to be congratulated upon their happy selection of so enthusiastic a *Corkonian* as John. We predict here and now that he will make a *corking* good man for the *Cork Men*.

As a reporter for *Spring 3100* John has long since proved himself a *corker*, and has *uncorked* many a good story in the past in *corking* good style—and without the aid even of a *cork* screw.

And now that we've *uncorked* ourselves so *corkingly* on this *Corkonian* situation, and before we run out of *corks* ourselves, we'll *cork* up the subject entirely at this point and let it go at that.

C. P. B. AID MADE CHRISTMAS MERRY



The Happy Party of Unit No. 10

Hundreds of children and a good many grown folks also, had their Christmas made happier and their 1933 outlook made brighter because of the kind activity of the Crime Prevention Bureau workers. Christmas parties in which the Crime Prevention officers cooperated with the charitable agencies in the neighborhood of their various units ranged from theatre visits to a trip to the Brooklyn Navy Yard with dinner aboard ship. The entertainments were made memorable by substantial gifts of toys, candy, food and clothing.

The members of Crime Prevention Unit No. 10 entertained 125 children at a Christmas Eve party in the Unit office, 177 East 104th Street, Manhattan, and judging from the picture the guests had a good time. A large Christmas tree contained gifts for all. Four days after Christmas, the members of this unit entertained 800 children with a theatre party at the Academy of Music, 14th Street and Irving Place.

Outstanding among the other Christmas parties was the one participated in by 300 children who gathered at London Terrace on West 23rd Street, where none other than "Babe" Ruth acted as Santa Claus. This party was conducted by Mr. Ward Brennau, who is a great friend of the neighborhood boys and girls who were gathered together for the party by various agencies including

the Crime Prevention officers of Unit No. 2.

Affairs of a slightly different nature were held on December 21st and 22nd, 1932, when the Crime Prevention Bureau officer of the 14th Precinct aided the New York Buyers' Association of 242 West 36th Street, Manhattan, in distributing clothing to 650 persons. This same officer on December 24th, 1932, aided in the distribution of food, clothing and toys to 168 persons who were made happy by the West Side Christmas Fund at 370 Seventh Avenue.

THE GAS TRAIL

(Continued from page 8)

erty would be about a block away in a sedan with a machine to transcribe the records, and when conclusive evidence had been obtained, he would give the signal and the "boys" would close in.

About 11:30 P. M. the gang began to assemble; five men were now in the office and they were evidently awaiting the arrival of the "big shot". The minutes dragged like eternities for Bob Greene,—the honk of a horn outside the garage, and he swung open the large doors, acting in a manner as though he thought it was a regular patron of the garage. A well dressed man alighted from the car, and, ignoring Bob, went into the office.

A few minutes later he slipped the record of the gang's conversation to Creamer. Bob then left the lock off the doors, and a short while afterwards the "boys" slipped quietly into the garage. A nod from Flaherty and Bob knew that everything was all set.

The policemen and detectives remained hidden behind automobiles, and as the gangsters broke up their meeting and came on the garage floor, at a signal from Flaherty, they found themselves covered

with guns from all angles. As would be expected under the circumstances, they surrendered without a struggle.

Perhaps as a token of good fellowship, or perhaps as a "come-back", out of the reward he received Bob presented each member of the squad a handsome leather covered book entitled, "The Art of Criminology".

NUMEROLOGICALLY SPEAKING

THERE must be something to this NUMEROLOGY gag," writes Patrolman Lawrence J. McQuade, 112th Precinct, quoting the strange case of Lieutenant Bill Smith of the same command.

Bill, it appears, was No. 4 on the sergeants' list, No. 4 on the list for lieutenant and No. 44 on the recently promulgated list for captain, in which latter test he finished No. 4 in the mental test.

Ever try your luck at policy, Bill?

The Old Woman

By PATROLMAN ERIC L. BISBEE, *Telegraph Bureau*
Second Prize, Short Story Contest

“**W**HAT is that last alarm again, Wade?” asked Patrolman Meehan as he came down the stairs from the dormitory at the last minute before turning out.

“You always just want the last one”, grumbled Patrolman Wade, as he opened his memo book. “Here are the last ten; I’ll give you the rest after we turn out if you still want them, but I know you well enough to know you won’t unless the ‘Boss’ asks for one you haven’t got.”

“You’re a ‘Pal’”! remarked Meehan jovially as he started to write the alarms that Wade called out to him.

Wade and Meehan were assigned as operator and recorder of a Radio Motor Patrol, patrolling a large sector in a very large outlying Precinct.

The second platoon was turned out, and after inspecting the Patrol Car the men started for their sector at the farthest end of the Precinct.

“You had your breakfast yet?” queried Wade as they cruised along.

“Why ask me that!” growled Meehan, “you know I can’t get up in time to eat on the day tours”.

“Well! don’t stop at the Greek’s this morning, will you? Wait till we get to our own sector.”

“Don’t be like that, Wade, no one’ll like you. You know that if I didn’t eat in the Greek’s when I’m doin’ the day tour Marge would be sore, and I can’t have a nice little hash slinger like her sore at me. Why, just think, she might even put ground glass in my sugar or flies in my coffee and that would never do. But why do you ask that?”

“Just a hunch I guess, Tom. I’ve got a feeling that we’re goin’ to get a work out today.”

“You’re old-fashioned, Joe, that’s all the matter with you, but I like you any way”, grinned Meehan.

“But I don’t like you, Tom, and I’ll make no bones about telling you. I have to work with you but you’re a lousy side partner, if you don’t mind my saying so. Just selfish, that’s all; you have no thought for me; you’re the operator of this car, but if we are caught out of our sector without good reason I’ll get a complaint along with you, and I can’t afford a fine now, not to mention what it would do to me on the Sergeant’s list. Now listen! I don’t want to be a rat, but if you go in there this morning I’ll be damned if I don’t call up.”

“OH! So you’re gettin’ sore, huh!” Sarcastically from Meehan. “Well, just to call your bluff I’m goin’ to stop in the Greek’s for coffee, and if an alarm should come through for us give the siren a push and I’ll be right out. If you feel like callin’ up about me go ahead. One more complaint on top of what I have now will never break me. See you in about ten minutes, Efficient Emmie.”

With that last remark Meehan pulled over to the curb in front of a lunch wagon and went in smiling



to himself at the color of Wade’s face when he was angry.

Wade sat in the car looking straight ahead, trying to make up his mind if he should keep his word about calling the signal monitor, or not.

“WHE-E-E-E-E”, went the loud speaker at his knee, “The time is eight thirty A. M. W. P. E. E. Seventy seven”——

As he sat in the car making the entry in his book of the time signal, still debating with himself and thinking of the little things that Meehan had done which were too trivial to mention singly but which had all helped to bring about his declaration a few minutes before, his thoughts were again interrupted by the loud speaker.

“WHE-E-E-E-E-E-e-e-e! All cars signal 31, Stewart truck, license 4-1-3-7-0-1 N. Y., contains a quantity of merchandise, two men, may be armed. Give special attention to bridges, ferries and tunnel, comply with General Order eleven. Last seen in vicinity of 1-0-3 Precinct. Time eighty thirty seven A. M. W-P-E-E 67”.

“Now”, thought Wade, “if that truck should pass here now I couldn’t chase him without getting Tom in trouble, for he would have a hard time explaining why he wasn’t in the car and if I signal for him to come out the truck might get away. Oh well, I guess I am a sort of a ‘Calamity Jane’ at that.”

Meehan came from the lunch wagon a few minutes later but was not upset at all when he asked Wade with a sheepish grin, “Well, did you call up, old lady?”

“Here’s an alarm for a truck that might be headed this way,” from Wade in an undertone, without answering the question.

The little car pulled out from the curb and continued along in the general direction of their sector with no further conversation between the two men, until they reached Sunrise Highway. Here Meehan stopped the car to wait for the traffic light to change before crossing. Wade, still a little ashamed of himself for allowing his temper to get the best of him,

was idly watching the cars pass by along the Highway.

Suddenly he grabbed Meehan's arm and pointed to a Stewart truck going by towards Nassau County.

"That might be the one in the last alarm, Tom; let's chase him and find out. I couldn't read the number, he was going so fast."

Meehan had started nosing his way out into traffic, even as Wade spoke. By the time the car was onto the right side of the highway the truck had a good start, but with the throttle wide open they kept gaining until they were just in the rear of the slower moving truck. With a decisive punch at the siren button Meehan got alongside of the truck.

Wade with gun in hand shouted to the driver of the truck, "Pull over."

The truck-driver's answer was four shots from an automatic pistol. But Wade was ready for just such an answer and fired point blank into the truck-driver's face. Car and truck went madly across the highway with brakes screaming, and came to a stop together. Wade was out of the car before it had entirely stopped, and covering the uninjured helper of the truck. After a

quick frisk he told Meehan to get the driver's gun. But Meehan did not answer, and chancing a quick glance at the patrol car Wade was astonished to see Meehan hunched over the wheel. He had stopped one of the gunman's bullets.

With the help of a passing motorist Meehan and the truck driver were put in the motorist's car, with the helper on the floor in the rear. They drove back to Springfield Boulevard, where Wade called the house and asked for an ambulance. Turning the prisoner over to the officer at the booth to be taken into the station house Wade went with Meehan and the truck driver to the hospital.

At the hospital it was decided that Meehan was too weak from loss of blood to under-go an operation for the removal of the bullet, and Wade overheard the Doctor asking the office to get in touch with a blood doner. Forgotten were the feelings of dislike and contention he had harbored against Meehan, and only remained the impulse to help his fellow worker. Without an instant's hesitation he said:

"What is the matter with me, Doc? I guess we

can save time, and if my blood isn't as good as any doner's I'll drink it."

"Do you know your type, son?" asked the Doctor thoughtfully.

"No! but we can find out PDQ. I'll call the Chief Surgeon's office. They know, for I am on the blood doners' list in the Department."

"We may have a chance to save him, son, if we make a transfusion quickly enough", mumbled the Doctor.

Wade got his connection and quickly explained to a voice at Headquarters what he wished to know. "Thanks" was all he said as he hung up the receiver, and turned to the Doctor.

"Type one, Doc, will that do?" said he.

"All right, my boy, you'll do nicely", the Doctor said with a smile. "That was quicker than we could have tested your blood to find out."

"Oh! Nurse", he called to a passing nurse, "Take this officer into one of those rooms down the hall and get him some sterile things for the O. R.; take his gun to the head nurse and tell her to lock it up."

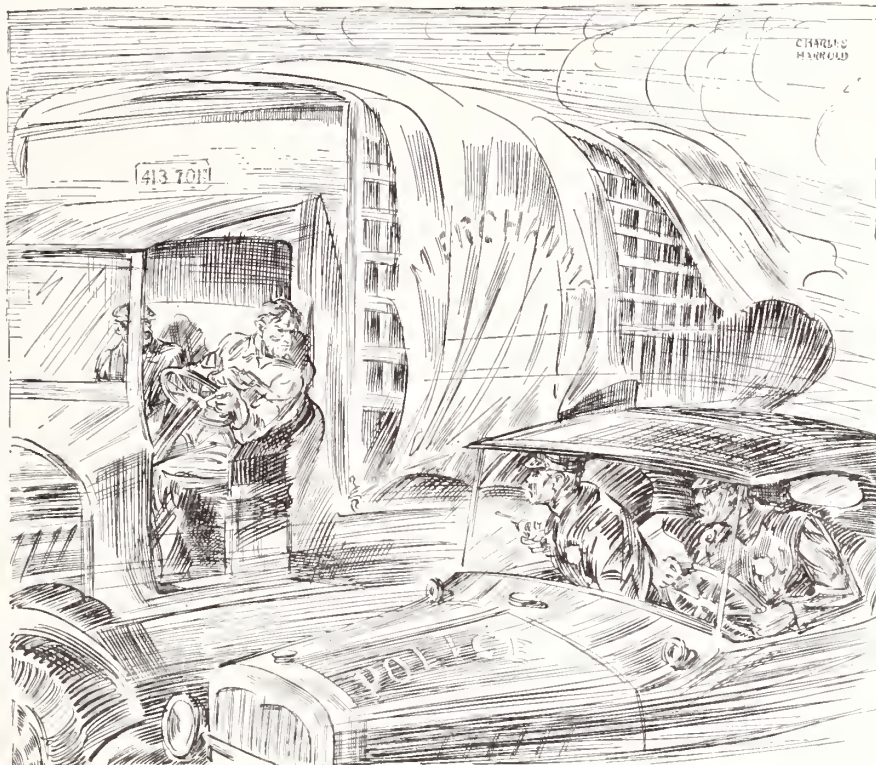
Five minutes later Wade was on a stretcher beside Meehan

who was on the operating table, and the blood was flowing nicely from his veins into the man who a short time before he had thought he hated.

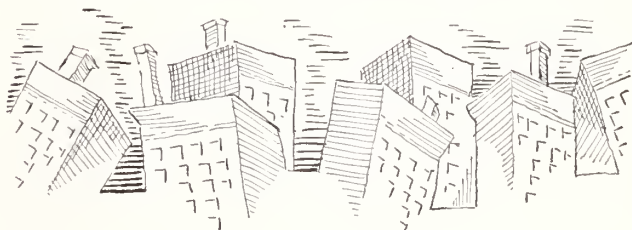
Meehan regained consciousness just as Wade got up from the stretcher. "Tth-anks o-old m-m-mann", he mumbled weakly after he realized what had just taken place.

"That's O. K., Tom, why didn't you call me an old woman?" replied Wade, voice shaking a little with emotion, "I know I acted like one before, but you just hurry up and get well, and I'll tell Marge what a great guy you are the first time I stop in for coffee. Only that time will be on my time off."

"And on mine, too, old woman," smiled Meehan.



"Pull Over"



"FIGHT CIVIC EVILS," URGES FATHER McCAFFREY



THE three thousand five hundred men who on January 2nd, attended as representatives of the 75,000 members of the Holy Name Society of the New York Archdiocese, the annual New Year's Solemn Mass celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, were exhorted by the Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, chaplain of the Police Department, and spiritual director of the Policemen's Holy Name Society, to take an active and leading part in a crusade against public and social impurity and corruption. Father McCaffrey, who is rector of the Holy Cross Church, is also chaplain of the 165th Infantry, the old 69th Regiment of the New York National Guard.

His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes presided at the mass and gave the blessing at the close. The Chancellor of the Archdiocese, the Very Rev. Thomas G. Carroll, was the celebrant of the mass, assisted by the Very Rev. Joseph A. Farrell, V. F., Dean of Richmond, as deacon and the Rev. John N. McSherry of Annunciation Church, sub-deacon.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Thomas N. O'Keeffe, pastor of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, and the Very Rev. Monsignor John F. Brady, archdiocesan spiritual director of the Holy Name Society, were

deacons to the Cardinal, while the Right Rev. Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, P. A., rector of the Cathedral, was assistant priest. The masters of ceremony were the Rev. John J. Casey and the Rev. Henry F. Hammer.

Father McCaffrey in his stirring sermon said:

"You and I are soldiers in the vast army of Christ, and as soldiers of Christ we are privileged and by duty bound to fight for righteousness. I am afraid that we have become inactive, lethargic, complacent. We must rouse ourselves from this lethargy and become active and militant, fighting corruption wherever it is found.

"You are soldiers in the army of Christ and you are also in an organization that demands of its members high ideals of private and public virtue and cleanliness. The principles of the Holy Name Society include combatting corruption in the home, in the city, and in the state.

"There are always corrupt men in public life. Why in our own fair city we find corruption everywhere. The church has always condemned corrupt men in public life and the church condemns them now.

"Men of the Holy Name Society, you have a duty to perform; you have the power, you have the strength and you have the right to wipe out this indecency and corruption. Three thousand five hundred determined men, together with the other thousands of your society can form and mold a public sentiment that will demand the wiping out of these indecencies. Rise up, then, and demand that the morality of your homes your family and your children be protected from these things."

The attendance at the mass was the largest in many years. It is offered annually under the auspices of the New York Archdiocese Union and the mass on January 2nd was the fiftieth consecutive annual mass for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Holy Name men and their families.

ANCHOR CLUB ENTERTAINMENT

THE eleventh anniversary entertainment and reception of the Anchor Club, Branch No. 1, of the New York Police Department, was held on Friday evening, January 13, at the Hotel Astor.

The affair was well attended, approximately 4,000 persons availing themselves of this opportunity of spending an enjoyable evening. An entertainment of unusual merit was provided and consisted of ten star acts from leading Broadway theatres. The honor guests included Deputy Commissioner John A. Leach and Chief Inspector John O'Brien.

A message from the officers of the Anchor Club follows:

"To our brothers in the Department not as yet in our ranks, we address ourselves. Permit us to urge upon you membership in Branch No. 1. Help us add to our members, so that the burden of helping those in need may be wider spread and therefore lessened for the individual. The younger men in the Department have an extraordinary opportunity to associate themselves with the seasoned men of the Department, thereby profiting by their advice and counsel. Enroll immediately. Be with that great element that willingly live their lives accordingly to the divinely inspired motto—'God and our neighbor.'"

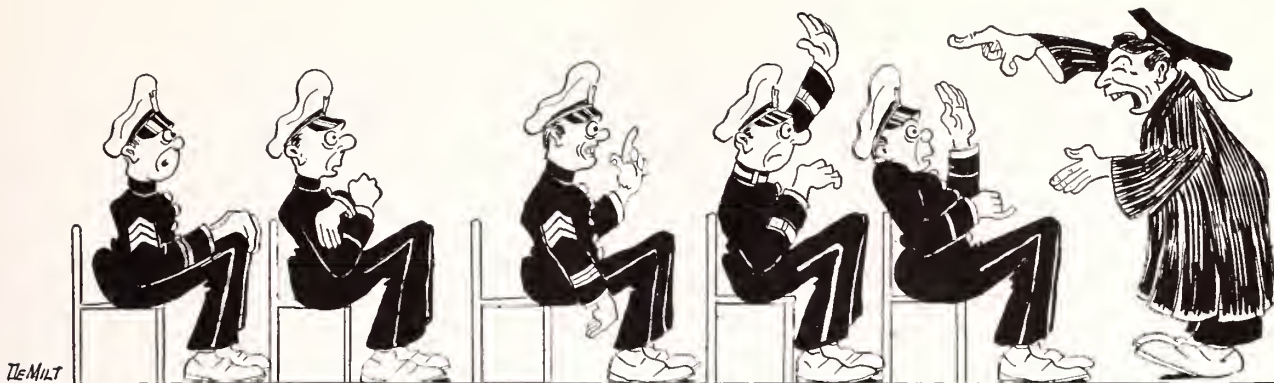
SHOMRIM SOCIETY INSTALLATION EXERCISES

PATROLMAN WILLIAM R. WITTENBERG was formally inducted as president of the Shomrim Society on the evening of January 16 at an entertainment and dinner-dance held by the organization at the Broadway Central Hotel.

The new officers who were inducted at the same time as the president were: Patrolman Hyman Weinstein, 1st vice-president; Lieutenant Joseph Goldstein, 2d vice-president; Patrolman Samuel Pierson, financial secretary; Sergeant Harry Schreiber, treasurer; Jacob Levit, recording secretary, Albert Pollack, sergeant at arms; Patrolman Jacob Isaacson, assistant sergeant at arms; Sergeant Max Isaacson, marshal; Patrolman Louis Futter, custodian; Harry Lichtblau, historian.

Honorable Edward R. Cohn officiated at the installation ceremonies and later presented the retiring president, Sergeant Benjamin Nachmann, with a beautiful diamond ring. A similar token of esteem was also presented to Sergeant Emanuel Zwerling, the retiring secretary.

The speakers, introduced by Deputy Commissioner Nelson Rutenberg, included Mr. Cohn, the Rev. Isidore Frank, Rev. Joseph McCaffrey and Rev. William G. Ivie, Department chaplains, Assistant District Attorney Charles N. Cohen and Magistrate Thomas Aurelio.



THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday - - - 1.00 P. M.
Tuesday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Wednesday - - - 5.30 P. M.
Thursday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Friday - - - 7.30 P. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday - - - 1.00 P. M.
Tuesday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Wednesday - - - 5.30 P. M.
Thursday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Friday - - - 7.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday - - - 1.00 P. M.
Tuesday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Wednesday - - - 5.30 P. M.
Thursday - - - 10.30 A. M.
Friday - - - 7.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

testify against 'A'. Both are accomplices as a matter of law.

Will the testimony of 'B' and 'C' be sufficient to convict 'A'. Explain.

5. What is a peremptory challenge?

How many such challenges are permitted?

Where two persons are tried jointly is the rule changed?

6. Outline the law authorizing the establishment of a Traffic Violations Bureau.

7. Section 222 of the Penal Law provides that a person who commits an act of burning in the day time, which if committed in the night time, would be arson in the first degree, shall be guilty of arson in the second degree.

Explain what you understand by this provision.

8. State with reasons what action should be taken by the patrolman on post in the following case:

a. A gang of laborers are opening a street. The foreman has no permit to do so.

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

In Memoriam

QUESTIONS FOR THE JANUARY, 1933, ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. In arranging for the policing of large assemblies what phases of problems arising in connection therewith should be given consideration by the police?
2. Section 2091 of the Penal Law, which prescribes the punishment for the crime of riot, specifies different degrees of punishment, namely, not more than five years or a fine of not more than \$1,000 or both; not more than 2 years or a fine of not more than \$500 or both; or not more than 1 year or a fine of not more than \$250 or both, depending on the purpose of the assembly or the act done or threatened.
Is riot made a crime of degree by this section?
Is every form of riot a felony?
3. Briefly describe the laws that may be used by a police officer in suppressing various unnecessary noises.
4. 'A', 'B' and 'C' conspire to commit a series of murders on members of a rival gang. Three such killings are accomplished. 'A' is arrested and charged with one of these killings. 'B' and 'C' turn State's evidence and

Ptl. Ernest W. Vath	8th Pet.	Dec. 16, 1932
Sgt. Thomas A. Healy	109th Pet.	Dec. 20, 1932
Ptl. Edward R. McKenna	24th Pet.	Dec. 21, 1932
Ptl. William J. Feeley	79th Pet.	Dec. 26, 1932
Ptl. Stanley I. Selover	8th Pet.	Dec. 27, 1932
Ptl. John Sheehan	71st Pet.	Dec. 29, 1932
Ptl. Edward V. Foley	108th Pet.	Dec. 31, 1932
Ptl. John F. Daly	4th Pet.	Jan. 1, 1933
Ptl. Joseph J. Donohue	18th Div.	Jan. 4, 1933
Ptl. Charles U. Saeger	27th Pet.	Jan. 5, 1933
Ptl. James E. Connelly	108th Pet.	Jan. 6, 1933
Ptl. Dominick P. Cassella	105th Pet.	Jan. 6, 1933
Ptl. Richard S. Langler	111th Pet.	Jan. 6, 1933
Ptl. Walter E. Murphy	14th Div.	Jan. 7, 1933
Ptl. John J. McGovern	62d Pet.	Jan. 10, 1933
Sgt. Charles J. Cavanagh	94th Pet.	Jan. 13, 1933

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

I. Preparation.

A. Placing responsibility of command.

Surveys and diagrams of the locale made, including among others the following:

1. Entrances and exits—if an enclosure.
2. Principal traffic and intersecting streets.
3. Railroads, subway and "L" terminals in the vicinity.
4. Construction of buildings adjoining and adjacent.
5. Parking spaces, taxicab and bus stands.
6. The location of police and fire signal boxes and public telephones.

B. Other problems include:

Information as to the nature and purpose of the meeting or assembly, i. e., whether a sports or athletic contest; political meeting, protest meeting, patriotic celebration, or radical meeting or assembly.

Whether trouble in the nature of riots or disorder is anticipated.

The safety of life and property.

The rights of society and individuals.

The conveniences of participants—business people in the vicinity—residents and others.

Facilitation of traffic.

Protection against fire, accidents, storms, hazards, etc.

Prevention of operation by ticket speculators, beggars, panhandlers, peddlers, pickpockets, etc.

C. Cooperation of public and private service corporations as needed to be sought, such as:

Railway companies and bus companies.

Fire Department for emergency apparatus.

Department of Hospitals for ambulances and surgeons.

Borough President as to street openings.

Department of Sanitation as to cleaning of street and removal of encumbrances.

Public utilities.

Other bodies as circumstances may require, such as Federal Police agencies.

II. Policing the Scene:

A. Instructions should be given members of the Force assigned.

Instructions should include general information as to the nature and purpose of the meeting; guiding principles to be followed, including:

Attention to duty.

Prompt obedience to orders.

Vigilance as essential to efficiency.

An outline of the general plan of action to be followed.

Patience and courtesy.

B. Assignments designated and orders transmitted, including:

General Headquarters in connection with Telegraph Bureau direct.

Sector Headquarters at points for designated zones in communication with General Headquarters.

Traffic Headquarters in communication with General Headquarters.

Reserves at strategic points to include foot, mounted, motorcycle and emergency wagons.

To cover:

General Policing.

Traffic street car and ambulance streets.

Parking, bus and hack stands.

Subway and "L" stations to prevent congestion.

The speakers' stand, entrances and exits of enclosures, aisles, galleries, platform, entrance area.

Special hazards such as:

Excavations.

Building material.

Explosives or inflammables in vicinity, including gas stations, entrances and exits to buildings and from buildings; roofs of buildings in area.

If meeting warranted have stenographers make notes.

Detectives and plainclothes patrolmen to mingle with crowd.

Men skilled in the use of emergency equipment at tactical points.

C. Transportation to be available for assembling additional forces in case of great emergency. Designated wagons given assignments for transporting additional men from designated points. Radio and patrol cars on call.

D. Communication lines to be maintained between Headquarters and units, including:

Telephone—Teletype.

Radio.

Liason officers on motorcycles.

Foot messengers.

Motor vehicles and aeroplanes equipped with radio.

E. Cooperation between units to insure success of police efforts.

Understanding of purpose, application to duty and loyalty of subordinates requisite.

III. Special Problems That May Arise Might Include:

First aid to, removal of, and identity of persons accidentally or otherwise killed or injured.

Arrest of and evidence against law breakers.

Lost children and missing persons.

Persons seeking children and relatives.

Theft in adjacent premises or on the streets.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

2. Riot is not a crime of degree.

Section 2091, Penal Law, does nothing more than to provide for the punishment to be inflicted upon conviction of the crime of riot. It is not attempting to classify the degrees of the crime of riot. The differentiation in punishment does not make the section classify the crime of riot into different degrees.

All forms of riot are felonies. Section 2 of the Penal Law classifies crimes as felonies and misdemeanors. Felony is defined as a crime which is or may be punishable by death or imprisonment in a State's prison. Any other crime is a misdemeanor.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

3. Band organs shall not be played before 9 A. M., after 6 P. M., or on Sunday, nor within 500 feet of schools during sessions, courts, hospitals, Chapter 14, Section 170, Code of Ordinances.

Itinerant musicians, similar restrictions, except that the restricted distances are 250 feet from above mentioned places.

Any improper or unusual noise or profanity in any public street or place is prohibited, Chapter 23, Section 130, Code of Ordinances. No unusual or unnecessary noise permitted on a hospital street, or school street during sessions, Chapter 23, Section 131, Code of Ordinances.

Peddlers shall not cry wares before 8 A. M. or after 9 P. M., except Saturday after 11.30 P. M., nor use horn or device for attracting attention, Chapter 23, Section 133, Code of Ordinances.

Junkmen shall not have over three bells and none over 6 oz. in weight, Chapter 23, Section 134, Code of Ordinances.

Metals in transportation shall be loaded so as to prevent loud noises, Chapter 23, Section 135, Code of Ordinances.

Showmen shall not beat drums to attract attention, Chapter 23, Section 136, Code of Ordinances.

A public nuisance is any act or omission which annoys, injures, or endangers the health, comfort, safety or repose of a considerable number of people, Section 1530, Penal Law.

Disorderly conduct consists of an intent to commit a breach of the peace, or whereby a breach of the peace is likely to occur by an offensive act, conduct or language to another, or any unnecessary noise in or outside of a building in the night time that annoys a number of people, Section 722, Penal Law.

Keeping an animal or bird that by noise disturbs the residents, Section 215, Sanitary Code.

Automobiles must have mufflers and no cutouts, Section 229, Sanitary Code and Traffic Regulations.

Loud speakers for amplifying sound of radios. Must have permit from Police Commissioner, Section 215a, Sanitary Code.

Any act or omission that endangers the life, limb or health of any person is prohibited, Section 181, Sanitary Code.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. No. Section 339 of the Code of Criminal Procedure provides as follows:

A conviction cannot be had upon the testimony of an accomplice unless it be corroborated by such other evidence as tends to connect the defendant with the commission of the crime.

The Court of Appeals has held that testimony of two or more accomplices is not sufficient to convict. The obvious purpose of the statute was not to secure the evidence of more than one accomplice but related to the quality of the evidence rather than the quantity and was to forbid the conviction upon the evidence of an accomplice unless corroborated by other evidence. The corroboration must come from some other source than that of an additional partner in the crime.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

5. A peremptory challenge is an objection to a juror for which no reason need be given but upon which the court must exclude him. The rule as to such challenges is as follows:

1. If the crime charged be punishable with death—thirty challenges.

2. If the crime is punishable with life imprisonment or a term of ten years or more—twenty challenges.

3. In all other cases—five challenges.

The rule remains the same on a trial of several defendants. When several defendants are tried together, they cannot sever their challenges but must join them. No matter how many persons are being tried, the total number of challenges will not exceed thirty, twenty or five depending on the crime charged.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6

6. The General Municipal Law, Sections 360 to 363, as amended March 30th, 1932, provides that cities and villages of the first class may by local ordinance authorize the establishment of a Traffic Violations Bureau to dispose of violations of traffic law ordinances and regulations, except speeding, reckless driving, misdemeanors and felonies. The violator would report to the Bureau within a designated time, either in person or by written power of attorney, and

a. Sign a waiver of his right to court trial.

b. Enter a plea of guilty.

c. Pay the prescribed fine and obtain a receipt therefor.

d. Sign an authorization for the person at the Bureau.—Plead guilty and pay such fine for him before the magistrate.

If the violator does not answer within the designated time a warrant may be issued for his arrest upon complaint by the Bureau. Any person who has been guilty of three or more violations within the preceding twelve months shall not be permitted to have his case disposed of at the Bureau but must appear in court.

Such Bureau cannot deprive any person of his right to court trial and counsel if he so desires. The magistrate or magistrates having jurisdiction shall designate the fines to be imposed for first, second and third offenses within the limits provided by law.

The Bureau shall maintain a record of all violations of which a person was found guilty whether at the Bureau or in court.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7

7. The provision of the section referred to means that a person who wilfully burns or sets on fire in the day time:

a. A dwelling house in which there is at the time a human being, or

b. A car, vessel, vehicle or other building or structure, wherein to the knowledge of the offender, there is at the time a human being;

shall be guilty of arson in the second degree.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 8

8. a. The officer should:

Obtain name and address of foreman.

Name and address of his employer.

Direct foreman procure a permit.

Unless case was of emergency nature, stop work until permit obtained.

Enter facts in memorandum book.

Make out a corporation ordinance complaint on proper form.

Instruct foreman to properly safeguard excavation.

Report case at end of tour.

Reasons:—Section 90 of Chapter 23, Code of Ordinances, provides that police officers must enforce the law as to street excavations, require and examine permits, and make reports of violations to the Corporation Counsel through the Police Commissioner. The rules provide that Corporation Ordinance complaint, form U. F. 15, shall be forwarded in cases of excavation being done without permit or where exhibition of the permit is refused. (M. P. Art. 24, par. 44.)

Merit Awards for 364

THE Police Commissioner issued on Dec. 29, 1932, a list of the names of 364 members of the Department who had distinguished themselves by heroic deeds or exceptionally efficient work. Four posthumous awards of Honorable Mention were announced for patrolmen killed in line of duty. These four names will be placed on the Headquarter's tablet which perpetuates the names of policemen killed in action.

Twenty-five awards of Honorable Mention were made including the four given posthumously. The Commendation list contains 147 names and 192 men were cited for Excellent Police Duty.

The citation of the posthumous awards and the entire list of names follows:

HONORABLE MENTION Posthumous

Burke, Patrolman Joseph P., 32d Precinct—At about 8:10 A. M., June 12, 1932, on patrol duty, while attempting to capture three holdup men in premises 2320 Seventh Avenue, was shot and mortally wounded by one of the bandits and died June 18, 1932.

De Carlo, Patrolman Peter, 72d Precinct—At about 10:40 A. M., September 2, 1932, on radio motor patrol duty with another patrolman, encountered three holdup men in the premises at 537 Court Street, Brooklyn. In an exchange of shots with them he was mortally wounded and died the following day. Two of the bandits were killed and the other was arrested by other patrolmen.

Fink, Patrolman John W. J., 71st Precinct—At about 3:10 P. M., October 8, 1932, while off duty and at his home at 235 East Thirty-second Street, Brooklyn, a fire occurred therein. In attempting to rescue a man who was seriously ill in bed Patrolman Fink sustained injuries and burns which resulted in his death October 15, 1932.

Moroso, Patrolman Michael, 23d Precinct—About 7:50 P. M., December 8, 1932, on patrol duty at Ninety-ninth Street, near Second Avenue, was shot and killed.

HONORABLE MENTION

Sergeant Lewis Chisholm; Detectives John A. MacLennan, Patrick J. Noonan, Thomas J. Riggs, Thesby Feltenstein, Harold F. Moore, Charles P. Malley. Patrolmen Patrick G. Reagan, Edward Meyer, John J. Dunleavy, Wm. S. Somerville, Jr., Hubert J. Scallan, George A. Bremer, Antonio De Franco, Edward J. Rennison, John W. Kruse, William R. Loeffler, Herman A. Gress, Harold V. Ward, Edward J. Kiernan, John E. Meenan.

COMMENDATION

Sergeant John E. Fortune; Acting Sergeant George A. Neary; Detectives Domenico Caso, John T. Burke, John E. Duffy, Arthur J. De Marrais, John E. Flynn, Benjamin Rosenberg, Joseph G. Byrne, John J. Meehan, James P. Petrosino, Fred H. Kroner, Jr., John Imperial, Frank E. Early, William C. Mara, Edward F. McAuliffe, John J. Quinn, Leon T. Theis, Maurice V. Barry, William A. Kleber, William L. Devine, William Kennedy, Jos. A. MacDonnell, Francis J. Naughton, James F. Larkin, M. E. J. Ledden; Patrolmen Simon Denker, James J. Hines, Philip McCabe, William A. Brennan, Newton W. Lacey, Frederick G. Ottstadt, Abraham J. Gordon, Frank Greenway, Charles M. Nolan, Eugene M. Tonry, Jr., Eugene D. McAvooy, Pasquale V. Caravano, Francis Flynn, Jacob Zuckerman, August Hirsch, George F. Munro, James J. Farrell, Raymond Kiebler, James A. Ward, Gustave G. Herr, John P. Corbley, Michael J. Davis, Phillip V. Ryan, Ernest A. Menkel, Nelson Lacher, Peter J. O'Connell, Thomas Vicat, Paul Ludwig, Michael A. Kelly, William Waldhelm, Francis A. Gowrie, Frank J. Kanz, William F. O'Brien, Albert J. Leary, John J. Lynch, Peter F. Atkins, Charles E. Meyer, Thomas D. Lancer, Henry C. Sinnott, Joseph P. Thierry, Walter F. Berry, George P. Mueller, John P. McConnell, Joseph Kabelka, Rudolph H. Serrett, Andrew D. Hagan, Aloysious J. Cross, James P. McGannon, Benjamin Wallace, Edward S. Jackson, Paul J. Reguci, John D. Murphy, Charles E. Rome, George W. Stehle, Howard A. Dawson, Joseph Sahatalla, Thomas V. Farrell, Edward J. Callahan, Joseph G. E. Michels, G. J. Farnsworth, Jr., Louis Lubliner, Thomas J. Purcell, G. L. Fitzpatrick, Neil J. Hughes, Jasper Rhodes, Patrick Culhane, Herman J. Dohrman, William N. Venter,

Francis Fanning, Joseph A. Stevens, George A. Hampson, Patrick O'Rourke, Thomas K. Colton, John J. Sisk, Thomas M. Fanning, Arthur P. Hayes, Casimir J. Kaminski, Michael Moy, Michael J. Murphy, Christian J. Ohlman, Angelo E. Favata, Walter J. Sheahan, Thomas P. Ilerman, William J. Moore, Sylvester S. Shea, Jr., James P. Croke, George L. Gerhard (posthumous), Charles F. Blush, Edward F. Hoolahan, John L. Crehan, Frank J. Oliver, Cornelius A. Drury, Daniel J. Rogan, John M. Keane, Timothy Callahan, Edward J. Harris, Hans C. Hansen, John R. Albrecht, Carl F. Daum, J. L. Hendrickson, Otto W. Behrens, John G. Reilly, Thomas W. Jeffreys, Rowan P. Kelly, J. F. McCormick, Jr., John Wynne, James A. McDonald, Peter Coogan, Jack Pulvers, James P. Walsh, John J. McDonnell, William J. Maher, Harold L. O'Hea, Henry A. Hillman, Henry Quinn.

EXCELLENT POLICE DUTY

Acting Captain Edward Mullins; Lieutenant Henry Flattery; Acting Lieutenants James E. Donnelly, James McCarthy, John Osnato, James A. Pyke; Sergeants Thos. V. Hannigan, George J. Miller, Thos. V. Hannigan, Charles Rosenberg, William J. Begley, Edwin J. Cooney, Raphael De Martino, Hugh McGrade, C. Schweitzer, Jr.; Detectives Francis C. Trainor, Joseph P. Heinrich, Fred'k G. Schmidt, William J. Smith, Anthony J. McAvooy, Stephen C. M. Love, Max Black, Thomas J. Duffy, W. Van Valkenburgh, James J. O'Brien, Frank P. Ruddy, Irving Kaufman, Anthony J. Fator, Mark W. Redmond, John J. Notheis, Christopher F. Kelly, Jos. A. Fitzgerald, John J. Magner, James R. Mangan, William Ornstein, Arthur M. Horey, Ivar K. W. Nylm, William V. Barrett, Charles Somma, Christopher J. Kelly, William A. Cuneen, William Franz, Martin Tutt, Jr., Frank T. Rahl, William J. O'Leary, Walter E. Clancy, John J. Brennan, William R. Phillips, Walter Casey, Louis A. Bengston, Cyril G. Fitzpatrick, Nicholas J. Majewski, H. James McCarthy, George T. Joannides, Jeremiah J. Ahearn, John T. O'Neill, Maurice J. Harnett, Ray F. MacGuire, Herman D. Rave, Fred G. Schmidt, John S. Griffin, William F. Vaughan, John J. O'Brien, Ignatius J. Gannon, Sidney Weyback, Patrolmen Hugo Harris, Wm. A. Barrisford, Thomas J. Gargan, Nicholas L. Sims, James Casey, Vincent J. Driscoll, Herman Kasten, William H. Millbury, James Callan, Arthur E. Pfeiffer, Felix P. McCabe, John T. Gallagher, Harry G. Flanagan, Louis Bolz, Joseph F. Faney, John J. Dermody, Arthur W. Martino, Joseph A. Friedner, William J. Crough, Michael A. Miraglia, George Schmitt, Daniel J. McCarthy, Stephen J. Lanigan, William F. McClean, Russell E. Smith, Leo O. Carey, Eugene J. Kelly, William L. Luecker, Peter J. Conway, George A. Brodheck, Otto Ulrich, James P. Faney, Michael J. Davis, Arthur Seyffert, Salv. Caltaheltota, Vincenzo Cirno, Charles A. Barts, William G. Gibson, John A. Gibel, Stanley W. Fisher, Joseph H. Watts, Edward W. Sweeney, Michael M. Horowitz, Frederick Repetti, Frank Warren, Peter J. Finnegan, John W. Collins, August Zipf, Frank N. Placanica, Charles K. Sirulnick, Arthur W. Ilenie, Francis X. Griffith, Horatio Caro, John J. King, Stephen J. Fox, John A. La Mattina, Joseph L. Magee, John Cucco, Stanislaus Brozowski, Henry V. Miller, Robert C. Johnson, Joseph Koczko, Edgar T. Denham, Sylvester B. Connolly, Joseph Baron, Thomas P. Creggan, Bennie Wozniak, Edw. M. McCormack, Raphael F. Santori, William J. Doherty, Anthony R. Strangio, Harry MacDonald, Otto Blazey, Francis J. Kramer, Maurice Lynch, Dominic J. Carcich, William F. Collins, Francis J. Lutz, Anthony S. O'Connell, Patrick J. Maher, Luigi Gardile, Harry Brownstein, Paul J. Spellman, Maurice D. Roche, James A. O'Brien, James P. Walsh, F. L. Maximilian Sprauer, William J. Cassidy, Jr., Bernard J. Glynn, Solie S. Levine, Harold J. Fugazy, Thomas F. O'Connell, Edward J. Nartin, John N. Farrell, Edw. W. Marzetta, Andrew M. Gersitz, Ilayward Beverly, Rudolph P. Ahrens, Patrick Faughnan, Eugene J. Callahan, Raffaele Malafrente, Bernard J. Fay, Stephen J. Sullivan, Henry R. Ilahn, John W. Minogue, Miles A. Dutton, John P. Swing, Arthur W. Martino, Arthur L. Valentine, Alfred W. Beers, Edmund Crow, Michael Palmeri, James F. Feron, Willard Tuluba, Geo. F. L. Fallon, M. F. Frydenbrog, James S. Rickert, Nicholas L. Sims.



By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA

1932 POLICE SPORTS REVIEW

JANUARY: Basketball season starts with 111th Precinct defeating the 114th. Other precincts take up the court game. Bowling is also going strong.

FEBRUARY: Spring 3100 one-wall handball tournament completed. There were 44 entries. Patrolmen McGovern, Hopke and Lehner finished in the order named. Doubles tournament starts with 20 teams playing.

MARCH: Patrolman McGovern and Detective Ambraz win doubles handball title with Patrolmen Hopke and Seward second. 111th Precinct court men, after setting back all comers, were held to a tie by the strong 25th Precinct team.

APRIL: Handball match between McGovern and Hopke of police versus Moraldi and Burke of the Sky High Country Club. Police were victors in both matches. Among the spectators were Commissioner Mulrooney, Chief Inspector O'Brien and Deputy Chief Inspector Hennessy.

MAY: Spring 3100 singles four-wall tournament starts with 36 entries. Department baseball team, after working out in the gymnasium, plays opening game against the Farmers Baseball Club of Brooklyn.

JUNE: Precinct ball teams in full swing. Patrolman Povey sets fast pace on tennis courts. Lieutenant Pat McDonald, training for Olympics at Travers Island, shatters record he set 25 years ago with 56-pound weight.

JULY: Patrolman Lehner wins four-wall championship. Patrolman Hart is second, with Detective Kelly third. Police ball team going strong. Police golfers warming up.

AUGUST: 111th and 42d Precinct ball teams are class of Department and a championship series arranged. Patrolmen Arthur Hunt and Joseph Buchalter win prizes in Metropolitan Golf Association tournament at Van Cortlandt Park.

SEPTEMBER: Bayside wins Precinct Baseball Championship before big crowd. Police golf tournament starts with 70 entries at Dyker Park golf course. Lieutenant Pat McDonald, at 54, wins weight-throwing medley at Caledonian games in Ulmer Park, Brooklyn. P. A. L., sponsored by Crime Prevention Bureau, close a very successful season by defeating St. Mary's of Baltimore before 50,000 boys and girls, at Polo Grounds.

OCTOBER: Patrolman Buchalter wins Police golf championship with a 71. Patrolman J. E. Brogan, second, and Patrolman G. Doyle, third. Latter each shot 74. Police ball team beats Firemen 5 to 4 before record crowd. \$67,000 realized for unemployed.

NOVEMBER: Eighth Division holds HORSE-SHOE pitching contest with 16 teams entered. Patrolman Russell Shopland wins. Numerous bowling teams throughout precincts keep pin boys busy. 64th and 111th bowlers lead.

DECEMBER: Basketball teams are very busy. Challenges were received in all branches of sports, keeping the patrolmen interested and alert.



HANDBALL

HERE'S a chance for you handball "artists" to show what you can do again. The Police Commissioner has granted permission for SPRING 3100 to conduct a ONE-WALL singles and doubles tournament. Prizes will be awarded to the winners and those finishing second and third.

Handball has always been a favorite sport among policemen and we hope to double the number of entries received in our former tournaments.

Send in your entry together with name, command, squad and home telephone number, to the office of SPRING 3100. Entries close on February 10, 1933. LET'S GO!!!

PATROLMAN PETE SEWARD, of the 32d Precinct, together with his partner, Walter Cuck, a future policeman, finished third in the Metropolitan one-wall championships. Peter is well known in handball circles, and is a fine example of what clean living and athletics do for a person. He's 42 years of age and looks like a rookie just out of training school. He's out with a challenge to any one in the Department. Good luck there, young fellar.



BOWLING

The bowling team of the 111th Precinct took part in a number of matches recently, and like their baseball team came out victorious in each. The match with the 64th Precinct was very exciting and wasn't settled until the very last ball had been bowled. Against the 19th Precinct team the Bayside bowlers knocked the pins dizzy, with a team total of 2,826 pins. **WERDERMAN** was high man with a 242 score. (Not bad.)

The 103d also fell by the wayside in a hair-raising contest, though they were handicapped by the absence of their best bowler. Among outside teams defeated were the Winfield Athletics, twice, and the Bayside Yankees twice; once by the first team and again by the second team of the 111th.

Sergeant Gorman's boys are anxious to hear from any precinct desiring a match. Win or lose, it's all in fun and helps bring the boys together. Get in touch with the Sarge.



BASKETBALL

The boys of the 17th Precinct are anxious to hear from other teams in the Department. Call up the clerical man of this precinct and make a date.... We received a letter from a prospective pocket billiard champ who wants to compete in a pocket billiard tournament. We've had everything else, why not billiards?

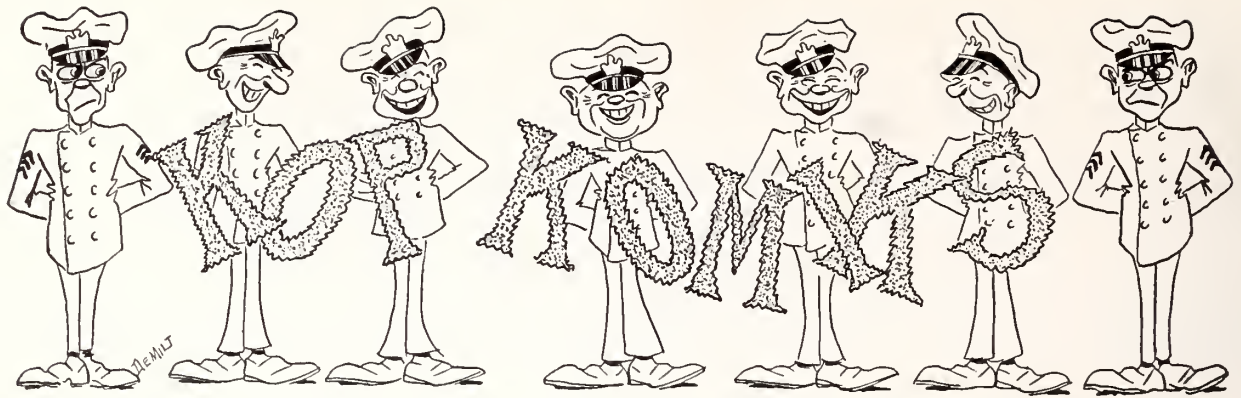
CHALLENGES

Patrolman Larry (Beans) Runey and John Lena of the 19th Division reversed a recent setback at the hands of the Hack Bureau handball team, Patrolman William (Gentleman) Casey and Near Sergeant Walter Harkins, with Jim Hamill thrown in for good measure. The scores were 21-17, 19-21, 21-15. Casey played a good game for the losers. Harkins made a few sensational "gets" that drew the applause of the spectators.

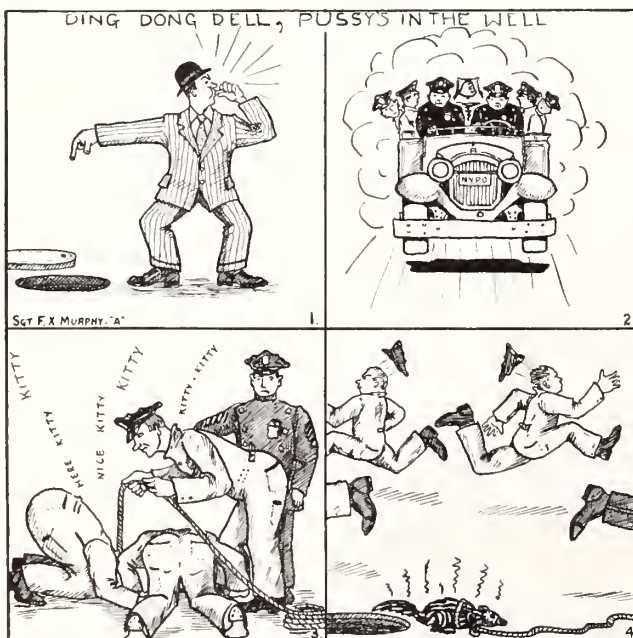
While trying to return another ball, he collided with a window pane and suffered slight lacerations of the shoulder, but continued right on playing, showing that he could "take it." Hamill played in the first game but could not get used to Runey's dynamite service. Larry takes the same wallop out of a ball that he did in the ring when he was known as the fighting cop. (A return match is in order.)



THE handsome rider third from the left in the above picture is Patrolman Harold Hahn, who, on his mount, Meehan, won the McDevitt Trophy in the police officers' class at the Philadelphia Horse Show on January 18th. The other members of our Mounted Division team who participated in the horse show were, reading from right to left, Patrolmen John J. Duggan, on Steady; Peter J. Ennis, on Bard; (Hahn) Henry L. O'Brien, on Orator; John J. Opman, on Weicker; and Olaf Weighorst, on Carbine.

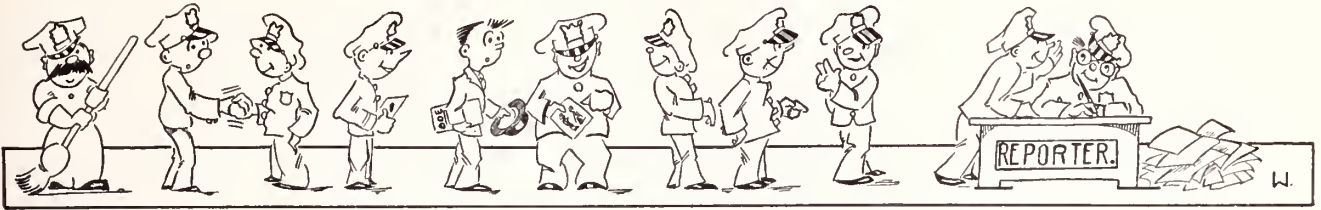


PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

PTL. ED. KELLY, 6TH PCT.

Patrolman Michael Treacy of the 6th Precinct, a Sergeant in Company H, 165th Infantry (The old 69th Regiment) Rainbow Division of New York, has been awarded the Order of the Purple Heart Medal by the War Department. On July 16th, 1918, in the Battle of Champagne on the Marne, though badly wounded Sergeant Treacy was able to hold a strong point against the enemy until re-enforcements arrived, the rest of his unit had been killed or wounded. He also disabled an enemy officer and soldier who led the attack.

Mike was decorated with the French Croix de Guerre with a bronze star and citation by General Petain. He was honorably discharged May 7, 1919, at Camp Upton, New York. He was appointed a patrolman January 2, 1920, and came to the 6th Precinct July, 1924. He has held the same post on Bleecker Street since he came to the precinct. Treacy was a good soldier and is a good cop. The residents of his post realize this and respect and appreciate him.

2D DIVISION

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

3d Pct., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

9th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Highland
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

Patrolman Joe Lannin, the attendant of the 9th Precinct, has been swamped with requests for that cat pictured with him in a recent edition of a tabloid. Even a Hollywood beauty put in a request, but Joe will not part with the Puss, and has dedicated the following poem to his pet:

TO MIKE, THE CAT

The month was March, the night was cold,
In walked a boy about seven years old.
Said he: "Mr. Cop, I have here a kitten
I found in the lot and think it's frostbitten."
I then got a pail and filled it with water,
When a pitiful look in its eyes made me falter.
As much as to say, you wouldn't do that,
Just give me a chance and I'll be a big cat.
As a lover of animals, his plea I did heed,
But to feed a kitten was a problem indeed.
I got me a bottle with a nipple on top,
And taught him to drink; what a job for a cop.
'Tis nine months now since that event.
What I thought he said is just what he meant.
For he has grown so strong and pretty,
A great big tiger, from a poor dying kitty.

The latest general order awarding departmental recognition included the names of Patrolmen Palmeri, Callahan and Gersitz, of the 9th Precinct.

Patrolman King Solomon, campaign manager for President Wittenberg of the Shomrim Society, feels as proud of the election as if he himself was elected president.

Lieutenant Joe Goldstein was one of those in the money on the recent Captains' list.

Since Patrolman Petrik has taken a fancy to flying pigeons, you should hear him describe the different breeds to Sullivan.

The P. W. is well washed and polished since Patrolman Goldberg has purchased a new pair of shoes.

3D DIVISION

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Harry Nullet

At about 12:30 A. M. on Christmas morning Patrolman Thomas P. Glennon, 18th Precinct, sought to question two men as to their presence in the vicinity of 236 West 56th Street. The men fired on the patrolman without any warning. The first bullet entered Glennon's abdomen, and while he lay prone on his face the thugs put two more shots into his spine. Though seriously wounded, the patrolman fired six shots at the fleeing gunmen. A citizen came to his assistance and later voiced his amazement at the cool and courageous manner in which Glennon directed him to notify the authorities and summon a priest. At Roosevelt Hospital his remarkable courage was again in evidence as he lay on the wheel table giving pertinent information concerning the description of his assailants. Glennon is holding his own at the hospital, and the members of this command are rooting for his speedy recovery and return to health.

Patrolmen Albert Ryan, Philip J. Burns, Jr., Daniel M. F. Sullivan and James F. Fay, of the 18th Precinct, take this opportunity of extending their heartiest congratulations to the superior officers of this Department who saw fit to retire during these last few weeks.

Forewarned is forearmed. Sergeants, Lieutenants, and even the Captain, should use care while a certain officer is nearby who has developed the habit of opening all windows in the station house. He then tells the bosses that they don't look so well and informs them of people he knew who have gone to the Great Beyond, after showing the exact symptoms this sympathizing officer finds in them.

6TH DIVISION

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

The members of the 25th Precinct extend their heartfelt sympathy to Captain Farley on the loss of his brother, the late Edward Farley. May he rest in peace.

Yes, Lieutenant Del Gardo is the champion handball player of the 25th Precinct. But why shouldn't he be? He invited Sergeants Braveman and McKee to his home, where he has a very fine handball court, for a match. The "champ" was well on his way to defeat when he called: "Here, Thunder," and 275 pounds of dog crossed one outside line, while two Sergeants crossed the other side line. This left Lieutenant Del Gardo alone on the court—the winner and still champion. He won by default, DE FAULT of that big hound of his.



Patrolman Charlie Vaughn, a respected young man of sober habits and quiet inclinations, nearly lost his reputation on a recent late tour when he disturbed the night and the neighbors' rest with cries of "WILD ELEPHANTS, WILD ELEPHANTS. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!" Sergeant Hickey, at the desk, hurriedly dispatched Sergeant McLaughlin, Patrolmen Bosch, Mulvihill and Eddington and Detectives Cavonne and O'Connor to investigate the elephant situation, and particularly Vaughn. The boys found that East Harlem had sure enough gone African. Two elephants had broken loose from their quarters in the Harlem Museum on East 125th Street and were whooping things up generally. The situation appeared helpless until one of the elephants recognized Mulvihill as one of the boys from home, where Mul must have done him some big favor, for at a word from Mul the elephants hung their heads shamefully and followed him obediently back to their quarters in the museum. The fair name of Vaughn thus was cleared.

The 25th Precinct has an interesting contest now in full bloom. Michael Galente and Stephen Janis, both members of this club, are in keen competition as to who can raise the better mustache. The cold weather has deterred the growth, but we expect with the Spring to see sprouts bloom on both uppers. The result will be published in this column later.

The officers and patrolmen of the 32d Precinct express their profound sympathy to Patrolman Langen on the death of his brother.

We also take this opportunity of congratulating Sergeant Louis Chisholm and Patrolman Patrick Regan, who were honorably mentioned by the Police Commissioner for their part in the arrest of the holdup men who shot and mortally wounded Patrolman Joseph Burke in June, 1932. Patrolman Jasper Rhodes also assisted in this sensational arrest.

The members of the 32d Precinct rank among the leaders in the Department when it comes to efficiency, courtesy and discipline. So says Captain Flynn.

The precinct members believe this is as it should be, for they have the pick of all nations on their roster except Chinese and Japs. They expect a few of these in the near future.

In Patrolman Leslie Henman the 32d Precinct has a gent who typifies the term sheik to the nth degree. The boy attends all social functions in full dress or "tux," including the high skimmer, etc. He visits the barber daily, taking everything from a trim to a manicure. His string of admirers now includes six nurses, eight waitresses, and he is still going strong.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green
48th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

Patrolman Harry Maurer, 41st Precinct, was often heard to remark he would never take orders from a woman. He got himself hitched while on his vacation and now sings a different tune, for even the pay check goes to the frau intact. However, the boys of the 10th Squad wish you luck.

Ed Diamond looked like a Fireman's Buff election night with that nightgown coat and funny little hat.

Well, it's back to school for Henry Yack, who got his dates mixed and had to stay in after the other boys went home.

Harkins, our Hack Inspector, looked like a funeral director going out to fight a fire.

When it comes to cooking supper, Hank Bowler wins the watch. First he burnt the water when he boiled it, after which he washed each and every coffee bean.

Joe Maguire, "Muscles" for short, looked like a politician by the size of the cigars he smoked.

Griffiths said all the gang in the cellar were small timers, but he didn't stop to hear what THEY said. He made the steps in one jump.

Holbrook, at the head of the table, did not know where to start with the adding machine and the tabulating sheets. He had to call on Lieutenant Hilgeman to help him out.

Joe Epstein could not get started until he got a cigar. He finally got one, but the rubber filling made him nauseous.

Matt Powers was not satisfied until he got a can of ice water.

The way Herb Kennedy was shifting around he must have thought he was driving the patrol wagon.

Chas. Hess wanted to help Herb out, but could find nothing to do.

Harris thought he was out on sanitation the way he went around picking up papers.

Platt, as messenger, got flat feet running from the cellar to the roof.

Pagliaro just gazed in at the boys and kept on moving.

Jerry Heaney took his place at the table and was wondering why his kid brother is called the bashful cop on Prospect Avenue.

Tom Burns asked the reporter why he didn't put something in about himself.

George Conway was so busy showing everyone how to get started that he forgot to start himself. It's tough how the rookies impose on an old-timer.

Love and Dermody, of the 48th Precinct, claim the ties they are wearing are not Christmas presents. They are just paying off a bet.

Hack Investigator Schlett has offered Attinello tickets for the Staten Island ferry in exchange for his flivver. Good trade, says I, if the car gets a bath.

The reason Prochaka doesn't wear a hat is that they don't make 'em that big.

Some of our pals are now on sick report, the most serious being Muller and Bible. We hope they are well soon.

It seems Jimmy Kelly is a lover of dogs. He gives them all shelter at the 44th Precinct. Lieutenant DeWitt would like him to take another vacation, and Charley Smith wants it distinctly understood that acting as chambermaid to a lot of canines is not his racket at all.

Mr. and Mrs. Rappaport had a quarrel. This hurt Mister's feelings. The Mrs. was unable to get revenge. That hurt HER feelings. Phil says that is a sign of true love.

Jimmy Lyons, the Beau Brummel of University Avenue, is vacationing in the South, south of Tremont Avenue.

Jack Reidy will buy all the presents his dear lady's heart desires, but no more jewelry stores.

Clary Davis, Artie Davis's dad, is ill at the French Hospital. We hope he will soon be back among the boys with those melodious Hill Billy songs.



8TH DIVISION**LT. JAMES F. DONLON**

43d Pct., Sgt. Terrance Donelon
 45th Pct., Sgt. A. Hazlitt
 46th Pct., Ptl. Dominick J. Masella

47th Pct., Ptl. Robert T. Cashel
 50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
 52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

Lieutenant John T. B. Hanken is now firmly convinced that things in the recent Captains' exam. were not strictly on the so and so, arriving at this conclusion when the top of the list failed to grace Hankie's name. Could it have been the way he answered the questions, we wonder? Only the other day John booked a prisoner for violation of the "Bottle Act," and we are still wondering what kind of an act or opera that is. Could he have been thinking of the National Prohibition Act? We wonder!

The 43d Precinct boasts of the champion food consumer of the Police Department in Sergeant Delano. While at Tiffin he consumed one large pump-ernickel loaf, eight hot dogs, a whole pie, and washed this down with four cups of coffee, then topped off with lighting up one of his good cigars.

This same Sergeant offers \$5 for information as to who stole his fish. It is still a mystery. Lieutenant McNamara has made out a U. F. 61.

Sergeant Wylie, of the 43d Precinct, entered the house recently amid a burst of applause, for our heroic Sergeant had lassoed a mad dog in the vicinity of Westchester Square and brought him to the house unassisted and alive. Sergeant Delano inquired on which end of the rope was the dog. What followed this remark I leave to your imagination.

Patrolmen Guenzberger and Jackson have been assigned to a radio car, and how these boys can bring in the junked and abandoned automobiles! They should have bells on the ear.

Little Larry English, our attendant, has left on a fourteen-day vacation. Lieutenant Hanken wishes he does not stay long in Cohoes, as he wants to play that certain game with him.

Patrolman McNulty, on Post 13, is still walking around the Square in circles, while poor Pat Harrison is still having his trouble with reliable 819.

Sergeant Mike Whelan, while on a codfishing expedition, caught an eel and a crab. He used cheese for bait wired to the hook. He should have used smelt.

History repeats. First we had the Christian Brothers, then the Smith Brothers, followed by the Marx Brothers. At the 50th Precinct we have the Portfolio Brothers, Patrolmen Bresnan and O'Neill, but what they have in the portfolio is a mystery.

Patrolman Lee, a direct descendant of the famed Civil War soldier, Gen. Light Horse Harry Lee, is known as the "Dark Horse."

The Department lost two good men in the retirement of Patrolmen Harry Greenberger and Thomas Rooney. These men were a credit to the Department and we wish them luck.

Patrolman McKeon is back from a very pleasant vacation, a week of which he spent with Chief of Police Cunningham of the Newark, Del., police. McKeon advises all patrolmen who pass that way to give the Chief a call, but be sure to have your P. B. A. eard with you.

Although he never played football, Patrolman Heisel claims he was the first to use the 6-2-1 defense against the famous "Galloping Shooflies." The formation is, six motormen, two coffee sergeants with an alarm clock as a safety man.

Patrolman William Carey, Hack Inspector of the 50th Precinct, is recuperating from his long illness and would be glad to hear from his many friends in the Department. He can be reached at Delaware Avenue, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

If Patrolman Foltis doesn't remove that beard forthwith he will be known as the Masked Marvel. Another day's growth and he can have it finger waved.

"Twenty-five years ago," says Patrolman Brennan, "everyone was getting their papers out to get in the Police Department. Now everyone is getting their paper in to get out of the Department."

9TH DIVISION**PTL. CHARLES MULLER**

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Grossen

Claude (Radio King) Smythe has caught another gang of automobile thieves. Claude has put three gents who have the auto-thieving inclination behind bars. This batch has four in number and he expects to give them the same dose. Fine work, Claudie, Radio King of the 123d Precinct.

George (Antenna) Wall has caught his second hit and run MOTOR MANIAC in a stolen car. A hit and run driver doesn't get a chance in the 123d Precinct while the Antenna Kid is out.

James (Power Tube) Smythe is always first on location. The Power Tube sure knows his precinct.

Henry (Platinum Blonde Receiver) Pauze is now awaiting a call of distress from the deep sea, to rescue some fair damsel. Go ahead, girls, jump overboard; the boy has a good overhand and technique.

Anthony (Short Wave) Quagliano says only for Marconi there would be no radio. This time he is right, agree the boys. "HAVE A CANDY, BOSS? OH, YEAH!"

Earl (Static) Davidson says he heard Scotland Yard sending Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson Code No. 30 at King Street, White Chapel, London. "Amplifier" Carl Essig corroborates the above statement.

The radio operators and receivers of the 123d Precinct have organized. They call themselves "The Brave Radio Unit No. 1," and will wear one chevron on their arm, thereby rating half a salute from the ordinary cop. President "Diamond Dick" Crosson suggests they have purple lights on the cars so that the cop on post won't make a mistake and give them a full salute. He also suggests white uniforms with red Sam Brown belts. Applications received by William (FUSE) White, Corresponding Secretary, 123d Precinct.

10TH DIVISION**PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN**

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
 61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp
 62Pct., Ptl. Vincent Ferrante
 64th Pct., Sgt. Burton Royce

66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
 66thct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
 68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan
 70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

We extend our hearty congratulations to our Inspector, James Fitzpatrick, of the 10th Division, on the completion of thirty years in the Department.

Sergeant Harold Devine has the 62d Precinct bowling team in full swing. Let's hear from those good bowlers in the other precincts.

Our best looking patrolman is Patrolman Ryan; our Beau Brummel is Patrolman Eddie Boggan, the sheik of 86th Street.

Patrolman Jacobi works his post on his day off still trying to make his first arrest.

Patrolman Schwamberger is well known on 86th Street. When he appears on the job everything is peaceful and serene.

Patrolman Jim Collins is falling away to a ton; too much spaghetti. Underwiser claims all fat people are generous and jolly. The big boaster, he weighs 290.

The GLUE BOYS, Hofaker and Ed Maguire, always stick together.

Patrolman Abe Marker has just started the Nut Squad; Patrolman Goldstein refused to join. Abe

now owns a bullet-proof vest, a pearl handled revolver and a left-handed nightstick. Abe worked the signal monitor the other night and bought a nickel's worth of coffee, but claims the job isn't worth it.

The 62d Precinct is always smiling. The reason is a smile is contagious, and we have the greatest laughers in the Department in Sergeants Hickson and Dennehy. That roar of theirs would put Joe E. Brown to shame.

Our strong man is Patrolman Malthaner. He has a chest expansion of one-half an inch. Patrolman Marley is the weakling, with an expansion of only six inches.

Sergeant Henry is the fastest talker in the city. When Floyd Gibbons heard him, he reported sick.

Cremo Brannigan and Powers are going hunting down on Cropsey Avenue for DEARS.

WOW! Did Parkville hit the Captains' list? We went over a hundred per cent. Yowsah, among the successful ones were Lieutenants Jacob Levy, Geoffrey Shea, Robert Nelson and Edward Xenodochius. We extend our congratulations to you all.

Patrolmen Joseph Kabelka and Danny Rogan will soon be the proud possessors of commendations for outstanding arrests. Nice work, boys, you deserve them.

The "Tar Pot Brigade" is growing to be a large organization. It was founded by Walter McCaddin. The roster now includes such celebrities as Andy Fuller Beres, Edwin Crane and Hildig Johnson. Mother McCaddin, as he is affectionately called, was elected president and was inaugurated with a lily white snowball sent anonymous. His acceptance speech was a classic of the ages.

Even though some one did wing a snowball at McCaddin, we have to pat him on the back for his capable assistance to Eddy Entwhistle in bringing in a stickup artist.

It seems Dave Meza is trying to steal the Beau Brummel title from Eddy Entwhistle.

While doing a school crossing at Elm and Coney Island Avenues, a sweet young thing approached Salvatore Argano and asked what picture he was filming.

"What picture do you see being filmed?" inquired Salvatore.

"Why, Clark Cable, quit your spoofing," answered the sweet young thing.

Salvatore's chest expanded greatly until some one informed him the girl was Gracie Allen's sister.

We are glad to see Al Tice back in harness after losing a decision to a traffic stanchion. Well, Happy, you can shake hands with John J. Lee; he was almost hung by one.

The Forster Avenue kid, John Pierano, finally mustered up enough courage to go and do it. John marched down the middle aisle with his light of love. We wish him luck, happiness and plenty.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. John Murray

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

CHARITY WANTED FOR A VERY NEEDY CASE AT THE 76TH PCT.—Tom Russell, "Old Man Sunshine," needs a new 1933 Chevrolet. Will somebody please donate something toward it. He can't make it in Rummy.

In the middle of a conversation Henry (Chipmunk) Waitward remarked: "I wish we had another railroad strike." This sort of verifies an old story of him conveying passengers from the Long Island Railroad depot to 86th Street, Brooklyn, years ago.

Frank Herman Klinck, the former butcher, feels at home only when he is standing in sawdust. We wonder if he'd like a brass rail, too.

Patrolman John Murphy told some of the boys that his girl friends looked like Gloria Swanson. Detective Walter Curtis said the one he saw around Hamilton ferry looked more like Aunt Jemima.

Patrolman Willie (Gong Gong) McLaren shows his love for motorcycles by going to the foot of 33d Street, Brooklyn, on his time off to watch the cops turning out on the day tour.

Joe Eilertsen would like to know why the Elks Club can't sell ginger ale two bottles for a quarter the same as the chain stores. Joe remembers when they sold coffee for two cents on Myrtle Avenue.

An Embarrassing Moment—Imagine the feelings of Detective Carl Lawrence when his wife, with whom he was out riding, went looking for a cop after another motorist obstructed their way.

Patrolman Bill Deichler can be seen daily pushing a baby carriage in Prospect Park. We heard his wife refuses him his bacon and eggs until he gives the baby an airing.

John (Diamond Lil) Duane was seen buying a ladies' diamond ring recently. This means he will soon desert the bachelors' ranks.

It is with regret that we announce the retirement of Lieutenant John Driscoll and Sergeant Charlie Hanneman. May they live long and enjoy their pensions.

Eddie Hansen, operator of a radio patrol, has a rabbit's foot secreted in the car.

John Gleason supervised the recent repainting of the Butler Street station house.

When Lieutenant Jerry Crowley was transferred to Butler Street it was Hamilton Avenue's loss and our gain.

Sergeant John Leonard installed a night club in his home at Hollis, L. I., and played host to prominent people New Year's eve.

Jim Dowdell, our new genial Sergeant, is learning the ropes. Jim, you need a pass on Columbia Street from Bob Richardson.

"Banjo Eyes" Byrnes would like to know who is getting the eight cents on the new pay check.

Due to association with Lester MacFayden, Nick De Lisa has discontinued paying Felix the bootblack.

"International Cutey" Schmitt was seen wearing a derby.

Mrs. Arthur Denyse surprised her husband with an eight-pound boy. Dame Rumor has it that the Phil Malones will also have an increase soon.

Patrolman Sylvester Flanagan, after strenuous years guarding the State Street pier, has been advanced to coal dispenser. He now works all day tours to the envy of Patrolman Millmore.

One of the mysteries at Brooklyn Headquarters has been solved. The gloom surrounding James "Worms" Devine is due to the falling off of the worm business. "Worms" confided to Joseph "Bunt Nose" Reardon that the fishermen are using the worms over again. He wants a law passed against it. It is a shame after "Wormie" puts in so much time digging worms that he should be deprived of his profits. He should, however, remember times are bad and a reduction in price may help. John "Goffer" Woods is doing his best to help the sale by giving daily lectures on the benefits of deep sea fishing, at the end of which he puts in his plug for Jimmie's worms.

Conditions are getting embarrassing around the 11th Division. Lieutenant "Dapper" Coon found a banana peel in front of his locker. It probably wasn't put there purposely, but then again, why are the elevator doors left open, this building being so full of superior officers? "Watch your steps, Big Boys!"

A sergeant for each patrolman, some of the boys say. Patrolman Grumble Neumann says they need more than that. Some of them need a chaperon, he avers.

Joe Hill, the demon composer from Mill Basin is resting on new laurels. Joe has discovered a brand new way of opening automobile doors. Anyone having this trouble call Joe he will take care of it, pronto. Of course you will have to pay for the new glass, Joe always does.

12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherieich
69th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Hitz

PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. James Hurley
73a Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

The Ghost of the 63d Precinct wonders why:

Patrolman Heinz is true to one gal, when his name indicates 57 varieties?

Sergeant Pollack barks the loudest at the men he likes the best?

Patrolman Lyons is always cryin' and Patrolman Byrnes is always happy?

Patrolman Dietz is so thin and has such an enormous appetite?

Patrolman Fitzgerald has changed so, since he has been driving?

Patrolman Stahl doesn't tell us the date of his coming marriage?

Patrolman Jordan is visiting renting agents?

Patrolman Delaney needs a female bodyguard on the first and sixteenth?

No one can guess who I am?

Patrolman Herrity is a bachelor?

Patrolman Kaplan let Blum's story pass?

Patrolman Kelly visits the beauty parlors so often?

Patrolman Venterelli does so much writing in his little book and his pal Vitale does so little writing?

He should be wondering why?

13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

The 77th Precinct has again gone in strong for dominoes and a feud developed between the "Detonating Detective," the Yellow Cab, Little Willie and the best doorman we've ever had. The Cab figured safe and soft sailing for his White Owls, but is now content with buying his own. He found a conspiracy existing.

The "Upper Strata" reports 1932 was a "velly bad" year, and that the cut for 1933 will have to be balanced some way in order to pass the "Board of Estimate and Bigger Proportionment" at home.

The radio recorders and operators are always making suggestions. "We oughta have heaters in 'em. We oughta swap around driving. We need rifles, and holes in the windshields to put them through." The latter some of the boys already have.

When the station-house was repainted the outdoor cleanliness cop was heard to suggest that they give Baneo a coat of whitewash.

INTERESTING ITEMS OF THE 79TH PRECINCT

Our new President.—The Ambassador's mustache.—Charlie UP and Charlie DOWN.—Twins for Patrolman Reilly.—James Dargan, the new broom.—Bill Stoutenburgh, the old broom.—Our champion bullet dodger, O'Leary.—Radio Patrol or Crime Prevention Bureau; ask Rea.—A compass, clock and

calendar for Nann, from Santa Claus.—Detective Strowbridge's indignation of last month's write-up.—Ski-jumpers' contest, July 4th, 1933, St. Albans vs. Rego Park, L. I.

Could it be possible that our Social Secretary, Patrolman Vincent Walsh, of the 4th Squad, is traveling under an alias? An old friend was heard to address him as (Elmer) Duggit.

The Rudy Vallee of the 80th Precinct is none other than our dear friend, Jack Gleavy. Ask the Sheridan Post comrades.

It looks as if a bachelor of long standing is about to take the fatal step. Tom Hamill, we are surprised at you, but wish you all the luck in the world.

If your Frigidaire is out of order, consult Joe (Medicine Chest) Spellman; he has proven himself an expert.

On Christmas Eve, Detectives Casey and Meehan of the 80th Squad were seen in front of the station-house pulling rabbits out of their iron derbies for the kiddies.

Will Patrolman Watts please return that overcoat to Omar, the Tentmaker? And will Patrolman Hank Smith please call at the McAlpin Hotel and see the manager about a weeping towel.

Dynamite Tony Savoca may be small, but he pulled an iron man stunt on a 250-pound desperado recently.

Patrolman Duke Farrell is practicing speeches somewhere in the wilds of Flatbush. He will use them campaigning for his pal, John Wafer, who is running for P. B. A. delegate against First Broom Scotty Wegge.

We also have in our command Patrolman Nate Friedman. (If you want it, he can get it for you wholesale.)

In a recent issue of SPRING 3100 we stated that Patrolman Eichhorn was the checker champion of the 81st Precinct. Since then he has taken the measure of Lieutenant Sirosoy. The Lieutenant claimed the championship of the 13th Detective Division.

We wonder why Patrolman Danielson has kept his recent marriage so quiet! How about a blow-out, Dan?

Abe Cohen, up in the mountains on his vacation, is hunting quail. We wonder if he'd know one if it bit him?

Patrolman Reynolds, undaunted by the depression, is taking to himself a bride. This is also a secret!

Sergeant Peter Polski, 88th Precinct, who has been lying on the broad of his back with a broken leg for the past ninety days, would like the boys to give him a "SEE" at the Naval Hospital, Ward F, 2 P. M., daily. Go around and give a good fellow a visit.

Detective Arthur J. De Marries, Patrolmen Arthur P. Hayes, Hans H. Hansen, Edward W. Marzetta and John P. Swing, all members of the 88th Precinct, received mention for meritorious police work during the year 1932. We give these boys a big hand.

Patrolman Charles Daly, of the 88th Precinct, after being in the Department twenty-nine years got married, and then retired at the age of 51 years. (O, whatta man!)

14TH DIVISION

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. William J. Hughes
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schuebel

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

90th Pct., Ptl. Emanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry V. von Hasselt
94th Pct., Ptl. Donald White

The 85th Precinct is all aflutter over the proposed boxing match between Patrolmen Harry Goldberg and Charlie Cusack. Charlie is practicing his proposed speech before the "Mike" after the contest. The words go as follows: "Hullo, Mudder dear. It wuzza great fight, but I wind, good bye." The winner of the contest will challenge all comers within the 14th Division.

Patrolman Freddie Maggiora has applied to the Supreme Court to have his name changed to Maguire. The boys think Schultz would be more appropriate and get him farther.

Have you noticed the attention our coal barons at the 85th Precinct, Patrolmen Koch and Smith, give to the young, good-looking widows? Some of the boys wish they were coal dealers.

One of our recruits, "Smiling Dick" Angrees, the battleship rower of the 3d Squad, has taken unto himself a bride. Marriage is like a battleship; it has its ups and downs. So up all hammocks and keep fast there, mate, hold to the wheel and guide your ship straight. Lots of luck to you from the boys in blue.

Patrolman Nicholas, of the 87th Precinct, went hunting in the wilds of Sullivan County and got lost. When found, he was sitting on the roof of a farm house swinging a red lantern. Patrolmen Otto Renz and Charlie Wordoski were in the party and promised to bring the boys some venison. Charlie claimed they hit a few deer, but they didn't fall. What were you boys using, putty blowers? "Vass you dere, Sharley?"

Boo Boo Kennedy tells all how the 90th Precinct gets cold. He told our house man how to make a fire, as he does at his home, where he saves coal by burning the ashes over and over. Anyone owning a house drop a line to Boo Boo and he will give you the benefit of his knowledge.

Dick Faber was telling the boys about a cousin of his who was in the war and was wounded by shrapnel, and how he won the iron cross.

The Mohawk Indian of the 90th Precinct, Phil Schear, went to Saskatchewan to abandon the Bachelors' Club. Better bring your skis with you, and a few dogs to bring the bride back. The boys of the 6th Squad will furnish the baby carriage. Lots of luck, Big Chief.

Patrolman Edmund (Budget) Smolinski, 92d Precinct, is hard at work trying to put in a new system in keeping with the salary cut. Keep at it, Eddie, the experience may yet make you the Budget Director of the city.

Patrolman Jerome (Romeo) Coughlin has decided to ride home in his own chariot. Slandering remarks from his pal, Patrolman William (Sugar Bill) Royal, is the cause of the decision.

Patrolman Lester Fink is trying hard to gather another commendation. Well, boys, he deserves it; he works sixteen hours a day.

Patrolman William (Chowder) Murray yearns to see that Tony, the bootblack, gets along in this world. Some of the boys think Tony doesn't appreciate it. What do you think, Billy, old boy?

15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Herman J. Manners

106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egan

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

103d Pct., Ptl. Joseph A. Doyle
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

The poor children of Jamaica wish to thank the members of the 103d Precinct for the fine Christmas party and entertainment. Carl Spackman played the role of Santa Claus, and was assisted by Andy Cummings, John Ulrich, Bert Holzbach and Bill Lustering.

Patrolman Chas. Blacke played the part of Chief Rain-in-the-Face.

Now we know why Victor Stauch nearly busted from chest expansion. We learned that "Vic" is the proud father of a bouncing boy, 7½ pounds.

And not to be outdone, Patrolman Clinton Haas was presented with a baby boy, 7¾ pounds. Congratulations, Pops. May there be room for more.

Chief Attendant Jim McAuliffe and "just an attendant," Frank Hopp, formerly of Mercer Street, were seen checking up on the corners of the back room. Maybe Santa left something there for them.

Otto Ripp, chief patrol wagon operator, claims he held the domino championship of the Department for eight years, way back in 1900. You ought to see him play!

John Dollard, known as "Peg Leg," will enter the 100-yard dash this season.

Joe Tuma was seen in a Fox news reel. Gee, it's lucky none of the Hollywood producers saw that slide, or we would be missing a good cop.

Artie Minns, for good police work, was promoted to the Fly Squad. Keep up the good work.

The 103d bowling team started their first series against the 114th Precinct, and lost the first game by a close margin of 300 pins. Watch out for the next game!

16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

111th Pct., Ptl. Reinhardt Schmidt
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

Pop Larkin, of the 111th Precinct, can be seen any day giving the mothers on Bell Avenue advice on the care of babies.

It's a good thing for us that the bankers did not adopt the retrenchment policies of Sergeant Gorman and Patrolman Loeschman, for if they had, what a deal we would have got.

It is said that Bill Spillet is an old veteran of Swat Mulligan's Oshkosh team. It might be so at that. Some say he is living in Oshkosh now.

Tommy Roden claims we can all laugh now, but when he gets his new teeth he will be able to eat like all the rest of us.

Detective Zengen claims that to be regardless of this and regardless of that is to be irregardless of all.

The curing ability of one of our Lieutenants was well demonstrated Christmas Eve., when Patrolman Lang, alias Fu Man Chu, was put on a special post and wanted to go sick. When the Lieutenant told him that he'd have to wait for the doctor, Lang became healthy again.

Patrolman Spaulding didn't see any Santa Claus in Bayside this year. He thinks the transportation facilities must have been very poor.

Patrolman Ludwig has become the father of a future policeman. Congratulations to father and mother and success to the son.

Pop-Eye Conroy, of Marble City, claims he is still very much alive regardless of what the 9th Squad think about him. He maintains they are all morons.

Patrolman Larimer, the Kentucky farmer, claims that the farmers back home are not getting such a good break these days. He is glad to be a cop.

Patrolman Brown likes to work in this precinct as the country puts him in mind of the days he used to milk the cows on the farm, before breakfast.

Patrolman Waizman was nearly run over on Christmas Eve in Little Neck, looking for Santa Claus, having got a tip that he was seen around.

Happy New Year to you all from the 108th Precinct, and also to the beautiful McLaughlin sisters who sent most of us such nice cards.

The precinct mourns the loss of Edward Foley, one of our beloved buddies.

If you want to find out what technocracy is get a slant of "Angel" Gabriel, the efficient one-fingered typist.



Our own Baron Muenchausen, Patrolman Sehring, is quite a card.

Some radio team! Ludwig the 5th and "What a Head" Golden. Get off the air.

Patrolman Lange made quite a Santa Claus at the "Blue Cub." The kiddies had a nice time, and every time they looked at Santa, they said: "What a crowd."

Sydney Fishbein and Joe Odze are rehearsing for a radio engagement. Odze will furnish the hook-up.

Our choice for president of the "Cup of Tea Club" Frankie (Oh my yes) Battestein.

Congratulations to Marvin Slicklin on the arrival of a newcomer to his domain.

A few favored members of the 112th Precinct witnessed the amazing spectacle of John Francis Pooler (himself) going through all the intricate movements of the Hula-Hula. Can that boy step—and were we surprised! Still they say there's nothing new under the sun.

Lieutenant Smith and Sergeant Lisa were heard arguing as to who was the smallest. Just when Smitty was getting the best of it, Sergeant Lisa bowled him over with: "Don't be bragging, BIG BOY, I used to be a big strapping guy like you myself."

17TH DIVISION TRAFFIC PTL. JOHN WILSON

The boys of the 17th Division office wish to congratulate their new Sergeant, John P. Lorch, on his recent promotion. May this be the first step towards a series of promotions to the top. Success.

George Killen, our big jokester, always has a new one for the boys. George stays up all night listening to Ed. Wynn and Eddie Cantor, then tries to imitate them the next day in the office. Get a couple of new ones, George.

Frank Banger has been a happy bachelor for quite some time, but now he goes around with a sad look on his face. It looks like a bad case of Lovey-Dovey. Right? Frank? Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A. (Editor's note: Your reporter, Walter Schad, was a bit late with his news this month due to the loss of his little son, two years of age, on December 28th. However, he still found time to look out for the interests of his fellow workers by getting his "knock and boost" column together. He wanted to apologize for his tardiness, but we can only admire his spirit under such circumstances and extend to him our sincere sympathy.)

Patrolman Chevreton has retired, and a sign reads: "Under new management," and signed "Mike Keane." It'll be mice you catch now instead of horses.

Patrolman O'Brien uses the vacuum cleaner on his 1927 model derby.

He's gone! Sergeant Frank Stabile is now a plain citizen. Here's wishing you the best of luck, and I'm sure the boys will all join in. Drop in and see us some time.

A cop goes out and gets his man, but Patrolman McCloskey has them come to him. Yeah, and on my post, too!

Patrolman William Mahr is now a member of the Honor Legion.

Haven't seen Ray around the village lately.

Sergeant Grimes is enjoying a thirty-day rest on the Queensboro Bridge, and Sergeant Murphy is

wishing the time will fly so that he can have his turn. Oh, yes, he is! Take the pen along, Sergeant.

Lieutenants O'Leary and Hart are on the Captains' list. Here's the best wishes of the entire command that they're both in the money.

P. S.—"Did you pass my corner on Christmas?"

C. Patrolman Holecek is getting a terrible bay window. Patrolman MacLaren says it looks like a bass drum.

Patrolman Gerold is whistling "Somebody is coming to my house." Wonder who?

Mr. and Mrs. Hitzler wish to announce that their dog, Fritz, has survived its recent illness.

Any of you young married fathers who want first-hand information on how to prepare the bottles and take care of the baby's wash, see our Loving Father, Patrolman George Muhlmeyer.

TRAFFIC "C" EFFICIENCY.—Patrolman Marousek, stationed at 5th Avenue and 29th Street, received an alarm from the Radio Patrol at 11 A. M. relative to a stolen car, and at 11:03 A. M., three minutes later, he was on his way to the station house with car and prisoner. Try and beat that!

Our coffee drinking champ, Patrolman Herman Witten, wishes to challenge any member of the Force who disputes his right to this title. If you doubt his ability for drinking coffee, see Mr. Hanover. Herman has the doorstep worn out.

E. Conversation between the Captain's chauffeur, "Colonel Stoop" Corell, and our attendant, "Bud" Huestis, relative to the "Colonel's" hunting expedition for rabbits last month, brought to light that the only HARES the "Colonel" saw were the HAIRS that blew into his eyes, and they, believe me, are very few—resulting in shots fired, no hits, no rabbits.

"Bud" Huestis is the "Colonel's" "YES MAN," and he suggested that they go out for ducks the next time the "Colonel" wants to go hunting and get them on the wing. Let's hope that when they do, the ducks don't get a drop on them while taking aim. That's all for the present.

Happy to report that Captain Ralph Micelli is back at his desk after a recent illness.

Lieutenant John T. Higgins obtained a prominent place on the recent eligible list for Captaincy. Incidentally, he was in command during the holidays and looked stunning in his new uniform. Too bad that little old moth had so much fun with his Sam Brown belt.

Once more we are proud of the members of Traffic "E" for DEPARTMENTAL RECOGNITION received for services well rendered. Patrolman Eddie Meyers, honorable mention; Patrolmen Thomas D. Lancer and Patrick O'Rourke, commendation; Patrolman Patrick Faughan, excellent police duty.

On December 14, 1932, two of the finest characters in the Department retired on honorable pension. We refer to Patrolman Jeremiah P. O'Connor and his pal, John Flanagan. Jerry entered the service in June, 1904, and John on the following April. Both served many years together solving intricate traffic problems at Columbus Circle. We wish them a fond farewell and pray that they will enjoy a well merited pension for many years to come.

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

I. Ptl. James Kenney
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

K. Ptl. Harry Shortell
L. Ptl. Harry Hughes
M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

TRAFFIC "L" OLOGUES

We are the boys of Traffic "L."

The pick of New York's Best,
They found we knew our job so well

They keep us from the rest.
 Some are here to study traffic,
 So the public gets a break,
 While others are here for nothing more
 Than the air they are forced to take.
 Now take O'Connor, Dan Ryan and Steel,
 Ambitious as can be,
 Waiting for "Hanover's" truck
 With coffee and eats for three.
 Next comes the "Lost Battalion,"
 That loves to work in the dark,
 It's none other than the missing three—
 Schaefer, Gleason and Clark.
 Next in line is Mike McHugh,
 Who handles traffic swell,
 The fastest move he ever made
 Was his transfer to Traffic "L."
 Now you've heard of "Jessie James,"
 And his horse that carried him through,
 But you've never heard of Feltman,
 Who forgot more than "Jessie" knew.
 Take Ertola now, a wonderful boy,
 You never can get his goat,
 Except you start to kid him
 About a certain pretty "boat."
 Let's not forget our Raymond,
 Waterbury is his last name;
 He should have been a boxer,
 The cops for him is tame.
 Oh, I could go on forever,
 Telling of more I know so well,
 But it's just the same old story,
 That's why they're in Traffic "L."
 Now don't get a bad impression,
 And think the men of "L" are sad,
 For when it comes to a copper,
 And at our merits we're not ravin',
 Being counseled by "Mahatma" Craven,
 They're the best there is to be had.

SINBAD.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 5 SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

Joseph McLaughlin, the Mahatma Ghandi of this squad, is helping out the unemployed considerably. He's letting the boys of the lower Bronx learn a new trade by having them cut his hair. (Doesn't charge them for tuition, either.)

Jim O'Hara expects to go middle-aisling with his "She's a Honey" within the next six months, according to inside information.

John Wynne, the big rope man, is expecting a blessed event shortly. Nothing new for him. Lots of luck.

A big welcome to Sergeant John Casey, a new addition to our sewing circle. A regular fellar who knows what it's all about. Success.

Paul Champlin, the big marble man from the "sticks," is about to celebrate his first wedding anniversary and also the arrival of a singing canary to keep company with the other birds in his little pent house.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 8 PTL. JAMES A. SPARROW

About 2:30 A. M. the other morning Moe Kriesler came tearing out on the garage floor bellowing: "The T. B. 'phone—the T. B. 'phone." Al Egan was sitting there mumbling to himself, "A person who—a person who."....Land's tie looks like a Christmas present from Mussolini....All that Mills needs with that new hat is a horse....Jimmie Strange, alias "Jimmie the Sniff," can harmonize, and how!....Mike Hartling, the John McCormick of the squad, and "Pop" Hartling will now render, "I had but 50 cents." Just two kids, that's all.

Resolved for the new year—Charlie Mullins: No more Preacher Man....Maddock: To get the things that he is sent for....Innenberg: No more training....Gallagher: No more handball....Meyer: No more farm life.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 12 PTL. JOHN SHAUGHNESSY

Ed (Baron) Farrell, the well-known prevaricator of the squad, rivals Jack Pearl with stories of his past experiences. O. K., "Ed," we've got to kill the eight hours somehow.

"It was worth the worry," was John (Blimp) Simms' daily comment relative to his late painful experience. Good old "Life Begins."

Fishing trips come and fishing trips go, but in our squad they go on forever; together with the soft music and stories. Patrolman Murphy lost first prize last week by one pound. The fellow on his right catching a one-pound ling.

"Five and Ten" Yokono, well-known fistic exponent of the squad, recently lost a decision to a 110-pound rough and tumbler, and as a result got the inside dope on an East Side ash can. It's a good thing he apologized, eh, Joe?

The squirrels in Prospect Park are calling "Pop" Gibbons back home. Peanut shells can still be found in his pockets as evidence of his old-time generosity, which he has since outgrown.

CRIME PREVENTION BUREAU

The MAN-O-WAR P. A. L. basketball team from the 14th Precinct is making a very good showing on the local basketball courts. These lassies were organized and are managed by Lieutenant O'Grady, who issues a challenge to any girl team in the Department or city. The Lieutenant claims that his girls are unbeatable and he would like to prove it. (How about you, girls?)

Man-o-War				McFadden Girls			
	G.	P.	F.		G.	P.	F.
Glander, Anna, R. F.....	4	8	0	Gnelet, M.	1	3	1
Cullen, Helen	0	0	0	Cavanaugh, M.	0	0	0
Wolfe, Alvyna, L. F.....	3	7	1	Harner, E.	1	2	0
Balsam, Rita, C.....	0	0	0	Aipt, J.	0	0	0
Mikilia, Mary, R. C.....	0	2	2	Wasstra, S.	0	0	0
Kelly, Helen	0	0	0	Biruse, H.	1	2	0
Scaaffer, L. G.....	0	0	0	Keppa, E.	0	1	1
Crip, Hazel	0	0	0	Swatt	1	3	1
Totals	7	17	3	Totals	4	11	3

Won by Man-o-War, P. A. L. score, 17. Loser, MacFadden Girls; score, 11. Where played—Hudson Guild, 436 West 27th Street. Date—Jan. 11, 1933. Referee—Edward Glander. Timekeeper—James Hart. Scorer—William Taylor.

CHIEF INSPECTOR'S SQUAD

EDITOR: U WOOD LOVE 2 No.

Jake Weiss, the Beau Brummel of the squad (in his own opinion), makes the same appearance in his new tuxedo as would a longshoreman if he were placed into one unexpectedly.

Jake's password is "Are the expense checks ready?"

Edward McCarthy—the man who likes to part with money, for any collection taken up. It takes him a week to recuperate from the shock.

Albert Siebel—Our friend, Al Siebel, was seen in Portchester in the early hours of the morning looking for a justice of the peace. From all accounts, it looks like he will be sailing on the sea of matrimony in a very short time. Best of luck!

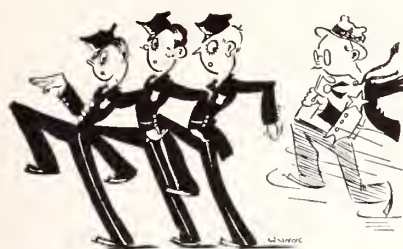
HACK BUREAU

PTL. MAURICE HEALY

The King is dead! Long live the King!

Frank "Big Boy" O'Brien was seen in the sporting goods department of one of the big stores looking over rowing machines. No good, Frank, you can't take it off that way. Ask J. Thomas MacIntyre, he tried it.

Since Martin "Little Willie" Ruland got that telephone as a Xmas present maybe he won't call our poor operator so often now.



If George White is looking for a specialty for his new show, I would recommend that he hear Povey, Walsh and Higgins sing their new song, "The Sheriff Blues."

Who was the cellar door dancer seen picking up a nipple the other day and offering it to a little lady with a child in her arms? That Investigating Squad is always willing to help a lady.

Ray Downey is walking around with a sheepish look on his face. The Shadow paged him the other day to Cook's. What's the matter, Ray, can't she cook? Ah, well, we all had to break in, so don't worry.

Frank Merschon is buying an entire new outfit of clothes and the house has just been painted. Let's in on it, Frank, what is it, a bride or what!

George Wilson is following the notices in the Special Orders these days. Sorry, George, but it seems that all the old fellows are holding on.

Walter E. B. Harkins was sent to a branch of the Traffic Court the other day and found himself in the Bronx. The Traffic Court was located in Manhattan—and he's on the Sergeants' list. Explain it!

AIR SERVICE DIVISION

WUN WING LOW

We are now located at Floyd Bennett Field, one of the most beautiful airports in the country. This new location delights such appleknockers as Hellebrand, Terranova and Mulligan. Such poor property owners as Kafka and Friedman probably meet themselves coming home to Long Island City.

Cream Puff Moran wants to start a squatters' colony in Jamaica Bay.... Hotcha Ryan is about to have the springs in his heels renewed.... Bill Slater, our conscientious objector, reports he slew a deer in Maine after a terrific struggle. After seeing some pictures, we admit that the cow must have been hard to coax, to lie down.

Buster Harkins recently invited some of the boys in to show off junior, and went through all sorts of antics to make junior perform, but in vain. Suddenly junior cried, "Hey, Mom, I think Pa has gone nuts."

6TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. CORNELIUS J. BROWNE

We want to take this opportunity to congratulate Detective Michael Minter of the 25th Squad and Detective Frank McLoughlin, on their promotion to 1st Grade Detective, and also Michael J. Foley, alias Joseph, to 2d Grade, and also Detective O'Leary.

Well, we are all waiting for the date of the beefsteak that "MAH BOYS" are going to tender to Acting Lieutenant Battle, who has control over them. What a battle fleet Sam has charge of!

Here's one for the book: Who left four cases of choice can goods at Acting Lieutenant Shields' house? There was no name attached. Just think of what a present that was, and not to know the sender. John, get some of the sleuths working on this.

Frank Spottke is one of the busiest detectives in the 28th Squad, asking "who got out to-day?" and then getting the list and crossing them out. "Well, that leaves me number so and so."

Poor Frank McLaughlin and Jim Lynch, of the 23d Squad, did a few very fancy steps on Christmas, the Christmas glide. They finished up by shaking everyone by the hand and wishing them the greetings of the season. I wonder why!

We wish to congratulate Lieutenant Kiley of the 32d Squad on his wonderful showing on the Captains' list.

I wonder why Detective Parretti of the Gun Squad keeps looking at the restaurant windows! He must have a longing for his former job of Bus boy.

7TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. McCOURT AND MILLER

Why did Detective (Little Joe) McAllister leave Margie's Gruen wrist watch in the bath tub on Christmas Eve? Did he ever hear of Santa Claus coming through the faucets!

Heard from Jerry Smith: "What's the matter, pal, are you sick? Wait until I call up Florence, she's the swellest nurse in Fordham."

When Uncle Louie Bengston made a certain detective carry a crate of oranges for his Van Nest plantation, you should have heard Herman rave.

Happy days are here again. Detective Damrau has announced his engagement to—Miss FRED WEISS.

Who was the guilty party that posted the picture of PINETSKY, the wrestler, on Joe McKeown's locker? I wonder did they think there was any resemblance and who is that other guy?

Lieutenant Bill Rice has turned out to be one of the best tenors in these parts. He has his practice in the morning with his 10 canaries. PEEP, PEEP, TIMMY.

Detective George Lawton has again taken up the old nightstick. George says that every time he takes off his hat the boys go rushing at his head with knives and forks.

Detectives Killoran and Chamer are still working on the famous mystery as to who dropped the crumbs in Killoran's plaster cast and caused the Board of Health to do a little fumigating.

Detective Tom Sheehan, of the 40th Squad, was seen walking down the street with what looked like a poodle, until it came to a fruit stand, reached up and grabbed an apple. Where did the POLICE DOG get the habit, Tom?

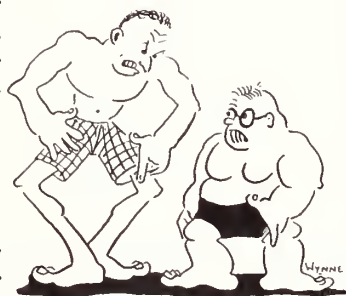
Mike Harris, of the 48th Squad, tells me that his pockets aren't safe even when he goes to the scene of a crime. Some one must care an awful lot for Chesterfields!

We, the boys of Radio Car No. 278, challenge any radio car in the five boroughs to put a man up against our one and only "Handsome Jumping Joe Dugan". Ha, ha, the working girl's friend. Is he handsome? Ask him. One look at him and the girls go Ga Ga. Especially Red Heads.

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT DET. JOHN P. WERLE

"Fatso" Allan Currie and "Butch" Johnnie Breen have been rehearsing and practicing an act.... With their pudgy hands they have become quite adept in extracting cigars from Tommy Layden's pockets—when Tommy HAS any.

Someone once told me that Devery HAD red hair.... but I never saw it.... and someone else told me that Dave Daly used to have his marcelled, and it got white because it was becoming.... Captain Burke



found a book.... This book tells lot of stories.... Vince Treanor is worried and Charley Schlagel and Ralph Zengen should be.... Their names were in this book.... "T. O. C." Thomas O. Caputo.... retired.... First time I ever knew Tom to quit.... He was a corking good cop and a darn good detective, and a regular feller.... What a lucky break his frau is getting: to have Tom around all day would make anyone feel good.... I ate with him and slept with him and knew him as good as any cop could know another, and I say, in this parting of the ways.... that the Department lost a darn good "white" man, who knew his job and did it.... Good luck, old timer, and I hope you live many years to enjoy your pension....

Now, Tony "Spags" Grottano is holding the bag.... He is the chief Italian detective in the district and Lieutenant Donelon is proud to be commanding officer over a chief.... Joe Maloney of the 114th is the nearest thing to a Beau Brummel we've had in this district since Jack Hurton went out to the "sticks."

"Chorge" Mitchell of the 110th tells a good one about Bill Barrett.... Wesley Juber (ain't Wesley a nice name for a cop) had his ears cocked up like an army mule when George told me that one, and if I am not mistaken, copied a telephone number. Mattie "Knock-'em-dead" Heberich aspires to be a detective also. The boss is waiting for him to make the necessary pinch.... Joe Burke came back!! Started out on radio patrol about 15 weeks ago—and just came back.... and even Matty was glad to see him.... Santa Claus must have been good to old man Sadlo.... He had a new nicktie on.... It is rumored that "Hey Pop" Junior gave it to him. Acting Lieutenants John McCoy and Hugh McGovern are still watching the retirements.... Chief Aide Stein of Inspector Gallagher's staff is the best solitaire player in Queens. He challenges all comers.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 1 LT. DAVID LEVY

Jack Tracy and "Flute" Feuchter, mighty Nimrods of Troop "D", went on a hunting trip for two weeks, spent a few hundred on equipment, fares, lodging, etc., and returned with ONE Woodpecker!!!, and a tall, tall, story of not having sighted any game!!!! They should have included one of those "shoot-around-the-corner" guns in their equipment, or maybe a pair of binoculars!!!!

Dave Levy, the popular and versatile play-boy of Mounted No. 1, is sporting a brand new Stetson—the first new top-piece added to his wardrobe in five seasons!!!! My, and with a cut in salary on the horizon!!

"Ducky" Holmes, champion pig-sticker of City Island, asserts he injured his wrist while endeavoring to catch a greased pig. The in-rights say, however, that his new mount gave him a little lesson in equestrianism!!

"Play-boy" Levy, that exceedingly handsome and well-liked desk officer of Squadron No. 1, is holding forth vociferously and with great assurance on the fact that he fully expects to be in the first 25 on the Captains' List—good luck, Dave, we're all pulling for you.

Johnny Buckley, "Acting Sergeant" of Central Park Squad, was observed recently buying a new set of chevrons; also discovered studying, very assiduously, the rule on turning out a platoon. Atta boy, Johnny, it won't be long now (a couple of years or so!!!!).

Arty Butler, dashing Lothario, popularly known as the "Larchmont Lion", added new laurels to his long record of achievements at the recent horse show in Madison Square Garden, and, incidentally, added several inches to his chest and head!!!! Nice boy, Arty, but a little bit too, er—eh, well, you know!

Mike Richter, the Junior Lieutenant, received a swell box of cigars from one of his many admirers (one of the few who do not include themselves in the Senior Lieutenant's retinue) and was very cocky about it, too. The cigars were really good, kind of dark and round, and, evidently, made under the auspices, of some good riding academy, or possibly in the State Troopers' stable barracks. "Ah," said Mike, "What an aroma!" Dave Levy promptly turned green with envy and jealousy.

MOUNTED SQUADRON No. 2 PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

The members of Mounted Squadron No. 2 desire to congratulate Acting Captain Miller and Lieutenants McGowan and Lenihan for their wonderful showing on the Captains' list.

Sergeant McCamley was inspecting the men the other day and wanted to know the name of the new man in the ranks. One of the boys answered "He is not a new man, Sergeant, it is our 'State Trooper,' Johnny Reid, behind his new mustache."

POPEYE Bereczk was observed sitting in a corner cutting paper dolls one recent morning. How come, Bill?

Fred Hickey has plenty of entertainment these evenings—with the miniature railroad he built for his two boys.

"Chandu" has a rival in Harry Johnson. He will explain the magic of "Four Dollars."

Bar. 1-F elected Roy Dickson as their new P. B. A. delegate. Roy was very backward about accepting, but finally consented to take it as a favor to the boys. What about those days off, Roy?

SCHNOZZLE Meyers had a successful hunting trip. (For the deer.) Better luck next year, Lennie.

Our wandering boy (McWhirter) is back again. How long are you going to stay now, Bill?

One day, a short time ago, Frank almost picked up Al Ludwig, except for the fact that Al lives on 202nd Street and Frank goes through 201st Street. Why not buy (gas), Al?

"Hey, Brennan!" yelled Conlon, as the former reached the top of a ladder to investigate smoke coming from a small window—"That's steam, you 'old buzzard'. A lady is taking a turkish bath. Now don't you start whistling the "Star Spangled Banner."

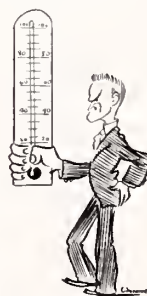
Fred. Donnelly's baby boy hugged Jim Conlon's wife so tight as to nearly break one of her ribs. Fred's wife explained that the baby takes after his father. Did you say "Bunny Hugs"?

Bar. No. 1-E was glad to see Di Lorenzo back in the ranks, recovered from his recent illness. The boys missed his familiar "How-she-a-looka".

New Year's Eve, found Bill (Flatbush Ave.) Dolan making the welkin ring with "My Wild Irish Rose".

POLICE ACADEMY

Johnny (Frigidaire) Mitchell, of the Quartermasters department, is one of the coolest men in the Police Department. His only rival is John Colletti of the 19th Division, who is not so hot either. This was proven by a recent scientific experiment.



ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Patrolmen George L. Gerhard and James T. Galligan, 20th Precinct, while on radio motor patrol duty at about 1 A. M., December 14, observed the driver of an automobile pass a signal light and then come to a stop in front of a cordial shop at 430 Amsterdam Avenue. Their suspicions aroused, Gerhard followed one of the autoists into the shop, while Galligan covered a man who remained in the car. A few minutes prior to this time, unknown to the policemen, two armed bandits had entered the shop and were holding up the proprietor and two customers as the man suspected by the officers walked in. The new customer was lined up with the others. At this point Patrolman Gerhard entered, revolver in hand. Both bandits opened fire and Gerhard dropped mortally wounded, firing as he fell. The bandits ran from the store, and after an exchange of shots with Patrolmen Galligan and Louis T. Schmidt, the latter attracted to the scene by the shooting, escaped in a taxicab. Galligan held fast to the man he had in custody, thinking him one of the gang. Patrolmen Terrance F. McDermott, Walter A. Bloomer and John O'Keefe, 20th Precinct, then joined in the pursuit, and after a further exchange of shots overhauled the car in which the bandits were fleeing at 92d Street and Central Park West and arrested one of the bandits. The second robber escaped in another taxicab and was apprehended at 111th Street and 8th Avenue by Patrolman Lee of the 34th Precinct. This man had a loaded .38-caliber revolver, 55 cartridges and a blackjack. Both were identified and have been indicted for first-degree murder.

Detectives William J. Quaine, Jeremiah F. Smith and John Petrizzo, 23d Squad, on December 30 arrested three men charged with the holdup on October 6, 1932, of Sava Kehaya, in his home at 2 East 88th Street, and the theft of jewelry valued at \$49,500. Patrolman Anthony La Roeca, 4th Detective District, assigned to the case at its inception, through persistent and intelligent trailing of one of the suspects, obtained the information resulting in the arrest of the culprits.

BRONX

Patrolman Philip J. Coyle, 42d Precinct, while on patrol at about 4 A. M., December 24, was informed by John Abus, 517 East 156th Street, that his stepfather, Adam Haseney, same address, had a revolver in his room and had threatened suicide. Arriving on the scene, Coyle was informed that Haseney had locked himself in the bathroom. As Coyle called upon him to come out, Haseney opened the door and fired three shots, seriously wounding the officer in the right breast. Coyle returned the fire, wounding the man and then grappled with Haseney, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in disarming him. Coyle was removed to Lebanon Hospital for treatment. Haseney died in Lincoln Hospital a few hours later from the wound suffered in the encounter.

BROOKLYN

Patrolmen Thomas Lawrence and James Cameron, 70th Precinct, assigned on December 27 to radio motor patrol duty, received an alarm in which was mentioned a dark sedan used in connection with holdups. Later that same day, the officers observed three men in a dark sedan at Twelfth and Chester Avenues. The driver of the sedan sped away upon the officers' approach, but was overhauled after a short pursuit and forced to the curb. One of the motorists attempted to shoot as he alighted from the car, but was quickly overpowered and disarmed. Search of the car revealed another loaded revolver and two boxes of extra cartridges. At the 70th Precinct station house the three prisoners admitted to three recent holdups.

Detectives John F. Croak, Edward L. F. Mullaney, Joseph Capano and Joseph J. O'Day, 13th Detective District, while on motor patrol duty at about 4:25 A. M., December 2, observed two trucks being unloaded in front of a garage at 595 Quiney Street. As the detectives stopped to investigate, the four men unloading the truck fled into the garage. They were located hiding in an upper loft. Brought to the 79th Precinct station house, together with the two trucks and a sedan parked suspiciously nearby, two of the men were identified by an employee of a garage at 30-40 Heyward Street as the men who an hour earlier trussed him up with wire and removed from the garage the two trucks containing merchandise valued at \$18,000. Three of the prisoners were also identified as the perpetrators of a recent holdup in Manhattan. The auto, which they admitted possessing, was found to have been stolen on February 8, 1932. The four prisoners were indicted and are now awaiting trial.

QUEENS

Patrolman Joseph Papp, 114th Precinct, off duty and in civilian clothes, at about 11:25 P. M., December 1, was playing checkers with the proprietor of a drug store at 3302 34th Avenue, Astoria, when two men entered and with revolvers drawn attempted to hold them up. The officer immediately opened fire, killed one of the bandits and apparently wounded the other, who escaped. The officer fell with a bullet in his right leg and was removed to St. John's Hospital. The second bandit was arrested on December 11 in Providence, R. I., by Detective Frank Overlander, 114th Squad.

Detectives Thomas Gallagher, Edward Gayne and John Dust, 114th Squad, and Detective George Knab, Queens Homicide Squad, were assigned on December 6 to investigate the death of Alphonse J. Lamy, found in his apartment at 2168 35th Street, Astoria, apparently murdered. Diligent investigation resulted in information connecting one Philip Peterson, of 111-19 130th Street, Richmond Hill, with the crime. Further investigation resulted in the arrest of Peterson on a farm at Purchase, N. Y., on December 8. Peterson has confessed to the slaying.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER



THOMAS BOHIAN

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 175 pounds; brown eyes; dark hair; medium complexion; taxicab driver by occupation. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



Alias

IRVING GREENE and BOBBY GREEN

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 130 pounds; dark hair and complexion. Has pimply face. Wears heavy eye-glasses. Wore dark suit, gray fedora hat. Occupation, chauffeur.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY DEMINO, alias
LOUIS ANELLO MARI, alias STUMP**

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 5 feet 2½ inches; 125 pounds; brown eyes; dark chestnut hair. Pimples on face. Wore gray overcoat and soft hat. Residence, 2423 Camhrelling Avenue, New York City. Photo number in New York Gallery B79742.

WANTED FOR MURDER



LOUIS J. RENZULLO

DESCRIPTION—23 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 150 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; dark complexion. Occupation, taxicab driver. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.

Spring 3100

FEBRUARY 1933



CHARLES
HARROLD

Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

GROVER A. WHALEN, Founder

VOLUME 3

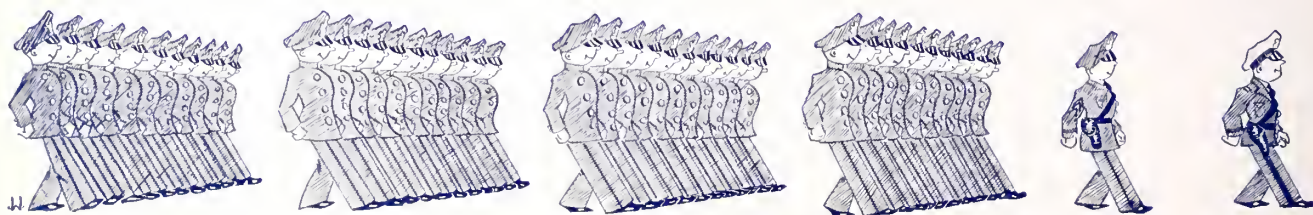
FEBRUARY, 1933

NO. 12

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK'S FINEST



EDWARD P. MULROONEY,
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

STAFF

ARTHUR N. CHAMBERLIN, Managing Editor

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Associate Editor

JAMES A. DE MILT, Art and Feature Editor

Published by the Police Department, City of New York. Address all communications to the Managing Editor,
Police Headquarters Annex, 400 Broome Street, New York City.

Editorially Speaking



*Of all the Valentines we know—John J. Copper cops the show
A Gift from Heaven—right in style—His greatest asset—just a smile*

TALKING of valentines as we weren't, but our blonde and beautiful secretary was, the prize one was the announcement by the Police Commissioner that despite the salary reductions the members of the Department contributed \$23,800 to the Mayor's unemployment relief fund during January. This gift came almost simultaneously with the \$10,000 check handed to the Mayor for the same fund as the gift of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and makes us feel that the kind words spoken by Mayor O'Brien and by the Police Commissioner concerning police charity and police courage were well merited.

Still speaking of valentines we feel that we should send one to our brother editor, Mr. John Geiss of the Department of Sanitation, whose snappy magazine, "D. S.," made its initial bow last month. Brother Geiss and his staff have turned out a cheery publication for which we predict a bright future but nothing in these lines is to be construed as advice to cancel your "Spring 3100" subscription and to shift to "D. S." if you can spare only one dime a month for magazines.

Continuing along the valentine trail we must remind you that the Police Commissioner presented one to the Department in a recent order. This edict permits those making the pilgrimage to Havana under the auspices of Police Post No. 460 of the American Legion to be absent with pay from March 25th to April 1st, with said absence to be deducted from the regular vacation period. Now doesn't this climax all efforts to make this expedition a success?

And lastly, partly in honor of the Police Commissioner's conference on Crime Prevention work and partly to give ourselves a valentine by not having to write any more of this editorial we are going to reprint the following from the Schenectady (N. Y.) Union-Star of February 1st:

"UP FROM HELL'S KITCHEN.

"Things have all gone ballywhack. The world surely is upside down. Everybody's gone haywire. The reason we know this is that cops and kids are playing together.

"What has become of the old gang spirit which used to pester the police of New York? What has become of the portly policeman who used to chase

the gang after school when it was out for deviltry? What has become of the sworn enmity to which generations of New York kids were born?

"Well, things certainly have changed! The other day there was a swimming match between the gamins of Hell's Kitchen and the guys in West Thirtieth street; between the kids who learned to swim in the dirty old Hudson River, and the denizens of the modernistic school who learned in a sanitary pool, under approved instruction, in sterilized water and all that. You know the answer; the rats of the waterfront won. The New York Herald Tribune depicts the winner:

"Jimmy, a sandy-haired, black-eyed, skinny youth, said he learned swimming in the Hudson. 'Got pitched in,' he said. 'Had to swim. That's how most of us learned. Never heard of anyone drowning yet. Not at Twentieth street.'

"'Wasn't he afraid of swimming in the river?' 'Naw!' he answered. 'Hadn't he ever been sick because of it?' Again he said, 'Naw.' Didn't he know that Dr. Wynne said boys ought to stay out of the Hudson? 'Yes.' Hadn't any of his friends ever been made sick? 'Naw.' How was the river for swimming? 'It's O. K.' Was the tide bad? 'Sometimes, it is. Then it's swell. It's swift.'

"But the most amazing thing of all is that policemen are the kids' best friends. They not only suggested the swimming match, but they aided and abetted it. They aren't the old type of policeman—great of girth and flat of foot—but the new sort, trained down to the minute, erect, slim, muscular, alert, with no more equator than an athlete. One of them—Patrolman John Young—is swimming coach for the gang. 'Part of the Crime Prevention Bureau,' the policemen said; but to the kids it was just another fight.

"They didn't know it, but they were being introduced to a fair, sportsmanlike contest. They didn't know it, but they were beginning to look to organized authority as a friendly protector, and not as an enemy. They didn't know it, but they were getting a lesson in citizenship. This is good work for the police. It is better than using nightsticks and cracking skulls. This is something constructive."

Watch for our big anniversary issue next month.

Mayor O'Brien, At P. B. A. Ball, Praises Our Charity



AN enthusiastic assemblage which filled every nook and cranny of Madison Square Garden attended the nineteenth annual entertainment and ball of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association held on the evening of January 28th. We dare not mention the exact number present, for fear that we might get some of our brave comrades of the Fire Department into trouble for permitting an overflow crowd to enter, so we must let the statement, that the huge Garden was filled to capacity, suffice.

The evening was one long to be remembered. The Police Band and the Police Glee Club gave splendid concerts. There was Joe Humphries, the stentorian-voiced announcer, to sound off for half of the all-star program, and the wonderful Eddie Dowling to take up where Joe left off. There was also the immortal Morton Downey to bring round after round of applause from an almost hysterically enthusiastic audience. And there were clown acts, tumbling acts, dancing and acrobatic acts, and a woman animal tamer who made cold shivers run down your spine and started hair growing on the tops of many bald heads by her daring.

Seated with the Police Commissioner were Deputy Commissioners Philip D. Hoyt, Felix A. Muldoon, John A. Leach, Nelson Ruttenberg, James P. Sinnott and Miss Henrietta Additon. Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Assistant Chief Inspector John J. Sullivan were also in the Commissioner's box. There were large delegations of police officials from



The greatest of these is charity.

New Jersey cities and New York State and Connecticut present.

The evening began with President Joseph P. Moran of the P. B. A. reading a message from President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt in which the latter declared that only the need of rest at Warm Springs, Georgia, prevented him from attending. President-elect Roosevelt, in his communication, said:

"Will you be good enough to tell the gathering how sorry I am that I cannot be with them and also how proud I am of the organization."

The high light of the evening was reached, however, when Mayor John P. O'Brien, after Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney had spoken, received from President Moran a \$10,000 check for the city's unemployed and in his speech of acceptance paid one of the greatest tributes to the Police Commissioner and to the Police Department that

"The Finest" has ever received. This was the third successive year that the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association has presented to the Mayor \$10,000 to be used for the needy.

Mr. Moran, in presenting the \$10,000, said:

"Mr. Mayor, it is my great pleasure as President of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association to present to you a check for \$10,000. This is the third time in succession that our organization has made this gift for the benefit of the city's unemployed, and it is with very great pleasure that I present you now with this check."

The Mayor, in his response, said:

"Mr. President, Commissioner Mulrooney, members of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, Ladies and Gentlemen: I hadn't any particular thoughts to express when I came here except a word of congratulation to the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, a word of Godspeed in their work, but I have been given the theme now and the text in this expression of the constant generosity of the Police Department of the City of New York.

"It is another evidence of their lavish generosity, another record of the things they have been doing during the period of depression to lift up the down-trodden and distressed, to bring humanity to every household. When the story of the philanthropies, of the charities and the kindnesses, of the thoughtfulness and the devotion of the people of New York during the depression period, for the unemployed and those in distress, shall have been written, one of the brightest chapters will be the story of what the policemen of New York, their officials and their Commissioner, have done during these dark days.

"So, tonight, may I be the mouthpiece of the people of the City and those who have been the beneficiaries of this great kindness coming out of the heart of the Police Department, may I be the spokesman of them and of the people of the City of New York, and say to the Commissioner and his Deputies and the rank and file of the Department, a word of deepest appreciation of what they have done? I wish to thank them for these annual contributions, repeated again tonight at this gathering, which have contributed so magnificently and substantially to many worthy charities, and I want to voice the appreciation of the beneficiaries for the many kindnesses that are without record that have come alike from higher officials and individual patrolmen to those in distress.

"May I go a step further in talking about contributions and that spirit of helpfulness in the Department? May I, as Mayor of the City, tonight, speaking for the Government of the City, pay my tribute—and it is a timely tribute—to the Police Department for being the first to offer and to take a reduction in their compensation in order to make economies, necessary economies, possible in the running of the City of New York?

"Their prompt offer to do that remained firm

and unswerving and constant during the months of discussion that we have gone through, when there was a difference of opinion as to whether any reductions or any cuts were to be suffered by the rank and file of the workers and officials of the City Government, down to the end when the final reductions were made.

"At this time when we find some of our officials—thank God they are very few—who haven't got the spirit of cooperation, who lack that great big proper understanding and true perspective of the conditions which obtain in our City today, when some of them are trying to find some way in which not to cooperate and not to contribute toward the necessary reductions, thank God we have the shining example of what our Police Department has done through it all. So, you have made economies possible, you have en-

abled the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to go forward in this effort to bring about adequate economies, and you have shown this example which is an inspiration to the 140,000 City employees of the City of New York.

"May I offer another word of thanks, for indeed the Department has heaped one great kindness upon another? May I thank you also for the stipend that you have given up every month during the past two years and a half, that has helped to make up a million and a quarter dollars subscribed for unemployment by the City employees of the City? May I thank you again, too, for having offered even with the reductions made in your compensation to go further and forward and keep

up that monthly contribution in order that the funds may be ample to take care of the unemployed and the distressed?

"I congratulate Commissioner Mulrooney upon his achievements, upon the achievements of the Department under him, upon the fine feeling and mutual understanding that exists between the officers and the men and the Commissioner, a most invaluable element in the administration of this vital department in our city.

"Ladies and gentlemen, again I thank the Department for this offering made tonight which will be turned over to the Committee on Unemployment Relief, and I wish you Godspeed in your benevolent organization."



Mayor John P. O'Brien

(Continued on page 21)

Crime Prevention Work Described



Photo courtesy The Sun.

Commissioner Mulrooney, Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon and Inspector Louis F. Costuma.

THE work of the Crime Prevention Bureau and the general subject of juvenile delinquency was discussed by the Police Commissioner. Deputy Commissioner Henrietta Additon in charge of the Crime Prevention Bureau, and Inspector Louis F. Costuma, executive officer of the Bureau, at a meeting held in the Headquarters gymnasium on January 24th, which was attended by all commanding officers of the Department. Among those present were Chief Inspector John O'Brien, Assistant Chief Inspector John J. Sullivan, and Dr. Daniel Donovan, the chief surgeon.

The Police Commissioner introducing Deputy Commissioner Additon said:

"Gentlemen, you are here this morning because I want you to have a better understanding of what this Department is trying to do in the matter of Crime Prevention.

"I think you all have some idea of what the Department is doing in this respect, but I think you will understand it better after you have heard Deputy Commissioner Additon and Inspector Costuma describe the work. I now present the Sixth Deputy Commissioner."

Deputy Commissioner Additon said:

"Our Bureau is trying to prevent crime by trying to remove conditions which make or cause delinquencies. Inspector Costuma will tell you about our work. He will explain to you just what we are trying to do, just what we are doing, and how we need your cooperation in this work.

"Besides all that we have been putting on quite a recreation program. We have been having baseball games, boxing, swimming and football games, in an effort to keep the children in New York off the streets and trying to get them to move towards

the Police. I think it is easier for the policeman to be the hero of the small boy than to have the gangster as the hero. You frequently have people say that the boys, these days, want to play the part of gangsters, when, a few generations ago they wanted to play Indians.

"It is one of the big jobs of the Crime Prevention Bureau to reach the children and we ask you for your whole hearted cooperation in aiding us to do this. Some boys now-a-days get a gun in their hands, go in and commit a crime and in trying to make their escape shoot a policeman. It is our job to get to the boys before any such thing happens.

Before Inspector Costuma speaks I want to thank you for the splendid cooperation that we have been receiving from you and your men."

Inspector Costuma said:

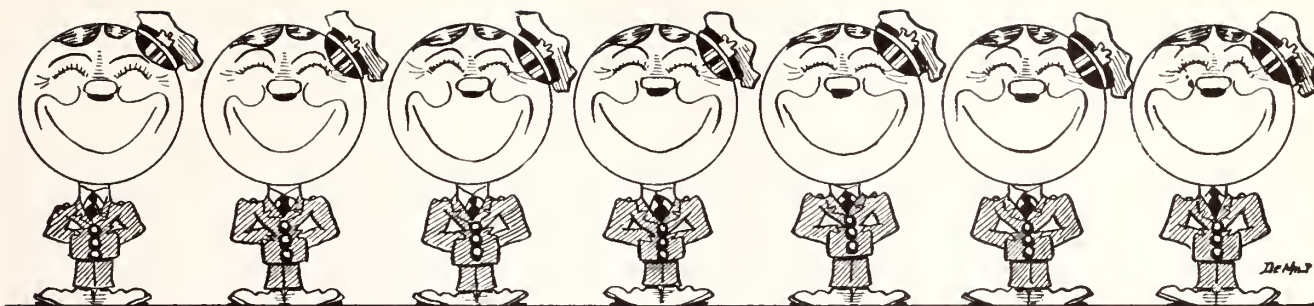
"The Sixth Deputy Commissioner has asked me to define the various cases handled by the Bureau of Crime Prevention and to explain, in the shortest way possible, how the members of this Department can cooperate with us.

"Often times we come in contact with girls who are incorrigible, disobedient and beyond control of their parents, or who associate with dissolute characters, or may be a frequent runaway from home, or a runaway from another city—do not arrest them for vagrancy, refer these girls to our Bureau. One of our women workers will investigate and, if shelter is necessary, take the girl to the Florence Crittenton Home, the Girls' Service League or St. Barnabas' House, and if court action is necessary our Bureau will take the necessary steps.

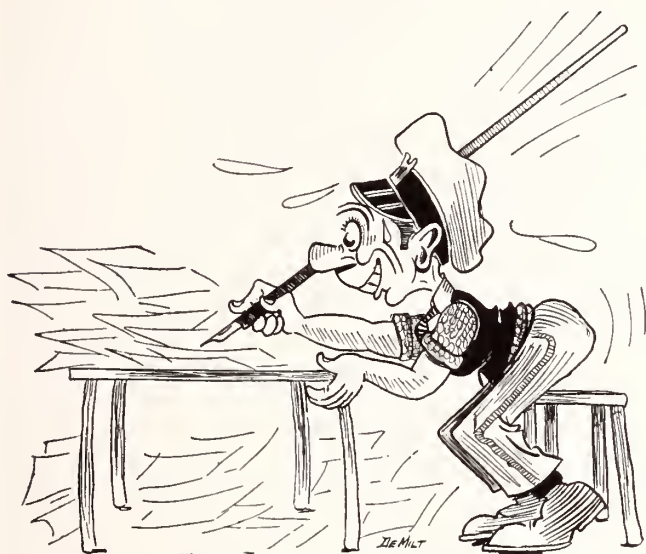
"Many times, members of the Detective Bureau come in contact with girls who have been associating with criminals in the commission of crime, but because of lack of evidence they are released. Call upon our Bureau for assistance, we may prevent many of these girls from living a life of prostitution and associating with gangsters.

"The homeless boys who may be found sleeping in subways, wandering our streets, without food, clothing, shelter or employment—do not arrest these boys, refer them to our Bureau. The Children's Aid Society has set aside the Brace House, known as the Newsboy's Lodging House, 244 William Street, for shelter, the Boy's Bureau of the Joint Application Bureau, the Y. M. C. A., Catholic and Jewish organizations are willing and anxious to aid these boys in an endeavor to secure employment for them. Boys from other cities are investigated and provisions are made for their return home.

"Last year this Bureau provided recreational activities for boys in a small way by organizing at least 5,000 into baseball nines, and by taking groups of boys and girls to the baseball games and to the football games, parks and bathing beaches, motion picture theatres and settlement entertainments. But our staff is not able to do the whole job alone. We are calling upon you and the members of your Commands for aid. While we believe that recreation is not a cure-all for crime, it will keep many of our boys and girls out of mischief."



The Prize Winners



If at first you don't succeed—

SHORT STORY CONTEST

1st Prize, \$15—Sergeant William Ahearn, 1st Precinct
2d Prize, \$10—Lieutenant Jacob Levy, 34th Precinct

KOP KOMIKS

PRIZES \$2

Sergeant Francis X. Murphy, Traffic Precinct "A."
Patrolman Abe Nelson, Stanchion Repair Shop.
Patrolman Paul J. Fox, 72d Precinct.
Patrolman Frank J. Pipolo, Emergency Squad 7.

THE RULES

Each month, SPRING 3100 will award two prizes of \$15 and \$10, respectively, for the two best short stories submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning stories will appear in the following issue of our magazine.

A prize of \$2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose cartoons are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received by the Managing Editor not later than March 8th.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY

Hats Off to the Old Timer.....	PTL. CHARLES HARROLD Cover
Editorially Speaking	3
Mayor O'Brien Praises Our Charity.....	4
Crime Prevention Work Discussed.....	6
The Prize Winners.....	7
"Who Wins"—1st Prize Short Story	
SGT. WILLIAM AHEARN, 1st Precinct	8
Reading the Minutes.....	Old Man Sunshine 10
Holy Name Society Honors Dead.....	17
Accident Prevention Course for Teachers.....	15
"Smooth"—2d Prize Short Story	
LIEUTENANT JACOB LEVY, 34th Precinct	18
Sergeant Monahan, Police Hero, Killed.....	19
Police Post 460 Holds Annual Reunion.....	20
Honor Legion Meeting.....	20
The Police Academy	
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. O'CONNELL	21
Dr. Daniel J. Donovan Honored.....	22
Sports.....	PATROLMAN JOHN LENA 23
Kop Komiks	24
Looking 'Em Over	25

"Who Wins?"

By SERGEANT WILLIAM AHEARN, 1st Precinct
First Prize, Short Story Contest

HIS recent meeting with Patrolman Jack Scallon of the 110th Precinct had not done anything to put Patrolman Jim Brady of the 114th Precinct in a pleasant mood. The dashing forward of the 110 Precinct had slurringly referred to the hard-fighting team of the 114th Precinct as a crew of dumb cops who sank more lucky long shots than any other team in the city. Matters had not been mended any when a lively rough-and-tumble fight had developed. The fact that a championship game was scheduled between the teams of which Brady and Scallon were respective captains rendered the events all the more interesting. The game was scheduled for the following Thursday.

The evening before the game was to take place, an interesting trio seated themselves in a cozy restaurant. The charming young lady, addressed as "Miss Maggie", seemed to have a difficult time interposing herself between her two escorts, who might have been recognized as Brady and Scallon. A few hours later, having escorted Miss Bedford to her home, the athletes confronted each other over the outer door-mat.

"Say, gny!"

This exclamation burst simultaneously from the two men. Scallon recovered first and blurted:

"You might as well fade out of this picture right now, because when we beat your team tomorrow night you'll have to fade out anyhow."

"So you really think your team can beat us, eh? Well, here's a proposition. If you win that game, I'll drop out of this little competition. But, if we win will you do the same?"

For a minute Scallon pondered on Brady's idea. Then, with hearty self-confidence, he agreed.

"It's a go."

And so they parted, with more than one great issue of their lives depending on the outcome of tomorrow night's game. The night of the game saw gathered at the Armory a notable selection of basketball authorities. An hour before the game began the upper atmosphere of the Armory was thick with tobacco smoke.

In the dressing rooms, the teams were respectively receiving exhortations, pleadings and threats. As the contending aggregations ran out upon the floor amid tremendous cheering, Brady and Scallon immediately sought out each other and catching each other's nervous glances, turned their eyes away.

The bright blue trunks and white jerseys worn by the team representing the 114th Precinct were in strong contrast with the black trunks and bright yellow jerseys of the 110th Precinct team. The intense excitement under which the players were laboring seemed to transmit itself to the spectators, for as the opening whistle blew there was deep silence.

The shrill whistle immediately following the tossing up of the ball for the first play of the game was the signal for pandemonium to break loose. With the first sound of the ball striking the flooring, the



noise caused by the spectators was merely so much air padding used by the players to keep their minds on the desperate business on hand. The first line-up of the game was:

114TH PCT.	110TH PCT.
Sullivan.....	R. Forward..... Scallon
Brady.....	L. Forward..... Burns
Metz.....	Center..... Ostiguy
Vodenelik.....	L. Guard..... Perkowski
Murphy.....	R. Guard..... Ryan

The first quarter saw plenty of action. Snappy passes, accurate shots, and classic dribbling were the outstanding features of this bout. However, despite heroic efforts, the score at the end of the quarter was only 10 to 7, in the favor of the 110th Precinct quintet.

Between periods the teams retired to opposite ends of the court. As play recommenced, the two rivals regarded each other with eyes fierce with determination to triumph. The second quarter resolved itself into a series of brilliant plays that kept the score mounting fast.

All spectators had long since been convinced that this game was everything it had been cracked up to be. Around the middle of the period, things began to get hot. Sullivan and Brady, who had been doing fine teamwork all evening, now broke into a scoring streak that brought the fans to their feet. Finally, the 114th Precinct team forged into a lead of five points, which they held until the closing minutes of the half.

Then, with startling abruptness the opposition swept all before it, and when the period ended they were in the lead by one point. Thus, at the end of the half the score was still in favor of the 110th Precinct team.

Now that matters were fast approaching a crisis, the rival lovers did their best to inspire their teammates to even greater exertions in the next half. As the teams were re-entering the arena, this brief misfire was received by the respective captains:

"May the best man win. Maggie."

With this message to lend vigor to the players, the game continued in a blaze of action. The 114th Precinct center got the tap and gave it to Brady,

who streaked through the opposing defense-men and sunk a goal with a beautiful dribble-in shot. Thenceforth matters see-sawed until the period ended with the score tied, at 29 to 29.

As the ball was tapped into play for the last period, the players threw every last bit of energy into the game.

Two minutes left to play! The score again tied, 36 to 36!

In the continuation of play, a 110-Precinct guard got the ball from center and snapped the first of a series of passes that brought the ball near the basket. The goal was finally made when Burns essayed a delayed-shot from the right corner.

Time out was called at this juncture and the referee informed both teams that there was only one minute left to play! As the ball was tapped from center, Brady got the ball, pivoted, and passed to Sullivan, who was waiting beside the basket for it. Sullivan jumped, pivoted, and put the ball in the basket with a short delay-shot, tying the score.

Scallon then managed to get the ball from center and was about to pass when Murphy took the ball away from him and passed it to Sullivan, who relayed it to Brady who had reached a good position beside the 114th Precinct's basket. Brady pivoted, and was about to shoot when an opposing player struck him on the forearm. The referee shrilled his whistle, ran over to touch Brady on the shoulder and said:

"Take two tries for foul goals. This player struck an opponent on the arm when about to shoot. The ball is now dead."

The players lined up on either side of the foul

line and waited for the first try to be made. Brady picked the ball up from the floor and made the first effort. The ball went up in a twirling arc, hit the rim, bounced uncertainly on it for a second and then sheered off on the outside of the rim. Audience and players breathed in a long quivering sigh.

Again the ball was placed at Brady's feet. He bent, picked up the ball, and again shot for the second foul goal try. The ball hit the backboard and then the swish of the net proclaimed that the try had been successful. Then the gong sounded, ending the game.

Brady and his team had finally triumphed. The only thing that interested Brady at the moment, however, was to shout in the direction of the retreating 110th Precinct team, "I win."

The victorious captain could find no trace of his vanquished rival. Having finally reached the dressing-room, Brady took a shower and dressed with all possible despatch. Just as he was about to leave he was



Two minutes left to play

accosted by a messenger.

"Say, is your name J. Brady?"

"Yes, but come around later, will you?"

"Sorry, sir, but the lady who sends the message said that I was to be sure to give you this before you left the Armory. Sign here, sir."

Brady signed, and tearing open the letter, read:

"Dear Jim:

"You have won a basketball game, but you have not won me. Better luck next time.

MAGGIE."

A few minutes later, before Brady had recovered from the first shock, he received this encouraging little note from a man who signed himself "Jack."

"Who Wins?"

Reading the Minutes

By OLD MAN SUNSHINE

Our Own Star-gazer

Knows All—Sees All—Tells All



V aliant in every deed,
I nspiring to those in need;
N oble in all his work,
C onscientious, never known to shirk;
E nduring to the very last,
N atural, no matter what the task;
T ruly he has brought us fame.

E dward is his middle name.

F aithful he'll be to journey's end,
I llustrious, for he's everybody's friend;
N imble and ready for every call,
N ecessary to the P.D. and to us all.

Austin E. Titus,
Secretary to the Department.

VINCE'S PARTY

IT WAS a real tribute! *It was a swell party!*
It was a wonderful night!

These three brief sentences sum up fully the testimonial dinner tendered on the evening of February 2 to Vincent E. Finn, our new Chief Clerk, in the grand ballroom of the Hotel New Yorker.

Exactly 618 of his admirers were present, with nary a member of the fair sex in sight. Every rank from the Police Commissioner down was represented.



Chief Clerkvincefinn

Judges and other officials high in government circles rubbed elbows and swapped stories with the cop. They were all there in a common cause. It was truly Vince's night.



Deputy Commissioner Jimmy Sinnott was the toastmaster, and, like Mark Antony at the pump, acquitted himself nobly. Snappy and to the point and very easy on the ears was Jimmy.

The first two speakers were Supreme Court Justice Eddie Glennon and Bronx County Sheriff Bob Moran. Both have known Vince for years. Both all but ran out of superlatives in the glowing tributes they paid him.

Commissioner Mulrooney entered. To say that pandemonium broke loose would be explaining it mildly. As one man the crowd came to its feet and applauded. It seemed they would never sit down. The Commissioner smiled his appreciation.



Came the Commissioner's turn to speak. His tribute to Vince was one of the simplest and yet most sincere and effective we've ever heard. He said:

"Vince was appointed to that job on sheer merit. Nothing else was involved. Nobody tried to sell him to me. The nearest approach to that came one day when Jimmy Sinnott mentioned his name to me as a good man for the job. I said to him: 'How long have you known

Vince?' and chestily he answered, 'Why, I've known him for over seven years.' 'No good,' I replied. 'I've known him for more than TWENTY-FIVE.'"

Deputy Commissioner Nelson Ruttenberg stood trial as the next speaker, and made a very favorable impression on the jury—er—the audience, we mean. He wowed us with a story about a fellow who stuttered badly. On the strength of that impersonation we'll recommend him to R. K. O. upon the slightest provocation.



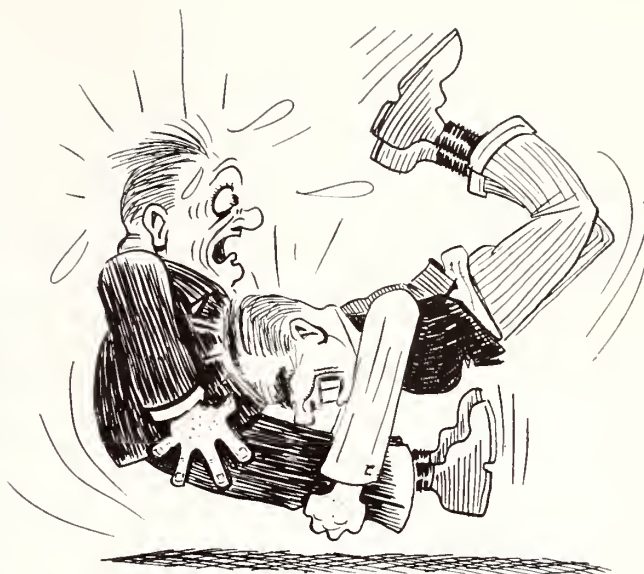
And we're still wondering how Nelson became so proficient in the very difficult art of stuttitis! *Listening to the boys explaining away their sorrows in the trial room had a lot to do with it, no doubt.*

Harold Nearey, the gay young boulevardier who, in his spare moments acts as secretary to the Police Commissioner, next added his praise to the others. Harold still speaks with a decided French accent, the result of that recent visit to La Belle Parée—in the interests of traffic! (Sez he!)



One of the stellar features of the evening was not on the program at all. It was staged in the reception room before the boys were called in to dine. Ed "Strangler" Lewis, the famous wrestling champ, walked in accompanied by Billy Secman, the big grocery man from Hudson Street. Lieutenant William Patrick O'Brien of Inspector Dan Kerr's staff in the Emergency Service Division, looked him over coldly, disdainfully. He challenged him to a match on the spot.

The "Strangler" demurred. O'Brien insisted. Whipping off his coat O'Brien turned loose a flying tackle—and down went the "Strangler!" They



wrestled furiously all over the place! O'Brien suddenly clamped on a headlock! The "Strangler" struggled desperately to break the hold! O'Brien was not to be denied! *Closer and closer to the floor moved the "Strangler's" shoulders! The situation became tense—dramatic—electrifying! Another mighty effort and the champion's shoulders were down! The cheers became deafening!*

Deputy Chief Inspector Jimmy Bolan, who refereed, promptly raised O'Brien's arm aloft and proclaimed him the winner and new champion. The "Strangler" gallantly shook the victor's hand in acknowledgment of defeat. "You're a better man than I," he said sorrowfully.

It was a proud moment for Dr. Baldwin, our Assistant Chief Surgeon, who is O'Brien's trainer. Later he revealed that William Patrick trains only on buckwheat cakes and muffins, delicacies for which Greenpoint has long been famous.

Getting back to the dinner. Vince's big moment came when he was called upon to speak. He was visibly affected. The ovation he received will live in his memory for years. He concluded by saying:

"I have always held in deepest affection the members of the Department with which I became affiliated twenty-five years ago. I have always been proud of my friends in the Department. I am prouder of them tonight, if possible, than ever before."

The dinner was engineered by Deputy Commissioner Sinnott and Secretary Harold Nearey, ably assisted by Patrolmen William Scanlon, James Henley and Theodore B. Weaver, of Commissioner Sinnott's staff.

And again we repeat:

It was a real tribute! It was a swell party! It was truly a wonderful night!



“HOWDY, CHIEF”

MEET a real old pal, folks, who, silvery locks and all, visits with us this month as a representative of the great State of New Jersey, in the U. S. A. This thriving community, should you not know, is separated from the Big Town only by the rippling waters of that gently flowing stream discovered a few years back by the late Mr. Hendrick Hudson.

With this very dignified introduction we present to you now the Chief of the Ridgefield, N. J., Police Department, better known to his legion of friends in the N. Y. P. D. as *Lieutenant George Darrow*, George, if you recall, in 1926 packed up graciously after 25 years of service and shook us verily like Barnum shook the circus.

He saw service in practically every branch of the Department during his quarter of a century stay with us, and for several years prior to his retirement was assigned as Quartermaster. He also commanded for a time the Division of Transportation, which in those days, included the Mounted Squad.

He migrated to New Jersey some three years ago and on March 19, 1930, was appointed to his present

job as Chief of the Ridgefieldians. His force comprises three sergeants and twelve patrolmen (at \$2,700 and \$2,500 per annum, respectively) and what those Jersey lads don't know about handling a police problem really isn't worth knowing. *And thereby hangs the tale.*

Immediately upon taking office George inaugurated a School of Instruction. A three-hour class is held weekly, with George acting as Dean. Laws and Ordinances, Rules and Regulations and *Courtesy* are the general subjects. Attendance is compulsory.

He next installed a pistol range, to which the boys repair weekly for target practice. They are also kept up to snuff in the handling of riot guns and tear gas bombs.

He long ago had one of his men assigned to the Criminal Identification Bureau for a course in fingerprint instruction. The lad ranks as an expert today. Several others have attended the regular course of instruction at the Police Academy. At frequent intervals George attends the Lineup at Headquarters—*and always has a few of his boys along.*

Their uniforms are as spiffy as any we've ever seen. *It was the Chief who designed them.* Regular eight-hour tours are performed with one day off a week and no reserve. Three high-powered roadsters comprise the motor equipment. Two cars patrol constantly; the third is held in reserve for emergency purposes.

Headquarters is located in the Municipal Building and is a model of its kind. Every known type of police equipment save the teletype machine is installed there, including a signal monitor over which the men on patrol signal hourly.

A fine little police force indeed, and George is as

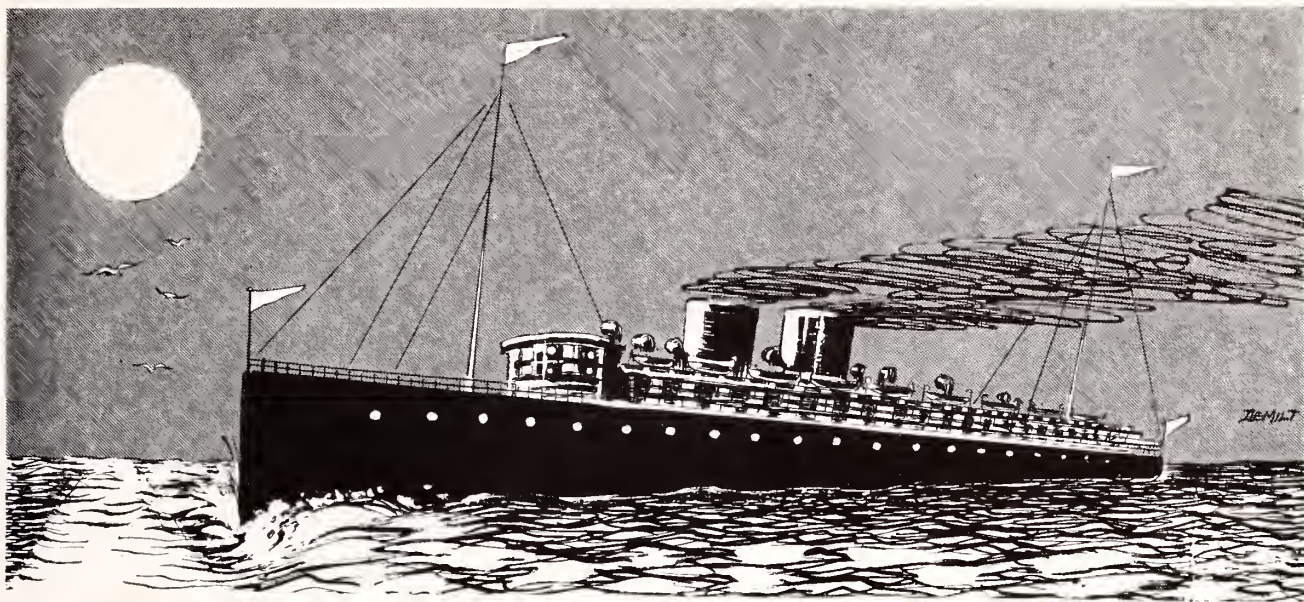
proud of his boys as they are of their Chief. Ridgefield boasts a population of more than 5,000, and in 1932 *not one stickup was reported nor even a burglary attempted.* 211 arrests were made during the year and 151 summonses served. Accident cases, mostly vehicular, numbered 155.

Drop in some time and look the Chief over. He's located less than 10 minutes drive from the Jersey side of the G. W. Bridge. That infectious smile for which he

was always famous is still very much in evidence—and his reputation as *The Perfect Host* certainly needs no mention here.



Chief Darrow and his boys on parade



LAST CALL FOR HAVANA

SHIP ahoy, mates, it won't be long now! Joe Burkard, smiling Commander of N. Y. City Police Post No. 460 of the American Legion, and hustling Vance Parkinson, chairman of the committee in charge of the Big Pilgrimage to sunny Havana next month, dropped in for a friendly chat the other day and from all accounts that long awaited cruise de luxe promises to eclipse in grandeur anything ever attempted by members of this Department before.

The giant turbo-electric liner Morro Castle, in which the cruise will be made, happened to be in town that day so we promptly shoved the typewriter into a neutral corner and sailed down to Pier 13 with the boys to look her over.

After a delightful luncheon aboard we were shown through the ship by the Chief Steward. Believe you us she's as nifty a specimen of marine architecture as any we've ever prowled through. Built in 1930, with a displacement of more than 19,000 tons and over two blocks long, she represents the ultimate in deep-sea pulehritude. What intrigued us mostly were the staterooms. Spacious, magnificently appointed and comfy to a fault.

We're explaining this simply because the boys want you folks to know just what to expect when the Morro Castle weighs anchor on the afternoon of March 25 and majestically points her nose southward. Reservations in goodly numbers have already been made, and we advise those who contemplate making the cruise to get busy before all the choice spots are gobbled up.

Best of all, the rates have been toned down exactly 20% from the regular scale, a gesture of courtesy on the part of the Ward Line to the members of our Department.

Not a single detail in the matter of entertainment and enjoyment has been overlooked. Even the clergy will be represented, thus assuring the spiritual comforts without which a cruise of this duration would not be complete. Mass will be celebrated on the one Sunday morning at sea.

And the Police Commissioner, bless his dear old heart, has graciously issued an order granting vacation leaves to those desirous of making the trip.

Reservations should be made at the offices of the Ward Line (*American Legion Department*) at the foot of Wall Street, East River, from which point we set sail on Saturday, March 25, at 4:00 P. M., returning on the morning of the Saturday following—seven glorious days of real pleasnre and healthful enjoyment.

And by the way—quite a few of the boys have inquired as to the statns of the Morro Castle with respect to the good old 18th Amendment. *Only to the 12-mile limit, children, and it requires less than an hour to reach there.*



And in Havana—but why aggravate ourselves by talking about that now....



AFTER THE BALL

IT was a strange sight indeed that greeted us as we strolled into the dining room of a midtown hotel after leaving Madison Square Garden on the night of the big P. B. A. Ball.

On two chairs—their arms tight about each others necks—in a pose as startling as it was inspiring—stood a lady and a gentleman. Their lips remained glued together a full five minutes! Their breaths came in gasps! It was one of the most enthusiastic osculatory gestures we've ever happened upon! *It sizzled right out loud, in fact!*

Discreet inquiry revealed that it was the lady's natal day, and that her fond husband was merely demonstrating to the assembled guests the manner in which he first clasped her to his yearning bosom years ago—*after she had blushinglly whispered "I do."*

And can you imagine our complete surprise a moment or so later when a closer look revealed the gentleman to be—of all persons—*our sedate friend Lieutenant Joe Brawley of the Chief Inspector's office!!!*

Happy returns of the day, Sue, but, confidentially, don't you think Joe might have exercised a little more restraint—especially on so significant an occasion.

And don't you think it scandalous the way he tried to break up the party early—in his eagerness to get home that night?

Even Captain Tommy Byrnes, of the Mounted Squad, commented upon it!

FROM FATHER TO SON

THE expression "*Handed down from father to son*" has long been a familiar one, although to most of us all it ever meant was the acquisition of an old pair of pants that had long ago outlived their usefulness.

It was different, however, in the case of Detective William F. Herbert, of the Criminal Identification Bureau. In this instance, no sartorial embellishments of any kind were involved.

His dad, Detective William G. Herbert, for years

a member of the Narcotic Squad, retired after twenty-five years of service on February 10. His last gesture as a member of the Department was a request to Commissioner Mulrooney that his shield be turned over to his detective son.

Graciously the Commissioner assented, and today Herbert Jr. proudly carries the shield which his dad for so many years graced with distinction.

The elder Herbert will soon become attached to the Intelligence Service of the U. S. Bureau of Investigation, and there is little doubt that his vast experience and unlimited knowledge of the dope traffic will greatly aid our Uncle Samuel in his never-ending war on narcotics.



And so, to Herbert Jr. we say now: *Wear that shield with pride. Bring to it the honor and the dignity with which it has always been identified. And may it always be said about you, in the years that are to come—"like Father like Son."*

We can think of nothing nicer to wish you.



YE GAL OF YESTERYEAR

*A lassie I'll always hold dear,
Was raised on good old-fashioned beer;
She grew and she grew
Until nobody knew
Just which was her front or her rear.*

Course in Safety Education For Teachers

By Deputy Chief Inspector JOHN J. O'CONNELL



Opening session of Accident Prevention course

ACOURSE in Accident Prevention for school teachers, in accordance with plans approved by Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney and Superintendent of Schools, Dr. William J. O'Shea, started at the Police Academy on Monday, February 6, 1933. It will continue for twenty weeks. One session is held weekly on Monday and Wednesday from 4.10 P. M. to 5.50 P. M.

The purpose of the course is to acquaint teachers in the public and parochial schools of the City of New York with the causes of accidents and with effective means of teaching accident prevention through the prescriptions in civics, hygiene, poster and design work in art and related activities.

It is part of the program of the accident prevention work now being carried on in the city schools through the joint activities of the Board of Education, the Catholic School Board of the Archdiocese of New York, and the Police Department.

The course will consist of twenty lectures by a faculty composed of the members of the Police Department, the school system and agencies interested in accident prevention. The teacher-students will be required to supplement the lectures by demonstrations, service, etc., in their own schools. On proper certification, this service will be credited as the equivalent of ten lectures. Those who successfully complete the course will receive a total credit of thirty hours. Every effort will be made to make the work interesting and practical.

Two hundred and fifty-one teachers from the public schools and 41 teachers from the parochial schools, a total of 292, registered for the course. Of this number, 42 registered in Extension Course No. 202 in the School of Education of the College of the City of New York, for which collegiate credit will be given. Other registrations are of designated teachers who may need credit for salary increments and who are interested in accident and safety work, and from designated teachers who do not need credit for salary increments but who are interested in accident and safety work.

The schedule of lectures is as follows:

Monday, Feb. 6th; Wednesday, Feb. 8th:

First Session.
The Problem of Safety Education.
Dr. William E. Grady, Associate Superintendent, Board of Education.

The Traffic Problem.
Police Commissioner Edward Pierce Mulrooney.
First Deputy Police Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt.
Chief Inspector John O'Brien.

Wednesday, Feb. 15th; Monday, Feb. 20th:

Second and Third Lectures.

Source Materials:

Miss Regina C. M. Burke, Principal, P. S. 39, Bronx.

Safety Patrols:

Mr. J. R. Crossley, Vice-President, Automobile Club of New York, Inc.

Monday, Feb. 27th; Wednesday, March 1st:

Fourth Lecture.

Collection, Classification, Use of Accident Reports:

Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell.

Captain Edward H. Walsh.

Monday, March 6th; Wednesday, March 8th:

Fifth and Sixth Lectures.

Causes of Accidents:

Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell.

Lieutenant John C. Meyer.

Monday, March 13th; Wednesday, March 15th:

Seventh Lecture.

Economic Values in Safety Teaching:

Drs. Albert W. Whitney and Herbert J. Staek, National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters.

Monday, March 20th; Wednesday, March 22nd:

Eighth Lecture.

Mechanical Aids to Traffic Regulation:

Mr. Thomas W. Rochester, Chief Engineer, Police Department.

Monday, March 27th:

Ninth Lecture.

Wednesday, March 29th

The Police Traffic Personnel:

Deputy Chief Inspector William A. Coleman, Commanding Traffic Division.
Inspector Anthony L. Howe, Motorcycle Division.
Inspector Harry L. Lobdell, Mounted Division.
Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell.

Monday, April 3rd; Wednesday, April 5th

Tenth and Eleventh Lectures.

Characterization of the Different Age Levels:

Dr. Leon W. Goldrich, Director, Bureau of Child Guidance, Board of Education.

School Use of Accident Reports:

Dr. William E. Grady, Associate Superintendent, Board of Education.

Monday, April 10th; Wednesday, April 12th

Twelfth Lecture.

Traffic Regulations:

Lieutenant John C. Meyer.

Monday, April 21st; Wednesday, April 26th

Thirteenth Lecture.

Visual Aids in Safety Teaching:

Miss Rita Hochheimer, Assistant Director in Charge of Visual Instruction, Board of Education.

Dr. Herbert J. Stack, Child Safety Demonstration, National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters.

Monday, May 1st; Wednesday, May 3rd

Fourteenth and Fifteenth Lectures:

Traffic Survey:

Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell.

Enforcement:

Lieutenant John C. Meyer.

Monday, May 8th; Wednesday, May 10th

Sixteenth Lecture:

Suggestions for Teaching Safety (5-8 and 9-12 Age Groups):

Miss Josephine McCormick, Assistant Principal, Public School 180, Brooklyn.

Monday, May 15th; Wednesday, May 17th

Seventeenth Lecture.

Suggestions for Teaching Safety (13-16 years Age Group):

Mr. Benjamin B. Greenberg, District Superintendent, Board of Education.

Mr. George S. Kurke, Principal, Junior High School 20, Manhattan.

Mr. Isaac Bildersee, Principal, Junior High School 96, Brooklyn.

Miss Edith L. Nichols, Assistant Director of Art, Board of Education.

Monday, May 22nd; Wednesday, May 24th

Eighteenth and Nineteenth Lectures.

Physical and Mental Causes of Accidents:

Mrs. Helen L. Manzer, New York University.

Parent Training:

Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell.

Dr. William O'Flaherty, District Superintendent, Board of Education.

Mr. Robert E. Simon, Parents' Association.

Monday, May 29th; Wednesday, May 31st

Twentieth Lecture.

Summary by the Police and the School:

First Deputy Police Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt.

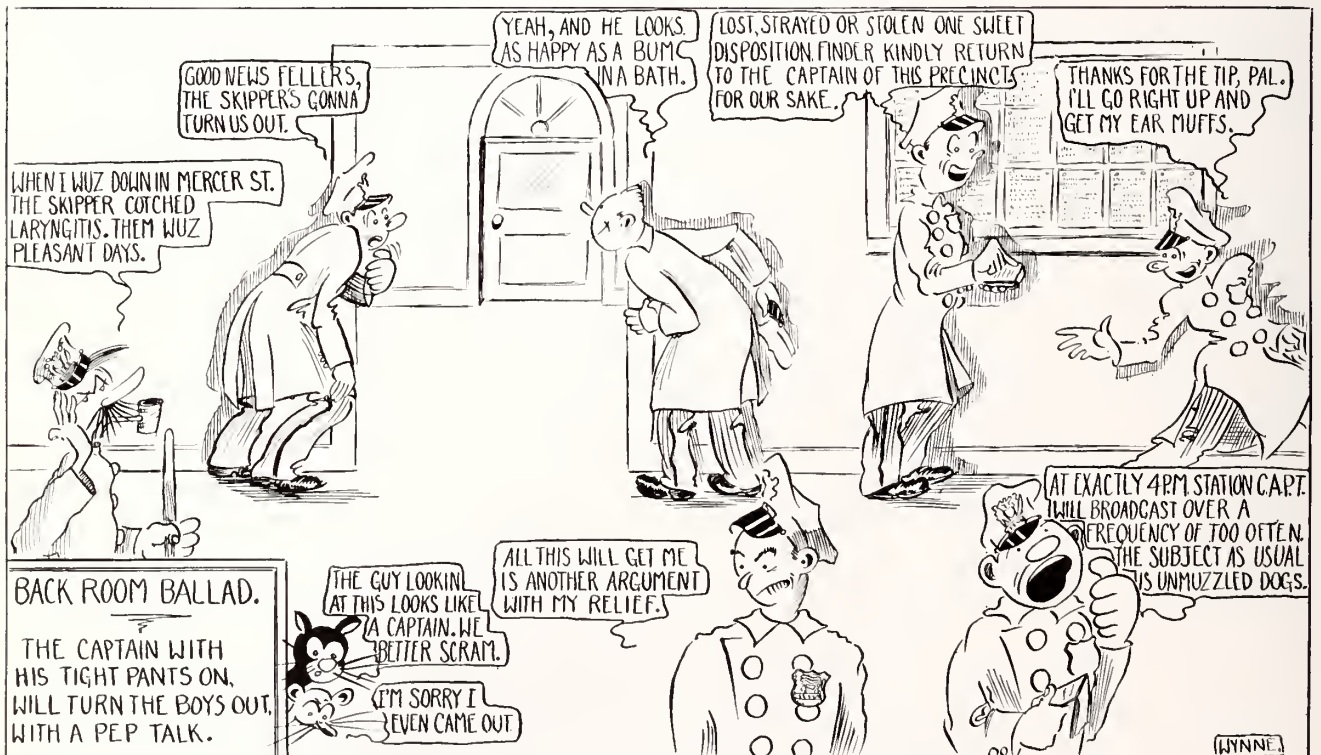
Dr. William E. Grady, Associate Superintendent, Board of Education.

Mr. T. Adrian Curtis, District Superintendent, Board of Education.

Section A Monday, 4.10 P. M. to 5.50 P. M., Room 3, on 6th Floor of Police Academy, 400 Broome Street, New York City. First Session February 6th, 1933.

Section B—Wednesday, 4.10 P. M. to 5.50 P. M., Room 3, on 6th Floor of Police Academy, 400 Broome Street, New York City. First Session February 8th, 1933.

The Police Academy may be reached by taking the I. R. I. Subway to the Spring Street Station, or the B. M. T. Subway to the Canal Street Station, or the Third Avenue "L" to the Grand Street Station.



Holy Name Society Honors Dead

THE Holy Name Society of the Police Department held its annual Memorial Mass for deceased members of the Department on Monday morning, February 13th, at Holy Cross Church, 42d Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. The Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, police chaplain, is the pastor of this church.



The members of the Society formed in front of the West 47th Street station and marched south on Eighth Avenue to the church. They were led by Patrolman Thomas Quinn, president of the Department Holy Name Society, and Lieutenant Thomas J. Eagan, who was marshal. The Police Commissioner was in the van of the procession and with him were Deputy Commissioners Philip D. Hoyt and Felix Muldoon, Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Deputy Chief Inspector James Bolan, commander of the Borough of Manhattan.

The Mass was celebrated by Father McCaffrey with Father Matthew Deahey as deacon and Father L. W. Yarwood as subdeacon. Rabbi Isidore Frank, Jewish chaplain, and the Rev. G. Caleb Moor, Protestant chaplain of the Police Department, attended the service. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father John F. White of St. Agnes' Church. Father White in his sermon said:

"I often wonder if the people who are so quick to find fault realize the number of men killed yearly in the line of duty. The tongue of the critic would stop if he considered what the officers of this force put up with.

"In the past two months I beheld a scene that made my blood run cold. There had been a holdup. The bandit was running away with his gun in his hand, turning now and then to fire at his pursuers. A traffic man on post rushed into the chase with no thought of himself, drawing his gun as he ran. After the bandit had been captured the traffic man said: 'I was afraid to fire, father; there were so many people chasing him.' Then he added, 'That's just part of the job.'"



Photo courtesy Daily Mirror.

Commissioner Mulrooney (left) leaving church with Chief Inspector O'Brien at conclusion of service.

The Police Department Glee Club, under the direction of Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons, sang during the mass. At the close of the service, Sergeant Adelbert Nelicher blew "Taps," and "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung. The Police Department Band, which had taken part in the march to the church, played the recessional at the conclusion of the service.

In Memoriam

Ptl. John F. Eagan	85th Pct.	Jan. 17, 1933
Lt. John Donahue	Cr. Pr. Bur.	Jan. 28, 1933
Ptl. Matthew E. Bongard	4th Pct.	Jan. 30, 1933
Ptl. Stephen J. Lawless	27th Pct.	Feb. 1, 1933
Ptl. David Doherty	68th Pct.	Feb. 3, 1933
Sgt. Eugene Monahan	34th Pct.	Feb. 4, 1933
Capt. William W. Duggan	87th Pct.	Feb. 5, 1933
Ptl. Timothy J. Degnan	19th Pct.	Feb. 5, 1933
Ptl. John Connelly	Tra. F	Feb. 9, 1933
Ptl. Frederick Wolf	92d Pct.	Feb. 11, 1933
Ptl. Joseph Walker	14th Pct.	Feb. 12, 1933
Ptl. Patrick Joyce	Tra. B	Feb. 12, 1933
Sgt. Henry J. Reif	18th Div.	Feb. 14, 1933

"Smooth"

By LIEUTENANT JACOB LEVY, 34th Precinct
Second Prize, Short Story Contest.



THE platoon had just turned out for the late tour, and Jim Brady with his side partner Tom Young proceeded to their posts. Jim was a product of the East Side who never got far in school, and was compelled by circumstances to make his own way in the world since he was twelve years old. About twenty years ago he was rated a pretty good welter, but his hands went back on him and he joined the Force. His height was medium and his build stocky; he had a flattened nose and a pair of ears slightly the worse for wear during his fighting days.

For years he was assigned to the same post which was rated a tough one. However, when he was on post he never had occasion to report a burglary; he knew everyone on his post and their business. When the detectives wanted information about anyone living in that section of the precinct they always went to Brady and were sure to get it. He unerringly settled the trouble he came across without making an arrest and never served a summons. Because of the general respect in which he was held by all on his post and the peculiar knack he had of seeing a situation at a glance and remedying it without losing his time off in court, his side partners a long time back had nicknamed him "Smooth".

Tom Young had just received his first stripe, and from close association was a great admirer of his sidepartner Brady. Many an interesting discourse they had on their way to post. That night the captain conducted the roll call and advised the men to discontinue the practice of conversing too long with one another laying great stress on the fact that talkers

are generally poor observers and don't make good policemen.

This rather annoyed Young and he said:

"Say, Brady, there was the Skipper bellyaching again about that same old stuff; you'd imagine cops ought to be drafted from the deaf and dumb institute. Here I am on the job five years and not a week goes by but we are lectured about conversation and observation. It's just about getting under my skin; aren't they satisfied to find us out on the job? What harm is done anyhow if we talk to one another?"

"Well," replied Brady, "some of the young fellers I see might heed the Skipper's advice; sure they do nothing but talk from one end of the tour to the other. And what do they talk about anyhow? They knock this boss or that boss, or chew the rag about some skirt or other who if the truth be known wouldn't look crosseyed at them. When some of them fellers git a talkin', a wise dip could pick their pockets and it's a wonder their shields ain't stolen from their coats fer all they knows about what's goin' on around them."

"See here, young feller," continued Brady, "I ain't much on observation, but when I gets on this job I sees what's goin' on and nobody puts nothin' over when I'm out. Now just to prove what I tell yer, take a slant at this letter I got yesterday. You can read it out loud."

Thereupon Young opened the letter and read:

"Dear Officer Brady: I am enclosing the twenty-five cents you gave me for luck a few nights ago, and want to thank you for the coffee and sandwiches. That night, they were a Godsend. I haven't worked in months, except at odd jobs, which indeed are very scarce. Many a day I passed without eating and I had many a sleepless night out in the cold. When you met me I wasn't waiting for a car, for I had no place to go to, and I was hungry and down in the dumps. I got a stone and was about to break that jewelry store window and snatch what I could. But you came along with your extreme kindness, and I now realize what a terribly wrong act I might have

committed. The money you gave me did bring me luck for I got a job the next day that looks as though it will be a steady one. I hope you may be able to give these few cents to some other down and outer, and with best wishes and blessings, I am, yours sincerely, 'A Wanderer.'

"Well, Smooth," said Young, "what does that prove?"

"Prove"? said Brady, "proves that I keeps me eyes peeled. That bloke was puttin' nothin' over on me. I sees him that night hanging around the doorway of Dave's jewelry store on Fifty-third Street, so I walks down to Fifty-second Street and saunters around for about twenty minutes; two street cars pass and this guy don't get on, so I walks up easy like and says 'good mornin', pretty cold to be waitin' for a car?'"

"At the same time," Brady went on, "I sizes him up and sees he is down at the heel and his back coulda stood a new overcoat. I also sees the rock in the store doorway, but says nothin' about it."

"This feller says, yes, it is cold waitin'."

"Well, one word borrowed another, then I says, handing him four bits, will you do me a favor and take this and get me a can of coffee and some sandwiches at the lunch wagon? Tell him it's for Brady and he'll cut the meat thick."

"So the feller went. Now I ain't been drinking coffee this last six months for it kinder got the better of me, and in the last twenty years I musta drank enough java to float a battleship. When he comes

back I says, 'I just had an attack of indigestion, and would he do me the favor to eat the stuff so it won't be wasted, and to please keep the change.'

"Well, he was kinder backward at first, and said he couldn't take my dough, but I tells him I'm superstitious, and even if the King of England got my grub I'd make him keep the change for luck. Well, he eats; and when the next car comes I says, 'here's your limousine,' and sees him get aboard, and the next I know of him is when this letter greets me."

"I suppose you put an entry of the whole thing in your memo book and reported it to the Captain," said Young with a twinkle in his eye.

"Say, kid," retorted Brady, "I don't have to be putting things in my book; I leave that to those other guys who are always filling their books with fancy excuses and alibis they are forever tellin' the Commissioner. And when anything happens on their jobs, they run around in circles and call up the station house for advice."

"Well," said Young, "that's a good one; it ought to make a good story for the movies, and I got to hand it to you for using your bean."

"But, look! let's break; that's the Sarge up the street. I think he's timing us and I missed my first ring. What story will I tell him?"

"Story", laughed Brady, as they quickly parted. "Story"! That Sarge ain't a bad feller, but if he squawks, hand him the same old boloney, 'Police business.'"

SERGEANT MONAHAN, POLICE HERO, KILLED



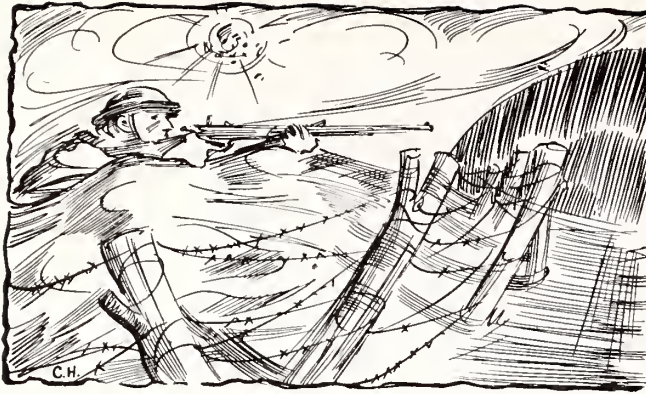
Sergeant Eugene Monahan of the 34th Precinct was shot and fatally wounded on Saturday evening, February 4th, by a man he was attempting to disarm in an Interborough subway train which was halted in the station at 181st Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, Manhattan. His killer, an unemployed plumber, who gave his name as William Dixon but is known under several aliases, was captured an instant after the shooting by Detective Francis Bartley of the Alexander Avenue station, who happened to be a passenger in an adjoining car. Dixon was indicted within the next 48 hours for first degree murder and is now in the Tombs awaiting trial.

Sergeant Monahan, who was working the 4 to 12 tour, had just entered the train when a negro porter,

who had been previously threatened by Dixon, ran up to him and told him the man was carrying a pistol. Monahan followed Dixon into the train while the porter blocked the door so that the train could not be started. As the Sergeant approached him, Dixon whipped out an automatic pistol and fired twice, inflicting two mortal wounds in Sergeant Monahan's left side. Despite the blood streaming from his injuries, Monahan jumped on the man and held him until Detective Bartley, who had heard the sound of the shots, appeared and handcuffed the prisoner. Although he was hurried immediately to the Vanderbilt Clinic, Sergeant Monahan died an hour later.

The Police Commissioner and Deputy Commissioners Hoyt, Muldoon, Leach, Ruttenberg and Sinnott with Chief Inspector John O'Brien and Assistant Chief Inspector John J. Sullivan attended the funeral of Sergeant Monahan, who was accorded an Inspector's honors. Following a brief service at his late home, 1664 Davidson Avenue, Bronx, a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted for Sergeant Monahan in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi on the morning of February 7th. The celebrants were the Rev. Fathers Edward Mahoney, Richard Stewart and John Stanford. The Rev. Father McCaffrey, police chaplain, in his eulogy told the splendid manner of man that Sergeant Monahan had been in life and the inspiration he should be to the Department in death.

Sergeant Monahan is survived by his widow and a sister, Mrs. James Garvey. Burial was in St. Raymond's Cemetery.



POLICE POST NO. 460 HOLDS ANNUAL REUNION

THE members of Police Post No. 460 of the American Legion, the largest Post of Legionnaires in the State of New York and the first group of World War Veterans formed in this Department, held their annual reunion on the evening of January 20 at the Hotel Astor.

This affair has been held annually since the inception of the post fourteen years ago. It is a night given over to swapping experiences, meeting old comrades and bringing together the families of the members.

Besides a program of star acts from leading Broadway theatres the entertainment featured a concert by the Police Band and vocal selections by a double quartette from the Police Glee Club.

Immediately following the entertainment, Dan Lake, who was Chairman of Membership for 1932, presented beautiful prizes to the winners of last year's membership contest. The winners included Jim McGoey, the genial Deputy from Brooklyn; Bill Newburg, the Queen's man who, incidentally, is Membership Chairman for 1933; Marty Caulfield, the well-known Staten Islander; Ed Moran, Manhattanite of distinction and Hughie Brown from way up north in the Bronx.

Bill Seanlon, the General Chairman, then introduced Joe Burkard, the Commander for 1933. Joe's speech, as usual, was short, snappy and to the point, after which he promptly started on his rounds greeting the guests.

Past Commander Matt Skea next unburdened himself of a neat little address in which he thanked the membership leaders for their splendid cooperation during 1932 and wished success to the new administration.

The dancing lasted until 4 A. M., at which time most of the assembled 2,500 celebrants were still on the job and enjoying themselves thoroughly.

The guests included N. Y. State Attorney General John J. Bennett; Dr. George Lawrence, N. Y. State Commander of the American Legion; N. Y. County Commander John Dwight Sullivan and Mrs. Sullivan; Maurice Stember, present State Adjutant; Commander Treacy and Vice Commander Frank Quigley of the Police Veterans of Foreign Wars; Past County Commander Henry Amy; Abe Rosenbloom, an old pal.

Also the Rev. Joseph McCaffrey, Chaplain of American Legion Post 460; Vincent E. Finn, our new Chief Clerk; Dr. John Loughlin; Inspectors Joe Loonan and Francis Kear; Deputy Inspector Jay McDonald and Policewoman Rose Taylor.

The officers of N. Y. City Police Post No. 460 for 1933 are: Joseph J. Burkard, Commander; Daniel W. Lake, John Beak and Arthur Chadderton, Vice-commanders; Rev. Joseph A. McCaffrey, Chaplain; Peter J. Neary, sergeant-at-arms; William B. Lennie, historian; Hugh Browne, adjutant; Harry J. Chaffers, treasurer; Burnett M. Moody, assistant treasurer.

JANUARY MEETING OF HONOR LEGION

DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER FELIX A. MULDOON, District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crain, The Hon. George Gordon Battle, and Mr. Eugene Suesskind were installed as Associate Comrades at the January meeting of the Honor Legion of the Police Department, held on January 16th, in the club rooms, 152 East 85th Street, Manhattan. Twenty-four new comrades were also installed at this meeting, which was attended by about 350 members. Lieutenant Charles E.

Steinert, president of the Honor Legion, presided.

The roll call of members who have died since the annual memorial service held in December was read. A resolution of tribute to the memory of the late President Calvin Coolidge was also read. After the meeting, there was an entertainment furnished by some of the Legion's honorary comrades and a chicken dinner was served.

The officers for 1933 will be nominated at this month's meeting.



THE POLICE ACADEMY

City of New York

Deputy Chief Inspector, JOHN J. O'CONNELL, Dean

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	7.30 P. M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	7.30 P. M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants.

Sessions will be held, holidays excepted, on

Monday	-	-	1.00 P. M.
Tuesday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Wednesday	-	-	5.30 P. M.
Thursday	-	-	10.30 A. M.
Friday	-	-	7.30 P. M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1933, ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

1. "X" is in possession of an instrument in appearance and shape of a fountain pen, made of heavy metal, which is primarily for the discharge of tear gas but from which can be projected a missile by explosion of gunpowder. The weapon is not loaded. Is "X" violating the Penal Law..
2. Distinguish between a motor cycle and a traffic car.
3. What is the technique employed by liquor and Oriental rug swindlers in swindling passengers on various steamships leaving the Port of New York?
4. What do you understand by (a) Bail surrender; (b) Bond forfeiture; (c) Bail jumping.
5. What funds constitute the Police Pension Fund?
6. What are the duties of a desk officer when a member of the Force is transferred from the command in which the member is performing duty?
7. How does the Police Department cooperate with:
 - a. The National Save-a-Life League.
 - b. The Federal Civil Service Commission.
 - c. The Working Women's Protective Union.

ANSWERS TO ABOVE QUESTIONS WILL
BE FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

MAYOR O'BRIEN, AT P. B. A. BALL, PRAISES OUR CHARITY

(Continued from page 5)



JOSEPH P. MORAN
President, P. B. A.

The Police Commissioner also commended the police for their courage and charity during the depression and said:

"When men and women make history, they are rarely conscious of it and so it goes with members of the Police Department in these days. You are making history, and you may be called upon to make greater sacrifices, both with your lives and to share your salaries. I know that you will do it and I know that no group will ever give a better demonstration of real charity and real courage than you will give."

Thus it seemed that high in the blazing top of the Garden ceiling, higher even than the flying trapezes of the dare-devil aerialists, there swung the twin banners of police courage and police charity. So with these two above all else, it was a grand evening and a glorious affair.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. If "X" has no written license he is violating Section 1897, subdivision 4 of the Penal Law, which states as follows:
 "Any person over the age of sixteen years, who shall have in his possession in any city, village or town of this state, any pistol, revolver or other firearm of a size which may be concealed upon the person without a written license therefor, issued to him as hereinafter prescribed, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and if he has been previously convicted of any crime he shall be guilty of a felony."
 The statutory definition of a pistol is an instrument which will explode gunpowder and project a missile. This instrument will do both. (This section shall not apply to firearms transported as merchandise, nor to peace officers, nor to duly authorized military or civil organizations, going to, at, or from meetings.)

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2.

2. A motor cycle is a vehicle with two wheels, one following the other, propelled by other than muscular power, or such vehicle with a car attached to the side, front, or rear, and one or more additional wheels. (Section 2, Vehicle and Traffic Law.)
 A traffic car is a vehicle similar to a motor cycle except in the rear there are two wheels, neither of which follows the front wheel. The rear of this vehicle is designed to carry packages. A traffic car must be registered as a commercial vehicle and not as a motor cycle. (See communication from the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles to Police Chiefs, Circular 57, S. 1932.)
 Note: If one of the rear wheels does not directly follow the front wheel the vehicle must have a commercial registration with two plates, one in front and one on the rear.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3.

3. The gang obtains information (usually from the sailing list) of the names of persons of means who are sailing. The names of confidential employees, business associates or servants are obtained (by fake telephone calls or otherwise). After the ship has sailed a bogus cablegram purporting to be authentic and as coming from the passenger on the ship or from abroad is delivered to an associate employee, or servant at the passenger's New York residence or office.

The following is a sample:

"N174 4 RADIO VIA RCA SS MAJESTIC
 CD CHATHAM JULY 13, 1931

JOHN SMITH

NEW YORK CITY

ARRANGE TO TAKE CARE SHIPMENT COMING BY CARR.
 TREAT THIS MATTER PERSONALLY. STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. CARR HAS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS. PLEASE FOLLOW SAME. NO MORE THAN TEN AT ONE HUNDRED TWENTY EACH. HOLD INTACT TILL I RETURN.

JOHN DOE."

After the cablegram has been delivered a telephone call is made to the associate, employee, or servant of the passenger to arrange for delivery of the shipment of goods and particularly for the payment for the goods in cash. When the packages are opened it is found that they contain water, ginger ale, or rugs. Prospective voyagers are urged to warn their employees, associates, and servants of this swindle, and should they receive any bogus cablegram to immediately communicate with the New York Police Department.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

4. (a) Bail surrender is the surrendering of a defendant who was bailed.
 By the surety in his own exoneration; or
 the defendant surrendering himself;
 before forfeiture of the bond, either to:
 the officer in whose custody he was committed, or
 to the court where the bond was accepted.
 A certified copy of the bond acts as a commitment for the officer detaining him. The officer will acknowledge the surrender by a certificate in writing and notify the court of the surrender. (Section 590, C. C. P.)
 (b) Bond forfeiture:—If a defendant fails to appear at the time

and place mentioned in the bond, the court:

Declares the bond forfeited and
 Issues a warrant or Order for arrest of defendant.
 (Sections 593, 599, C. C. P.)

(c) Bail jumping:—Section 1694a, Penal Law.

A person on bail in a felony charge who willfully fails to appear as required and incurs forfeiture if he does not appear and surrender within 30 days—is guilty of a felony.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5.

5. The Police Pension Fund consists of:
 The capital and interest of police funds existing at time the law took effect.
 Forfeitures against members of the Force.
 A percentage of rewards, gifts to members of the Force.
 Bequests to the Fund.
 All lost, abandoned and unclaimed money with the Property.
 Clerk one year and no claimants.
 Receipts from sale of lost, abandoned and unclaimed property.
 Receipts from sale of unserviceable property.
 Deduction for absence, sickness of members of Force.
 Fees received for:—Pistol licenses; tear gas permits; masque balls; boiler inspections and licenses.
 Two per cent of pay of members of the Force.
 Unexpended balances of salary appropriations.
 A percentage of the license taxes for licenses.
 Any deficiency thereafter to be appropriated by Board of Estimate.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 6.

6. When a member of the Force is transferred, desk officer shall:
 Make entry in blotter.
 Notify commanding officer.
 Notify member of transfer, the command and time effective, refer to special orders.
 If at home, send message through resident precinct.
 Excuse member transferred from duty eight hours immediately before time transfer takes effect and cover post. (Rule 234.)
 Furnish member with U. F. 10 and U. F. II (Force and Time Record).
 Note vacation time on U. F. II.
 Notify member to present these forms to desk officer at new command.
 Notify member to move bedding and to vacate locker within 48 hours. Obtain his locker key and command numerals.
 If on sick leave when transferred, notify Telegraph Bureau and forward cards by mail.
 If he has been ordered to procure new uniform, notify commanding officer of division and precinct to which transferred in writing.
 Make proper entries of notification, telephone record, movements in blotter; file copies of written notification of transfer.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 7.

7. a. All members of The Force shall report to their commanding officers cases of attempted suicide coming to their attention. Commanding officers shall report the names and addresses of such persons to the Save-a-Life League, 299 Madison Avenue, Manhattan, any week day between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.—Telephone Vanderbilt 3-2121. The aim of this organization is prevention of self-destruction. (See Telephone Typewriter Message—July 15, 1932.)
 b. Information concerning applicants for positions in the Federal Civil Service may be given to properly identified representatives of the United States Civil Service Commission. (See Telephone Typewriter Message 54, 1932.)
 c. Business and working women, other than domestics, seeking legal advice and assistance free in collection of salaries may be referred to the Working Women's Protective Union of 289 Fourth Avenue, Manhattan. (See Telephone Typewriter Message of March 29, 1932.)



**DR. DANIEL J. DONOVAN
 HONORED**

THE appointment of Dr. Daniel J. Donovan, Chief Surgeon of the New York Police Department, to the faculty of the School of Pharmacy of St. John's College, Brooklyn, has been announced by Dean John L. Dandreaux of that institution. Dr.

Donovan began his instruction in a new course in first aid work on February 6th.

Dean Dandreaux explained that the School of Pharmacy had instituted the course because the faculty felt that a retail pharmacy was considered by many to be a "first aid service station". Students will not be taught to diagnose, but will learn how to render assistance until a physician arrives.

"Dr. Dan", as he is intimately known throughout the Police Department, has won the esteem and confidence of his colleagues during a long and successful professional career. St. John's College may well be congratulated upon his addition to the college faculty.

FOUR MADE HONORARY SURGEONS

The appointment of four physicians as honorary police surgeons was announced on February 1st by the Police Commissioner. The new honorary police surgeons are Dr. Thomas E. Case of 159 East 49th Street, Dr. Herbert C. Chase of 417 Park Avenue, Dr. Charles A. Ellsberg of the Medical Center and Dr. Adrian V. S. Lambert of 768 Park Avenue.

Sports

By PATROLMAN JOHN LENA



HANDBALL

ONE-WALL TOURNAMENT BEGINS—SPRING 3100's second one-wall tournament was well on its way as this issue went to press. Judging from the number of entries received and the enthusiasm shown, you can rest assured that this tournament will be a greater success than the first.

ALL games are being played at the Level Club, 253 West 73d Street, and they start at 10:15 A. M. sharp. **NO EXCUSES**; play or default.

There is going to be lots of fine playing and a good deal of sport. Members of the force off duty are invited to attend.

The prizes are being awarded by SPRING 3100 and the results will follow in our next issue. (Come on, fellers, and root for your precinct champion.)

BASKETBALL

From all reports, the leading basketball teams in the Department are the 17th Precinct Big Five and the 25th Precinct team. At the present writing the 17th is leading the field.

PATROLMAN JAMES CUNNINGHAM, player manager of this crackerjack outfit, is helping his teammates sweep aside all opposition by a high-class brand of basketball. On January 17th they traveled to Maspeth, L. I., where they managed to nose out the strong 114th Precinct team by 29 to 28. There was some excellent guarding by Joe Birgilies and Cevenka. Birgilies made the deciding tally with a remarkable shot from mid-court with only 15 seconds to play. Dancing followed. Playing against the 111th Precinct in Bayside, Captain Mooney's boys trounced the Baysiders 34 to 14. Korzendorfer scored 16 points. Staker and Cunningham were all over the court. Kobler featured for Bayside.

The 17th lads, together with the 25th Precinct boys, managed by Sergeant Abe Braveman, are claiming the precinct championship. Here's your chance to dispute their claim. Get after them, and maybe later we'll arrange a series for the **CHAMPIONSHIP**.

CHALLENGES

The 43d Precinct **BOWLING** team is looking for games. Sergeant Terrence Donelon, of the 43d, is their booking manager. The team consists of Patrolmen Boscia, Arms, Weidanz, Volz and Garrick. They come from the wilds of Westchester, but are willing to tame any outfit wanting to play them.

Patrolmen Jerry Meager and Bill Hart, attached to the 47th and 41st Precincts, respectively, issue a

challenge to any combination in the Department at **Four-Wall HANDBALL**. These boys are **GOOD** and are willing to prove it. Who'll take them on?

Patrolman David Fay, of the 14th Precinct, suggests a **CHESS** tourney. Chess fans are invited to write to this office for particulars.



BASEBALL

HOT NEWS FROM THE OLD STOVE LEAGUE—Spring is coming and the baseball bug is beginning to bite. It seems that most of the baseball fans in the Department are getting excited, and we have received many letters advocating the forming of a Precinct Baseball League.

Two of these letters were from two wideawake Sergeants who are doing much to promote athletics throughout the Department. These men are Sergeant Charles Martini, of the 111th Precinct (last year's champions), and Sergeant Abe Braveman, of the 25th. Here's what they have to say:

Sergeant Martini: "Although the past season was a success in many ways, I am offering the following proposals which I think would create more interest and bring about a more definite plan of selecting the winners in the various boroughs for the final play-offs.

"SPRING 3100 to offer a trophy for the winner. All teams wishing to compete to file their intention with the magazine. Also a list of their players.

"Teams in each borough to play each other three games in order that the borough champions may be determined.

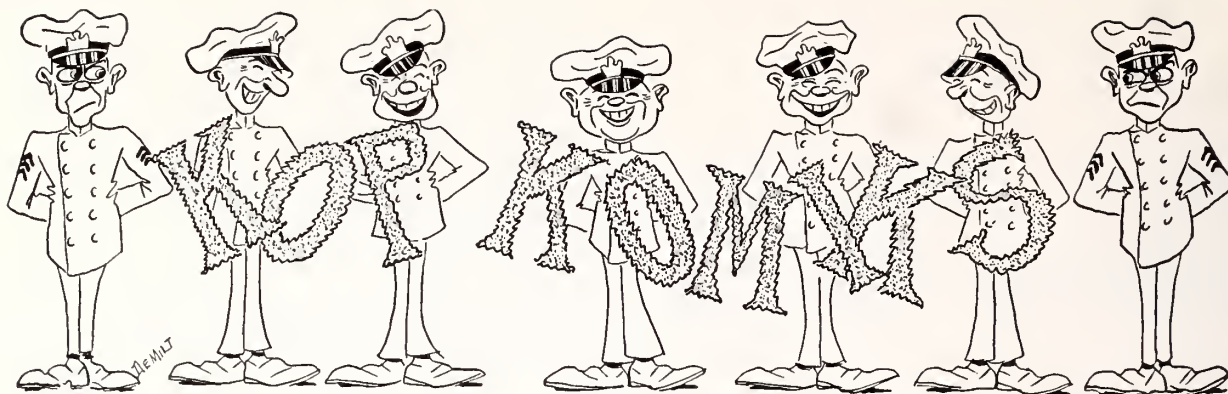
"The sports editor of SPRING 3100 may then inaugurate an interborough series, the winning team to be designated as the champions.

"Of course, with the players scattered on various squads, it is many times difficult to arrange games, but if the teams are really interested this could probably be overcome."

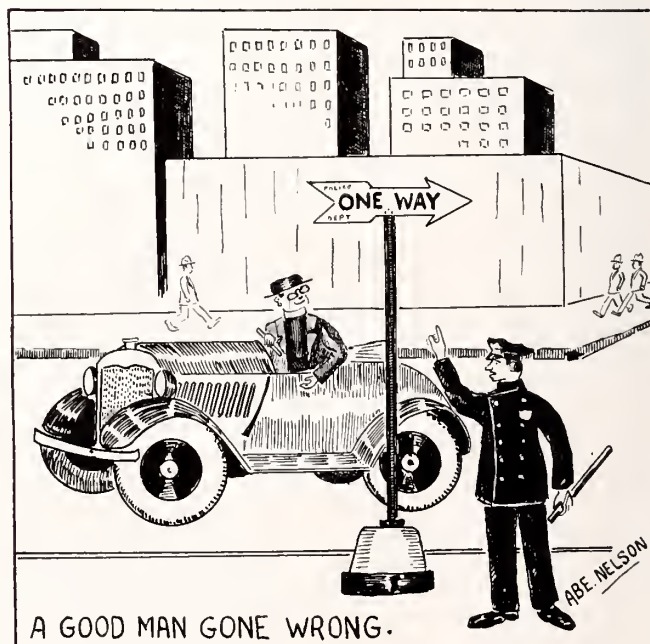
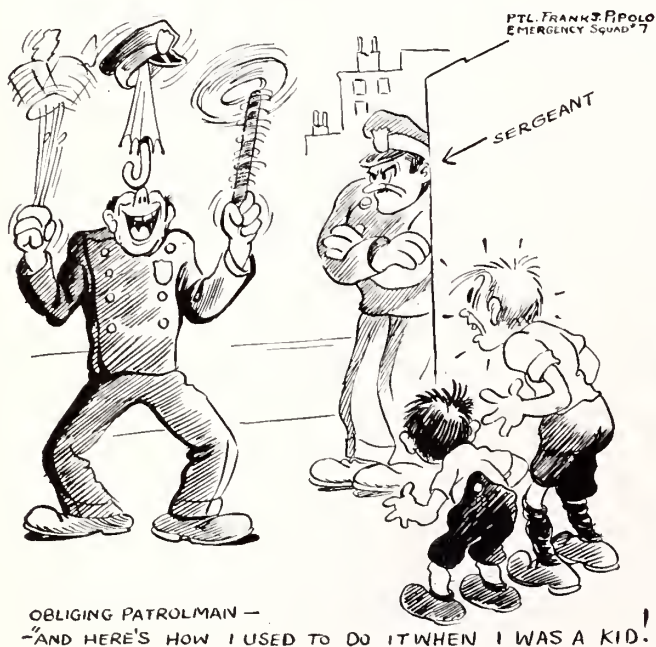
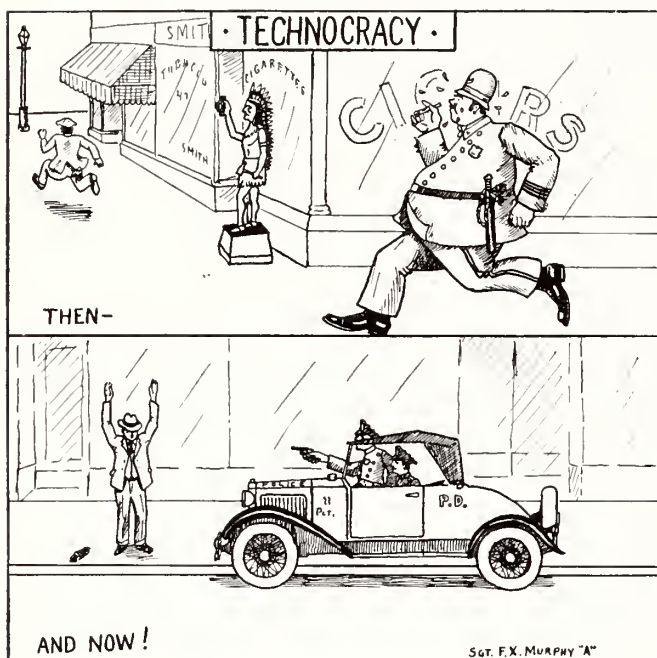
Sergeant Braveman: "A scheme can be very easily worked out, without taking men away from patrol. That is, to play on their own time. By assigning all the ball players in each precinct to the same three squads, it would facilitate matters in the booking of games. I am almost certain that if we can get a few managers of teams interested and to act as a committee, together with your assistance, we may develop some scheme to make this a reality.

"I need not add that there is perhaps no game in the world that if properly played can make men better physically able to perform their duties as good policemen, than the game of **BASEBALL**. So let's go!"

The Police Commissioner has always been an enthusiastic supporter of inter-precinct baseball, as well as all other sports, and we are confident he will sanction a league of this kind. We'll tell you more about it in our next issue.

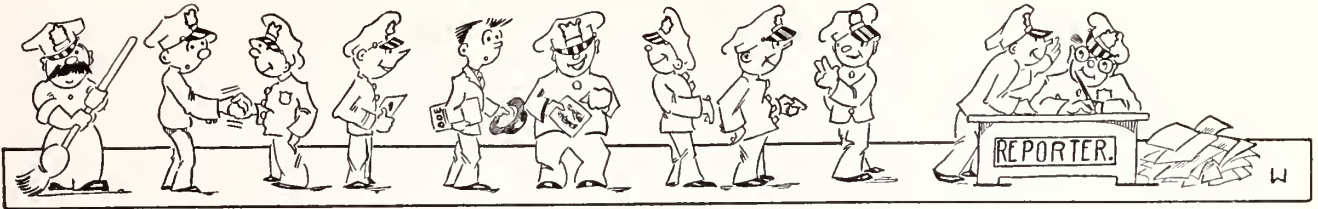


PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT



Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER



1ST DIVISION

1st Pct., Ptl. John Turley
2d Pct., Ptl. John Goodlift

PTL. JOHN G. HANLEY

3th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Resch
6th Pct., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
8th Pct., Ptl. Fred Kohler

The Sergeants in the 2nd, away down town, each in his own way, claims fame and renown.

There's Alfalfa Bill Bailey, a man big and fat; he is extremely happy and likes to sit and chat.

Next is Johnny Hardiman, the lad who has the wit; with his subtle style of humor, he's sure to be a hit.

Kingfish Connie Seebach, yearns for his place up-town; with his friend the dear Inspector, who loved to see Connie around.

And Jimmie Bennett, who loves to walk and walk; he gets to work so early, his relief just talks and talks.

The Rookie Charley Nelson, a great guy without fear; and when it comes to the ladies, Charley's always in trim for the dears.

Good old silent Frank Brossmer, who knows the precinct of old; is rooting for the six-year promotion list, that's what we have been told.

The daddy of all our sergeants, who loves to go out for tea, is good old Billy Irwin, who'll soon retire and live by the sea.

The last is chief of staff, his name we need not mention; you can bet the stands on Fulton Street will receive plenty of attention.

Heroes are made, not born. Bill Glendenning (THE FIRE CHIEF) earned his title at a fire in a grocery store. He rushed in to save a boy standing on the counter. It turned out to be a cardboard ad for breakfast food.

Jimmy Coggin is a golf bug. When a woman approached him and said "Officer, I want you to arrest my husband, he beat me with a golf club." "By how many strokes?" replied Jimmy, the bug.

Johnny Gribben says a clothing store on 14th Street gives away a picture of Sammy Rosner (OUR ADONIS) with each purchase. They haven't made a sale since last April. Sam bought a suit there.

It's old, but Oscar Staber swears it is true. He says he has a goat without a nose. How does it smell? You'd be surprised!

Detective Frank Campbell was telling the boys in the back room how to be a successful patrolman. "Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut," says Frank. A wisecracker asked: "What about when you're eating grapefruit?"

Sam "Strangler" Greenwood, the wrestler, threw "Bull" Cramer and won the Championship of the 6th Precinct. Long live the Champ.

Jake Kushner, the radio bug of the ninth squad, still feeds the poor and hungry ham and eggs. Good old Jake keeps the girls well fed. Here's hoping Mrs. Jake gives him the frying pan—on the head.

Ralph Saggase, the assistant Fire Chief, went crabbing down at the Capital Flats. Ralph downed the net and (BELIEVE IT OR NOT) he brought up Jimmy McMahon.

Patrolman Palidino, the golf wizard of the 18th Precinct, practices on the HOOT MON GOLF COURSE in the St. George Ferry house, every time he goes to Staten Island.

I have been informed that my pal, Vincenzo De Luca, collapsed while walking his post. He was rushed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where an operation was ordered. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

The Columbia Society gave a dinner in honor of the distinguished Carbonieri of Bedford Street, Joseph Altomari, on his promotion to the Intelligence Division of the 2nd Detective District. Banderellos, beware of this great sleuth.

2D DIVISION

3d Pct., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Gordon
7th Pct., Ptl. Ed. Shoemaker

LT. JOSEPH UNGER

9th Pct., Ptl. John J. Finnegan
11th Pct., Ptl. John Blackmore, Jr.
27th Pct., Ptl. Frank Fehring

The 9th Precinct has a lot of whys and we wonder why:

Sergeant Tindall is opposed to Assembly Bill 33?

Sergeant Curry was off on a Sunday recently?

Patrolman Whitman spends most of his time in Greenwich Village, when he lives in the Bronx?

Brier is known as W. O. R.?

Lannin always hangs out the flag an hour before sunrise?

Robb reminds you of the "Last Mile"?

Kaner always washes the P. W.?

Petrik likes bay windows?

Simeox doesn't eat pork?

Reilly shaved off his mustache?

Kimmis inspects Department autos?

Hertz stopped playing handball?

Lyons gets thin from bowling?

Quirk did not return for only two weeks before Christmas?

Scherf is always shouting "close the door?"

Shechy is not on First Avenue of late?

3D DIVISION

10th Pct., Ptl. John J. Lawlor
14th Pct., Ptl. Hugh White

PTL. JOHN A. FLYNN

18th Pct., Ptl. Philip J. Burns, Jr.
20th Pct., Ptl. Harry Nullet

The 10th Precinct extends a cordial welcome to our new Sergeants, John Graham and Bill Robinson.

Frank Ward looks swell since his old man bought a new hair clipper.

If that old adage, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," still holds good, George Muller and Jim McDonnell should be healthy boys. Their wives make apple pies, apple fritter, apple cake, apple dumplings and even struddles, according to their conversation.

Who is tall and lanky, who is sometimes cranky?

Who goes with a blonde, and thinks of getting a marriage bond? GEORGE ROSE!

Two of our best liked attendants have retired. Both intend to take it easy for the rest of their days. Good luck to you both.

Just a little scandal about the 10th Precinct. Tom Grady has joined a chorus. Whoops my dear!—John Vogel kibitzers playing cards!—Charlie Leach and Charlie Kuhn have not had an accident in months!—Ed Lewis is breaking speed records with his flivver!—Tom McCormick was seen at the wrestling bouts with a couple of good looking numbers!—Bert Carlson thinks he is a wrestler. Maybe Bull Montana? Jimmy Sherlock doesn't mind driving girls all the way to Yonkers or Hastings at 3 o'clock in the A. M.!—Neil Daly, our bachelor sergeant, has a faraway look in his eyes. Is he in love? Frank Becker was

seen around town without his wife! How do you do it, Frank?

The girls' P. A. L. basketball team "MAN-O'-WAR" of the 14th Precinct Crime Prevention Unit, under the leadership of Lieutenant John O'Grady, on February 1st at the St. Raphael's Boys Club defeated the RADS team by the one-sided score of 46 to 2. On the same evening, the P. A. L. boys team trimmed the Armstrong Publishing Company five by a score of 33 to 18. A beautiful silver cup emblematic of victory was presented to each of the winning teams by Mr. William Armstrong. Dancing followed the games and refreshments were served by Mr. James J. Sullivan, manager of the club, who also donated the use of the gymnasium to the P. A. L. boys. The 14th Precinct lads demonstrated their worth again on the evening of January 30 by defeating the 8th Unit team at the same club; and on February 6, at Fort Wadsworth, emerged winners in a hotly fought contest with the regular U. S. Army team.

Lieutenant O'Grady is mighty proud of his two teams and stands ready to match them against any basketball teams either in the Police Athletic League or outside.

4TH DIVISION

LT. PAUL LUSTBADER

13th Pct., Ptl. John Verlin
15th Pct., Ptl. John Dennin

17th Pct., Ptl. Linus Boll
19th Pct., Ptl. James Maloney
22d Pct., Ptl. Charles Gutrie

After several months of concentration, the 17th Precinct has announced their all-star football team:

"Buffalo" Sullivan	East End
"Bouncer" Carroll	West End
"Piccolo Pete" Monahan	Block and Tackle
"Rubinoff" Casey	Fishing Tackle
"Thermos Bottle" Dan Bellew	Home Guard
"Operation" Sharkey	So Help Me Guard
"Alderman" Ryan	Left Back
"Smiles" Flanagan	Right Back
"My Gal Sal" Cervenka	Fool Back
"Shimmie" Jake Felix	Sore Back
"Dandruff" Goetz	Center
Jimmie Twohie, Coach.		and Big Tim O'Keefe, Manager.

6TH DIVISION

LT. THOMAS A. RYAN

23d Pct., Ptl. Otto Bauer
25th Pct., Sgt. A. Braveman

28th Pct., Sgt. F. Meyer
32d Pct., Ptl. A. J. Benton

Patrolman John Murray has finally raised the funds for new license plates.

Patrolmen Pete Schell and John Lowe are still talking about their South American cruise. Pete is saving his pennies for another cruise this year, and it looks as if it will be a Honeymoon trip from the way he is mooning about that swell number from Atlantic City.

Patrolman James Hamilton holds classes daily instructing hack drivers on what not to do with the renewal applications. When he gets through, he looks like the cross between a mucilage pot and an inkwell.

RESOLVED: Sergeant Francis Miele and the "Reporter" of the 23d Precinct have declared a truce until the hunting season re-opens.

Sergeant Roeder, 23d Precinct, received a message that suspicious men were in the vicinity of a florist shop in the precinct. He dispatched Patrolman Basset to the scene. The officer found no one in the vicinity of the shop, and decided to interview the florist, but the florist locked the door and shouted to Basset: "You can't fool me with that uniform, you're a hold-up man!"

Sergeant Roeder has been following Sergeant Morris of the 23d around trying to find out where he is getting his hair cut, so as to make up for the pay cut.

Patrolman Dinny Cash, the young old man of the 23d is really married. Dinny has been unusually

happy lately and the boys have decided the fatal step did him good.

"Bimmy" Crowe got himself a rabbit's foot for luck, and was fly-ed off his post the night he got it. He will trade it in for a good word spoken to the boy who makes up the roll call.

The McNally Post of the American Legion had an affair at their headquarters recently. Among the prominent personages was Sergeant Fred G. Norman of the 32d Precinct, a man about town and one not easily taken in. However, a "wisie" member of the Post proved we all can be "taken" by broadcasting a phoney murder at the 32d Precinct, and an order commanding all men to report forthwith. The Sarge left in a hurry and thereby became just another "Microphone Sucker".

Patrolman Harry O'Briotor, alias "Big Kate", asked Lieutenant Bill Kelly for a requisition for a pair of roller skates. Kate claims he can get around the post faster so equipped.

Detective Martin Tutt now carries a shoe horn as part of his equipment. He uses it to get himself in and out of that new Chevvie. We wonder, Martin, who weighs more, you or the Chevvie!

Any member of the 25th Precinct needing carpenter work done, see Patrolman Frank L. Janovsky and his relative, who do first class work on Frank's 32 hours off. Get busy with your summer bungalows, boys!

The 25th Precinct Basketball team started off with a bang. In their first start they took the measure of the 114th Precinct Crackerjacks to the tune of 41 to 35. Let's hear from some others.

A little tip from the manager to the boys who are ambitious to wear one of the new 25th Precinct uniforms on the baseball field this year: "Get in shape; start now; take off the extra beef; quit smoking those coffin nails. Remember, none but the best will get a look in on this team, which we expect to be the best in the department."

The reporter of the 25th Precinct has been informed by the Clerical man, Patrolman John Smith, that the January issue of SPRING 3100 went over big, being doubly oversubscribed. There must be a reason, John. I wonder what it is?

Patrolmen Bart Soden and Arthur Riordan, of the 25th Precinct, have returned from a wonderful vacation in sunny Havana. Both had deep coats of tan (we mean on the face), but we wonder why there is so much mail being received at the precinct from the Havana Chief of Police!

Again we proudly point to the number of good arrests made in the 25th Precinct. We regret space makes it unable for us to publish the names of the deserving men. Keep up the good work, boys, it's all in the job.

If we could only get "center" George Talbot, of the 25th basketball team, to stretch a few inches so as he can get the tap, we could make more field goals. Get the steam roller, gang.

"A friend is a person who is for you. He likes you as you are, he doesn't want to alter you. He likes your words, and enjoys your pessimisms and upholds your optimisms. And your failures endear you to him the more. He wants nothing from you except that you be yourself. He is the one being with whom you can feel safe. Anybody can stand by you when you're right, but a friend is one who knows all about you, and is for you just the same."

Captain John Kenna, our well known writer of prose, penned the above. Here's hoping he starts writing poetry.

That Florida vacation must have a great deal to do with his new viewpoint. It seems some Southern beauty put the Indian sign on him, and from the amount of air mail, radiograms and bulk special delivery mail received at the precinct, there soon will be one less bachelor in the Department.

Lieutenant O'Neill surprised everyone with his piano playing recently. The band should take notice....

Sergeant Volk and his bowlers are making great headway. Pete Connolly is making strikes and spares galore, with Charlie Necas running a close second. The Champs will have some competition in the future.

Sergeant Michael Batto, of the 28th Precinct, our "Adonis", has imported some new dahlia bulbs from Staten Island. When they get bigger or better Mike will grow them.

The 28th Precinct got a break when Lieutenant Toohey arrived here. His courtesy, his kindly smile and his ever ready good advice is a great help to us all.

The good arrests at the 28th Precinct have been so numerous that to give the details of each would fill the magazine. Patrolman Frank Rosensteel captured a man who had killed his wife. It took a tussle, but Rosensteel overcame and disarmed the murderer. Jimmy Pollard's latest was a battle with an armed colored man, who tried to throw the officer off a roof. Add one more notch to Jimmy's gun. Charlie Meyers got jealous of Jimmy, and went out and got himself a "wrong" one with his new gun. The "News" gave Charlie a great send off. You sure vas dere, Sharlie!

Attendant Joe Finnigan held a christening for his new cat. Sergeant Kelleher officiated, using Borden's milk.

The precinct is very technical lately, with all the sergeants cramming for promotion. If you open your mouth about a law, Joe Pembroke, Johnny Hopkins, Jimmy Rogers and all the other sharpshooters recite the law backwards.

Joe Ferry was observed wearing his wife's hat. I guess he is taking no chances of catching cold since he made the sergeant's list.

Captain John J. Flynn, 32nd Precinct, commended the following patrolmen and detectives for efficient police work since January 1:

Patrolman J. W. Johnson, arrested a loft burglar, who had more than 300 ladies' coats and dresses in his flat. Sergeant Emanuel Kline captured a thug with a 45-calibre revolver.

Detectives McCabe and Lehman captured a gigolo with a 45 German Mauser in his possession. Subsequently they apprehended several dope peddlers.

Patrolman Allen J. Benton captured a dance hall shiek flourishing a 38-calibre revolver.

Patrolman Charles Jackson, captured a man with a 45-calibre revolver after he had held up a Harlem flat.

The 32nd Precinct has gone athletic. Patrolmen James McMahon and John Walsh are matchmaker and promoter, respectively. They have arranged the following matches:

A wrestling match between Sergeant Tuxscon and Patrolman Birnbaum.

A 100-yard dash between Benjamin (Sugarfoot) Wallace and John (Big-fat) Robertson.

A boxing bout between James (Left-hook) Sloan and Anthony (the Pest) Saverino.

A handball match between the two happy or unhappy bachelors, Sergeant Kline and Patrolman Seaward.

An automobile race between Allen J. Benton and Sam Gashen, with respect for trees and bridges.

A dancing contest (the Charleston preferred) between Sergeant John Zipp and Miss Claudine Waldron and Sergeant Louis Chisholm and Miss Helen Skipwith.

The date of these great contests can be had by phoning the 32nd Precinct and asking for Patrolman McMahon.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Ptl. C. Bonaventura
41st Pct., Ptl. George Conway
43th Pct., Ptl. Thomas J. Burns

LT. PATRICK CARMODY

42d Pct., Ptl. William McGronan
44th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Green

Patrolman Topper has designated himself leader and organizer of the 40th Precinct branch of the Blue Shirts of America. Beware all you communists. Jack's gang will get you!

The bowling team of the 40th Precinct of which ye reporter is captain, has a wonderful record, winning nine out of ten matches. Come on and try to beat us!

If Hack Inspector Hanken would try soap and water he'd lay off that chiropodist.

If Tex O'Rourke gets any fatter it will be easier to jump over him than walk around him.

Patrolman Gaffney has been complaining of sore feet since he came back to the precinct.

Patrolman Funingiello will be running Eagle Eye Gus a close race if he continues recovering stolen cars.

Listen, Jimmy Dillon, who is that blond nurse and when are you going to name the day?

Bill Watson made a good looking waiter in the soup and fish when he walked down Boston Road. Too bad he forgot the towel and apron.

Ed Dougherty, of the 41st Precinct, has gone Esquimo. One cold night he could have had heat, but he forgot where the water valve was. Age will affect one's memory, Ed.

The boys of the 41st wish to know who the house detective is. Walsh mislaid his watch and found it in his own pocket!

We extend our deepest sympathy to the family of the late Patrolman Jacob Weinbaum. He is gone, but he holds a place in our memory always.

Leo Lederer is acting as go between for the boys who want the reporter to say nice things about them.

Congratulations, Herb Kennedy, upon the arrival of a new boy at the Kennedy home!

Sergeant Logan seems to have designs on the reporter's job. He is always giving the scribe stories. But too bad we always have heard them before.

We regret that Joe Banner was not elected to office in the Shomrim Society. He claims he is going to get a recount.

There are mascots on ball teams, but we have the daughter of the regiment in the person of Vinnie Day.

Frank Finger must use disappearing ink. The last note he sent out was a blank piece of paper.

Phil Parker is getting absent minded. After a check up it was found he only had a button missing.

Promotion is in order from broom pusher to radio operator for Jim Goodfellow. Well, we guess foreign seniority counts.

Congratulations to Lieutenants Mulholland and Dallas for their showing in the Captains' examination.

Tom Fitzgerald seems to be slipping. His last alibi was how he got there by slipping on a banana peel.

Captain Louis M. Haupt, 44th Precinct, sailed on the good ship Shawnee for the sunny South. He will spend his annual vacation at Miami.

Doc Bradley didn't take long to get going after his return to work from a sick leave. He arrested two Chinese stickup men, in the act of holding up a laundry.

Patrolman Oliver is doing nicely in his studies since being assigned to Morrisania Hospital. We expect to see him hang out an M. D. shingle any day now.

With Bill Bryson back in the 44th from the gun squad, and Ralph Hager back from the Traffic control board, it looks like old home week. We wouldn't be a bit surprised to see John Gannon come strutting in looking for his old job.

The bowling team of the 6th Squad at the 48th Precinct would like to know what happened to all

the competition. Looks like Megner and Steele took a run out powder.

Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Lamb, we saw you buying the baby bottle at the 5 and 10.

Patrolman Nolan spends his off time looking for strays in all the bird stores.

The boys are getting together to buy Artie Boyls an alarm clock. How that guy likes day tours!

(Little Durante) Love loves to tell the boys in the back room what he will do if ever he becomes a Sergeant.

Mort Nolan and Mike O'Brien when last seen were getting a permanent at a Washington Avenue beauty shop.

Our new attendant, Walter Brown, is an old Newark International League catcher. Watch the wrist motion when he handles the broom.

8TH DIVISION

43d Pct., Sgt. Terrance Donelon
45th Pct., Sgt. A. Haditt
46th Pct., Ptl. Dominick J. Masella

LT. JAMES F. DONLON

47th Pct., Ptl. Robert T. Cashel
50th Pct., Ptl. Philip Brennan
52d Pct., Sgt. Frank P. Dolan

Heard in the back room of the 43d Precinct:

Patrolman La Rosa—"Hey, Bravo, I hear ya gonna mova yon house. You gotta nize place?"

Patrolman Bravo—"Yep, I gotta three niza rooms, topa floor, steamboat, fireescapes, stand up bath, hot and cold folding doors and four kids."

Patrolman La Rosa—"You gotta watcha call maka ice, a Frigemeter?"

Patrolman Bravo—"Yep, I gotta Fridgemeter, and a no talk waiter."

Patrolman La Rosa—"You mean a dumb waiter for the garbage."

Patrolman Bravo—"Dots a right, I gotta heem. Yon gotta keeds, La Rosa?"

Patrolman La Rosa—"No speaka dat kind of language to da wife, she knoecka outta da brains."

Patrolman Solomon butts in with "Shut up about your wife and keeds."

Patrolman Bravo—"Whatsa da matta, you gotta no keeds, Solomon?"

Patrolman Solomon—"Not yat, but may be next month, new!"

Patrolman Peter White, the Emergency man at the 43d, has been wearing loud ties since he rescued that femme in the tenement house argument in the alley. All the boys are expecteing invites to the wedding.

Patrolman Tegmeir is having labor trouble with his assistants, Larry English and Phillip Arms. When the chief attendant gives orders English says, "I don't understand English," and Arms shouts, "My Arms hurt." So all the work falls back on poor Tegmeir.

Patrolman Fatso White and his shadow, Patrolman Tillie Terwilliger, both former wire tappers, have a new assignment, that of keeping Sergeant Delano out of SPRING 3100. Try and do it!

Patrolmen Frank and Solomon, the radio twins, have taken the spotlight from the rest of the radio squad with their recent good arrests. Their first step to a gold shield.

Patrolman Nikola states he does not need his pilot's license as he now has a steady post. One brand new pilot's license can be had for the asking.

Patrolman Otto, of the day squad, says he is sick and tired of guarding banks, and will take all his coin out of them.

Sergeant Sheppard states he never gets a break, as the other Sergeants do not relieve him on time at the T. S. Sergeant Drake, the man of few words, just listens and marks time.

Patrolman Barker, of the 47th Precinct, broadcasting very indignantly to Patrolman Connelly: "Have you my stick?"

"I don't know, Barker, I'll have to ask the wife to look over the ones I have home."

Patrolman Kraus cries "Baby, look what they did to me!"

Patrolman Dannenfels is now an authority on trimming Christmas Trees.

The most useful gift Patrolman Antignani received for Christmas was a mustache brush.

And Patrolman Ricker says "I'll see the Skipper about this!"

9TH DIVISION

120th Pct., Ptl. Charles Reis
123d Pct., Ptl. Charles Grossen

PTL. CHARLES MULLER

122d Pct., Ptl. R. Boeschell

Godfrey Coming Jensen now knows Friday the 13th is his lucky day. He reached his pinnacle of ambition on this day last month when he was appointed Chief Cuspidtodian of the 123d Precinct. He worked faithfully as an assistant for years, and to celebrate his new rank he bought a new car. He hopes to have it paid for by 1943, by serving excellent coffee to the boys.

John Interne Kearney was guarding the Huguenot Memorial Church against bombers on the same day, when a couple came up and asked him to serve as best man. For his services he received a pound, 3 bucks more than he gave his own best man. He hopes they remember him next year, as he is also a very good God Father.

Daniel Murray worked Booth 13 on Friday the 13th and sent Charles Vinigar for a git's worth of coffee. He returned with the tomato can but half full. Dinny got sore and threw the coffee into the gutter; the stream washed away some earth and Dinny found a half dollar. Dan had coffee and buns; lucky guy!

Our recently retired Lieutenant Henry Elfers, Lieutenant Frank C. White, Sergeant Frederiek West and Sergeant Robert Benedict, left Friday the 13th for a vacation at Miami. They will stay at an orange grove that Benedict bought. George Wall, Frank Benedict, Alphonse Ballweg, Adolph Scheibler, Al Andleman and Clarence O'Leary spent their fall vacations putting it in order. The party that left on the 13th had 13 in number.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pct., Ptl. James Teehan
61st Pct., Ptl. Leo Schempp
62d Pct., Ptl. Vincent Ferrante

PTL. JOHN S. SULLIVAN

64th Pct., Ptl. Walter J. Laurie
66th Pct., Ptl. John P. Maxwell
68th Pct., Ptl. Francis G. Regan

70th Pct., Ptl. Anthony P. Mollica

Patrolman Vince Ferrante, our demon dirt digger, was seen walking backwards on New Utrecht Avenue with the ever-ready pad and pencil trying to sneak up on the boys and grab some hot news. Buccetta says he would do better if he walked sideways and carried a camera.

Everyone out at the 62d is doing an EDDIE CANTOR about their operations. Harker and Acker were knifed; ask them where, and you'd be surprised!

The laughing Sergeant Dennehy was looking over the pistol permit applications and found one which he rejected pronto. The reason was the picture showed a bird with Ben Turpin eyes, and the Sergeant figured he wouldn't shoot where he was looking or look where he was shooting, and this would be very annoying.

Since Patrolman Malthaner has been listening to McCann on the radio, his diet consists of a cream cheese sandwich on whole wheat toast with lettuce and tomato; egg sandwich on toasted rye bread with sliced onion, and a container of hot milk with butter. And when he has a special post he expects the boys to deliver the above for him F. O. B.

Patrolman Daniels is training for a ten-mile run against Patrolman Henry (The Wolf) Kludtsaid, who claims he doesn't need any training to take Daniels. The race is from Borough Hall to Coney Island, for the championship of the precinct.

Patrolman Artie Mann is the dark horse among our handball players, he took Lexander's measure

twice, and challenges Kowalski, Spletzer and Sookey Brannigan. Artie wants them to "get it up" if they think they're good.

Detectives Walsh, Rickeman, Murphy and Boyle, of the 62d Squad, have the best quartet in the station house. Rickeman and Boyle do the most barking, while Murphy and Walsh hit high tenor and bass. Detectives Wallace, Moran and Hannah are in a class by themselves playing big time. Every time Murphy eats, Rickeman stands on a stepladder to feed him. Shorty Murphy is just 7 feet 4 inches and still single. Some man, girls; come around to the station house any day and give him the O. O. He is a good grab.

Patrolman Hickey is now the Deputy Assistant Captain. Wenz is still his superior with the rank of Chief Admiral General Captain. The rank of Sergeant General Captain is open for the patrolman having the qualifications. See Bucettas, he breaks in the future Big Shots.

The 62d Precinct claim they have the best P. B. A. delegate in the Department, in the person of Patrolman Jacob Long. They think that a man of his ability and personality should be at least a vice-president in the organization.

The 62d Precinct welcomes to its fold Sergeant McWalters, and hopes he makes himself to home.

Sergeant Bill Holland, the Jazz Singer, and Sergeant John Dawson, the Blues Singer, are that way about each other. Holland has a hard life, if his wife isn't bawling him out for failing to put out the ash can, Dawson is for not keeping the right tempo.

Patrolman Eddie Moore, the personality kid, whistles "Oh what a pal was Mary," since his wife, Mary, presented him with a ten pound baby boy. Congratulations, Ed. to you and the Missus.

We also congratulate our clerical man, Tommy Jamison, for the way he helps the boys out. His happy smile and cheery disposition is greatly appreciated. But alas, Tom has that "Buddy can you spare a cigarette?" complex.

The 64th Precinct bowling team has defeated all their opponents to date. They took the 66th Squad over twice, but they still want more.

Patrolman Oscar Johnson is still confined to his bed. We hope you will be up and around soon, Oscar. We miss you around the diggings.

Patrolmen Spellman, Creange, Gallasso and Nolan have become proficient in the gentle art of Punching the Bag. Don't get me wrong, I really mean it. Our delegate Frank Nolan should be a good wrestler, as he is always Tossing the Bull.

Butch Meyers, of the 66th Precinct, says: "Since I have been using Pomade on my hair everything slips my mind."

Buck O'Neill lost out on the patented tooth brush offered as a prize when he bowled a high score of 94 in an important match game. Never mind, Ed, you'll bowl a perfect 100 yet.

Eddie McFadden says he uses Bon Ami for washing his face and it hasn't scratched yet.

Fred Pulsifer visited the auto show and was impressed with the AUSTIN exhibit, but says they will have to grow up before he can get in one.

Bill Benton has gone in for art and literature, judging from the book he was reading the other day.

Vince Cirino likes his post and his job, but says Gordon is a pain in the neck.

Patrolman Dean claims it takes a college dean to get a roll call correct.

John Cucco saw a picture in the paper of the start of a balloon race at Detroit, and wanted to know how De Guiseppe got so far from home.

Patrolman Byrnes claims he has a hat that has passed at least ten inspections.

John Reidy told John Parks he is going back to the Ould Sod when they build that bridge.

The officers and men of the 70th Precinct extend their heartfelt sympathy to Sergeant O'Donnell and Patrolman Snowden in their bereavement.

The stork left a baby boy at the Argano home. The arrival disclosed Salvatore's ability as a crooner; his theme song is "Sleep, Baby, Sleep." Mother, Baby and Daddy Argona are doing fine, thank you.

Joe Kabelka, the sportsman, went rabbit hunting. Upon his return, Al Pitts asked: "How many hares have you got?"

"Why, you baldy baboon, I have more hair than you ever had," Joe replied indignantly.

Although we kid the life out of our P. B. A. delegate, George Deegan, we know he is sincere and has worked hard in our behalf during the past year, and we appreciate it, George.

Toomy Lawrence and Jimmy Cameron, the radio crew of ear 1244, had an eventful month with the following good arrests: Three men for assault and robbery (this pinch cleared up 15 robberies). Grand larceny (the perpetrator had a criminal record a yard long, and was wanted by the pickpocket squad). Possession of a revolver. The first arrest was unique and showed good head work. An alarm was sent out for three men occupants of a Studebaker, Lic. 2L62-15 or 2L65-15. Three hours later they picked up the men in a Buick license 1C70-25.

Joe Gonzales and John Cronin, of radio ear 657, made their bid for fame by apprehending three occupants of a stolen car after a chase that made a movie chase look tame.

Shades of the "Flying Dutchman" Patrolman McCaddin arrived at the scene of an accident and found two overturned automobiles and but one operator. A witness swore that one car had a phantom operator. The mystery is, who drove that car? The theory of it being radio driven was not accepted. For the best solution received the winner will receive a fur lined bath tub. Forward all solutions to Patrolman McCaddin.

11TH DIVISION

72d Pct., Ptl. Paul J. Fox
74th Pct., Ptl. H. Higgins
76th Pct., Ptl. John Murray

PTL. GEORGE RAND

78th Pct., Ptl. Charles Byrnes
82d Pct., Sgt. Ed. Hennelly
84th Pct., Lt. Walter Joyce

It is a gorgeous sight to observe good Ole Jock Sullivan standing in the rear of the trial room, beaming on the boys as they are called to the rostrum. As he puts it himself: "Give me a rear seat at this show anytime."

Bunt Nose Reardon and Wormy Devine are getting closer and closer. They have moved their desks together, so as the other boys can't get an earful. But Goofer Woods knows the secrets. Bunt claims Goofer has an electrical concealed ear.

Old Man Depression hit us with a bang. Drop in the 11th Division office any day and give the boys on the Sergeants' list the look over. The possibility of no more bosses being made has made wrecks of Demon Neuman, Typer Reiger and Bang Bang Maron. Our heart goes out to poor Bang Bang, for he has already bought the chevrons.

Patrolman Michael O'Connor observed an automobile going north on Hicks Street bearing license plates for which he had an alarm. He immediately notified the telephone switchboard operator and a radio alarm was sent out. A radio car from the 82d Precinct recovered the car; unfortunately the thieves escaped. This intelligent police action is worthy of mentioning, and we hope the Commissioner takes the same view.

"Finest apples I ever tasted," said "Woof-Woof" Feron as he munched a sweet potato. He wonders how it would go in pie! Some baker in the precinct might bake it if Woof-Woof furnishes the fruit.

Handsome Jack Nulty wants an all-window flivver. He likes to give his fellow officers an even break, but it sort of gets him when he hears all the uniforms have been polished up since his new assignment. His list of the "CHARMING" is also greatly reduced. Tough, Jack, but this is one time the car won't help.

Listen, men of the 76th Precinct, Ray Leahy has a weakness, and it is girls with long hair. The beauty parlor owners around the neighborhood have marked him "X".

Chubby Quill has plenty of trouble with his gloves. Everytime he shakes hands he loses one. He suggests we abandon gloves for spats. They are harder to lose.

Some one stole a couple of smoked hams and Johnny McTernan tried to smell out the thief. He found the going tough because no one in that neighborhood eats ham. **WHY NOT TRY HANGING AROUND A CHINESE LAUNDRY? YOU MAY HAVE BETTER LUCK!**

Six more weeks of cold weather is facing us. Henry Chipmunk Waitward came up from his cellar, saw his shadow and went right back again.

Patrolmen Ballantyne and Muldoon are dancing partners. Ballantyne is teaching Muldoon the rumba.

Fetlocks Gehling is wondering who moved the box from Hicks and Bush Streets. McTernan has a 61 on it. He told the kid if he should find it to bring it in.

The men of the 76th Precinct are glad to see Henry Waitward back to work after having recovered from an attack of pneumonia.

Big Boy Griffen, of the 82d Precinct, our lanky radio receiver, is taking special scalp treatment. Overstudy is the cause.

Patrolman Mike Lagona was in conversation with several doctors at the Long Island Hospital. He proudly related that he had a cousin going to college, studying to be a "Drug Store". What a man!

Sergeant Bob Richardson wants to be left out of the magazine. O. K., BOB.

12TH DIVISION

63d Pct., Ptl. John Duffy
67th Pct., Ptl. J. Gherieich
69th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Hitz

PTL. HAROLD F. DOLAN

71st Pct., Ptl. John H. P. Buckley
73d Pct., Ptl. Timothy Murphy
75th Pct., Ptl. Warren Keating

There seems to exist in the mind of Mrs. Johnny Heckman doubt as to how the Mister received the dent on his nose. We refer the fair lady to our acting Sergeant (self appointed) Wee Willie Class for full particulars. Remember the clam chowder!

Precincts all boast of their roster of all nationalities, but we of the 67th Precinct have an insurgent squad they say is about to merge with the Foreign Legion. The Mexican in the X squad is the commander.

Sergeant Barney Judge has been in and out of the Telephone Building quite often recently. Has the telephone switchboard got ahead of you, Barney? What's a few wrong numbers among friends. Just "Watch that Buzzer".

When you hear the strains of "I heard her say" coming from behind the desk, remember everything is not O. K.

Lieutenant Daniel Foley, a resident of the "Millionaire's Row," purchased a number of erasers recently. Figure that out, you Jig Saw Puzzle artists.

We are all sorry about Joe Pellerito being disabled, but we suggest that he should never try to put a warning plaster on a car while it is in motion.

Sergeant Lonie Tagliani has a squawk about being left out of print. Well, since he was prevailed upon to get rid of that Star concrete mixer, peace was restored to Long Island, and, where peace is, there is very little copy.

The boys of the 67th Precinct wish to congratulate Lieutenant Patrick Concannon on his new assignment. We wish him the best of luck, and we wel-

come Lieutenant Max Finkelstein to our ranks. A fine fellow in a fine command and we know that he'll enjoy his stay with us. Good luck, Max, and may this precinct be your stepping stone towards a higher rank.

GRADUATION DAY AT THE 63D PRECINCT

Roll call by Sam Boehme... Handsomest... Teehan... Best Dresser... Seeland... Class baby... Philban... Largest feet... O'Connell... Largest Schnozzle... Abanonola... Wittiest... McGill... Best Tenor... Frederickson... Hungeriest... Shenu... Thirstiest... Ferry... Lady Killer... Joe King... Best Sport... Duffy... Cutest... Desmond... Gigolo... Kelly... Most Popular... Byrnes... Gayest... Olafsen... Most Ambitious... Asher... Most Conceited... Perfidio... Optimist... Alstrahm... Pessimist... Stern... Rain-in-the-face... Welsh... Kibitzer... Kornitz... Nightingale... Delaney... Disturbing Element... Pollack... Daddy Long Legs... Rapp... Playboy... Herrity... Cook... Dietz... Icebox... Romeo... Schmitt... Technoera... Ganley... Gossip... O'Brien... Thinnest... Dooley... Fattest... Mullinere... Boy Scout... Fitzgerald... White Haired Boy... Rogers... Night Nurse... Ward... Laughing Lad... Jordan... Teacher's Pet... Cassidy.

13TH DIVISION

77th Pct., Ptl. Ira Gaynor
79th Pct., Ptl. Fred Wills

LT. EDWARD D. HOFFMAN

80th Pct., Ptl. John Wegge
81st Pct., Ptl. Louis Lubliner
88th Pct., Ptl. George Muelich

Depression has hit the homes of some of the boys at the 77th Precinct, especially Patrolman Bocala. This name Bocala is especially significant to the "Red Peppers" of this command. Translated into our own lingo it means dried codfish. He complains since the waters of the Old Mill have frozen over, all the Bocalas have turned wolves, and these wolves are his in-laws. So, he is going to buy each one a pushcart and plant them at the public market on Rochester and St. Johns, thereby depriving all the Russian war vets of a livelihood.

Patrolman Kammerinsky and Finkelstein were arguing as to who was married to the prettiest girl. Mike Laura's first broom, Annazetti, was called in as a judge. When the judge outlined his method of deciding, all bets were called off. He wanted to take the boys' wives out.

Ven schwei peoples must shust live together with cin and anodder they must married get, unt oud the winder mus depression go. So, Patrolman Hans Drier takes mit himself a bride.

The alert and observant Patrolmen Ferguson and E. Parry, on patrol in a Radio Car on January 6th, saw two men in a car that didn't look right. After a chase of two miles and an exchange of shots they apprehended the men, who had on their persons two loaded revolvers. Patrolman Werge, Calendrillo and J. Farrel, 79th Precinct, ably assisted the above mentioned officers.

The "Iron Hats", a new benevolent organization at the 80th Detective Squad, is in full swing. The members are "Big Chief" Casey, "Frog" Herb Oberle, "Underslug" Smith, "Alderman" Johnny O'Neill, "Sheik" Mecnan and "Sunshine" McGuire. They took advantage of a sale at the Knox Factory.

Our good friend Steve "Chubby" Fox took a run down to the slaughter house the other day to see if he could get a set of uppers.

The 81st Precinct have in their midst a duly qualified cow hand in the person of Radio Patrol Operator Emil Moldenshardt, better known as "Moldie". He showed he knew his stuff when a driver left the Long Island freight yard with twelve cows on his truck, and arrived at his destination with but eleven. While trying to dope out how he lost a Moo Moo, the phone rang and the 81st Precinct proudly announced that the straying Bovine had been captured by their Cow Catcher, good old Moldie.

Moldie found her looking for pasture at Broadway and Conway Street, a busy thoroughfare and no place for a cow.

Just the low down on how the Chain Gang is getting along outside of Raymond Street Jail.

Griffin isn't looking so good since he and Gracie are on the outs. He can't sleep (on late tours).

George Cooper, in conversation with Ed Scanlon, was asking him if he is still fighting with his mother-in-law.

Our new Sergeant:—"Where were you"?

Patrolman:—"On my post, Sergeant."

O. N. S.:—"No, you wasn't."

Patrolman:—"Vas you der, Sharlie"?

Lucky Louie Rizzo almost got shot when he went out in civilian clothes. He was mistaken for a bear.

Every one is doing nicely at the Cumberland Hospital now that the smoke of battle has cleared away.

Bill Moran is doing O. K. at the jail. His morning buns are being served by a dainty lady fireman.

Sergeant Polski is leaving for a short vacation. Before he leaves Ward F (2) at the Naval Hospital, he wants to get a "see" from all the boys of the 88th Precinct and his friends throughout the Department.

Don't interfere with Patrolman Leo Colantuono when he is eating spaghetti. If you want to know how he feels about it, ask Sam Respoli and John Marine, a couple of stick-up men who tried doing a job at the barber shop of John Lanzo, 302 Bond Street. Leo lives just around the corner at 451 Union Street, and the children of the neighborhood think Leo the best cop around town. They saw the stick up in progress and ran to notify their hero, Patrolman Colantuono. He did not fail them, for he sent Sam Respoli to Holy Family Hospital with a bullet in his back, a prisoner. John Marine, the other bandit, was also wounded. Patrolman John C. McClellan, being also at home heard the shots, came to the scene and assisted Patrolman Colantuono. The moral of the story is "Don't annoy a cop while he is eating."

14TH DIVISION

LT. PETER VON DER SCHMIDT

83d Pct., Ptl. Thomas Quinn
85th Pct., Ptl. Henry W. Fritsch
87th Pct., Ptl. William Schuebel

90th Pct., Ptl. Emanuel Uhfelder
92d Pct., Ptl. Henry V. von Hassel
94th Pct., Ptl. William Reul

Ask John Jaquillard of the 85th Precinct to tell you about the cow he pulled out of the hole, and Louis Newman to tell you how he misses Goebel's famous pork.

We wonder if Patrolman Kempf got the paper stretcher the Sergeant sent him for.

Patrolman William Rath seems to be trying to outshine Patrolman Wanderling, the police Adonis, or is that upper lip decoration the pay-off on an election bet!

God's gift to the poor people, Patrolman Wattaman Smith, 87th Precinct, has been in a jovial mood since the holidays. His wife bought him a banjo and guitar for Christmas and he has been practicing ever since, and expects to take Jack Pearl or Ed Wynn's place on the air. The neighbors don't think so. If they have their say he'll be transported.

Patrolman Patrick Clough got off a good one in the back room about his son. One night the son wouldn't stop crying unless Dad gave him a dime. Finally the old gent compromised by giving the youngster a dime if he went to bed. The youth being a business man agreed. When he fell asleep the father took the dime back. In the morning the boy came crying to his daddy because he couldn't find the dime. Big-hearted Paddy gave him a spanking for losing the money.

15TH DIVISION

PTL. AUGUST BURGER

100th Pct., Ptl. James Hannigan
101st Pct., Ptl. William Fox
102d Pct., Ptl. Herman J. Manners
106th Pct., Ptl. George M. Egan

103d Pct., Ptl. Joseph A. Doyle
104th Pct., Ptl. Edward Murphy
105th Pct., Ptl. Joseph Kalbacher

Sergeant Lernihan, a steady attendant at the Police Academy, had himself transferred from the 1st

edge of German. He is being tutored by Professors Precinct to the 104th Precinct to improve his knowledge and Keegan, also graduates of the 1st Precinct.

Retired Sergeant Seymour left the city for St. Petersburg, Fla., where he will wear the famous 10-gallon hat and receive the title of Colonel. He was given a banquet by his old side-partners and was seen carrying a cocoanut mat marked "Welcome" on it. He says that when you come to Florida, find the mat, and use it.

Welfare Lieutenant O'Connell is a very busy man and works twenty hours out of twenty-four. Keep up the good work.

Patrolman Charles Beyer, who was formerly attached to the 104th Precinct, is one of our promising upstate farmers, while Patrolman Charles Harden can be found sapping maple trees and hunting bear in Vermont.

Another member of this command, Charles Woitazek, took unto himself a better half. He was tendered a reception and the music was furnished by the Middle Village Wet Wash band. Many famous speakers were present. The solos were rendered by Gypsy Stiehle, the "Vagabond Lover," one of the best songbirds in the precinct.

Patrolman Charles Bolger, the Middle Village constable, won a cup and saucer at a local theatre for being the handsomest man in this command. He can now dunk his coffee cake to his heart's content.

At last the 104th is on the big broadcasting chain. Patrolman Meyer Roth, in a secret audition, received the contract to take Jack Pearl's place on the Lucky Strike hour, while Jack is in Hollywood. He will be assisted by his stooge and cousin, Patrolman Hugo Lucaire.

16TH DIVISION

108th Pct., Ptl. Charles Lange
109th Pct., Ptl. Michael Quinn
110th Pct., Ptl. Anthony Didio

PTL. JOHN L. CLARK

111th Pct., Ptl. Reinhardt Schmidt
112th Pct., Ptl. Lawrence J. McQuade
114th Pct., Ptl. William Heise

Members reporting increases to the family are Patrolman Busch, father of a strapping boy, and Maloney, blessed with a little girl. Wait till these tots see their fathers!

The boys of the precinct claim to have the champion tangerine eater in Patrolman Mamaro, better known as Ching Lee.

Patrolman Treitler has become hunchback from trying to make spares during the bowling sessions. He keeps the boys fed on candy and soft drinks trying to be convincing.

Our reporter was recently seen on Bell Avenue holding his jaw—coming from the dentist. He is rapidly becoming like the newlyweds' new baby.

The boys of the precinct are going to buy Detective Cornibert a violin case if he doesn't get a haircut for himself. He's beginning to look like Rubinoff.

Lieutenant Dooley is progressing as a bowler. He recently knocked down two pins with two balls.

O'Brien, while on a complaint in a store, asked: "Are you the prop—prop—prop—proprie—Who the heck is the boss here, anyway?"

The new Adonis of the precinct has arrived in Patrolman Nicholson. He claims his dimples came from eating toasties.

Sergeant Schmauder is about to take up German. Anyone getting a peek at Sergeant Gavigan riding in his Overland believes it to be De Valera riding in state (street).

Retired Sergeant La Marca and Patrolman Wall were tendered a surprise party by their friends and everyone had a good time.

The boys of the precinct were sorry to hear of the departure from this earth of their fellow officer, Patrolman Langer, who was always on the job and ever willing.

Svenc Hellberg was out with Deceler and Regan duck hunting. They were stopped by a game war-

den, who said: "Them aren't ducks; they're sea gulls!"

Your reporter requests any member of this command who wants something published in this magazine, to write it out on paper, and he will do the rest. Thank you.

Patrolman Berrill, known as Gladys, can be seen along Northern Boulevard taking sun baths for his baby skin.

Patrolman Joseph Beddy, of the 114th Precinct, has the interest of his command at heart and wrote the following poem about his precinct:

TO THE 114TH PRECINCT

Active, progressive precinct of the P. D.,
Embracing comradeship as it should be;
United as one for their precinct's success,
No compulsory strain, or duress.
Members always on the job, never late,
Harmony and unity they create;
Captain John J. Elwood, a leader sublime,
Recommends work all the time.
All other officers down the line
Keep the precinct supreme and superfine;
All patrolmen, their assignments faithfully attend,
Their advice and experience ready to lend.
Yes, Precinct Number One Fourteen
Stands for what is fine and clean.
May it prosper and grow with the rest,
And always be rated as one of the best.

1ST DISTRICT TRAFFIC PTL. HERBERT SCHNEIDER

A. Ptl. Walter C. Schad
B. Ptl. Stephen Jurica
C. Ptl. Edward Metz

D. Ptl. Francis Maxwell
E. Sgt. John Wallace
F. Ptl. Michael Connolly

A. Technocracy hasn't hit West Street yet. Quite a bit of old machinery working down there.... Wonder if Charlie rented that peanut concession on 5th Avenue and 18th Street to a certain gent who retired lately?.... Was Mike Keane embarrassed when he was caught washing out a few household pots and what-nots!.... Patrolman Bischell has gone to Traffic P.... Patrolman Shields has gone off the milk and mush diet. Once more will the ivories chew on steak.... Pop Delaney is receiving congratulations. Although 27 years on the job, he'll take his Sunday work with the young chaps. Maybe it's flaming youth!

What's the name of this new straight-8 car we hear so much about? Is the factory on West 30th Street?

Patrolman Weisberg, detailed with the Emergency Division, was observed looking over metal polish "ads." Must be figuring which will clean the easiest.

Patrolman Kern tried to sell a certain party who has no post some hair tonic. A towel would go better.

E. Patrolman Thomas Lancer, of Traffic Precinct "E", distinguished himself again last week by capturing another gunman. Thomas overcame his surplus avoirdupois and sprinted after a speeding taxicab in which the robber had taken flight. After a fight, he disarmed the thug and placed him in a nice new cell in the 24th precinct.

Patrolman Charlie Fox, our Adonis summons man, was observed paying a lot more attention to the fair passengers of the buses, than to the buses and drivers from New Jersey. Guess Charlie's sweetie lives over the Hudson.

Patrolman Henry Neider, of Ft. Washington Avenue fame, is rated as a brilliant conversationalist, judging from the recent report of the sergeant on patrol, who found him "punching the bag" for at least twenty minutes.

Patrolman Phil Kelly reports he has a tough time keeping those bus drivers in line at the New York end of the George Washington Bridge. Phil thinks they would be much better off if they were all put under the bridge.

The other evening, Patrolman George Fitzpatrick, the Sergeants' expert chauffeur, pulled a fast one on

his boss. It seems that the Sergeant went into the 30th Precinct to get a lantern, and while inside, "Fitz" got a tip that a pair of burglars were in the neighborhood. He immediately took the two clerical men of that precinct "for a ride," and in a few minutes returned with the burglars. Three cheers for Fitzie, and they're not Bronx ones, either.

The entire personnel of Traffic "E" extend to Patrolman Grojean sincerest SYMPATHY in the passing of his beloved pal, his mother. Rest in peace.

C. Lieutenant O'Grady would like to know if Sergeant Walter has the proper adoption papers for one infant by the name of Nelson.

Does Reedy's bodyguard carry a gun?.... John Morrissey wants to be exempt from Sunday duty, as he claims he has over 25 years' experience.... Needed:—Volunteers for the Blue Club's spring cleaning.... The P. B. A. delegates shall be known hereafter as "The Ten Percenters.".... Patrolman Bamberger was recently disappointed over something. What was it, Bamie?.... Patrolman Nickel still has the same complaint about Booth 1. A pigeon coop should be installed at Booth 3 for our Beau Brummel, Jesse.... The only one who can make Harry work is George Gerold.

Many are inquiring as to the date of the widows' ball; see the hen-pecked husband.

D. Charles (Beau Brummel) Baumgartner, Traffic D's outstanding handball artist, and also the Number 2 man in the Metropolitan Boat Club, is out to meet all comers. He claims he's the best traffic handball player, and is willing to prove it. Charlie is a likeable chap and we're all rooting for him.

3D DISTRICT TRAFFIC

LT. ARTHUR STRACHAN

I. Ptl. James Kenney
J. Ptl. Francis J. Keliher

K. Ptl. Harry Shartell
L. Ptl. Harry Hughes

M. Ptl. Thomas Thompson

K. Patrolman John Rom will insist on going with those girls that order fancy Chinese food at \$2.50 a meal. Don't you know that we had a cut in salary? Big-hearted John—nothing too good for the ladies.

Gracie Allen's missing brother has been found. He's attached to Traffic Precinct K under the name of John Stelmach.

Pete can't put a winner over these days; claims Pat Cahill has jinxed him.

How those boys, Thomas O'Brien, Ed Becker and John McCarthy were strutting at the Hotel Astor last month. All dressed up in the New York manner.

Eddie Cahill, Joe Cassidy, Pat Cahill, Bill Cahill, Bill Cornish, Frank Brennan and Al Ratzell were only a few of the boys from Traffic "K" who played host to large parties at the P. B. A. show.

Bob Maxwell has switched from the Dodgers to the Bushwicks; says he lost all interest when they let Babe Herman go.

Gus Lehman, our efficient and hustling handy man, is a welcome addition to this precinct.

How did "Good Time" Charlie Smith get into the P. B. A. show? Was discovered sitting all by himself. Something on your mind, Charlie? What's her name?

Those boys from the 13th and 14th Divisions have stopped coming down stairs to play checkers, after getting their shirts and (modesty forbids me mentioning the rest), beat off them. They are a very subdued bunch. Captain Schalow put the damper on them.

MOUNTED SQUADRON 1

LT. DAVID LEVY

Since he saw his name on the top of the last Sergeants' list, our able clerical man, Barney Connors, joined the ranks of Henry Ford subscribers with all the pleasures that go with owning a gas buggy—especially polishing and overhauling after each trip.

The way he rubs the paint off, you'd think it was a Rolls-Royce.

We lost our able interpreter of laws, ordinances and police regulations when Lieutenant Richter left us to take charge of the Queensboro Bridge. Good luck, Mike.

"Putting It Up to Me" Thomas is holding down the desk job. Being away from Willie Mott, he is now able to enjoy his Cremos in peace.

Our president, John Uminger, is very quiet lately. Old age is beginning to tell on him, but I wonder why the expenses for the collation have dropped. Methinks there is a conspiracy on foot to hold meetings on nights when the big eaters are working.

Several of the boys still owe for the vans they hired to take their Christmas presents home. By the way, what happened to the box of cigars Connie Ward got? Better not let Sergeant Thomas know about them.

From the way our boys are flocking to Mike Delehanty's, he'll soon have to run a special class for mounted men.

MOUNTED SQUADRON 2 PTL. JOHN O'CONNOR

Jim Byers, the lucky stiff, started on his vacation the other day. He selected a long cruise through southern waters, where there is no need for an overcoat. Bon voyage, Jim. But, say: "Can't you take it any more?"

Phillips, the delegate, must think he is something good to look at. On the first of each month he says, "D'yer wanna see me?"

The boys sure are glad (?) the School of Horsemanship has been reopened. Druggists will do a land-office business selling Baby Tale and Fullers Earth, to be used where they will do the most good.

"Rookie" Leo O'Connell, known as the SHADOW, broadcasts daily at 8:15 A. M., stating the better qualifications of the present-day rookie over the ones of another era. Old Man Experience, "Al Ludwig," simply shakes his head and says, "You have a lot to learn, Rookie."

Since "Windy" Wieland and Rooney, the young "TURK," came to Barrack 1-F from Brooklyn, they have become quite interested in pinochle, under the able tutorage of Frank and Ludwig. They play quite often at the home of Frank, but it is rumored they are more interested in the home-made wiener schnitzel Frank serves between games.

Pat Keane, the idol of Steinway Avenue, is still talking about his experience of "Boring a Hole" at Coney Island. He still believes he should receive a commendation for keeping cool, calm, and collected.

The boys of Squadron 2 wish long life and happiness to their old side kick, Henry Thieman, who recently retired into civilian life, after completing his hitch in "The Finest." They sure will miss Henny, not to mention the pipe that had such a wonderful (?) aroma.

The watchman at the East New York Barracks relates a story of seeing a ghost in white early one morning. Does Sergeant Shaw wear a night gown?

"Iron Chest" Reilly was explaining the reason why he was decorated with the Order of the Purple Heart. He stated that while he was engaged in his job of bugler over in France, he blew "You gotta get up" so loud he sent a whole German Division, who were attacking, back into the trenches. How about it, "WINDY"?

Since the "Eat America" campaign is on, there is quite a dispute as to who was the originator. "Soup Greens" Pittschau and "Civil Engineer" Fitzgerald both claim it.

"One Punch" Fitzgerald is now leading the E. N. Y. Glee Club in the singing of that beautiful ballad, "When you and I were young, MAGGIE." Ask "Peaches," if you are a non-believer.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 4

PTL. CARL L. REU

The other day, the spendthrift Patrolman Loss was given a cigar. He lit said cigar and strutted around the quarters like a peacock. After the fifth puff his eyes began to get a bit glassy, and a hazy look appeared on his face. He eased himself into a chair, took a look at the boys and decided to take another puff. Then he passed meekly out of the picture. He was immediately given artificial respiration and came to in short order. He claimed that it was a bad cigar, but the boys told him to stick to cigarettes.

We don't need any more working charts. Just ask Patrolman Brandon; he has all the dates, especially the time off, right at his finger tips.

The FIX IT twins are at it again. Patrolmen Ren and Pfleging, better known as TRADE and MARK. They decided the other day that the radio wasn't percolating as it should, so they decided to fix it. In a few minutes they had parts all over the table. After two days they got it working. But HOW! It was worse than before, and a lot of parts still left over. They fixed it!

Patrolmen Loss and Reu went deep-sea fishing for codfish and came back with smelts. Patrolman Batto was out the same day and got the jitters.

Sh! Sh! Nick is at it again with his little paint brush.

EMERGENCY SQUAD 5

SGT. HANS AMUNDSEN

A testimonial dinner and dance was held at the Paramount Mansion on January 26, 1933, by the members of Emergency Squad 5 and their friends for two former pals who were promoted to Sergeant. The happy two are Sergeants Walter Klotzback and James Morrissey. Both were presented with suitably engraved service revolvers. The presentation was made by Patrolman Maurice Savage, who also acted as toastmaster.

A poem written by Patrolman John Lynskey and expressing the true feelings of the Emergency men towards their successful brothers was read, and it wished the officers continued success in their climb up the ladder of fame. The committee deserves a vote of thanks for making the affair a gala success and one that will live long in the memory of all those present.

SEEN and HEARD at the HALL:

Didn't the committee look swell all bedecked with them sweet-smelling geraniums in their lapels?... And did you hear Mike Hartling, that big heart crusher from Truck 8, sing about the girl that wasn't hungry and then stuck him for everything but his badge?... Mrs. Morrissey and Miss Crabtree, wife and flame of the guests of honor, were presented with bouquets of American Beauties.... They both stood up and took a bow—also the flowers.... Wally Klotzback came out with the prize crack of the evening when he claimed that Jim Morrissey stole his speech from him while he was rehearsing it in the washroom. (You should have copyrighted it, Wally.)

EMERGENCY SQUAD 8

PTL. JAMES A. SPARROW

Land can't tell the difference between Gre-Solvent and Prince Albert tobacco.... Mills looks like a cherub-faced rookie with his uniform cap on.... A puzzler for Maddock is—what does Ryan do with all those empty coffee cans?... What does Weiss empty from his auto radiator and store in his locker every tour?... "Where there is life there is hope," is revised now and reads: "Where there is Light there is an argument.".... McGrath has his hands full with those two bachelors, Gallagher and Hardekopf.... If Hartling kept as sharp an eye on the handball as he does on the tea-ball he will go far in the tourna-

ment....What is "Machine Gun Ruby" Innenberg shaping up on every morning?

EMERGENCY SQUAD 17

PTL. LEO SCHMID

Brother Roche, on a recent trip to his native city, Boston, made a tour of the exclusive gents' furnishing shops and returned home with a derby which was made to order. The boys of this squad upon spotting the headpiece advised Brother Pete that the designer could not have been a friend of his, as the derby was a perfect duplicate of the hat worn by Flying Mercury. Only the Wings were omitted. Some claimed that it might have been salvaged by his ancestors during the burning of Rome, and passed down from generation to generation. What a hat or derby or something!

HACK BUREAU

PTL. MAURICE P. HEALY

From the way bells are ringing around here, it must have been a busy season for Mr. Cupid.... Joseph Egan was seen in the License Bureau with a young lady on his arm.... John Harke, of the Pistols, heard from the little fellow also, some time in June, I hear. Better stick to your golf, John.... Charles Murray, the Beau Brummel of the Investigating Squad, slipped. Some time in April, they say.

The Four Horsemen of the Bureau are in full swing now. It seems funny to yours truly, but only one of them has blisters, and his name is Molk. What chance has he amongst Reidy, Higgins and Monahan—three to one. I say.

The Relax Club had its first meeting of the year in January and a banner crowd was on hand. The feature of the evening was the one the boys pulled on Harry Hasselman, on his retirement. Hope it wears well, Harry. Frank O'Brien was in good voice, but he had nothing on the Captain's quartette. Lieutenants Lang, Rosenfeld, Byrne and Cleveland, singing their new song, "I'M GOING TO BE A CAPTAIN," with loud cheers from W. E. B. Harkins, looking for vacancies. Any kind will suit Walter.

James Hughes, our genial friend down in the Information Desk, was called to the 'phone the other day by his son, and was given permission to come home to dinner as Mother Hughes had made an oyster stew. Must be all right on STEW days, JIM.... The boys in Lieutenant Dyer's office gave their retiring member, John Gevin, a token of remembrance on the last day of the year. Hope you live to wear it out, John.... Eddie Moran is the proud father of a baby boy; no need of walking around with your chest out. Ed, remember the wife.

Ray Downey received a traveling bag from the boys in the front office. Well, it's a good thing to get used to carrying around, Ray; you never know when it will come in handy.

Remarks heard around: "It's a good thing you didn't stay fifteen minutes longer, Lieutenant, or they might have had you.".... Joseph (American Legion) Anselmi is wearing a big smile these days. What is it, Joe? Let's know and I'll tell the boys. I'm the fellow that can use the whip. So who is it?

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

DET. JOHN P. WERLE

Detective Anthony J. Sadlo, father of Patrolman Anthony J. Sadlo, both of whom work in the 16th Detective District, was the recipient of a new pipe. He needed it—and got it. The occasion was one of extreme pleasure to the boys of the district. Young Sadlo, who is always talking about "my pop," is proud of his father, and so is everyone else—when he's not smoking that pipe, and what a PIPE!.... Captain Burke used to give him cigars so he wouldn't smoke it.... Acting Lieutenant Hughey McGovern, who was itching to get a new flivver, heard that no vacancies were to be filled and said: "Well, the old flivver isn't so bad, anyway.".... Paul Montgomery

pursues the even tenor of his way, without friction, and has the good will of everybody.... Inspector Gallagher, the big chief of Queens detectives, says that "still water runs deep" and develops food for thought.... Dan Gray and Whitey Weiler certainly can stand the gaff. Both will undoubtedly live to a very ripe old age.

Andy Kiernan, of the famous Kiernan twins who hibernate around Flushing, occasionally comes into the city to see the sights. One of the sights Andy likes to see is the semi-monthly check and SPRING 3100.... Someone told me that Lightning Louis Cornibert was once a professional boxer. Just once! He saw dancing lights, heard the birdies peep and heard someone say "ten," and a new detective was born. (Zengen is responsible for this tale.)

Wee Wee Treanor is always busy around Sunnyside and Woodside. He knows more about those two places than any man in the district.... Frank Farley read my item about Maloney being the new Beau Brummel and is now taking beauty treatments.... Frank Williams always keeps asking, "Wuz you dere, Charlie?" whenever he tells a story in Charlie Schlegel's hearing.... And isn't that a goat getter? WHEW! Charlie always wants to fight.... Major John Dale is the "square and honest" referee who advises caution at all times and sees that no fouls are committed.

Vince Kohler, Gene Shevlin and Sorge Mitchell, whether on radio patrol or not, always seem to get on the job before anyone else (they use a taxi).... Lieutenant Smith, of the same squad, gets there by hiking.... The Borough Squad, under the direction of Lieutenant Stein, fits in with Inspector Gallagher's idea of efficiency and proficiency. They made a corking good record last year.... Frank Overlander is now a respectable married man. He discarded the spats and has to wear cotton hosiery and woolen wristlets.

BOROUGH HEADQUARTERS, BROOKLYN

PTL. JOSEPH G. REARDON

The fear of publicity has stricken terror in the frames of many of the gendarmes around the building. Somehow or other, the boys seem to be chicken-hearted about it. They do not care to see their names in print. They prate every day about their personal qualifications and achievements in the Department. They are all great persons, one excelling the other in the different stories they tell. As the Latin expression goes, "Te Deum" or "Laus Deo."

The writer is subjected to picayune remarks, sneers, etc., considered Belialian or an Apollyon in their eyes. But on the contrary, a good soldier always performs his tasks with a smile. Having been designated as a reporter for the Squad, it is my painful duty to uphold my end.

At the inauguration of SPRING 3100 into this Department, reporters were instructed to spare no one, as it's all in fun, anyway. Therefore, just as long as the boys will talk, I will write.

Now let us get down to the first subject:

Patrolman Thomas Sullivan, the corridorian, told a story and he continues to do so. This one wins the concrete motoreyele. Tommy was assigned to a cemetery in old Flatbush that was being removed to make way for buildings. It was a late tour. The coffins were strewn on the grass with Tom assigned to guard them. It was a great temptation. He decided to open one just for a little peek. With the aid of his flashlight he removed the lid, and behold, he gazed upon the remains of a Revolutionary soldier who had been interred for quite some time. The old soldier was resplendent in uniform with medals on his chest. For further details of this amazing adventure we refer you to Tom personally. It's Tom's tale and he will stick to it.

ROLL OF MERIT

REPORTED BY BOROUGH COMMANDERS CONCERNED

A brief synopsis of outstanding work performed during the past month. Lack of space prevents printing the details. These cases exemplify police action of the highest order, intelligently performed and, in most cases, at great personal hazard.

MANHATTAN

Louis Schreiber, collector for an insurance company, was held up by two men armed with revolvers, on the afternoon of January 16, in the hallway of 644 Fifth Street. When Schreiber called for help the two men ran from the hallway and separated, one of the men firing as he ran. One bandit was chased by Schreiber and Patrolman Edward Luby, 11th Precinct, to the rear yard of a house at 413 Fifth Street, where he fired several shots at the officer. Detective Thomas Mulligan, 9th Squad, patrolling in the vicinity, heard the shots and saw the man enter the doorway of 417 Fifth Street. The man fired a shot at the detective, who promptly returned the fire, wounding the man mortally. The second bandit was found nearby mortally wounded. He had been accidentally shot by his accomplice while attempting to shoot Schreiber at the scene of the attempted hold-up.

BRONX

At about 12:30 A. M., January 22, a radio alarm was broadcast directing attention to a holdup in progress in an apartment at 2101 Morris Avenue. Four radio cars promptly responded. The officers were informed that four armed bandits had held up and robbed of their money and jewelry ten women who were playing cards. Patrolmen Harold McCready and John McCarthy, 46th Precinct, and Detective John V. Halk, 46th Squad, found two of the men hiding under a bed. They pointed revolvers at the officers, whereupon Patrolman McCarthy fired two shots wounding one of the men. Both then surrendered. The two remaining members of the band were arrested in a back yard by Patrolman Peter Flood, 46th Precinct, and Detective John McLaughlin, 46th Squad, assisted by other officers who had surrounded the building.

Nathan Reigrod, owner of an apartment house at 168 Brown Place, on the evening of January 10 was reported missing by his wife, who stated he had left earlier in the day to collect rents at the above address. Detectives Francis J. Bartley and William Judge, 40th Squad, assigned to the case, after intensive investigation obtained information connecting the janitor of the house and another man with the crime. Reigrod's body had been shipped in a trunk to Richmond, Va., where it was afterwards located and brought back to New York. Both prisoners have been indicted for first-degree murder.

BROOKLYN

At about 4:50 A. M., December 3, 1932, an unidentified man entered the apartment of Benjamin Salit, at 292 Varet Street, through a rear window leading from the roof, and when intercepted in the apartment stabbed Salit to death. A cap bearing the initials "S. B." was found at the scene of the crime. Detective Philip J. Waag, 85th Squad, assigned to the case, succeeded in locating the shop at which the cap was purchased, and later the man to whom it had been sold. This man was arrested on January 12 and identified as the purchaser. The prisoner was arraigned in Homicide Court and held to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Patrolman Edward Sonn, 81st Precinct, while on patrol at about 2:15 P. M., January 6, was informed by the manager of a grocery shop at 196 Howard Avenue that he had just been held up and robbed at revolver point by two bandits who then ran west on Decatur Street. The officer commandeered a passing automobile, overtook two suspicious appearing men and upon searching them found in a coat pocket of each a fully loaded revolver. Both were identified and have been indicted for first-degree robbery.

QUEENS

Patrolman William C. Spillet, 111th Precinct, while assigned to booth duty at about 4:15 A. M., January 6, observed an automobile swerve suddenly at the intersection of Bell and Northern Boulevards and crash head on into a concrete base traffic station. The impact caused the gas tank to explode and immediately the car became wrapped in flames. Running to the car the officer with difficulty succeeded in extricating the driver, who was unconscious and whose legs had become entangled in the twisted running gear. The officer wrapped his uniform overcoat about the man's unconscious form extinguishing the flames which had already set fire to his clothing. He was removed to the hospital in an ambulance. This man would have been burned to death but for the prompt and efficient action of the officer.

Detectives William Jackson, Irving Higgins and Thomas Coote, Queens Homicide Squad, and Detective Peter Thornton, 83rd Squad, after intensive investigation located and arrested one of two men wanted for the killing of Patrolman Walter Murphy, of the 14th Division, in a holdup in Jamaica on January 7. Detectives John Wagner, George Brautigan, Frank Heyner and Frank Wagenbrenner, 103rd Squad, likewise succeeded in arresting the second man involved and also in recovering the automobile used in the crime. Both men have admitted their guilt and are now awaiting trial for first-degree murder.

CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER



THOMAS BOHIAN

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 11 inches; 175 pounds; brown eyes; dark hair; medium complexion; taxicab driver by occupation. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



WALTER COOKE

DESCRIPTION—30 years; 5 feet 8 inches; 160 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair; light complexion; wore blue overcoat; gray cap. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



Alias

IRVING GREENE and BOBBY GREEN

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 5 feet 6 inches; 130 pounds; dark hair and complexion. Has pimply face. Wears heavy eye-glasses. Wore dark suit, gray fedora hat. Occupation, chauffeur.

WANTED FOR MURDER



**ANTHONY DEMINO, alias
LOUIS ANELLO MARI, alias STUMP**

DESCRIPTION—Age, 22 years; 5 feet 2½ inches; 125 pounds; brown eyes; dark chestnut hair. Pimples on face. Wore gray overcoat and soft hat. Residence, 2423 Cambrelling Avenue, New York City. Photo number in New York Gallery B79742.

WANTED FOR MURDER



LOUIS J. RENZULLO

DESCRIPTION—23 years; 5 feet 7 inches; 150 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; dark complexion. Occupation, taxicab driver. 10th Pct.

WANTED FOR MURDER



JOSEPH SPADARO, alias SPATARA

DESCRIPTION—44 years; 5 feet 4¾ inches; 180 pounds; gray eyes; medium chestnut hair; medium build; brown peak cap; black or gray suit; walks with military stride; incessant cigarette smoker. 13th Pct.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY, Police Commissioner.



POLICE ACADEMY LIBRARY

235 East 20th Street,

New York, N.Y. 10003

JOHN JAY COLLEGE OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE



3 1699 00336 7218

POLICE ACADEMY LIBRARY

235 West 20th Street,

New York, N.Y. 10005

